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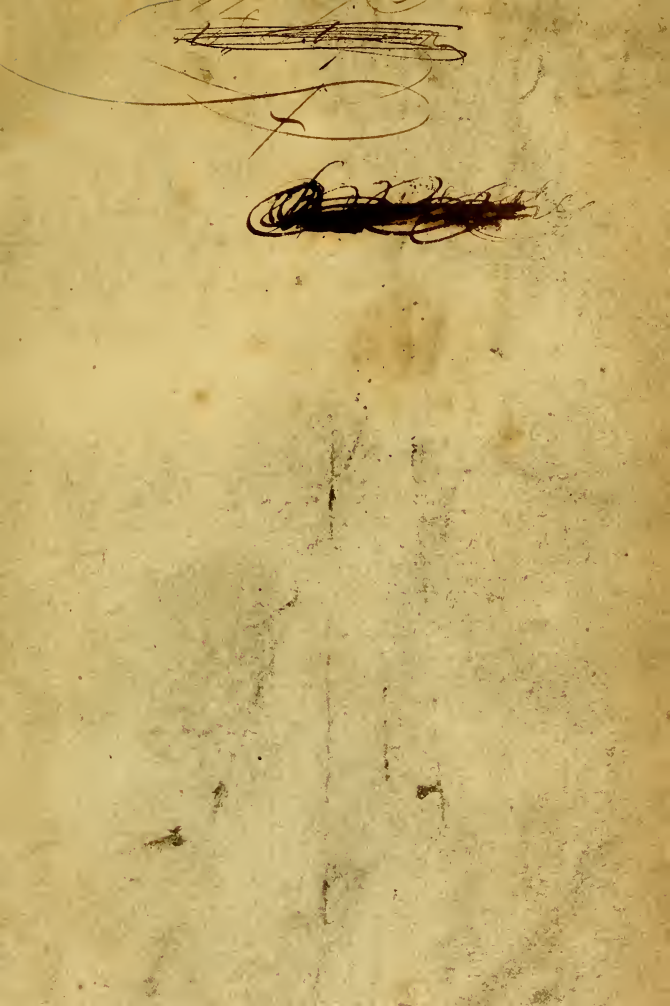

Wm. M. Darlington

Extracts,

Elegant, Instructive, and Entertaining,

in PROSE;

Selected from the

Best Modern Authors,

and

DISPOSED UNDER PROPER HEADS:

intended to afsist

in introducing Young Persons

to

An Acquaintance with

Useful and Ornamental

KNOWLEDGE.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo. — *Hor.*

London: Printed for Mess.rs Rivingtons, Longman, Law, Dodsley, Whites, Johnson, Robinsons, Cadell, Murray, Richardson, Baldwin, Bew, Goldsmith, Faulder, Hayes, Ogilvy & Co.s Bent, Scatcherd & Co.s Verner, Wynne, Wilkie, Lowndes, Evans & Kearsley.

1791.

PREFACE.

THE utility of Compilations like the preſent is ſufficiently obvious. At an eaſy expence they ſupply, to young perſons in the courſe of a ſchool education, the place of a great variety of Engliſh Books; introduce them to an acquaintance with our beſt and moſt approved Writers; and lay the foundation for improvement and entertainment in advanced life.—Hence the favourable reception which ſuch Extracts have met with from the public; and the great demand for them at the moſt reſpectable Seminaries of Education.

This collection will, it is hoped, be found to contain ſome improvements on ſimilar plans which have been offered to the public; and to be adapted, from the greater variety of matter which it affords, for more general and extenſive utility. In connexion with the EXTRACTS in VERSE, and the volume of EPISTLES ſelected from the beſt ancient and modern Writers, it forms a valuable little Library for Scholars.

The firſt Book contains a variety of moral and religious Extracts, from Authors of eſtabliſhed and highly approved characters, calculated to inſtill into the minds of young perſons the principles of Virtue and Religion.

The ſecond and third Books conſiſt of ſelections from ſeveral of our beſt Writers on critical and claſſical Subjects, and Orations and Characters from ancient and modern Hiſtorians; which may be recommended as an uſeful introduction to ſubjects of taſte and literature.

The fourth Book contains Narratives, Dialogues, and other humorous and entertaining pieces, intended to afford innocent amuſement to the mind in the hours of leiſure and relaxation.

The fifth Book leads young perſons to the threſhold of thoſe ſciences which will contribute to enrich their underſtandings, and to direct their minds to ſome of the moſt uſeful as well as intereſting ſubjects on which their attention can be employed. It conſiſts of ſhort introductions to Geography, Aſtronomy, Chronology, Natural Hiſtory, &c. ſelected from ſuch Authors as have laid down the firſt principles of thoſe branches of knowledge, in the moſt compendious and intelligible terms. In this Book the improvements introduced by modern diſcoveries have not been overlooked.

As theſe Extracts, from the variety of ſubjects to which they relate, and the numerous works from which they have been ſelected, have ſwelled this publication to ſuch a conſiderable ſize, it has been thought proper to inſert a new Title Page, nearly in the middle, that the purchaſers may have it in their option to bind it in one, or in two volumes, as they ſhall think it moſt convenient for uſe.

INTRODUCTION.

ON

PRONUNCIATION, OR DELIVERY.

FROM DR. BLAIR'S LECTURES.

I.

HOW much ſtreſs was laid upon Pronunciation, or Delivery, by the moſt eloquent of all orators, Demoſthenes, appears from a noted ſaying of his, related both by Cicero and Quinctilian; when being aſked, What was the firſt point in oratory? he anſwered Delivery; and being aſked, What was the ſecond? and afterwards, What was the third? he ſtill anſwered, Delivery. There is no wonder, that he ſhould have rated this ſo high, and that for improving himſelf in it, he ſhould have employed thoſe aſſiduous and painful labours, which all the Ancients take ſo much notice of; for, beyond doubt, nothing is of more importance. To ſuperficial thinkers, the management of the voice and geſture, in public ſpeaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the caſe. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public ſpeaking, Perſuaſion; and therefore deſerves the ſtudy of the moſt grave and ſerious ſpeakers, as much as of thoſe, whoſe only aim it is to pleaſe.

For, let it be conſidered, whenever we addreſs ourſelves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make ſome impreſſion on thoſe to whom we ſpeak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now the tone of our voice, our looks and geſtures, interpret our ideas and emotions no leſs than words do; nay, the impreſſion they make on others, is frequently much ſtronger than any that words can make. We often ſee that an expreſſive look or a paſſionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouſes within them ſtronger paſſions, than can be communicated by the moſt eloquent diſcourſe. The ſignification of our ſentiments, made by tones and geſtures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is underſtood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary, conventional ſymbols of our ideas; and, by conſequence, muſt take a more feeble impreſſion. So true is this, that, to render words fully ſignificant, they muſt, almoſt in every caſe, receive ſome aid from the manner of Pronunciation and Delivery; and he who, in ſpeaking, ſhould employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indiſtinct impreſſion, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, ſo cloſe is the connection between certain ſentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never perſuade us, that he believes, or feels, the ſentiments themſelves. His delivery may be ſuch, as to give the lye to all that he aſſerts. When Marcus Callidius accuſed one of an attempt to poiſon him, but enforced his accuſation in a languid manner, and without any warmth or earneſtneſs of delivery, Cicero, who pleaded for the accuſed perſon, improved this into an argument of the falſity of the charge, "An tu, M. Callidi niſi fingeres, ſic ageres?" In Shakſpeare's

Richard II. the Ducheſs of York thus impeaches the ſincerity of her huſband:

Pleads he in earneſt?—Look upon his face,
His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are jeſt;
His words come from his mouth; ours, from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart and ſoul.

But, I believe it is needleſs to ſay any more, in order to ſhew the high importance of a good Delivery. I proceed, therefore, to ſuch obſervations as appear to me moſt uſeful to be made on this head.

The great objects which every public ſpeaker will naturally have in his eye in forming his Delivery, are, firſt, to ſpeak ſo as to be fully and eaſily underſtood by all who hear him; and next, to ſpeak with grace and force, ſo as to pleaſe and to move his audience. Let us conſider what is moſt important with reſpect to each of theſe *.

In order to be fully and eaſily underſtood, the four chief requiſites are, A due degree of loudneſs of voice; Diſtinctneſs; Slowneſs; and, Propriety of Pronunciation.

The firſt attention of every public ſpeaker, doubtleſs, muſt be, to make himſelf be heard by all thoſe to whom he ſpeaks. He muſt endeavour to fill with his voice the ſpace occupied by the aſſembly. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is ſo in a good meaſure; but, however, may receive conſiderable aſſiſtance from art. Much depends for this purpoſe on the proper pitch, and management of the voice. Every man has three pitches in his voice; the high, the middle, and the low one. The high, is that which he uſes in calling aloud to ſome one at a diſtance. The low is, when he approaches to a whiſper. The middle is, that which he employs in common converſation, and which he ſhould generally uſe in public diſcourſe. For it is a great miſtake, to imagine that one muſt take the higheſt pitch of his voice, in order to be well heard by a great aſſembly. This is confounding two things which are different, loudneſs, or ſtrength of ſound, with the key, or note on which we ſpeak. A ſpeaker may render his voice louder, without altering the key; and we ſhall always be able to give moſt body, moſt perſevering force of ſound, to that pitch of voice, to which in converſation we are accuſtomed. Whereas, by ſetting out on our higheſt pitch or key, we certainly allow ourſelves leſs compaſs, and are likely to ſtrain our voice before we have done. We ſhall fatigue ourſelves, and ſpeak with pain; and whenever a man ſpeaks with pain to himſelf, he is always heard with pain by his audience. Give the voice therefore full ſtrength and ſwell of ſound; but always pitch it on your ordinary ſpeaking key. Make it a conſtant rule never to utter a greater quantity of voice, than you can afford without pain to yourſelves, and without any extraordinary effort. As long as you keep within theſe bounds, the other organs of ſpeech will be at liberty to diſcharge their ſeveral offices with eaſe; and you will always have your voice under command. But whenever you tranſgreſs theſe bounds, you give up the reins, and have no longer any management of it. It is an uſeful rule too, in order to be well heard, to fix our eye on ſome of the moſt diſtant perſons in the aſſembly, and to conſider ourſelves as ſpeaking to them. We naturally and mechanically utter our words with ſuch a degree of ſtrength, as to make ourſelves be heard by one to whom we addreſs ourſelves, provided he be within the reach of our voice. As this is the caſe in common converſation, it will hold alſo in public ſpeaking. But remember, that in public as well as in converſation, it is poſſible to offend by ſpeaking too loud. This extreme hurts the ear, by making the voice come upon it in rumbling indiſtinct maſſes; beſides its giving the ſpeaker the diſagreeable appearance of one who endeavours to compel aſſent, by mere vehemence and force of ſound.

In the next place, to being well heard, and clearly underſtood, diſtinctneſs of articulation contributes more, than mere loudneſs of ſound. The quantity of ſound neceſſary to fill even a large ſpace, is ſmaller than is commonly imagined; and with diſtinct articulation, a man of a weak voice will make it reach farther, than the ſtrongeſt voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every public ſpeaker ought to pay great attention. He muſt give every ſound which he utters its due proportion, and make every ſyllable, and even every letter in the word which he pronounces, be heard diſtinctly; without ſlurring, whiſpering, or ſuppreſſing any of the proper ſounds.

In

* On this whole ſubject, Mr. Sheridan's Lectures on Elocution are very worthy of being conſulted; and ſeveral hints are here taken from them.

In the third place, in order to articulate distinctly, moderation is requisite with regard to the speed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of speech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. I need scarcely observe, that there may be also an extreme on the opposite side. It is obvious, that a lifeless, drawling pronunciation, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the speaker, must render every discourse insipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of speaking too fast is much more common, and requires the more to be guarded against, because, when it has grown up into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, is the first thing to be studied by all who begin to speak in public; and cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to their discourse. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses and rests which it allows it more easily to make; and it enables the speaker to swell all his sounds, both with more force and more music. It assists him also in preserving a due command of himself; whereas a rapid and hurried manner, is apt to excite that flutter of spirits, which is the greatest enemy to all right execution in the way of oratory. "Promptum sit os," says Quinctilian, "non præceps, moderatum, non lentum."

After these fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to distinct articulation, and to a proper degree of slowness of speech, what a public speaker must, in the fourth place, study, is Propriety of Pronunciation; or the giving to every word, which he utters, that sound, which the most polite usage of the language appropriates to it; in opposition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requisite, both for speaking intelligibly, and for speaking with grace or beauty. Instructions concerning this article, can be given by the living voice only. But there is one observation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the English language, every word which consists of more syllables than one, has one accented syllable. The accent rests sometimes on the vowel, sometimes on the consonant. Seldom, or never, is there more than one accented syllable in any English word, however long; and the genius of the language requires the voice to mark that syllable by a stronger percussion, and to pass more slightly over the rest. Now, after we have learned the proper seats of these accents, it is an important rule, to give every word just the same accent in public speaking, as in common discourse. Many persons err in this respect. When they speak in public, and with solemnity, they pronounce the syllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them, and protract them; they multiply accents on the same word; from a mistaken notion, that it gives gravity and force to their discourse, and adds to the pomp of public declamation. Whereas, this is one of the greatest faults that can be committed in pronunciation; it makes what is called a theatrical or mouthing manner; and gives an artificial affected air to speech, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableness, and its impression.

I proceed to treat next of those higher parts of Delivery, by studying which, a speaker has something farther in view than merely to render himself intelligible, and seeks to give grace and force to what he utters. These may be comprised under four heads, Emphasis, Pauses, Tones, and Gestures. Let me only premise in general, to what I am to say concerning them, that attention to these articles of Delivery, is by no means to be confined, as some might be apt to imagine, to the more elaborate and pathetic parts of a discourse; there is, perhaps, as great attention requisite, and as much skill displayed, in adapting emphases, pauses, tones, and gestures, properly, to calm and plain speaking: and the effect of a just and graceful delivery will, in every part of a subject, be found of high importance for commanding attention, and enforcing what is spoken.

First, let us consider Emphasis; by this is meant a stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which we distinguish the accented syllable of some word, on which we design to lay particular stress, and to show how it affects the rest of the sentence. Sometimes the emphatic word must be distinguished by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a stronger accent. On the right management of the emphasis, depends the whole life and spirit of every discourse. If no emphasis be placed on any words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphasis be placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly. To give a common instance; such a simple question as this: "Do you ride to town to-day?" is

capable of no fewer than four different acceptations, according as the emphasis is differently placed on the words. If it be pronounced thus: Do *you* ride to town to-day? the answer may naturally be, No; I send *my servant* in my stead. If thus; Do you *ride* to town to-day? Answer, No; I intend to *walk*. Do you ride *to town* to-day? No; I ride out into *the fields*. Do you ride to town *to-day?* No; but I shall *to-morrow*. In like manner, in solemn discourse, the whole force and beauty of an expression often depend on the accented word; and we may present to the hearers quite different views of the same sentiment, by placing the emphasis differently. In the following words of our Saviour, observe in what different lights the thought is placed, according as the words are pronounced. "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" *Betrayest* thou—makes the reproach turn, on the infamy of treachery.—Betrayest *thou*—makes it rest, upon Judas's connection with his master. Betrayest thou the *Son of Man*—rests it, upon our Saviour's personal character and eminence. Betrayest thou the Son of Man *with a kiss?* turns it upon his prostituting the signal of peace and friendship, to the purpose of a mark of destruction.

In order to acquire the proper management of the emphasis, the great rule, and indeed the only rule possible to be given, is, that the speaker study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of those sentiments which he is to pronounce. For to lay the emphasis with exact propriety, is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the greatest trials of a true and just taste; and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feelings of others. There is as great a difference between a chapter of the Bible, or any other piece of plain prose, read by any one who places the several emphases every where with taste and judgment, and by one who neglects or mistakes them, as there is between the same tune played by the most masterly hand, or by the most bungling performer.

In all prepared discourses, it would be of great use, if they were read over or rehearsed in private, with this particular view, to search for the proper emphases before they were pronounced in public; marking, at the same time, with a pen, the emphatical words in every sentence, or at least the most weighty and affecting parts of the discourse, and fixing them well in memory. Were this attention oftener bestowed, were this part of pronunciation studied with more exactness, and not left to the moment of delivery, as is commonly done, public speakers would find their care abundantly repaid, by the remarkable effects which it would produce upon their audience. Let me caution, at the same time, against one error, that of multiplying emphatical words too much. It is only by a prudent reserve in the use of them, that we can give them any weight. If they recur too often; if a speaker attempts to render every thing which he says of high importance, by a multitude of strong emphases, we soon learn to pay little regard to them. To crowd every sentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages of a book with Italic characters, which, as to the effect, is just the same with using no such distinctions at all.

Next to emphasis, the Pauses in speaking demand attention. These are of two kinds; first, emphatical pauses; and next, such as mark the distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is made, after something has been said of peculiar moment, and on which we want to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, before such a thing is said, we usher it in with a pause of this nature. Such pauses have the same effect as a strong emphasis, and are subject to the same rules; especially to the caution just now given, of not repeating them too frequently. For, as they excite uncommon attention, and of course raise expectation, if the importance of the matter be not fully answerable to such expectation, they occasion disappointment and disgust.

But the most frequent and the principal use of pauses, is to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the same time to allow the speaker to draw his breath; and the proper and graceful adjustment of such pauses, is one of the most nice and difficult articles in delivery. In all public speaking, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, so as not to be obliged to divide words from one another, which have so intimate a connection, that they ought to be pronounced with the same breath, and without the least separation. Many a sentence is miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally lost, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is speaking, should be very careful to provide a full

full ſupply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great miſtake to imagine, that the breath muſt be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may eaſily be gathered at the intervals of the period, when the voice is only ſuſpended for a moment; and, by this management, one may have always a ſufficient ſtock for carrying on the longeſt ſentence, without improper interruptions.

If any one, in public ſpeaking, ſhall have formed to himſelf a certain melody or tune, which requires reſt and pauſes of its own, diſtinct from thoſe of the ſenſe, he has, undoubtedly, contracted one of the worſt habits into which a public ſpeaker can fall. It is the ſenſe which ſhould always rule the pauſes of the voice; for wherever there is any ſenſible ſuſpenſion of the voice, the hearer is always led to expect ſomething correſponding in the meaning. Pauſes in public diſcourſe, muſt be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourſelves in ordinary, ſenſible converſation; and not upon the ſtiff, artificial manner which we acquire from reading books according to the common punctuation. The general run of punctuation is very arbitrary; often capricious and falſe; and dictates an uniformity of tone in the pauſes, which is extremely diſagreeable: for we are to obſerve, that to render pauſes graceful and expreſſive, they muſt not only be made in the right place, but alſo be accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of theſe pauſes is intimated; much more than by the length of them, which can never be exactly meaſured. Sometimes it is only a ſlight and ſimple ſuſpenſion of voice that is proper; ſometimes a degree of cadence in the voice is required; and ſometimes that peculiar tone and cadence, which denotes the ſentence finiſhed. In all theſe caſes, we are to regulate ourſelves, by attending to the manner in which nature teaches us to ſpeak when engaged in real and earneſt diſcourſe with others.

When we are reading or reciting verſe, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauſes juſtly. The difficulty ariſes from the melody of verſe, which dictates to the ear pauſes or reſts of its own; and to adjuſt and compound theſe properly with the pauſes of the ſenſe, ſo as neither to hurt the ear, nor offend the underſtanding, is ſo very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we ſo ſeldom meet with good readers of poetry. There are two kinds of pauſes that belong to the muſic of verſe; one is, the pauſe at the end of the line; and the other, the cæſural pauſe in the middle of it. With regard to the pauſe at the end of the line, which marks that ſtrain or verſe to be finiſhed, rhyme renders this always ſenſible, and in ſome meaſure compels us to obſerve it in our pronunciation. In blank verſe, where there is a greater liberty permitted of running the lines into one another, ſometimes without any ſuſpenſion in the ſenſe, it has been made a queſtion, Whether, in reading ſuch verſe with propriety, any regard at all ſhould be paid to the cloſe of a line? On the ſtage, where the appearance of ſpeaking in verſe ſhould always be avoided, there can, I think, be no doubt, that the cloſe of ſuch lines as make no pauſe in the ſenſe, ſhould not be rendered perceptible to the ear. But on other occaſions, this were improper: for what is the uſe of melody, or for what end has the poet compoſed in verſe, if, in reading his lines, we ſuppreſs his numbers; and degrade them, by our pronunciation, into mere proſe? We ought, therefore, certainly to read blank verſe ſo as to make every line ſenſible to the ear. At the ſame time, in doing ſo, every appearance of ſing-ſong and tone muſt be carefully guarded againſt. The cloſe of the line, where it makes no pauſe in the meaning, ought to be marked, not by ſuch a tone as is uſed in finiſhing a ſentence, but without either letting the voice fall or elevating it, it ſhould be marked only by ſuch a ſlight ſuſpenſion of ſound, as may diſtinguiſh the paſſage from one line to another, without injuring the meaning.

The other kind of muſical pauſe, is that which falls ſomewhere about the middle of the verſe, and divides it into two hemiſtichs; a pauſe, not ſo great as that which belongs to the cloſe of the line, but ſtill ſenſible to an ordinary ear. This, which is called the cæſural pauſe, in the French heroic verſe falls uniformly in the middle of the line, in the Engliſh, it may fall after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th ſyllables in the line, and no other. Where the verſe is ſo conſtructed that this cæſural pauſe coincides with the ſlighteſt pauſe or diviſion in the ſenſe, the line can be read eaſily; as in the two firſt verſes of Mr. Pope's Meſſiah,

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong;
To heavenly themes, ſublimer ſtrains belong;

But if it ſhall happen that words, which have ſuch a ſtrict and intimate connection,

as not to bear even a momentary ſeparation, are divided from one another by this cæſural pauſe, we then feel a ſort of ſtruggle between the ſenſe and the ſound, which renders it difficult to read ſuch lines gracefully. The rule of proper pronunciation in ſuch caſes is, to regard only the pauſe which the ſenſe forms; and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of the cæſural pauſe may make the line ſound ſomewhat unharmonioufly; but the effect would be much worſe, if the ſenſe were ſacrificed to the ſound. For inſtance, in the following line of Milton,

——What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raiſe and ſupport.

The ſenſe clearly dictates the pauſe after "illumine," at the end of the third ſyllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, "illumine" ſhould be connected with what follows, and the pauſe not made till the 4th or 6th ſyllable. So in the following line of Mr. Pope's (Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot):

I ſit, with ſad civility I read:

The ear plainly points out the cæſural pauſe as falling after "ſad," the 4th ſyllable. But it would be very bad reading to make any pauſe there, ſo as to ſeparate "ſad" and "civility." The ſenſe admits of no other pauſe than after the ſecond ſyllable "ſit," which therefore muſt be the only pauſe made in the reading.

I proceed to treat next of Tones in pronunciation, which are different both from emphaſis and pauſes; conſiſting in the modulation of the voice, the notes or variations of ſound which we employ in public ſpeaking. How much of the propriety, the force and grace of diſcourſe, muſt depend on theſe, will appear from this ſingle conſideration; that to almoſt every ſentiment we utter, more eſpecially to every ſtrong emotion, nature hath adapted ſome peculiar tone of voice; inſomuch, that he who ſhould tell another that he was very angry, or much grieved, in a tone which did not ſuit ſuch emotions, inſtead of being believed, would be laughed at. Sympathy is one of the moſt powerful principles by which perſuaſive diſcourſe works it effect. The ſpeaker endeavours to transfuſe into his hearers his own ſentiments and emotions; which he can never be ſucceſsful in doing, unleſs he utters them in ſuch a manner as to convince the hearers that he feels them*. The proper expreſſion of tones, therefore, deſerves to be attentively ſtudied by every one who would be a ſucceſsful orator.

The greateſt and moſt material inſtruction which can be given for this purpoſe is, to form the tones of public ſpeaking upon the tones of ſenſible and animated converſation. We may obſerve that every man, when he is much in earneſt in common diſcourſe, when he is engaged in ſpeaking on ſome ſubject which intereſts him nearly, has an eloquent or perſuaſive tone and manner. What is the reaſon of our being often ſo frigid and unperſuaſive in public diſcourſe, but our departing from the natural tone of ſpeaking, and delivering ourſelves in an affected, artificial manner? Nothing can be more abſurd than to imagine, that as ſoon as one mounts a pulpit, or riſes in a public aſſembly, he is inſtantly to lay aſide the voice with which he expreſſes himſelf in private; to aſſume a new, ſtudied tone, and a cadence altogether foreign to his natural manner. This has vitiated all delivery; this has given riſe to cant and tedious monotony, in the different kinds of modern public ſpeaking, eſpecially in the pulpit. Men departed from nature; and ſought to give a beauty or force, as they imagined, to their diſcourſe, by ſubſtituting certain ſtudied muſical tones, in the room of the genuine expreſſions of ſentiment, which the voice carries in natural diſcourſe. Let every public ſpeaker guard againſt this error. Whether he ſpeak in a private room, or in a great aſſembly, let him remember that he ſtill ſpeaks. Follow nature: conſider how ſhe teaches you to utter any ſentiment or

* "All that paſſes in the mind of man may be "reduced to two claſſes, which I call, Ideas, and "Emotions. By Ideas, I mean all thoughts which "riſe and paſs in ſucceſſion in the mind: By "Emotions, all exertions of the mind in arrang- "ing, combining, and ſeparating its ideas; as "well as all the effects produced on the mind "itſelf by thoſe ideas, from the more violent agi- "tation of the paſſions, to the calmer feelings "produced by the operation of the intellect and "the fancy. In ſhort, thought is the object of "the one, internal feeling of the other. That "which ſerves to expreſs the former, I call the "Language of Ideas; and the latter, the Language "of Emotions. Words are the ſigns of the one, "tones of the other. Without the uſe of theſe "two ſorts of language, it is impoſſible to com- "municate through the ear all that paſſes in the "mind of man."

SHERIDAN on the Art of Reading.

feeling

feeling of your heart. Imagine a subject of debate ſtarted in converſation among grave and wiſe men, and yourſelf bearing a ſhare in it. Think after what manner, with what tones and inflexions of voice, you would on ſuch an occaſion expreſs yourſelf, when you were moſt in earneſt, and ſought moſt to be liſtened to. Carry theſe with you to the bar, to the pulpit, or to any public aſſembly; let theſe be the foundation of your manner of pronouncing there; and you will take the ſureſt method of rendering your delivery both agreeable and perſuaſive.

I have ſaid, Let theſe converſation tones be the *foundation* of public pronunciation; for, on ſome occaſions, ſolemn public ſpeaking requires them to be exalted beyond the ſtrain of common diſcourſe. In a formal, ſtudied oration, the elevation of the ſtyle, and the harmony of the ſentences, prompt, almoſt neceſſarily, a modulation of voice more rounded, and bordering more upon muſic, than converſation admits. This gives riſe to what is called, the Declaiming Manner. But though this mode of pronunciation runs conſiderably beyond ordinary diſcourſe, yet ſtill it muſt have, for its baſis, the natural tones of grave and dignified converſation. I muſt obſerve, at the ſame time, that the conſtant indulgence of a declamatory manner, is not favourable either to good compoſition, or good delivery; and is in hazard of betraying public ſpeakers into that monotony of tone and cadence, which is ſo generally complained of. Whereas, he who forms the general run of his delivery upon a ſpeaking manner, is not likely ever to become diſagreeable through monotony. He will have the ſame natural variety in his tones, which a perſon has in converſation. Indeed, the perfection of delivery requires both theſe different manners, that of ſpeaking with livelineſs and eaſe, and that of declaiming with ſtatelineſs and dignity, to be poſſeſſed by one man; and to be employed by him, according as the different parts of his diſcourſe require either the one or the other. This is a perfection which is not attained by many; the greateſt part of public ſpeakers allowing their delivery to be formed altogether accidentally, according as ſome turn of voice appears to them moſt beautiful, or ſome artificial model has caught their fancy; and acquiring, by this means, a habit of pronunciation, which they can never vary. But the capital direction, which ought never to be forgotten, is, to copy the proper tones for expreſſing every ſentiment from thoſe which nature dictates to us, in converſation with others; to ſpeak always with her voice; and not to form to ourſelves a fantaſtic public manner, from an abſurd fancy of its being more beautiful than a natural one*.

It now remains to treat of Geſture, or what is called Action in public diſcourſe. Some nations animate their words in common converſation, with many more motions of the body than others do. The French and the Italians are, in this reſpect, much more ſprightly than we. But there is no nation, hardly any perſon ſo phlegmatic, as not to accompany their words with ſome actions and geſticulations, on all occaſions, when they are much in earneſt. It is therefore unnatural in a public ſpeaker, it is inconſiſtent with that earneſtneſs and ſerioufneſs which he ought to ſhew in all affairs of moment, to remain quite unmoved in his outward appearance; and to let the words drop from his mouth, without any expreſſion of meaning, or warmth in his geſture.

The fundamental rule as to propriety of action, is undoubtedly the ſame with what I gave as to propriety of tone. Attend to the looks and geſtures, in which earneſtneſs, indignation, compaſſion, or any other emotion, diſcovers itſelf to moſt advantage in the common intercourſe of men; and let theſe be your model. Some of theſe looks and geſtures are common to all men; and there are alſo certain peculiarities of manner which diſtinguiſh every individual. A public ſpeaker muſt take that manner which is moſt natural to himſelf. For it is here juſt as in tones. It is not the buſineſs of a ſpeaker to form to himſelf a certain ſet of motions and geſtures, which he thinks moſt becoming and agreeable, and to practiſe theſe in public, without their having any correſpondence to the manner which is natural to him in private. His geſtures and motions ought all to carry that kind of expreſſion which nature has dictated to him; and, unleſs this be the caſe, it is impoſſible,

* "Loquere," (ſays an author of the laſt century, who has written a Treatiſe in Verſe, de Geſtu et Voce Oratoris)

——"Loquere; hoc vitium commune, loquatur
"Ut nemo; at tensâ declamaret omnia voce.
"Tu loquere, ut mos eſt hominum; Boat & latrat ille:
"Ille ululat; rudit hic (fari ſi talia dignum eſt);
"Non hominem vox ulla ſonat ratione loquentem."

JOANNES LUCAS, de Geſtu et Voce, Lib. II. Paris, 1675.

by

by means of any ſtudy, to avoid their appearing ſtiff and forced.

However, although nature muſt be the ground-work, I admit that there is room in this matter for ſome ſtudy and art. For many perſons are naturally ungraceful in the motions which they make; and this ungracefulneſs might, in part at leaſt, be reformed by application and care. The ſtudy of action in public ſpeaking, conſiſts chiefly in guarding againſt awkward and diſagreeable motions, and in learning to perform ſuch as are natural to the ſpeaker, in the moſt becoming manner. For this end, it has been adviſed by writers on this ſubject, to practiſe before a mirror, where one may ſee, and judge of his own geſtures. But I am afraid, perſons are not always the beſt judges of the gracefulneſs of their own motions: and one may declaim long enough before a mirror, without correcting any of his faults. The judgment of a friend, whoſe good taſte they can truſt, will be found of much greater advantage to beginners, than any mirror they can uſe. With regard to particular rules concerning action and geſticulation, Quinctilian has delivered a great many, in the laſt chapter of the 11th Book of his Inſtitutions; and all the modern writers on this ſubject have done little elſe but tranſlate them. I am not of opinion, that ſuch rules, delivered either by the voice or on paper, can be of much uſe, unleſs perſons ſaw them exemplified before their eyes *.

I ſhall only add further on this head that in order to ſucceed well in delivery, nothing is more neceſſary than for a ſpeaker to guard againſt a certain flutter of ſpirits, which is peculiarly incident to thoſe who begin to ſpeak in public. He muſt endeavour above all things to be recollected, and maſter of himſelf. For this end, he will find nothing of more uſe to him, than to ſtudy to become wholly engaged in his ſubject; to be poſſeſſed with a ſenſe of its importance or ſeriouſneſs; to be concerned much more to perſuade than to pleaſe. He will generally pleaſe moſt, when pleaſing is not his ſole nor chief aim. This is the only rational and proper method of raiſing one's ſelf above that timid and baſhful regard to an audience, which is ſo ready to diſconcert a ſpeaker, both as to what he is to ſay, and as to his manner of ſaying it.

I cannot conclude, without an earneſt admonition to guard againſt all affectation, which is the certain ruin of good delivery. Let your manner, whatever it is, be your own; neither imitated from another, nor aſſumed upon ſome imaginary model, which is unnatural to you. Whatever is native, even though accompanied with ſeveral defects, yet is likely to pleaſe; becauſe it ſhows us a man; becauſe it has the appearance of coming from the heart. Whereas, a delivery attended with ſeveral acquired graces and beauties, if it be not eaſy and free, if it betray the marks of art and affectation, never fails to diſguſt. To attain an extremely correct, and perfectly graceful delivery, is what few can expect; ſo many natural talents being requiſite to concur in forming it. But to attain, what as to the effect is very little inferior, a forcible and perſuaſive manner, is within the power of moſt perſons; if they will only unlearn falſe

* The few following hints only I ſhall adventure to throw out, in caſe they may be of any ſervice. When ſpeaking in public, one ſhould ſtudy to preſerve as much dignity as poſſible in the whole attitude of the body. An erect poſture is generally to be choſen: ſtanding firm, ſo as to have the full eſt and freeſt command of all his motions; any inclination which is uſed, ſhould be forwards towards the hearers, which is a natural expreſſion of earneſtneſs. As for the countenance, the chief rule is, that it ſhould correſpond with the nature of the diſcourſe; and when no particular emotion is expreſſed, a ſerious and manly look is always the beſt. The eyes ſhould never be fixed cloſe on any one object, but move eaſily round the audience. In the motions made with the hands, conſiſts the chief part of geſture in ſpeaking. The Ancients condemned all motions performed by the left hand alone; but I am not ſenſible, that theſe are always offenſive, though it is natural for the right hand to be more frequently employed. Warm emotions demand the motion of both hands correſponding together. But whether one geſticulates with one or with both hands, it is an important rule, that all his emotions ſhould be free and eaſy. Narrow and ſtraitened movements are generally ungraceful; for which reaſon, motions made with the hands are directed to proceed from the ſhoulder, rather than from the elbow. Perpendicular movements too with the hands, that is, in the ſtraight line up and down, which Shakſpeare, in Hamlet, calls, "ſawing the air with the hand," are ſeldom good. Oblique motions are, in general, the moſt graceful. Too ſudden and nimble motions ſhould be likewiſe avoided. Earneſtneſs can be fully expreſſed without them. Shakſpeare's directions on this head, are full of good ſenſe; "uſe "all gently," ſays he, "and in the very torrent and tempeſt of paſſion, acquire a temperance that may "give it ſmoothneſs."

and

and corrupt habits; if they will allow themſelves to follow nature, and will ſpeak in public, as they do in private, when they ſpeak in earneſt, and from the heart. If one has naturally any groſs defects in his voice or geſtures, he begins at the wrong end, if he attempts at reforming them only when he is to ſpeak in public: he ſhould begin with rectifying them in his private manner of ſpeaking; and then carry to the public the right habit he has formed. For when a ſpeaker is engaged in a public diſcourſe, he ſhould not be then employing his attention about his manner, or thinking of his tones and his geſtures. If he be ſo employed, ſtudy and affectation will appear. He ought to be then quite in earneſt; wholly occupied with his ſubject and his ſentiments; leaving nature, and previouſly formed habits, to prompt and ſuggeſt his manner of delivery.

II.

Means of improving in Eloquence.

I have now treated fully of the different kinds of public ſpeaking, of the compoſition, and of the delivery of a diſcourſe. Before I finiſh this ſubject, it may be of uſe to ſuggeſt ſome things concerning the propereſt means of improvement in the art of public ſpeaking, and the moſt neceſſary ſtudies for that purpoſe.

To be an eloquent ſpeaker, in the proper ſenſe of the word, is far from being either a common or an eaſy attainment. Indeed, to compoſe a florid harrangue on ſome popular topic, and to deliver it ſo as to amuſe an audience, is a matter not very difficult. But though ſome praiſe be due to this, yet the idea, which I have endeavoured to give of eloquence, is much higher. It is a great exertion of the human powers. It is the art of being perſuaſive and commanding; the art, not of pleaſing the fancy merely, but of ſpeaking both to the underſtanding and to the heart; of intereſting the hearers in ſuch a degree, as to ſeize and carry them along with us; and to leave them with a deep and ſtrong impreſſion of what they have heard. How many talents, natural and acquired, muſt concur for carrying this to perfection! A ſtrong, lively, and warm imagination; quick ſenſibility of heart, joined with ſolid judgment, good ſenſe, and preſence of mind; all improved by great and long attention to ſtyle and compoſition; and ſupported alſo by the exterior, yet important qualifications, of a graceful manner, a preſence not ungainly, and a full and tuneable voice. How little reaſon to wonder, that a perfect and accompliſhed orator ſhould be one of the characters that is moſt rarely to be found!

Let us not deſpair, however. Between mediocrity and perfection there is a very wide interval. There are many intermediate ſpaces, which may be filled up with honour; and the more rare and difficult that complete perfection is, the greater is the honour of approaching to it, though we do not fully attain it. The number of orators who ſtand in the higheſt claſs is, perhaps, ſmaller than the number of poets who are foremoſt in poetic fame; but the ſtudy of oratory has this advantage above that of poetry, that, in poetry, one muſt be an eminently good performer, or he is not ſupportable;

> ——Mediocribus eſſe poëtis
> Non homines, non Dii, non conceſſêre columnæ *.
>
> Hor. de arte Poet.

In Eloquence this does not hold. There, one may poſſeſs a moderate ſtation with dignity. Eloquence admits of a great many different forms; plain and ſimple, as well as high and pathetic; and a genius that cannot reach the latter, may ſhine with much reputation and uſefulneſs in the former.

Whether nature or art contribute moſt to form an orator, is a trifling enquiry. In all attainments whatever, nature muſt be the prime agent. She muſt beſtow the original talents. She muſt ſow the ſeeds; but culture is requiſite for bringing thoſe ſeeds to perfection. Nature muſt always have done ſomewhat; but a great deal will always be left to be done by art. This is certain, that ſtudy and diſcipline are more neceſſary for the improvement of natural genius in oratory, than they are in poetry. What I mean is, that though poetry be capable of receiving aſſiſtance from critical art, yet a poet, without any aid from art, by the force of genius alone, can riſe higher than a public ſpeaker can do, who has never given attention to the rules of ſtyle, compoſition, and delivery. Homer formed himſelf; Demoſthenes and Cicero were formed by the help of much labour, and of many aſſiſtances derived from the labour of others.

* For God and man, and lettered poſt denies,
That poets ever are of middling ſize.

Francis.

After

After these preliminary observations, let us proceed to the main design of this lecture; to treat of the means to be used for improvement in eloquence.

In the first place, what stands highest in the order of means, is personal character and disposition. In order to be a truly eloquent or persuasive speaker, nothing is more necessary than to be a virtuous man. This was a favourite position among the ancient rhetoricians: "Non posse oratorem esse nisi "virum bonum." To find any such connection between virtue and one of the highest liberal arts, must give pleasure; and it can, I think, be clearly shewn, that this is not a mere topic of declamation, but that the connection here alledged, is undoubtedly founded in truth and reason.

For, consider first, Whether any thing contributes more to persuasion, than the opinion which we entertain of the probity, disinterestedness, candour, and other good moral qualities of the person who endeavours to persuade? These give weight and force to every thing which he utters; nay, they add a beauty to it; they dispose us to listen with attention and pleasure; and create a secret partiality in favour of that side which he espouses. Whereas, if we entertain a suspicion of craft and disingenuity, of a corrupt, or a base mind, in the speaker, his eloquence loses all its real effect. It may entertain and amuse; but it is viewed as artifice, as trick, as the play only of speech; and, viewed in this light, whom can it persuade? We even read a book with more pleasure, when we think favourably of its author; but when we have the living speaker before our eyes, addressing us personally on some subject of importance, the opinion we entertain of his character must have a much more powerful effect.

But, lest it should be said, that this relates only to the character of virtue, which one may maintain, without being at bottom a truly worthy man, I must observe farther, that, besides the weight which it adds to character, real virtue operates also in other ways, to the advantage of eloquence.

First, Nothing is so favourable as virtue to the prosecution of honourable studies. It prompts a generous emulation to excel; it inures to industry; it leaves the mind vacant and free, master of itself, disencumbered of those bad passions, and disengaged from those mean pursuits, which have ever been found the greatest enemies to true proficiency. Quinctilian has touched this consideration very properly: "Quod si agrorum nimia "cura, et sollicitor rei familiaris diligen-"tia, et venandi voluptas, et dati spectacu-"lis dies, multum studiis auferunt, quid "putamus facturas cupiditatem, avaritiam, "invidiam? Nihil enim est tam occupa-"tum, tam multiforme, tot ac tam variis "affectibus concisum atque laceratum, quam "mala ac improba mens. Quis inter hæc, "literis, aut ulli bonæ arti, locus? Non "hercle magis quam frugibus, in terra sen-"tibus ac rubis occupata *."

But, besides this consideration, there is another of still higher importance, though I am not sure of its being attended to as much as it deserves; namely, that from the fountain of real and genuine virtue, are drawn those sentiments which will ever be most powerful in affecting the hearts of others. Bad as the world is, nothing has so great and universal a command over the minds of men as virtue. No kind of language is so generally understood, and so powerfully felt, as the native language of worthy and virtuous feelings. He only, therefore, who possesses these full and strong, can speak properly, and in its own language, to the heart. On all great subjects and occasions, there is a dignity, there is an energy in noble sentiments, which is overcoming and irresistible. They give an ardour and a flame to one's discourse, which seldom fails to kindle a like flame in those who hear; and which, more than any other cause, bestows on eloquence that power, for which it is famed, of seizing and transporting an audience. Here art and imitation will not avail. An assumed character conveys nothing of this powerful warmth. It is only a native and unaffected glow of feeling, which can transmit the emotions to others. Hence the most renowned orators, such as Cicero and Demosthenes, were no less distinguished for

* "If the management of an estate, if anxious attention to domestic œconomy, a passion for hunt-"ing, or whole days given up to public places and amusements, consume so much time that is due to "study, how much greater waste must be occasioned by licentious desires, avarice, or envy! Nothing "is so much hurried and agitated, so contradictory to itself, or so violently torn and shattered by con-"flicting passions, as a bad heart. Amidst the distractions which it produces, what room is left for the "cultivation of letters, or the pursuit of any honourable art? No more, assuredly, than there is for the "growth of corn in a field that is over-run with thorns and brambles."

some

ſome of the high virtues, as public ſpirit and zeal for their country, than for eloquence. Beyond doubt, to theſe virtues their eloquence owed much of its effect; and thoſe orations of theirs, in which there breathes moſt of the virtuous and magnanimous ſpirit, are thoſe which have moſt attracted the admiration of ages.

Nothing, therefore, is more neceſſary for thoſe who would excel in any of the higher kinds of oratory, than to cultivate habits of the ſeveral virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings. Whenever theſe become dead, or callous, they may be aſſured, that on every great occaſion, they will ſpeak with leſs power, and leſs ſucceſs. The ſentiments and diſpoſitions particularly requiſite for them to cultivate, are the following; the love of juſtice and order, and indignation at inſolence and oppreſſion; the love of honeſty and truth, and deteſtation of fraud, meanneſs, and corruption; magnanimity of ſpirit; the love of liberty, of their country and the public; zeal for all great and noble deſigns, and reverence for all worthy and heroic characters. A cold and ſceptical turn of mind is extremely adverſe to eloquence; and no leſs ſo, is that cavilling diſpoſition which takes pleaſure in depreciating what is great, and ridiculing what is generally admired. Such a diſpoſition beſpeaks one not very likely to excel in any thing; but leaſt of all in oratory. A true orator ſhould be a perſon of generous ſentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned towards the admiration of all thoſe great and high objects which mankind are naturally formed to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he ſhould, at the ſame time, poſſeſs ſtrong and tender ſenſibility to all the injuries, diſtreſſes, and ſorrows, of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can eaſily relent; that can readily enter into the circumſtances of others, and can make their caſe his own. A proper mixture of courage, and of modeſty, muſt alſo be ſtudied by every public ſpeaker. Modeſty is eſſential; it is always, and juſtly, ſuppoſed to be a concomitant of merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepoſſeſſing. But modeſty ought not to run into exceſſive timidity. Every public ſpeaker ſhould be able to reſt ſomewhat on himſelf; and to aſſume that air, not of ſelf-complacency, but of firmneſs, which beſpeaks a conſciouſneſs of his being thoroughly perſuaded of the truth or juſtice, of what he delivers; a circumſtance of no ſmall conſequence for making impreſſion on thoſe who hear.

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ELEGANT

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

§. 1. *The Vision of Mirza, exhibiting a Picture of Human Life.*

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the cuſtom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and paſſing from one thought to another, Surely, ſaid I, man is but a ſhadow, and life a dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of thoſe heavenly airs that are played to the departed ſouls of good men upon their firſt arrival in Paradiſe, to wear out the impreſſions of the laſt agonies, and qualify them for the pleaſures of that happy place. My heart melted away in ſecret raptures.

I have been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that ſeveral had been entertained with that muſic, who had paſſed by it, but never heard that the muſician had before made himſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my thoughts, by thoſe tranſporting airs which he played, to taſte the pleaſures of his converſation, as I looked upon him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he ſat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a ſuperior nature; and as my heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating ſtrains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius ſmiled upon me with a look of compaſſion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once diſpelled all the fears and apprehenſions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy ſoliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the higheſt pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Caſt thy eyes eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I ſee, ſaid I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the vale of miſery, and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine now, ſaid he, this ſea that is bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it. I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of the tide. The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human life; conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore and ten entire arches,

with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it: and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens, in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh: Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery, and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting upon beds of flowers: and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree

and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.—I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it. *Spectator.*

§. 2. *The Voyage of Life; an Allegory.*

'Life,' says Seneca, 'is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age.'—The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion; I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuse, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their pre-

ſent condition; for not one of thoſe who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him: and many ſpent their laſt moments in cautioning others againſt the folly by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels in which we had embarked, being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage, ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the heart of concealing their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their inability to bear the ſight of the terrors that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement of the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with Hope, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.

In the midſt of the current of Life was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Eaſe ſpreads couches of repoſe; and with ſhades, where Pleaſure warbled the ſong of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks, all who ſailed on the ocean of Life muſt neceſſarily paſs. Reaſon, indeed, was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might eſcape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of Pleaſure, that they might ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

Reaſon was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger, having danced in circles with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom Reaſon was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of Pleaſure, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before, but floated along timorouſly and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk, by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others againſt the firſt approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artiſts who profeſſed to repair the breaches and ſtop the leaks of the veſſels which had been ſhattered on the rocks of Pleaſure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their ſkill, and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of Pleaſure, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching

ing waters, and harraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce Hope herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs. As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown power, 'Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyſelf art ſinking. Whence is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?' I looked, and ſeeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, ſtarted and awaked. *Rambler.*

§ 3. *The Journey of a Day, a Picture of human Life; the Story of Obidah.*

Obidah, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from the heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right-hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without ſuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſic of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade, and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect, he turned aſide to every caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In theſe amuſements the hours paſſed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the time of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed from before him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. He was now rouſed by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt when eaſe is conſulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear, but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, 'Tell me,' said the hermit, 'by what chance thou hast been brought hither: I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' said the hermit, 'let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the strait road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go, now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.' *Rambler.*

§ 4. *The present Life to be considered only as it may conduce to the Happiness of a future one.*

A lewd young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father," says he, "you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world." "True, son," said the hermit: "but what is thy condition if there is?"—Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of those two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life that is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should

Should a ſpirit of ſuperior rank, who is a ſtranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a ſurvey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think, that we are a ſpecies of beings made quite for different ends and purpoſes than what we really are? Muſt not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and ſtation, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal puniſhment, and enjoined to purſue our pleaſures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a ſcheme of duties quite oppoſite to thoſe which are indeed preſcribed to us. And truly, according to ſuch an imagination, he muſt conclude that we are a ſpecies of the moſt obedient creatures in the univerſe; that we are conſtant to our duty; and that we keep a ſteady eye on the end for which we were ſent hither.

But how great would be his aſtoniſhment, when he learnt that we were beings not deſigned to exiſt in this world above threeſcore and ten years; and that the greateſt part of this buſy ſpecies fall ſhort even of that age! How would he be loſt in horror and admiration, when he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which ſcarce deſerves the name of exiſtence; when, I ſay, he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures are to exiſt to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater diſgrace to reaſon, than that men, who are perſuaded of theſe two different ſtates of being, ſhould be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threeſcore and ten years, and neglecting to make proviſion for that, which, after many myriads of years, will be ſtill new, and ſtill beginning; eſpecially when we conſider that our endeavours for making ourſelves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever elſe we place our happineſs in, may, after all, prove unſucceſsful; whereas, if we conſtantly and ſincerely endeavour to make ourſelves happy in the other life, we are ſure that our endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our hope.

The following queſtion is ſtarted by one of the ſchoolmen. Suppoſing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or maſs of the fineſt ſand, and that a ſingle grain or particle of this ſand ſhould be annihilated every thouſand years: Suppoſing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious maſs of ſand was conſuming by this ſlow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miſerable for ever after; or ſuppoſing you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miſerable till the whole maſs of ſand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one ſand in a thouſand years: which of theſe two caſes would you make your choice?

It muſt be confeſſed in this caſe, ſo many thouſands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear ſo great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greateſt number which you can put together in figures, or as one of thoſe ſands to the ſuppoſed heap. Reaſon therefore tells us, without any manner of heſitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reaſon might in ſuch a caſe be ſo overſet by the imagination, as to diſpoſe ſome perſons to ſink under the conſideration of the great length of the firſt part of this duration, and of the great diſtance of that ſecond duration, which is to ſucceed it. The mind, I ſay, might give itſelf up to that happineſs which is at hand, conſidering that it is ſo very near, and that it would laſt ſo very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuſe to be happy for the ſpace of only threeſcore and ten years, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might ſay of only a day or an hour, and miſerable to all eternity: or, on the contrary, miſerable for this ſhort term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are ſufficient to expreſs that folly and want of conſideration which in ſuch a caſe makes a wrong choice!

I here put the caſe even at the worſt, by ſuppoſing (what ſeldom happens) that a courſe of virtue makes us miſerable in this life; but if we ſuppoſe (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary courſe of vice; how can we ſufficiently admire the ſtupidity or madneſs of thoſe perſons who are capable of making ſo abſurd a choice!

Every wiſe man, therefore, will conſider this life only as it may conduce to the happineſs of the other, and chearfully ſacrifice the pleaſures of a few years to thoſe of an eternity. *Spectator.*

§ 5. *The Advantages of a good Education.*

I conſider a human ſoul without education like marble in the quarry, which ſhews none

of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it!

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise one above another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegancy; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings. *Spect.*

§ 6. *The Disadvantages of a bad Education.*

Sir, I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents discovered in my first cries such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness, and the encrease of their estate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in play-houses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their times called in as auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

When there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the dejection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness. My mamma therefore governed the family without controul; and except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china-dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

She therefore thought herſelf entitled to the ſuperintendance of her ſon's education; and when my father, at the inſtigation of the parſon, faintly propoſed that I ſhould be ſent to ſchool, very poſitively told him, that ſhe would not ſuffer a fine child to be ruined; that ſhe never knew any boys at a grammar-ſchool, that could come into a room without bluſhing, or ſit at the table without ſome aukward uneaſineſs; that they were always putting themſelves into danger by boiſterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, ſhe would rather follow me to the grave, than ſee me tear my cloaths, and hang down my head, and ſneak about with dirty ſhoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his propoſal than to appear wiſe and manly, ſoon acquieſced, ſince I was not to live by my learning; for, indeed, he had known very few ſtudents that had not ſome ſtiffneſs in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domeſtic tutor ſhould be procured, and hired an honeſt gentleman of mean converſation and narrow ſentiments, but whom having paſſed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a ſcholar. He thought himſelf ſufficiently exalted by being placed at the ſame table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmoſt flexibility of ſubmiſſion to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, leſt I ſhould mope with too much application; charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally bruſhed my coat before he diſmiſſed me into the parlour.

He had no occaſion to complain of too burthenſome an employment; for my mother very judiciouſly conſidered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and ſuffered me not to paſs any more time in his apartment than my leſſon required. When I was ſummoned to my taſk, ſhe enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was ſeldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admoniſhed not to lean on my chair, croſs my legs, or ſwing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very ſeriouſly deliberated upon his total diſmiſſion, becauſe I began, ſhe ſaid, to learn his manner of ſticking on my hat, and had his bend in my ſhoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I eſcaped all theſe depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myſelf of every appearance of childiſh diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickneſs of my replies; and many a ſcholar five years older than myſelf have I daſhed into confuſion by the ſteadineſs of my countenance, ſilenced by my readineſs of repartee, and tortured with envy by the addreſs with which I picked up a fan, preſented a ſnuff-box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen I was compleatly ſkilled in all the niceties of dreſs, and I could not only enumerate all the variety of ſilks, and diſtinguiſh the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and obſerve every deviation from the reigning mode. I was univerſally ſkilful in all the changes of expenſive finery; but as every one, they ſay, has ſomething to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Bruſſels lace.

The next year ſaw me advanced to the truſt and power of adjuſting the ceremonial of an aſſembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every ſtranger applied for introduction. My heart now diſdained the inſtructions of a tutor, who was rewarded with a ſmall annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myſelf.

In a ſhort time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher claſſes of life, ſoon obtained admiſſion to the moſt ſplendid aſſemblies, and moſt crowded card-tables. Here I found myſelf univerſally careſſed and applauded; the ladies praiſed the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the ſoftneſs of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themſelves to my notice; and invited, by a thouſand oblique ſolicitations, my attendance to the play-houſe, and my ſalutations in the Park. I was now happy to the utmoſt extent of my conception; I paſſed every morning in dreſs, every afternoon in viſits, and every night in ſome ſelect aſſemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were ſuffered to moleſt us.

After a few years, however, theſe delights became familiar, and I had leiſure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of ſatiety, or recreate wearineſs, by varied amuſement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the ſphere of my pleaſures, and to try what ſatisfaction might be found in the ſociety of men. I will not deny

deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness nearly bordering on compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these witlings elevated his crest, by asking me in a full coffee-house the price of patches; and another whispered, that he wondered Miss Frisk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation, by those who were themselves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and resolved to dedicate my life to their service and their pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties, to whom I have made my addresses, suffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are content to pass their hours between their bed and their cards, without esteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, Mr. Rambler, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punish it in the man. Yet I find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt.

I am, &c. Florentulus.

Rambler.

§ 7. *Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, together with the Immensity of his Works.*

I was yesterday, about sun-set, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty, which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, 'When I consider the heavens, 'the work of thy fingers, the moon and the 'stars which thou hast ordained, what is 'man that thou art mindful of him, and 'the son of man that thou regardest him!' In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other: as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought

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ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be ſtars whoſe light is not yet travelled down to us ſince their firſt creation. There is no queſtion but the univerſe has certain bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature, and loſt among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection which we obſerve in ourſelves, is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us, that his attributes are infinite; but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch, that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is omnipreſent; and in the ſecond, that he is omniſcient.

If we conſider him in his omnipreſence: his being paſſes through, actuates, and ſupports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any part of that ſpace which he diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old philoſophers, he is a being whoſe centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the ſecond place, he is omniſcient as well as omnipreſent. His omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his omnipreſence. He cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades; and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moraliſts have conſidered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his preſence. Others have conſidered infinite ſpace as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite ſpace, is that of Sir Iſaac Newton, who calls it the *ſenſorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *ſenſoriola*, or little *ſenſoriums*, by which they apprehend the preſence, and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and obſervation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he reſides, infinite ſpace gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniſcience.

Were the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation, ſhould it for millions of years continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. 'Oh that

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'I knew where I might find him! (says 'Job.) Behold I go forward, but he is not 'there; and backward, but I cannot per-'ceive him: on the left hand, where he 'does work, but I cannot behold him: he 'hideth himself on the right hand that I 'cannot see him.' In short, reason as well as revelation, assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures; so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

Spectator.

§ 8. *Motives to Piety and Virtue, drawn from the Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity.*

In one of your late papers, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light in which I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of these advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may assure ourselves, that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of those accursed places behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination

imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us, and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-caſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of Job, when for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! 'Why haſt thou ſet me as a 'mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a 'burden to myſelf?' But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

The bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our ſouls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of ſpace they reſide, be always ſenſible of the divine preſence. We, who have this veil of fleſh ſtanding between us and the world of ſpirits, muſt be content to know the ſpirit of God is preſent with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward ſenſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by thoſe virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret comforts and refreſhments which he conveys into our ſouls, and by thoſe raviſhing joys and inward ſatisfactions which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very eſſence, and is as a ſoul within the ſoul, to irradiate its underſtanding, rectify its will, purify its paſſions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own ſoul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and ſupport within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that partition, which ſtands betwixt his ſoul, and the ſight of that Being who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fulneſs of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his mercy and goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the ſcripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy ſpirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable paſſage among his epiſtles; *Sacer ineſt in nobis ſpiritus, bonorum malorumque cuſtos et obſervator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* 'There is a holy ſpirit reſiding in us, who 'watches and obſerves both good and evil 'men, and will treat us after the ſame man-'ner that we treat him.' But I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical words in divine revelation; 'If a man 'love me, he will keep my words; and my 'Father will love him, and we will come 'unto him, and make our abode with 'him.' *Spectator.*

§ 9. *On the Immortality of the Soul.*

I was yeſterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and loſt myſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the ſeveral arguments that eſtabliſh this great point, which is the baſis of morality, and the ſource of all the pleaſing hopes and ſecret joys that can ariſe in the heart of a reaſonable

reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

——Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave. CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she

——— *Hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.
HOR. Ep. ii. l. 2. v. 175.

ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows that, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection! We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a poſſibility of touching it: and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection, but of happineſs!

Spectator.

§ 10. *The Duty of Children to their Parents.*

I am the happy father of a very towardly ſon, in whom I do not only ſee my life, but alſo my manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to ſociety, if you would frequently reſume ſubjects which ſerve to bind theſe ſort of relations faſter, and endear the ties of blood with thoſe of good-will, protection, obſervance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method; and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will neceſſarily occur ſo many ſecret inſtincts and biaſſes of human nature, which would paſs unobſerved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence againſt my own excellent parents to anſwer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my paſt life, from my earlieſt infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myſelf became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he ſees his child do a laudable thing, or the ſudden damp which ſeizes him when he fears he will act ſomething unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorſe touched me for a long train of childiſh negligences of my mother, when I ſaw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as aſhes upon ſeeing my younger boy ſliding upon the ice. Theſe ſlight intimations will give you to underſtand, that there are numberleſs little crimes, which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they ſhall themſelves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmoſt ſorrow and contrition, that they did not regard before thoſe whom they offended were to be no more ſeen. How many thouſand things do I remember, which would have highly pleaſed my father, and I omitted for no other reaſon but that I thought what he propoſed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reaſon and good ſenſe in it! I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no conſequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long ſince in their graves, who uſed to ſit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were ſometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the houſe. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in theſe great duties of life, though we have a ſtrong inſtinct towards the performing of them, we ſhould be on both ſides very deficient. Age is ſo unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood ſo deſirable to all, that reſignation to decay is too difficult a taſk in the father; and deference, amidſt the impulſe of gay deſires, appears unreaſonable to the ſon. There are ſo few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come ſlow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his deſires, and a ſon, were he to conſult himſelf only, could neither of them behave himſelf as he ought to the other. But when reaſon interpoſes againſt inſtinct, where it would carry either out of the intereſts of the other, there ariſes that happieſt intercourſe of good offices between thoſe deareſt relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down bleſſings on the ſon, and the ſon endeavouring to appear the worthy offſpring of ſuch a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his firſt-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleaſing and indolent old age, in which paſſion is ſubdued, and reaſon exalted. He waits the day of his diſſolution with a reſignation mixed with delight, and the ſon fears the acceſſion of his father's fortune with diffidence, leſt he ſhould not enjoy or become it as well as his predeceſſor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children,

children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone; Camillus knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine; and I have the inexpressible happiness of over-hearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, "There they go." *Spectator.*

§ 11. *The Strength of parental Affection.*

I went the other day to visit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

As I came in, she said, with a blush, 'Mr. Ironside, though you are an old batchelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children.' I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction: since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it because they think themselves obliged by the dictates of humanity to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a super-eminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimickry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man: what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness of human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should, methinks, create a more grateful tenderness in children towards their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story, of tender friendships formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation: Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret

cret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human ſoul. It will be neceſſary to inform the reader, that the perſon whoſe ſtory I am going to relate, was one, whoſe roving and romantic temper, joined to a diſpoſition ſingularly amorous, had led him through a vaſt variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princeſs of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the King her huſband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having conſumed his paternal eſtate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceaſed wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warſaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which I ſhall relate in his own words.

"I had been in this condition for four days, when the counteſs of Venoſki paſſed that way. She was informed that a ſtranger of good faſhion lay ſick, and her charity led her to ſee me. I remembered her, for I had often ſeen her with my wife, to whom ſhe was nearly related; but when I found ſhe knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if ſhe had the charity to ſend me to Warſaw, the queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her Majeſty. The counteſs had the goodneſs to take compaſſion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warſaw, where I was lodged in her houſe until my health ſhould allow me to wait on the queen.

"My fever increaſed after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the counteſs firſt ſaw me, ſhe had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better ſhaped than the Poliſh women generally are. She was very fair, her ſkin exceedingly fine, and her air and ſhape inexpreſſibly beautiful. I was not ſo ſick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart ſuch emotions at the firſt view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me ſufficiently againſt the charms of the fair ſex.

"The amiable creature ſeemed afflicted at my ſickneſs; and ſhe appeared to have ſo much concern and care for me, as raiſed in me a great inclination and tenderneſs for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I aſked who ſhe was, and I was anſwered, that ſhe was niece to the counteſs of Venoſki.

"I verily believe that the conſtant ſight of this charming maid, and the pleaſure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the phyſicians gave me. In ſhort, my fever left me, and I had the ſatisfaction to ſee the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to ſee me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a ſtronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her conſtant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of ſeeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He ſeemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely ſhaped. Every time ſhe came to ſee me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they uſually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they ſeemed to converſe with great earneſtneſs. The aſpect of the youth pleaſed me wonderfully; and if I had not ſuſpected that he was my rival, I ſhould have taken delight in his perſon and friendſhip.

"They both of them often aſked me if I were in reality a German? which when I continued to affirm, they ſeemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they caſt their eyes upon me, as if they had found ſome reſemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to aſk the meaning of it; upon which the lady anſwered, that if I had been a Frenchman, ſhe ſhould have imagined that I was the perſon for whom the picture was drawn, becauſe it exactly reſembled me. I deſired to ſee it. But how great was my ſurpriſe, when I found it to be the very painting which I had ſent to the queen five years before, and which ſhe commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children! After I had viewed the piece, I caſt my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a ſecret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young perſons ſome of my own features, and at that moment I ſaid to myſelf, Are not theſe my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but conſtraining myſelf with pain, I aſked whoſe picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not ſpeak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears abſolutely confirmed me in my opinion: and falling upon

her neck, 'Ah, my dear child,' said I, 'yes, I am your father!' I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively motions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite." *Spectator.*

§. 12. *Remarks on the swiftness of Time.*

The natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a Being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not shew that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for Day and Night, for Summer and Winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember, that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that

that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and 'the night cometh, when no man can work.' *Idler.*

§ 13. *The Folly of mis-spending Time.*

An ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "That its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal, as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable, that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive, till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expences, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life: he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualifications, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss their business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days or nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those intermittial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires; efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by

intuition, and bound forward from one ſeries of concluſions to another, without regular ſteps through intermediate propoſitions, the moſt ſucceſsful ſtudents make their advances in knowledge by ſhort flights, between each of which the mind may lie at reſt. For every ſingle act of progreſſion a ſhort time is ſufficient; and it is only neceſſary, that whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to ſevere and laborious meditation; and when a ſucceſsful attack on knowledge has been made, the ſtudent recreates himſelf with the contemplation of his conqueſt, and forbears another incurſion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curioſity calls upon him for freſh gratifications. Whether the time of intermiſſion is ſpent in company, or in ſolitude, in neceſſary buſineſs, or in voluntary levities, the underſtanding is equally abſtracted from the object of enquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations leſs pleaſing, it returns again to ſtudy with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleaſures, and ſurfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not ſuffer himſelf to be diſcouraged by fancied impoſſibilities, may ſometimes find his abilities invigorated by the neceſſity of exerting them in ſhort intervals, as the force of a current is encreaſed by the contraction of its channel.

From ſome cauſe like this, it has probably proceeded, that among thoſe who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have riſen to eminence, in oppoſition to all the obſtacles which external circumſtances could place in their way, amidſt the tumult of buſineſs, the diſtreſſes of poverty, or the diſſipations of a wandering and unſettled ſtate. A great part of the life of Eraſmus was one continual peregrination: ill ſupplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means, by unſhaken conſtancy, and a vigilant improvement of thoſe hours, which, in the midſt of the moſt reſtleſs activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the ſame condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and ſolicitation, and ſo much verſed in common life, that he has tranſmitted to us the moſt perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world ſuch application to books, that he will ſtand for ever in the firſt rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he ſufficiently diſcovers, by informing us, that the Praiſe of Folly, one of his moſt celebrated performances, was compoſed by him on the road to Italy; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit inſidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*, leſt the hours which he was obliged to ſpend on horſeback ſhould be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philoſopher expreſſed in his motto, *that time was his eſtate*; an eſtate indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of induſtry, and ſatisfy the moſt extenſive deſires, if no part of it be ſuffered to lie waſte by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for ſhew rather than for uſe. *Rambler.*

§ 14. *The Importance of Time, and the proper Methods of ſpending it.*

We all of us complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, ſays he, are ſpent either in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with ourſelves in this particular by all thoſe various turns of expreſſion and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

I often conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with itſelf, in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs of life, in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of buſineſs, then to make up an eſtate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the preſent moment and the next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be

very glad, in moſt parts of our lives, that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wiſh away whole years, and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements or imaginary points of reſt which are diſperſed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are mere gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not however include in this calculation the life of thoſe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to theſe perſons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follow:

The firſt is the exerciſe of virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. That particular ſcheme which comprehends the ſocial virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments ſuitable to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for thoſe retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation; I mean that intercourſe and communication which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive. He no ſooner ſteps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great Supporter of its exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

When a man has but a little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or diſadvantage?—But becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propoſe to fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for itſelf, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to ſee perſons of the beſt ſenſe paſſing away a dozen hours together in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other converſation but what is made up of a few game phraſes, and no other ideas but thoſe of black or red ſpots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this ſpecies complaining that life is ſhort?

The ſtage might be made a perpetual ſource of the moſt noble and uſeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well-choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolution, ſoothes and allays the paſſions,

and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

Next to ſuch an intimacy with a particular perſon, one would endeavour after a more general converſation with ſuch as are capable of edifying and entertaining thoſe with whom they converſe, which are qualities that ſeldom go aſunder.

There are many other uſeful amuſements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all occaſions, have recourſe to ſomething rather than ſuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paſſion that chances to riſe in it.

A man that has a taſte in muſic, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another ſenſe, when compared with ſuch as have no reliſh of thoſe arts. The floriſt, the planter, the gardener, the huſbandman, when they are only as accompliſhments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways uſeful to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them. *Spectator.*

§ 15. *Miſ-ſpent Time, how puniſhed.*

I was yeſterday comparing the induſtry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but obſerve, that notwithſtanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourſelves in conſtant employ, after the ſame manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by inſtinct, we fall very ſhort of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcuſable, becauſe there is a greater variety of buſineſs to which we may apply ourſelves. Reaſon opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beaſts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural ſtate of being, divide their time between action and reſt. They are always at work or aſleep. In ſhort, their waking hours are wholly taken up in ſeeking after their food, or in conſuming it. The human ſpecies only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that "The day hangs heavy on them," that "They do not know what to do with themſelves," that "They are at a loſs how to paſs away their time," with many of the like ſhameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of thoſe who are ſtiled reaſonable beings. How monſtrous are ſuch expreſſions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as thoſe of the body, to furniſh them with proper employments; who, beſides the buſineſs of their proper callings and profeſſions, can apply themſelves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of uſeful books, to diſcourſe; in a word, who may exerciſe themſelves in the unbounded purſuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themſelves wiſer or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for ſome time in this courſe of thought, I diverted myſelf with a book, according to my uſual cuſtom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to ſleep. The book I made uſe of on this occaſion was Lucian, where I amuſed my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I ſaw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, ſeated on his tribunal. On his left-hand ſtood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elyſium. I was told he ſat upon women that day, there being ſeveral of the ſex lately arrived, who had not yet their manſions aſſigned them. I was ſurpriſed to hear him aſk every one of them the ſame queſtion, namely, "What they had been doing?" Upon this queſtion being propoſed to the whole aſſembly, they ſtared one upon another, as not knowing what to anſwer. He then interrogated each of them ſeparately. Madam, ſays he to the firſt of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years; what have you been doing there all this while? Doing! ſays ſhe, really I do not know what I have been doing: I deſire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pauſe, ſhe told him that ſhe had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into cuſtody. And you, madam, ſays the judge, that look with ſuch a ſoft and languiſhing air; I think you ſet out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of buſineſs on my hands, ſays ſhe, being taken up the firſt twelve years of my life in dreſſing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, ſays he, you have employed your time to good purpoſe. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman: Well, miſtreſs, ſays Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't pleaſe your worſhip, ſays ſhe, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my huſband ſeven daughters, made him nine thouſand cheeſes, and left my eldeſt girl with him, to look after his houſe in my abſence, and who, I may venture to ſay, is as pretty a houſe-

houſewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus ſmiled at the ſimplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elyſium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, ſays he, what have you been doing theſe five-and-thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I aſſure you, ſir, ſaid ſhe. That is well, ſaid he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confuſion at this queſtion, and not knowing what to anſwer, the two keepers leaped out to ſeize her at the ſame time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elyſium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus obſerving an ingenuous modeſty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her looſe, and ſet her aſide for a re-examination when he was more at leiſure. An old woman, of a proud and ſour look, preſented herſelf next at the bar, and being aſked what ſhe had been doing? Truly, ſaid ſhe, I lived threeſcore-and-ten years in a very wicked world, and was ſo angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I paſſed moſt of my laſt years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the ſilly conduct of people about me, in order to deter thoſe I converſed with from falling into the like errors and miſcarriages. Very well, ſays Rhadamanthus; but did you keep the ſame watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, ſays ſhe, I I was ſo taken up with publiſhing the faults of others, that I had no time to conſider my own. Madam, ſays Rhadamanthus, be pleaſed to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that ſtands behind you. Old gentlewoman, ſays he, I think you are fourſcore: you have heard the queſtion, what have you been doing ſo long in the world? Ah, Sir! ſays ſhe, I have been doing what I ſhould not have done, but I had made a firm reſolution to have changed my life, if I had not been ſnatched off by an untimely end. Madam, ſays he, you will pleaſe to follow your leader: and ſpying another of the ſame age, interrogated her in the ſame form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a huſband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldeſt ſon is bleſt by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, ſmiled upon her in ſuch a manner, that the keeper of Elyſium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no ſooner touched her, but her wrinkles vaniſhed, her eyes ſparkled, her cheeks glowed with bluſhes, and ſhe appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman obſerving that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elyſium, was ſo great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; ſo that preſſing through the crowd, ſhe was the next that appeared at the bar. And being aſked what ſhe had been doing the five-and-twenty years that ſhe had paſſed in the world? I have endeavoured, ſays ſhe, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, to make myſelf lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I paſſed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white waſhes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, conſulting my glaſs, ſuiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, ſinking my ſtays—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the ſign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole perſon loſt in deformity.

I was then ſurpriſed with a diſtant ſound of a whole troop of females, that came forward laughing, ſinging, and dancing. I was very deſirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehenſive, that Rhadamanthus would ſpoil their mirth: But at their nearer approach the noiſe grew ſo very great that it awakened me.

I lay ſome time, reflecting in myſelf on the oddneſs of this dream, and could not forbear aſking my own heart, what I was doing? I anſwered myſelf that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a uſe of this work as I deſign they ſhould, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I ſhall conclude this paper with recommending to them the ſame ſhort ſelf-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and conſiders what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worſe, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a ſeries of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in thoſe which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the beſt of men have reaſon to acknowledge in their daily confeſſions, of 'leaving undone thoſe things which they ought to have done, and of doing thoſe things which they ought not to have done.'

Guardian.

§ 16. *A Knowledge of the Use and Value of Time very important to Youth.*

There is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in every body's mouth; but in few people's practice. Every fool who flatterns away his whole time in nothings, utters, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the fleetness of time. The sun-dials, likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time, without hearing and seeing, daily, how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are useless, where there is not a fund of good sense and reason to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself, that you have that fund: that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical essay upon the use and abuse of time; I will only give you some hints, with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean the next two years. Remember then, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper: this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should sometimes think it a little laborious, consider, that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it; and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that, if you will do every thing that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do every thing that you would have me do, ever afterwards. *Lord Chesterfield.*

§ 17. *On a lazy and trifling Disposition.*

There are two sorts of understandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of any thing; but, discouraged by the first difficulties, (and every thing worth knowing or having is attended with some) stops short, contents itself with easy, and, consequently, superficial knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance, to a small degree of trouble. These people either think, or represent, most things as impossible; whereas few things are so to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness. An hour's attention to the same object is too laborious for them; they take every thing in the light in which it at first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views; and, in short, never think it thorough. The consequence of this is, that when they come to speak upon these subjects before people who have considered them with attention, they only discover their own ignorance and laziness, and lay themselves open to answers that put them in confusion.

Do not then be discouraged by the first difficulties, but *contra audentior ito:* and resolve to go to the bottom of all those things, which every gentleman ought to know well. Those arts or sciences, which are peculiar to certain professions, need not be deeply known by those who are not intended for those professions. As, for instance, fortification and navigation; of both which, a superficial and general knowledge, such as the common course of conversation, with a very little enquiry on your part, will give you, is sufficient. Though, by the way, a little more knowledge of fortification may be of some use to you; as the events of war, in sieges, make many of the terms of that science occur frequently in common conversations; and one would be sorry to say, like the Marquis de Mascarille, in Moliere's *Précieuses Ridicules*, when he hears of *une demie Lune: Ma foi, c'étoit bien une Lune toute entiere.* But those things which every gentleman, independently of profession, should know, he ought to know well, and dive into all the depths of them. Such are languages, history, and geography, ancient and modern; philosophy, rational logic, rhetoric; and for you particularly, the constitutions,

ſtitutions, and the civil and military ſtate of every country in Europe. This, I confeſs, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with ſome difficulties, and requiring ſome trouble, which, however, an active and induſtrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid.

The trifling and frivolous mind is always buſied, but to little purpoſe; it takes little objects for great ones, and throws away upon trifles that time and attention which only important things deſerve. Knick-knacks, butterflies, ſhells, inſects, &c. are the objects of their moſt ſerious reſearches. They contemplate the dreſs, not the characters, of the company they keep. They attend more to the decorations of a play, than to the ſenſe of it; and to the ceremonies of a court, more than to its politics. Such an employment of time is an abſolute loſs of it.

Lord Cheſterfield's Letters.

§ 18. *The bad Effects of Indolence.*

No other diſpoſition, or turn of mind, ſo totally unfits a man for all the ſocial offices of life, as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he ſeems made for no end, and lives to no purpoſe. He cannot engage himſelf in any employment or profeſſion, becauſe he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can ſucceed in no undertaking, for he will never purſue it; he muſt be a bad huſband, father, and relation, for he will not take the leaſt pains to preſerve his wife, children, and family, from ſtarving; and he muſt be a worthleſs friend, for he would not draw his hand from his boſom, though to prevent the deſtruction of the univerſe. If he is born poor, he will remain ſo all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a perſon of fortune, his ſtewards will acquire immenſe eſtates, and he himſelf perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It ſhould be conſidered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a ſtate of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which ſhould ſeem to intimate, that we ſhould labour to render ourſelves excellent. Very few are ſuch abſolute idiots, as not to be able to become at leaſt decent, if not eminent, in their ſeveral ſtations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any poſſeſſed of ſuch tranſcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unneceſſary. Perſeverance will overcome difficulties, which at firſt appear inſuperable; and it is amazing to conſider, how great and numerous obſtacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here, the trite example of Demoſthenes, who got over the greateſt natural impediments to oratory, but content myſelf with a more modern and familiar inſtance, Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the ſurpriſing feats of activity there exhibited; and at the ſame time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it muſt have coſt the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into ſuch various and unnatural contortions. But I was moſt taken with the ingenious artiſt, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the ſame number to each hand, and with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played ſeveral tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and bob-majors, as the boys of Chriſt-church Hoſpital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artiſt had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedidiah Buxton, or at leaſt a tolerable modern rhymer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would uſe equal diligence, they might faſhion their minds as ſucceſsfully, as Madam Catharina diſtorts her body.

There is not in the world a more uſeleſs, idle animal, than he who contents himſelf with being merely a gentleman. He has an eſtate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no ſuch thing in nature as a negative virtue, and that abſolute idleneſs is impracticable. He, who does no good, will certainly do miſchief; and the mind, if it is not ſtored with uſeful knowledge, will neceſſarily become a magazine of nonſenſe and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to riſe to open his ſhop, or work at his trade, ſhould always find ſome ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wiſdom, he will become more and more a ſlave to folly; and he that does nothing, becauſe he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or, at beſt, ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object, than a man of an honeſt heart, and fine natural abilities, whoſe good qualities are thus deſtroyed by indolence. Such a perſon is a conſtant plague to all his friends and acquaintance,

acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happineſs; and ſuffers himſelf to take rank among the loweſt characters, when he might render himſelf conſpicuous among the higheſt. Nobody is more univerſally beloved and more univerſally avoided, than my friend Careleſs. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unſhaken integrity, on whom it is impoſſible to depend. With the beſt head, and the beſt heart, he regulates his conduct in the moſt abſurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do juſtice to himſelf, muſt inevitably wrong thoſe with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himſelf.

Virtue then is not to be conſidered in the light of mere innocence, or abſtaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day ſlip undiſtinguiſhed by ſome act of virtue, cried out, 'I have loſt a day.' If we regard our time in this light, how many days ſhall we look back upon as irretrievably loſt! and to how narrow a compaſs would ſuch a method of calculation frequently reduce the longeſt life! If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occaſion ſtrange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We ſhould ſee ſome few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with ſeveral young fellows of fourſcore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man four years old; dating his exiſtence from the time of his reformation from evil courſes. The inſcriptions on moſt tomb-ſtones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the perſons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have thoſe people, whoſe lives have been uſeleſs, rendered of ſome ſervice after their deaths, by affording leſſons of inſtruction and morality to thoſe they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wiſh, that, in every pariſh, ſeveral acres were marked out for a new and ſpacious burying-ground: in which every perſon, whoſe remains are there depoſited, ſhould have a ſmall ſtone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abuſed the time allotted them in their lives. In ſuch circumſtances, the plate on a coffin might be the higheſt panegyric which the deceaſed could receive; and a little ſquare ſtone, inſcribed with Ob. Ann. Æta. 80, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs.

Connoiſſeur.

§ 19. *The innocent Pleaſures of Childhood.*

As it is uſual with me to draw a ſecret unenvied pleaſure from a thouſand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myſelf into a ſhort tranſport, forgetting my age, and fancying myſelf a ſchool-boy.

This imagination was ſtrongly favoured by the preſence of ſo many young boys, in whoſe looks were legible the ſprightly paſſions of that age, which raiſed in me a ſort of ſympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of thoſe enjoyments that once gave me pleaſure, put on more lively colours, and a thouſand gay amuſements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forſaken by this waking dream. The cheapneſs of puerile delights, the guiltleſs joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the ſoul in the aſcent of life, the pleaſure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reaſon, made me think moſt men found that ſtage the moſt agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diverſions which exalted the ſpirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreſhing ſlumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the ſoul with anguiſh, and the body with diſeaſe. The grateful employment of admiring and raiſing themſelves to an imitation of the polite ſtile, beautiful images, and noble ſentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that ſwarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taſte, and infeſt the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, inſenſibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the ſoul firſt makes her entrance into the world, all things look freſh and gay; their novelty ſurprizes, and every little glitter or gaudy colour tranſports the ſtranger. But by degrees the ſenſe grows callous, and we loſe that exquiſite reliſh of trifles, by the time our minds ſhould be ſuppoſed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiſeration of that ſpecies called beaus, the happineſs of thoſe men neceſſarily

neceſſarily terminating with their childhood, who, from a want of knowing other purſuits, continue a fondneſs for the delights of that age, after the reliſh of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared a variety of pleaſures for the various ſtages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourſelves in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of thoſe objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and diſplay by gentle degrees, we riſe from the gratifications of ſenſe, to reliſh thoſe of the mind. In the ſcale of pleaſure, the loweſt are ſenſual delights, which are ſucceeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and theſe give way to the ſublimer pleaſures of reaſon, which diſcover the cauſes and deſigns, the frame, connection, and ſymmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public ſchools and univerſities, not only as nurſeries of men for the ſervice of the church and ſtate, but alſo as places deſigned to teach mankind the moſt refined luxury, to raiſe the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taſte for thoſe entertainments which afford the higheſt tranſport, without the groſſneſs or remorſe that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In thoſe bleſſed retreats men enjoy the ſweets of ſolitude, and yet converſe with the greateſt genii that have appeared in every age; wander through the delightful mazes of every art and ſcience, and as they gradually enlarge their ſphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their preſent poſſeſſions, and are animated by the boundleſs proſpect of future diſcoveries. There, a generous emulation, a noble thirſt of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the ſtock of learning tranſmitted down from the ancients, is preſerved, and receives a daily increaſe; and it is thence propagated by men, who having finiſhed their ſtudies, go into the world, and ſpread that general knowledge and good taſte throughout the land, which is ſo diſtant from the barbariſm of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the ſchools and univerſities; ſo it cannot be denied, that theſe are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious conſiderations that princes, as well as private perſons, have erected colleges, and aſſigned liberal endowments to ſtudents and profeſſors. Upon the ſame account they meet with encouragement and protection from all chriſtian ſtates, as being eſteemed a neceſſary means to have the ſacred oracles and primitive traditions of chriſtianity preſerved and underſtood And it is well known, that after a long night of ignorance and ſuperſtition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of courſe engaged men in the ſtudy of the learned languages and of antiquity.

Guardian.

§ 20. *On Chearfulneſs.*

I have always preferred chearfulneſs to mirth. The latter I conſider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient, chearfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: on the contrary, chearfulneſs, though it does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

Men of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred Perſon who was the great pattern of perfection, was never ſeen to laugh.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt philoſophers among the heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been deſervedly eſteemed as ſaints and holy men among Chriſtians.

If we conſider chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect

fect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befal him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A chearful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the chearfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine, that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this chearfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this chearfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretence to chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of chearfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old-age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of chearfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of chearfulness to a good

good mind is, its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we are made to please. *Spectator.*

§ 21. *On the Advantages of a chearful Temper.*

Chearfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions, which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and chearfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulness, but very often see chearfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas, the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason, the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of *chearful*.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the same time, both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making

making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheared and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us, that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this chearfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with a flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy 'month of November, when the people of 'England hang and drown themselves, a 'disconsolate lover walked out into the 'fields,' &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that chearfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This intersperson of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay upon Human Understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

'Beyond all this, we may find another 'reason why God hath scattered up and 'down several degrees of pleasure and pain, 'in all the things that environ and affect us, 'and blended them together, in almost all 'that our thoughts and senses have to do 'with; that we, finding imperfection, dis'satisfaction, and want of complete happi'ness in all the enjoyments which the crea'tures can afford us, might be led to seek 'it in the enjoyment of him, with whom 'there is fulness of joy, and at whose right 'hand are pleasures for evermore.'

Spectator.

§ 22. *On Truth and Sincerity.*

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good

a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a strait line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than bye-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishoneſt minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Spectator.

§ 23.

§ 23. *Rules for the Knowledge of One's Self.*

Hypocriſy, at the faſhionable end of the town, is very different from that in the city. The modiſh hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the ſhew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of: the latter aſſumes a face of ſanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a ſeeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocriſy, which differs from both theſe, and which I intend to make the ſubject of this paper: I mean that hypocriſy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often impoſes on himſelf; that hypocriſy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or miſtake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocriſy and ſelf-deceit, which is taken notice of in theſe words, 'Who can 'underſtand his errors? cleanſe thou me from 'my ſecret faults.'

If the open profeſſors of impiety deſerve the utmoſt application and endeavours of moral writers, to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may thoſe lay a claim to their care and compaſſion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themſelves engaged in a courſe of virtue! I ſhall therefore endeavour to lay down ſome rules for the diſcovery of thoſe vices that lurk in the ſecret corners of the ſoul; and to ſhew my reader thoſe methods, by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himſelf. The uſual means preſcribed for this purpoſe, are to examine ourſelves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in ſacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that perſon who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the ſtanding example, as well as the great guide and inſtructor, of thoſe who receive his doctrines. Though theſe two heads cannot be too much inſiſted upon, I ſhall but juſt mention them, ſince they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propoſe the following methods to the conſideration of ſuch as would find out their ſecret faults, and make a true eſtimate of themſelves.

In the firſt place, let them conſider well, what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not ſee our faults, or conceal them from us, or ſoften them by their repreſentations, after ſuch a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adverſary, on the contrary, makes a ſtricter ſearch into us, diſcovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may ſet them in too ſtrong a light, it has generally ſome ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wiſe man ſhould give a juſt attention to both of them, ſo far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an eſſay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, "that, by the reproaches which it caſts upon us, we ſee the worſt ſide of ourſelves, and open our eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our lives and converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved without the help of ſuch ill-natured monitors."

In order likewiſe to come to a true knowledge of ourſelves, we ſhould conſider, on the other hand, how far we may deſerve the praiſes and approbations which the world beſtow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the virtues, which gain us applauſe among thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a reflection is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourſelves by the opinion of others, and to ſacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourſelves in a point of ſo much importance, we ſhould not lay too great a ſtreſs on any ſuppoſed virtues we poſſeſs, that are of a doubtful nature: and ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which multitudes of men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as ourſelves. We ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection, in points where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and perſecution, for any party or opinion, how praiſe-worthy ſoever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many perſons, eminent for piety, ſuffer ſuch monſtrous and abſurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I muſt own, I never

never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions, which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these or the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty-ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the psalmist addresses himself to the great searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; "Try me, O "God, and seek the ground of my heart; "prove me and examine my thoughts: look "well if there be any way of wickedness in "me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Spectator.

§ 24. *No Life pleasing to God, but that which is useful to Mankind. An eastern Story.*

It pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world "forgive the slave whom he has honoured, "if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty "of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given "me the dominion of a country, fruitful as "the gardens of Damascus; and a city "glorious above all others, except that only "which reflects the splendour of thy pre-"sence. But the longest life is a period "scarce sufficient to prepare for death: all "other business is vain and trivial, as the "toil of emmets in the path of the travel-"ler, under whose foot they perish for ever; "and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and "evanescent, as the colours of the bow that "appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer "me, therefore, to prepare for the approach "of eternity; let me give up my soul to "meditation; let solitude and silence ac-"quaint me with the mysteries of devotion; "let me forget the world, and by the world "be forgotten, till the moment arrives in "which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I "shall be found at the bar of the Almighty."

Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

"Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon "me. I am alarmed as a man who sud-"denly perceives that he is near the brink "of a precipice, and is urged forward by "an irresistible force: but yet I know not "whether my danger is a reality or a dream. "I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth:

" my life is a moment, and eternity, in " which days, and years, and ages, are no- " thing, eternity is before me, for which " I alſo ſhould prepare: but by whom then " muſt the Faithful be governed? by thoſe " only, who have no fear of judgment? by " thoſe only, whoſe life is brutal, becauſe " like brutes they do not conſider that they " ſhall die? Or who, indeed, are the " Faithful? Are the buſy multitudes that " crowd the city, in a ſtate of perdition? " and is the cell of the Derviſe alone the " gate of Paradiſe? To all, the life of a " Derviſe is not poſſible: to all, therefore, " it cannot be a duty. Depart to the houſe " which has in this city been prepared for " thy reſidence: I will meditate the reaſon " of thy requeſt; and may He who illumi- " nates the mind of the humble, enable me " to determine with wiſdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requeſted an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal preſence, his countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a letter from his boſom, and having kiſſed it, he preſented it with his right-hand. " My Lord!" ſaid he, " I have learned by " this letter, which I received from Coſrou " the Iman, who ſtands now before thee, in " what manner life may be beſt improved. " I am enabled to look back with pleaſure, " and forward with hope; and I ſhall now " rejoice ſtill to be the ſhadow of thy power " at Tauris, and to keep thoſe honours " which I ſo lately wiſhed to reſign." The king, who had liſtened to Mirza with a mixture of ſurprize and curioſity, immediately gave the letter to Coſrou, and commanded that it ſhould be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary ſage, whoſe countenance was ſuffuſed with an honeſt bluſh; and it was not without ſome heſitation that he read theſe words.

" To Mirza, whom the wiſdom of Abbas " our mighty Lord has honoured with do- " minion, be everlaſting health! When I " heard thy purpoſe to withdraw the bleſ- " ſings of thy government from the thou- " ſands of Tauris, my heart was wounded " with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes " became dim with ſorrow. But who ſhall " ſpeak before the king when he is troubled; " and who ſhall h[illegible] of knowledge, when " he is diſtreſſed by [illegible]bt? To thee will I " relate the events of my youth, which thou " haſt renewed before me; and thoſe truths " which they taught me, may the Prophet " multiply to thee!

" Under the inſtruction of the phyſician " Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge " of his art. To thoſe who were ſmitten " with diſeaſe, I could adminiſter plants, " which the ſun has impregnated with the " ſpirit of health. But the ſcenes of pain, " languor, and mortality, which were per- " petually riſing before me, made me often " tremble for myſelf. I ſaw the grave open " at my feet: I determined, therefore, to " contemplate only the regions beyond it, " and to deſpiſe every acquiſition which I " could not keep. I conceived an opinion, " that as there was no merit but in volun- " tary poverty, and ſilent meditation, thoſe " who deſired money were not proper ob- " jects of bounty; and that by all who were " proper objects of bounty money was de- " ſpiſed. I, therefore, buried mine in the " earth; and renouncing ſociety, I wan- " dered into a wild and ſequeſtered part of " the country: my dwelling was a cave by " the ſide of a hill; I drank the running " water from the ſpring, and ate ſuch fruits " and herbs as I could find. To increaſe " the auſterity of my life, I frequently " watched all night, ſitting at the entrance " of the cave with my face to the eaſt, re- " ſigning myſelf to the ſecret influences of " the Prophet, and expecting illuminations " from above. One morning after my " nocturnal vigil, juſt as I perceived the " horizon glow at the approach of the ſun, " the power of ſleep became irreſiſtible, and " I ſunk under it. I imagined myſelf ſtill " ſitting at the entrance of my cell; that " the dawn increaſed; and that as I looked " earneſtly for the firſt beam of day, a dark " ſpot appeared to intercept it. I perceived " that it was in motion; it increaſed in " ſize as it drew near, and at length I diſ- " covered it to be an eagle. I ſtill kept " my eye fixed ſtedfaſtly upon it, and ſaw it " alight at a ſmall diſtance, where I now " deſcried a fox whoſe two fore-legs appear- " ed to be broken. Before this fox the " eagle laid part of a kid, which ſhe had " brought in her talons, and then diſap- " peared. When I awaked, I laid my fore- " head upon the ground, and bleſſed the " Prophet for the inſtruction of the morn- " ing. I reviewed my dream, and ſaid thus " to myſelf: Coſrou, thou haſt done well " to renounce the tumult, the buſineſs, and " vanities of life: but thou haſt as yet only " done it in part; thou art ſtill every day " buſied in the ſearch of food, thy mind is " not wholly at reſt, neither is thy truſt in " Providence complete... What art thou

" taught

" taught by this vision? If thou haſt ſeen " an eagle commiſſioned by Heaven to feed " a fox that is lame, ſhall not the hand of " Heaven alſo ſupply thee with food; when " that which prevents thee from procuring it " for thyſelf, is not neceſſity but devotion? " I was now ſo confident of a miraculous " ſupply, that I neglected to walk out for " my repaſt, which, after the firſt day, I " expected with an impatience that left me " little power of attending to any other ob- " ject: this impatience, however, I laboured " to ſuppreſs, and perſiſted in my reſolution; " but my eyes at length began to fail me, " and my knees ſmote each other; I threw " myſelf backward, and hoped my weakneſs " would ſoon increaſe to inſenſibility. But I " was ſuddenly roufed by the voice of an " inviſible being, who pronounced theſe " words: 'Cofrou, I am the angel, who by the command of the Almighty have regiſtered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commiſſioned to reprove. While thou waſt attempting to become wiſe above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the inſtruction which was vouchſafed thee. 'Art thou diſabled as the Fox? haſt thou not rather the powers of the Eagle? 'Ariſe, let the Eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and ſickneſs, be thou again the meſſenger of eaſe and health. Virtue is not reſt, but action. If thou doſt good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happineſs which is the pledge of Paradiſe, will be thy reward upon earth.'

" At theſe words I was not leſs aſtoniſhed " than if a mountain had been overturned " at my feet. I humbled myſelf in the duſt; " I returned to the city; I dug up my trea- " ſure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. " My ſkill in reſtoring health to the body " gave me frequent opportunities of curing " the diſeaſes of the ſoul. I put on the " ſacred veſtments; I grew eminent beyond " my merit; and it was the pleaſure of the " king that I ſhould ſtand before him. Now, " therefore, be not offended; I boaſt of no " knowledge that I have not received: As " the ſands of the deſart drink up the drops " of rain, or the dew of the morning, ſo do " I alſo, who am but duſt, imbibe the in- " ſtructions of the Prophet. Believe then " that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge " is prophane, which terminates in thyſelf; " and by a life waſted in ſpeculation, little " even of this can be gained. When the " gates of Paradiſe are thrown open before " thee, thy mind ſhall be irradiated in a " moment; here thou canſt little more than " pile error upon error; there thou ſhalt build " truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious viſi- " on; and in the mean time emulate the Eagle. " Much is in thy power; and, therefore, " much is expected of thee. Though the " Almighty only can give virtue, yet, " as a prince, thou may'ſt ſtimulate thoſe to " beneficence, who act from no higher motive " than immediate intereſt: thou canſt not " produce the principle, but may'ſt enforce " the practice. The relief of the poor is " equal, whether they receive it from oſten- " tation, or charity; and the effect of exam- " ple is the ſame, whether it be intended to " obtain the favour of God or man. Let " thy virtue be thus diffuſed; and if thou " believeſt with reverence, thou ſhalt be ac- " cepted above. Farewell. May the ſmile " of Him who reſides in the Heaven of " Heavens be upon thee! and againſt thy " name, in the volume of His will, may " Happineſs be written!"

The King, whoſe doubts like thoſe of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a ſmile that communicated the joy of his mind. He diſmiſſed the prince to his government; and commanded theſe events to be recorded, to the end that poſterity may know " that no life is pleaſing to God, but that " which is uſeful to Mankind."

Adventurer.

§ 25. *Providence proved from Animal Inſtinct.*

I muſt confeſs I am infinitely delighted with thoſe ſpeculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural hiſtory, I cannot forbear recollecting, upon this occaſion, the ſeveral remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own obſervation; the arguments for Providence, drawn from the natural hiſtory of animals, being, in my opinion, demonſtrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the leaſt turn in the muſcles or twiſt in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life, than any other caſt or texture of them would have been.

The moſt violent appetites in all creatures are *luſt* and *hunger:* the firſt is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preſerve themſelves.

It is aſtoniſhing to conſider the different degrees of care that deſcend from the parent

of the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich; others hatch their eggs and rend the birth, until it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *imitation*; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason*; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable that the same temper of weather which raises this general warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. "A person, who was well skilled in dissections, opened a bitch, and as she lay in the "most exquisite torture, offered her one of "her young puppies, which she immediately "fell a licking; and for the time seemed "insensible of her pain: on the removal, "she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a "wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather "to proceed from the loss of her young one, "than the sense of her own torments."

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted, and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding.—To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with,

with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning, the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays: she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature, than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first Mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

Spectator.

§ 26. *The necessity of forming religious Principles at an early Age.*

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?—Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure chearfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

Blair.

§ 27. *The Acquisition of virtuous Dispositions and Habits a necessary Part of Education.*

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to

to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Blair.

§ 28. *The Happiness and Dignity of Manhood depend upon the Conduct of the youthful Age.*

Let not the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your felicity and honour. Your character is now of your own forming; your fate is in some measure put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarrassed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine an everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. *Ibid.*

§ 29. *Piety to God the Foundation of good Morals.*

What I shall first recommend is piety to God. With this I begin, both as the foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendship which has ever been shewn you by others; himself your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom in former ages your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be

be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart. *Blair.*

§ 30. *Religion never to be treated with Levity.*

Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and chearful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to sit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of an active life. Of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world. *Ibid.*

§ 31. *Modesty and Docility to be joined to Piety.*

To piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins as yet into your hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity; and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprize, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiscretion, into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds. *Ibid.*

§ 32. *Sincerity and Truth recommended.*

It is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth. This is the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart; those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object, unamiable in every season of life but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age, when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to shew herself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment; and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain, safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a dastardly spirit. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his de-

ſigns, or to reſt upon himſelf. Whereas, openneſs of character diſplays that generous boldneſs, which ought to diſtinguiſh youth. To ſet out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to intereſt, betokens one who is deſtined for creeping through the inferior walks of life: but to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they ſtand in competition; to deſpiſe every advantage, which cannot be attained without diſhoneſt arts; to brook no meanneſs, and to ſtoop to no diſſimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the preſages of future eminence and diſtinction in life. At the ſame time this virtuous ſincerity is perfectly conſiſtent with the moſt prudent vigilance and caution. It is oppoſed to cunning, not to true wiſdom. It is not the ſimplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who ſcorns deceit, becauſe he accounts it both baſe and unprofitable; and who ſeeks no diſguiſe, becauſe he needs none to hide him. *Blair.*

§ 33. *Benevolence and Humanity.*

Youth is the proper ſeaſon of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happineſs is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render ſuch connections comfortable. Let a ſenſe of juſtice be the foundation of all your ſocial qualities. In your moſt early intercourſe with the world, and even in your youthful amuſements, let no unfairneſs be found. Engrave on your mind that ſacred rule, of 'doing in all things to others, according as you wiſh that they ſhould do unto you.' For this end, impreſs yourſelves with a deep ſenſe of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you poſſeſs, never diſplay them with an oſtentatious ſuperiority. Leave the ſubordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourſe of more advanced years. At preſent it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the viciſſitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with ſcorn, have riſen to be their ſuperiors in future years. Compaſſion is an emotion of which you never ought to be aſhamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of ſympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not eaſe and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in ſelfiſh enjoyment. Accuſtom yourſelves to think of the diſtreſſes of human life; of the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never ſport with pain and diſtreſs, in any of your amuſements; nor treat even the meaneſt inſect with wanton cruelty. *Ibid.*

§ 34. *Courteſy and engaging Manners.*

In order to render yourſelves amiable in ſociety, correct every appearance of harſhneſs in behaviour. Let that courteſy diſtinguiſh your demeanour, which ſprings not ſo much from ſtudied politeneſs, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the cuſtoms of the world in matters indifferent; but ſtop when they become ſinful. Let your manners be ſimple and natural; and of courſe they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming yourſelves on fantaſtic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral. *Ibid.*

§ 35. *Temperance in Pleaſure recommended.*

Let me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleaſure. Let me admoniſh them, to beware of that rock on which thouſands, from race to race, continue to ſplit. The love of pleaſure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with exceſſive ardour. Novelty adds freſh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to ſpread a continual feaſt; and health, vigour, and high ſpirits, invite them to partake of it without reſtraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accuſed of inſufferable ſeverity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the conſtraints of religion, and the counſels of age, with reſpect to pleaſure, amount? They may all be comprized in a few words —not to hurt yourſelves, and not to hurt others, by your purſuit of pleaſure. Within theſe bounds, pleaſure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, becauſe it is ruinous. Are theſe reſtraints any other than what a wiſe man would chooſe to impoſe on himſelf? We call you not to renounce pleaſure, but to enjoy it in ſafety. Inſtead of abridging it, we exhort you to purſue it on an extenſive plan. We propoſe meaſures for ſecuring its poſſeſſion, and for prolonging its duration. *Ibid.*

§ 36. *Whatever violates Nature, cannot afford true Pleasure.*

Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects, cannot afford true pleasure; any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system, can promote health. For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal, not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves, and your own experience. We ask, whether you have not found, that in a course of criminal excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Whether, if not from every particular instance, yet from every habit, at least, of unlawful gratification, there did not spring some thorn to wound you; there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue? How long will you repeat the same round of pernicious folly, and tamely expose yourselves to be caught in the same snare? If you have any consideration, or any firmness left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourselves unequal, with as much care as you would shun pestilential infection. Break off all connections with the loose and profligate. *Blair.*

§ 37. *Irregular Pleasures.*

By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed! How many rising capacities and powers are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good-humour, which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest stations, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course; or sunk for the whole of it into insignificancy and contempt!—These, O sinful Pleasure, are thy trophies! It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradest human honour, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity! *Ibid.*

§ 38. *Industry and Application.*

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired: in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good man. It is the indispensible condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements; in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country?—Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young. For they then become the gulph of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. *Ib.*

§ 39.

§ 39. *The Employment of Time.*

Redeeming your time from ſuch dangerous waſte, ſeek to fill it with employments which you may review with ſatisfaction. The acquiſition of knowledge is one of the moſt honourable occupations of youth. The deſire of it diſcovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accompliſhments and many virtues. But though your train of life ſhould not lead you to ſtudy, the courſe of education always furniſhes proper employments to a well-diſpoſed mind. Whatever you purſue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and ſenſibility to praiſe, are, eſpecially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and induſtry. Induſtry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reaſon, and of God. Remember always, that the years which now paſs over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtleſs minds they may eſcape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the regiſter of your life. They will hereafter bear teſtimony, either for or againſt you, at that day when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you muſt give an account to God. Whether your future courſe is deſtined to be long or ſhort, after this manner it ſhould commence; and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its concluſion, at what time ſoever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy. *Blair.*

§ 40. *The Neceſſity of depending for Succeſs on the Bleſſing of Heaven.*

Let me finiſh the ſubject, with recalling your attention to that dependance on the bleſſing of Heavens, which, amidſt all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preſerve. It is too common with the young, even when they reſolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to ſet out with preſumptuous confidence in themſelves. Truſting to their own abilities for carrying them ſucceſsfully through life, they are careleſs of applying to God, or of deriving any aſſiſtance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy diſcipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them! Neither human wiſdom, nor human virtue, unſupported by religion, are equal for the trying ſituations which often occur in life. By the ſhock of temptation, how frequently have the moſt virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the preſſure of diſaſter, how often has the greateſt conſtancy ſunk! Deſtitute of the favour of God, you are in no better ſituation, with all your boaſted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackleſs deſert, without any guide to conduct them, or any ſhelter to cover them from the gathering ſtorm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happineſs can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, ſeek the protection of the God of Heaven. *Ibid.*

§ 41. *The Neceſſity of an early and cloſe Application to Wiſdom.*

It is neceſſary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to ſome employment which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the ſoul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for reſt, too ſoft and effeminate for induſtry, ever ambitious to make a ſplendid figure; yet the time will come when we ſhall outgrow the reliſh of childiſh amuſements; and, if we are not provided with a taſte for manly ſatisfactions to ſucceed in their room, we muſt of courſe become miſerable, at an age more difficult to be pleaſed. While men, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhauſtible flow of vigorous ſpirits; a conſtant ſucceſſion of gay ideas, which flatter and ſport in the brain, makes them pleaſed with themſelves, and with every frolic as trifling as themſelves: but, when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freſhneſs of their youth, like the morning dew, paſſes away, their ſpirits flag for want of entertainments more ſatisfactory in themſelves, and more ſuited to a manly age; and the ſoul, from a ſprightly impertinence, from quick ſenſations, and florid deſires, ſubſides into a dead calm, and ſinks into a flat ſtupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleaſing, and lend a beauty to objects, which have none inherent in them; juſt as the ſun-beams may paint a cloud, and diverſify it with beautiful ſtains of light, however dark, unſubſtantial, and empty in itſelf. But nothing can ſhine with undiminiſhed luſtre, but religion and knowledge, which are eſſentially and intrinſically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in ſome meaſure beneficial; becauſe nothing elſe will bear a calm and ſedate review.

You

You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good-nature, the inſeparable attendant upon a fluſh of ſanguine health, and a fulneſs of youthful ſpirits: but you will find, in proceſs of time, that among the wiſe and good, uſeleſs good-nature is the object of pity, ill-nature of hatred; but nature beautified and improved by an aſſemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, is the only object of a ſolid and laſting eſteem. *Seed.*

§ 42. *The Unhappineſs conſequent on the Neglect of early improving the Mind.*

There is not a greater inlet to miſery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to paſs our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the firſt part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment, is ſlipt away without an acquired reliſh for reading, or taſte for other rational ſatisfactions? That they ſhould purſue their pleaſures?—But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themſelves to their ſtudies? Alas! the ſeed-time is already paſt: The enterprizing and ſpirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to thoſe valuable purpoſes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable ſchemes quite ſtagnates. If they have not ſome poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to ſpeak more properly, to deceive themſelves, the length of a day will ſeem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unreaſonableneſs to complain of the ſhortneſs of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In ſhort, we muſt be miſerable, without ſome employment to fix, or ſome amuſement to diſſipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor reliſh at all times; and therefore there is an abſolute neceſſity for the former. We may purſue this or that new pleaſure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquiſition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briſkneſs of our firſt deſire is over, the tranſition is very quick and ſudden, from an eager fondneſs to a cool indifference. Hence there is a reſtleſs agitation in our minds, ſtill craving ſomething new, ſtill unſatisfied with it, when poſſeſſed; till melancholy increaſes, as we advance in years, like ſhadows lengthening towards the cloſe of day.

Hence it is, that men of this ſtamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worſe: Becauſe the ſprightlineſs of their youth repreſented every thing in the moſt engaging light; and when men are in high good humour with themſelves, they are apt to be ſo with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the ſun ſhines with a more agreeable luſtre: but when old-age has cut them off from the enjoyment of falſe pleaſures, and habitual vice has given them a diſtaſte for the only true and laſting delights; when a retroſpect of their paſt lives preſents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a ſoul diſtempered with ſpleen, remorſe, and an inſenſibility of each rational ſatisfaction, darkens and diſcolours every object; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forſaken by thoſe gratifications which they would not forſake.

How much otherwiſe is it with thoſe, who have laid up an inexhauſtible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the purſuit of ſome great and important truth, which others waſte in a circle of gay follies, he is conſcious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that conſciouſneſs there reſults that ſerene complacency, which, though not ſo violent, is much preferable to the pleaſures of the animal life. He can travel on from ſtrength to ſtrength: for, in literature as in war, each new conqueſt which he gains, impowers him to puſh his conqueſts ſtill farther, and to enlarge the empire of reaſon: thus he is ever in a progreſſive ſtate, ſtill making new acquirements, ſtill animated with hopes of future diſcoveries. *Ibid.*

§ 43. *Great Talents not requiſite for the common Duties of Life.*

Some may alledge, in bar to what I have ſaid, as an excuſe for their indolence, the want of proper talents to make any progreſs in learning. To which I anſwer, that few ſtations require uncommon abilities to diſcharge them well; for the ordinary offices of life, that ſhare of apprehenſion which falls to the bulk of mankind, provided we improve it, will ſerve well enough. Bright and ſparkling parts are like diamonds, which may adorn the proprietor, but are not neceſſary for the good of the world: whereas common ſenſe is like current coin; we have every day, in the ordinary occurrences of life, occaſion for it; and if we would but call it into action, it would carry us much greater lengths than we ſeem to be aware of.

Men

Men may extol, as much as they please, fine, exalted, and superior sense; yet common sense, if attended with humility and industry, is the best guide to beneficial truth, and the best preservative against any fatal errors in knowledge, and notorious misconducts in life. For none are, in the nature of the thing, more liable to error, than those who have a distaste for plain sober sense and dry reasoning; which yet is the case of those whose warm and elevated imagination, whose uncommon fire and vivacity, make them in love with nothing but what is striking, marvellous, and dazzling: for great wits, like great beauties, look upon mere esteem as a flat insipid thing; nothing less than admiration will content them. To gain the good-will of mankind, by being useful to them, is, in their opinion, a poor, low, groveling aim; their ambition is, to draw the eyes of the world upon them, by dazzling and surprizing them; a temper which draws them off from the love of truth, and consequently subjects them to gross mistakes: for they will not love truth as such; they will love it only when it happens to be surprizing and uncommon, which few important truths are. The love of novelty will be the predominant passion; that of truth will only influence them, when it does not interfere with it. Perhaps nothing sooner misleads men out of the road of truth, than to have the wild, dancing light of a bright imagination playing before them. Perhaps they have too much life and spirit to have patience enough to go to the bottom of a subject, and trace up every argument, through a long tedious process, to its original. Perhaps they have that delicacy of make which fits them for a swift and speedy race, but does not enable them to carry a great weight, or to go through any long journey; whereas men of fewer ideas, who lay them in order, compare and examine them, and go on, step by step, in a gradual chain of thinking, make up by industry and caution what they want in quickness of apprehension. Be not discouraged, if you do not meet with success at first. Observe, (for it lies within the compass of any man's observation) that he who has been long habituated to one kind of knowledge, is utterly at a loss in another, to which he is unaccustomed; till, by repeated efforts, he finds a progressive opening of his faculties; and then he wonders how he could be so long in finding out a connection of ideas, which, to a practised understanding, is very obvious. But by neglecting to use your faculties, you will, in time, lose the very power of using them.

Seed.

§ 44. *Riches or Fortune no Excuse to exempt any from Study.*

Others there are, who plead an exemption from study, because their fortune makes them independent of the world, and they need not be beholden to it for a maintenance—that is, because their situation in life exempts them from the necessity of spending their time in servile offices and hardships, therefore they may dispose of it just as they please. It is to imagine, because God has empowered them to single out the best means of employing their hours, viz. in reading, meditation; in the highest instances of piety and charity; therefore they may throw them away in a round of impertinence, vanity, and folly. The apostle's rule, 'that if any man will not work, neither should he eat,' extends to the rich as well as the poor; only supposing, that there are different kinds of work assigned to each. The reason is the same in both cases, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any. As we are all joint traders and partners in life, he forfeits his right to any share in the common stock of happiness, who does not endeavour to contribute his quota or allotted part to it: the public happiness being nothing but the sum total of each individual's contribution to it. An easy fortune does not set men free from labour and industry in general; it only exempts them from some particular kinds of labour: it is not a blessing, as it gives them liberty to do nothing at all; but as it gives them liberty wisely to chuse, and steadily to prosecute, the most ennobling exercises, and the most improving employments, the pursuit of truth, the practice of virtue, the service of God who giveth them all things richly to enjoy, in short, the doing and being every thing that is commendable; though nothing merely in order to be commended. That time which others must employ in tilling the ground (which often deceives their expectation) with the sweat of their brow, they may lay out in cultivating the mind, a soil always grateful to the care of the tiller.—The sum of what I would say, is this: That, though you are not confined to any particular calling, yet you have a general one; which is, to watch over your heart, and to improve your head; to make yourself master of all those accomplishments—an enlarged compass

compass of thought, that flowing humanity and generosity, which are necessary to become a great fortune; and of all those perfections, viz. moderation, humility, and temperance, which are necessary to bear a small one patiently; but especially it is your duty to acquire a taste for those pleasures, which, after they are tasted, go off agreeably, and leave behind them a grateful and delightful flavour on the mind. *Seed.*

§ 45. *The Pleasures resulting from a prudent Use of our Faculties.*

Happy that man, who, unembarrassed by vulgar cares, master of himself, his time, and fortune, spends his time in making himself wiser, and his fortune in making others (and therefore himself) happier: who, as the will and understanding are the two ennobling faculties of the soul, thinks himself not complete, till his understanding be beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched with every virtue: who has furnished himself with all the advantages to relish solitude, and enliven conversation; when serious, not sullen; and when chearful, not indiscreetly gay; his ambition, not to be admired for a false glare of greatness, but to be beloved for the gentle and sober lustre of his wisdom and goodness. The greatest minister of state has not more business to do in a public capacity, than he, and indeed every man else may find in the retired and still scenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is visible convinceth him there is present a Being invisible. Aided by natural philosophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets: he sees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moses did in the burning bush, though not in so glaring a manner: and when he sees him, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart. *Ibid.*

§ 46. *On justly valuing and duly using the Advantages enjoyed in a Place of Education.*

One considerable advantage is, that regular method of study, too much neglected in other places, which obtains here. Nothing is more common elsewhere, than for persons to plunge, at once, into the very depth of science, (far beyond their own) without having learned the first rudiments: nothing more common, than for some to pass themselves upon the world for great scholars, by the help of universal Dictionaries, Abridgements, and Indexes; by which means they gain an useless smattering in every branch of literature, just enough to enable them to talk fluently, or rather impertinently, upon most subjects; but not to think justly and deeply upon any: like those who have a general superficial acquaintance with almost every body. To cultivate an intimate and entire friendship with one or two worthy persons, would be of more service to them. The true genuine way to make a substantial scholar, is what takes place here,——to begin with those general principles of reasoning, upon which all science depends, and which give a light to every part of literature; to make gradual advances, a slow but sure process; to travel gently, with proper guides to direct us, through the most beautiful and fruitful regions of knowledge in general, before we fix ourselves in, and confine ourselves to any particular province of it; it being the great secret of education, not to make a man a complete master of any branch of science, but to give his mind that freedom, openness, and extent, which shall empower him to master it, or indeed any other, whenever he shall turn the bent of his studies that way; which is best done, by setting before him, in his earlier years, a general view of the whole intellectual world: whereas, an early and entire attachment to one particular calling, narrows the abilities of the mind to that degree, that he can scarce think out of that track to which he is accustomed.

The next advantage I shall mention is, a direction in the choice of authors upon the most material subjects. For it is perhaps a great truth, that learning might be reduced to a much narrower compass, if one were to read none but original authors, those who write chiefly from their own fund of sense, without treading servilely in the steps of others.

Here, too, a generous emulation quickens our endeavours, and the friend improves the scholar. The tediousness of the way to truth is sensibly beguiled by having fellow-travellers, who keep an even pace with us: each light dispenses a brighter flame, by mixing its social rays with those of others. Here we live sequestered from noise and hurry, far from the great scene of business, vanity, and idleness; our hours are all our own. Here it is, as in the Athenian torch-race, where a series of men have successively transmitted from one to another the torch of knowledge; and no sooner has one quitted it, but another equally able takes the lamp, to dispense light to all within its sphere *.

Ibid.

* —Quasi cursores, vita lampada tradunt.

Lucretius.

§ 47. *Diſcipline of the Place of Education not to be relaxed.*

May none of us complain, that the diſcipline of the place is too ſtrict: may we rather reflect, that there needs nothing elſe to make a man completely miſerable, but to let him, in the moſt dangerous ſtage of life, carve out an happineſs for himſelf, without any check upon the ſallies of youth! Thoſe to whom you have been over indulgent, and perhaps could not have been otherwiſe, without proceeding to extremities, never to be uſed but in deſperate caſes, thoſe have been always the moſt liberal of their cenſures and invectives againſt you: they put one in mind of Adonijah's rebellion againſt David his father; becauſe his father had not diſpleaſed him at any time, in ſaying, Why haſt thou done ſo?—It is a certain ſign men want reſtraints, when they are impatient under any; too headſtrong to be governed by authority, too weak to be conducted by reaſon.

Seed.

§ 48. *Irregularities of a Few bring Cenſure on the Whole.*

It were to be wiſhed, that they who claim greater indulgences, would ſeriouſly reflect, that the glaring irregularities of two or three members bring an undiſtinguiſhing cenſure upon a whole body; make a noiſe in, and alarm the world, as if all fleſh had here corrupted their ways: whereas the ſober, modeſt worth of a much greater number, who here in private attend the duties of the wiſe and good, muſt, in the nature of the thing, eſcape the notice of the world. Notorious diſorders, how few ſoever are concerned, ſtrike upon the ſenſes of ſome, and affect the paſſions of many more; by which (their ſenſes and paſſions) the groſs of mankind generally judge of things: but it requires ſome expence of reflection, to which the bulk of mankind will never put themſelves, to conſider, that great numbers muſt have ſpent their time profitably, formed habits of juſt thinking here, and laid in that ſtock of knowledge which they have produced into view in a more public ſphere; that thoſe vices, which they complain of, may not be the native growth of the place, but imported from irregular and undiſciplined families, from ſchools, and from the worſt of ſchools, the world at large, when youth are entered into it too ſoon.

Seed.

§ 49. *Diffidence of one's Abilities, an Indication of good Senſe.*

Conſider, that it is a ſure indication of good ſenſe to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wiſe, when we begin to diſcern how weak and unwiſe we are. An abſolute perfection of underſtanding is impoſſible: he makes the neareſt approaches to it, who has the ſenſe to diſcern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections. Modeſty always ſits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the luſtre of every virtue which it ſeems to hide: the perfections of men being like thoſe flowers which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and diſplay themſelves, without any reſerve, to the view.

We are ſome of us very fond of knowledge, and apt to value ourſelves upon any proficiency in the ſciences; one ſcience, however, there is, worth more than all the reſt, and that is, the ſcience of living well; which ſhall remain, when, 'Whether there be tongues, they ſhall ceaſe; Whether there be knowledge, it ſhall vaniſh away.' As to new notions, and new doctrines, of which this age is very fruitful, the time will come, when we ſhall have no pleaſure in them: nay, the time ſhall come, when they ſhall be exploded, and would have been forgotten, if they had not been preſerved in thoſe excellent books, which contain a confutation of them; like inſects preſerved for ages in amber, which otherwiſe would ſoon have returned to the common maſs of things. But a firm belief of Chriſtianity, and a practice ſuitable to it, will ſupport and invigorate the mind to the laſt, and moſt of all at laſt, at that important hour, which muſt decide our hopes and apprehenſions: and the wiſdom, which, like our Saviour, cometh from above, will, through his merits, bring us thither. And indeed, all our other ſtudies and purſuits, however different, ought to be ſubſervient to, and center in this grand point, the purſuit of eternal happineſs, by being good in ourſelves, and uſeful to the world. *Ibid.*

§ 50. *The Neceſſity of peculiar Temperance in Places of Education.*

From a thorough inſight into human nature, with a watchful eye, and kind attention to the vanity and intemperate heat of youth, with well-weighed meaſures for the advancement of all uſeful literature, and the continual ſupport and increaſe of virtue and piety, have the wiſe and religious inſtitutors of the rules of conduct and government in places of education, done all that human prudence could

could do, to promote the moſt excellent and beneficial deſign, by the moſt rational and well-concerted means. They firſt laid the foundation well, in the diſcipline and regulation of the appetites. They put them under the reſtraint of wholeſome and frugal rules, to place them out of the reach of intemperance, and to preclude an exceſs that would ſerve only to corrupt, inflame, and torment them. They are fed with food convenient for them; with ſimplicity yet ſufficiency; with a kind though cautious hand. By this means, the ſeeds of vice are ſtifled in their birth; young perſons are here removed from temptations, to which others, from a leſs happy ſituation, are too frequently expoſed; and by an early habit of temperance and ſelf-command, they may learn either to prevent all irregular ſolicitations, or with eaſe to controul them. Happy are they who, by a thankful enjoyment of theſe advantages, and a willing compliance with theſe rules, lay up in ſtore for the reſt of their life, virtue, health, and peace! Vain, indeed, would be the expectation of any real progreſs in intellectual and moral improvements, were not the foundation thus laid in ſtrict regularity and temperance; were the ſenſual appetites to be pampered in youth, or even vitiated with that degree of indulgence which an extravagant world may allow and call elegance, but in a place of education would be downright luxury. The taſte of ſenſual pleaſures muſt be checked and abated in them, that they may acquire a reliſh of the more ſublime pleaſures that reſult from reaſon and religion; that they may purſue them with effect, and enjoy them without avocation. And have they not in this place every motive, aſſiſtance, and encouragement, to engage them in a virtuous and moral life, and to animate them in the attainment of uſeful learning? What rank or condition of youth is there, that has not daily and hourly opportunities of laying in ſupplies of knowledge and virtue, that will in every ſtation of life be equally ſerviceable and ornamental to themſelves, and beneficial to mankind? And ſhall any one dare to convert a houſe of diſcipline and learning into a houſe of diſſoluteneſs, extravagance, and riot? With what an aggravation of guilt do they load themſelves, who at the ſame time that they are purſuing their own unhappineſs, ſacrilegiouſly break through all the fences of good order and government, and by their practice, ſeducement, and example, do what in them lies, to introduce into theſe ſchools of frugality, ſobriety, and temperance, all the mad vices and vain gaieties of a licentious and voluptuous age! What have they to anſwer for, who, while they profligately ſquander away that moſt precious part of time, which is the only ſeaſon of application and improvement, to their own irretrievable loſs, encourage one another in an idle and ſenſual courſe of life, and by ſpreading wide the contagion, reflect a ſcandal upon, and ſtrive to bring into public diſeſteem, the place of their education, where induſtry, literature, virtue, decency, and whatever elſe is praiſe-worthy, did for ages flouriſh and abound? Is this the genuine fruit of the pious care of our anceſtors, for the ſecurity and propagation of religion and good-manners, to the lateſt poſterity? Is this at laſt the reward of their munificence? Or does this conduct correſpond with their views, or with the juſt expectations and demands of your friends and your country?

Tottie.

§ 51. *Valuable Opportunities once loſt cannot be recalled.*

Nor let any one vainly imagine, that the time and valuable opportunities which are now loſt, can hereafter be recalled at will; or that he who has run out his youthful days in diſſipation and pleaſure, will have it in his power to ſtop when he pleaſes, and make a wiſer uſe of his riper years. Yet this is too generally the fallacious hope that flatters the youth in his ſenſual indulgences, and leads him inſenſibly on in the treacherous ways of vice, till it is now too late to return. There are few, who at one plunge ſo totally immerge in pleaſures, as to drown at once all power of reaſon and conſcience: they promiſe themſelves, that they can indulge their appetites to ſuch a point only, and can check and turn them back when they have run their allotted race. I do not indeed ſay that there never have been perſons in whom the ſtrong ferment of youthful luſts may have happily ſubſided, and who may have brought forth fruits of amendment, and diſplayed many eminent virtues. God forbid! that even the moſt licentious vices of youth ſhould be abſolutely incorrigible. But I may venture to affirm, that the inſtances in this caſe have been ſo rare, that it is very dangerous for any one to truſt to the experiment, upon a preſumption that he ſhall add to the number. The only ſure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to ſet out in it betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they ſhould lead us, that cuſtom ſoon makes the beſt habits the moſt agreeable; the ways of

wiſdom

wiſdom become the ways of pleaſantneſs, and every ſtep we advance, they grow more eaſy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious, headſtrong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what ſecurity can we give ourſelves, that we ſhall have either inclination, reſolution, or power, to ſtop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have ſo long and ſo widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our ſtrength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end? Theſe reflections I have ſuggeſted principally for the ſake of thoſe, who allowing themſelves in greater indulgences than are conſiſtent with a liberal and virtuous education, give evident proofs that they are not ſufficiently aware of the dangerous encroachments, and the peculiar deceitfulneſs of pleaſurable ſin. Happy for them, would they once ſeriouſly conſider their ways! and no time can be more proper, than when theſe ſolemn ſeaſons of recollection and religious diſcipline ſhould particularly diſpoſe them to ſeriouſneſs and thought. They would then diſcover, that though they are awhile carried gently and ſupinely down the ſmooth ſtream of pleaſure, yet ſoon the torrent will grow too violent to be ſtemmed; the waves will ariſe, and daſh them upon rocks, or ſink them in whirlpools. It is therefore the part of prudence to ſtop ſhort while they may, and to divert their courſe into a different channel; which, whatever obſtructions and difficulties they may labour with at firſt, will every day become more practicable and pleaſing, and will aſſuredly carry them to a ſerene and ſecure haven.

Tottie.

§ 52. *The Beginnings of Evil to be reſiſted.*

Think not, as I am afraid too many do, that becauſe your paſſions have not hurried you into atrocious deeds, they have therefore wrought no miſchief, and have left no ſting behind them. By a continued ſeries of looſe, though apparently trivial gratifications, the heart is often as thoroughly corrupted, as by the commiſſion of any one of thoſe enormous crimes which ſpring from great ambition, or great revenge. Habit gives the paſſions ſtrength, while the abſence of glaring guilt ſeemingly juſtifies them; and unawakened by remorſe, the ſinner proceeds in his courſe, till he wax bold in guilt, and become ripe for ruin: for, by gradual and latent ſteps, the deſtruction of our virtues advances. Did the evil unveil itſelf at the beginning; did the ſtorm which is to overthrow our peace, diſcover, as it roſe, all its horrors, precautions would more frequently be taken againſt it. But we are imperceptibly betrayed; and from one licentious attachment, one criminal paſſion, are, by a train of conſequences, drawn on to another, till the government of our minds is irrecoverably loſt. The enticing and the odious paſſions are, in this reſpect, ſimilar in their proceſs; and, though by different roads, conduct at laſt to the ſame iſſue. *Blair.*

§ 53. *Order to be obſerved in Amuſements.*

Obſerve order in your amuſements; that is, allow them no more than their proper place; ſtudy to keep them within due bounds; mingle them in a temperate ſucceſſion with ſerious duties, and the higher buſineſs of life. Human life cannot proceed, to advantage, without ſome meaſure of relaxation and entertainment. We require relief from care. We are not formed for a perpetual ſtretch of ſerious thought. By too intenſe and continued application, our feeble powers would ſoon be worn out. At the ſame time, from our propenſity to eaſe and pleaſure, amuſement proves, among all ranks of men, the moſt dangerous foe to order: for it tends inceſſantly to uſurp and encroach, to widen its territories, to thruſt itſelf into the place of more important concerns, and thereby to diſturb and counteract the natural courſe of things. One frivolous amuſement indulged out of ſeaſon, will often carry perplexity and confuſion through a long ſucceſſion of affairs.

Amuſements, therefore, though they be of an innocent kind, require ſteady government, to keep them within a due and limited province. But ſuch as are of an irregular and vicious nature, require not to be governed, but to be baniſhed from every orderly ſociety. As ſoon as a man ſeeks his happineſs from the gaming-table, the midnight revel, and the other haunts of licentiouſneſs, confuſion ſeizes upon him as its own. There will no longer be order in his family, nor order in his affairs, nor order in his time. The moſt important concerns of life are abandoned. Even the order of nature is by ſuch perſons inverted; night is changed into day, and day into night. Character, honour, and intereſt itſelf, are trampled under foot. You may with certainty prognoſticate the ruin of theſe men to be juſt at hand. Diſorder, ariſen to its height, has nearly accompliſhed its work. The ſpots of death are upon them. Let every one who would eſcape the peſtilential contagion.

tagion, fly with haſte from their company.
Blair.

§ 54. *Order to be preſerved in your Society.*

Preſerve order in the arrangement of your ſociety; that is, entangle not yourſelves in a perpetual and promiſcuous crowd; ſelect with prudence and propriety, thoſe with whom you chuſe to aſſociate; let company and retreat ſucceed each other at meaſured intervals. There can be no order in his life, who allots not a due ſhare of his time to retirement and reflection. He can neither prudently arrange his temporal affairs, nor properly attend to his ſpiritual intereſts. He lives not to himſelf, but to the world. By continual diſſipation, he is rendered giddy and thoughtleſs. He contracts unavoidably from the world that ſpirit of diſorder and confuſion which is ſo prevalent in it.

It is not a ſufficient preſervation againſt this evil, that the circles of ſociety in which you are engaged are not of a libertine and vicious kind. If they withdraw you from that attention to yourſelves, and your domeſtic concerns, which becomes a good man, they are ſubverſive of order, and inconſiſtent with your duty. What is innocent in itſelf, degenerates into a crime, from being carried to exceſs; and idle, trifling ſociety, is nearly a-kin to ſuch as is corrupting. One of the firſt principles of order is, to learn to be happy at home. It is in domeſtic retreat that every wiſe man finds his chief ſatisfaction. It is there he forms the plans which regulate his public conduct. He who knows not how to enjoy himſelf when alone, can never be long happy abroad. To his vacant mind, company may afford a temporary relief; but when forced to return to himſelf, he will be ſo much more oppreſſed and languid. Whereas, by a due mixture of public and private life, we keep free of the ſnares of both, and enjoy each to greater advantage.
Blair.

§ 55. *A due Regard to Order neceſſary in Buſineſs, Time, Expence, and Amuſements.*

Throughout your affairs, your time, your expence, your amuſements, your ſociety, the principle of order muſt be equally carried, if you expect to reap any of its happy fruits. For if into any one of thoſe great departments of life you ſuffer diſorder to enter, it will ſpread through all the reſt. In vain, for inſtance, you purpoſe to be orderly in the conduct of your affairs, if you be irregular in the diſtribution of your time. In vain you attempt to regulate your expence, if into your amuſements, or your ſociety, diſorder has crept. You have admitted a principle of confuſion which will defeat all your plans, and perplex and entangle what you ſought to arrange. Uniformity is above all things neceſſary to order. If you deſire that any thing ſhould proceed according to method and rule, 'let all things be done in order.'

I muſt alſo admoniſh you, that in ſmall, as well as in great affairs, a due regard to order is requiſite. I mean not, that you ought to look on thoſe minute attentions, which are apt to occupy frivolous minds, as connected either with virtue or wiſdom: but I exhort you to remember, that diſorder, like other immoralities, frequently takes riſe from inconſiderable beginnings. They who, in the leſſer tranſactions of life, are totally negligent of rule, will be in hazard of extending that negligence, by degrees, to ſuch affairs and duties as will render them criminal. Remiſſneſs grows on all who ſtudy not to guard againſt it; and it is only by frequent exerciſe, that the habits of order and punctuality can be thoroughly confirmed.
Ibid.

§ 56. *Idleneſs avoided by the Obſervation of Order.*

By attending to order, you avoid idleneſs, that moſt fruitful ſource of crimes and evils. Acting upon a plan, meeting every thing in its own place, you conſtantly find innocent and uſeful employment for time. You are never at a loſs how to diſpoſe of your hours, or to fill up life agreeably. In the courſe of human action, there are two extremes equally dangerous to virtue; the multiplicity of affairs, and the total want of them. The man of order ſtands in the middle between theſe two extremes, and ſuffers from neither: he is occupied, but not oppreſſed. Whereas the diſorderly, overloading one part of time, and leaving another vacant, are at one period overwhelmed with buſineſs, and at another, either idle through want of employment, or indolent through perplexity. Thoſe ſeaſons of indolence and idleneſs, which recur ſo often in their life, are their moſt dangerous moments. The mind, unhappy in its ſituation, and clinging to every object which can occupy or amuſe it, is then apteſt to throw itſelf into the arms of every vice and folly.

Farther; by the preſervation of order, you check inconſtancy and levity. Fickle by nature is the human heart. It is fond of change; and perpetually tends to ſtart aſide from the ſtraight line of conduct. Hence ariſes the propriety of bringing ourſelves under ſubjection to method and rule; which, though at firſt it may prove conſtraining, yet

by degrees, and from the experience of its happy effects, becomes natural and agreeable. It rectifies those irregularities of temper and manners to which we give the name of caprice; and which are distinguished characteristics of a disorderly mind. It is the parent of steadiness of conduct. It forms consistency of character. It is the ground of all the confidence we repose in one another. For, the disorderly we know not where to find. In him only can we place any trust, who is uniform and regular; who lives by principle, not by humour; who acts upon a plan, and not by desultory motions. *Blair.*

§ 57. *Order essential to Self-enjoyment and Felicity.*

Consider also how important it is to your self-enjoyment and felicity. Order is the source of peace; and peace is the highest of all temporal blessings. Order is indeed the only region in which tranquility dwells. The very mention of confusion imports disturbance and vexation. Is it possible for that man to be happy, who cannot look into the state of his affairs, or the tenor of his conduct, without discerning all to be embroiled? who is either in the midst of remorse for what he has neglected to do, or in the midst of hurry to overtake what he finds, too late, was necessary to have been done? Such as live according to order, may be compared to the celestial bodies, which move in regular courses, and by stated laws; whose influence is beneficent; whose operations are quiet and tranquil. The disorderly, resemble those tumultuous elements on earth, which, by sudden and violent irruptions, disturb the course of nature. By mismanagement of affairs, by excess in expence, by irregularity in the indulgence of company and amusement, they are perpetually creating molestation both to themselves and others. They depart from their road to seek pleasure; and instead of it, they every where raise up sorrows. Being always found out of their proper place, they of course interfere and jar with others. The disorders which they raise never fail to spread beyond their own line, and to involve many in confusion and distress; whence they necessarily become the authors of tumult and contention, of discord and enmity. Whereas order is the foundation of union. It allows every man to carry on his own affairs without disturbing his neighbour. It is the golden chain which holds together the societies of men in friendship and peace. *Ibid.*

§ 58. *Care to be taken in suppressing criminal Thoughts.*

When criminal thoughts arise, attend to all the proper methods of speedily suppressing them. Take example from the unhappy industry which sinners discover in banishing good ones, when a natural sense of religion forces them on their conscience. How anxiously do they fly from themselves! How studiously do they drown the voice which upbraids them, in the noise of company or diversions! What numerous artifices do they employ, to evade the uneasiness which returns of reflection would produce!—Were we to use equal diligence in preventing the entrance of vicious suggestions, or in repelling them when entered, why should we not be equally successful in a much better cause?—As soon as you are sensible that any dangerous passion begins to ferment, instantly call in other passions, and other ideas, to your aid. Hasten to turn your thoughts into a different direction. Summon up whatever you have found to be of power, for composing and harmonizing your mind. Fly for assistance to serious studies, to prayer and devotion; or even fly to business or innocent society, if solitude be in hazard of favouring the seduction. By such means you may stop the progress of the growing evil: you may apply an antidote, before the poison has had time to work its full effect. *Ibid.*

§ 59. *Experience to be anticipated by Reflection.*

It is observed, that the young and the ignorant are always the most violent in pursuit. The knowledge which is forced upon them by longer acquaintance with the world, moderates their impetuosity. Study then to anticipate, by reflection, that knowledge which experience often purchases at too dear a price. Inure yourselves to frequent consideration of the emptiness of those pleasures which excite so much strife and commotion among mankind. Think how much more of true enjoyment is lost by the violence of passion, than by the want of those things which give occasion to that passion. Persuade yourselves, that the favour of God, and the possession of virtue, form the chief happiness of the rational nature. Let a contented mind, and a peaceful life, hold the next place in your estimation. These are the conclusions which the wise and thinking part of mankind have always formed. To these conclusions, after having run the race of passion, you will probably come at the last.

By forming them betimes, you would make a seasonable escape from that tempestuous region, through which none can pass without suffering misery, contracting guilt, and undergoing severe remorse. *Blair.*

§ 60. *The Beginnings of Passion to be opposed.*

Oppose early the beginnings of passion. Avoid particularly all such objects as are apt to excite passions which you know to predominate within you. As soon as you find the tempest rising, have recourse to every proper method, either of allaying its violence, or of escaping to a calmer shore. Hasten to call up emotions of an opposite nature. Study to conquer one passion by means of some other which is of less dangerous tendency. Never account any thing small or trivial, which is in hazard of introducing disorder into your heart. Never make light of any desire which you feel gaining such progress as to threaten entire dominion. Blandishing it will appear at the first. As a gentle and innocent emotion, it may steal into the heart; but as it advances, is likely to pierce you through with many sorrows. What you indulged as a favourite amusement, will shortly become a serious business, and in the end may prove the burden of your life. Most of our passions flatter us in their rise: but their beginnings are treacherous; their growth is imperceptible; and the evils which they carry in their train, lie concealed, until their dominion is established. What Solomon says of one of them, holds true of them all, 'that their beginning is as when one 'letteth out water.' It issues from a small chink, which once might have been easily stopped: but being neglected, it is soon widened by the stream, till the bank is at last totally thrown down, and the flood is at liberty to deluge the whole plain. *Ibid.*

§ 61. *The Government of Temper, as included in the Keeping of the Heart.*

Passions are quick and strong emotions, which by degrees subside. Temper is the disposition which remains after these emotions are past, and which forms the habitual propensity of the soul. The one are like the stream when it is swoln by the torrent, and ruffled by the winds; the other resembles it when running within its bed, with its natural force and velocity. The influence of temper is more silent and imperceptible than that of passion; it operates with less violence; but as its operation is constant, it produces effects no less considerable. It is evident, therefore, that it highly deserves to be considered in a religious view.

Many, indeed, are averse to behold it in this light. They place a good temper upon the same footing with a healthy constitution of body. They consider it as a natural felicity which some enjoy; but for the want of which, others are not morally culpable, nor accountable to God: and hence the opinion has sometimes prevailed, that a bad temper might be consistent with a state of grace. If this were true, it would overturn that whole doctrine, of which the gospel is so full, 'that regeneration, or change of nature, is the essential characteristic of a Christian.' It would suppose, that grace might dwell amidst malevolence and rancour, and that heaven might be enjoyed by such as are strangers to charity and love.—It will readily be admitted that some, by the original frame of their mind, are more favourably inclined than others, towards certain good dispositions and habits. But this affords no justification to those who neglect to oppose the corruptions to which they are prone. Let no man imagine, that the human heart is a soil altogether unsusceptible of culture! or that the worst temper may not, through the assistance of grace, be reformed by attention and discipline. Settled depravity of temper, is always owing to our own indulgence. If, in place of checking, we nourish that malignity of disposition to which we are inclined, all the consequences will be placed to our account, and every excuse, from natural constitution, be rejected at the tribunal of Heaven. *Ibid.*

§ 62. *A peaceable Temper and condescending Manners recommended.*

What first presents itself to be recommended, is a peaceable temper; a disposition averse to give offence, and desirous of cultivating harmony, and amicable intercourse in society. This supposes yielding and condescending manners, unwillingness to contend with others about trifles, and, in contests that are unavoidable, proper moderation of spirit. Such a temper is the first principle of self-enjoyment: it is the basis of all order and happiness among mankind. The positive and contentious, the rude and quarrelsome, are the bane of society; they seem destined to blast the small share of comfort which nature has here allotted to man. But they cannot disturb the peace of others, more than they break their own. The hurricane rages first in their own bosom, before it is let forth upon the world. In the tem-

peſt which they raiſe, they are always loſt; and frequently it is their lot to periſh.

A peaceable temper muſt be ſupported by a candid one, or a diſpoſition to view the conduct of others with fairneſs and impartiality. This ſtands oppoſed to a jealous and ſuſpicious temper, which aſcribes every action to the worſt motive, and throws a black ſhade over every character. As you would be happy in yourſelves, or in your connections with others, guard againſt this malignant ſpirit. Study that charity which thinketh no evil; that temper which, without degenerating into credulity, will diſpoſe you to be juſt; and which can allow you to obſerve an error, without imputing it as a crime. Thus you will be kept free from that continual irritation which imaginary injuries raiſe in a ſuſpicious breaſt; and will walk among men as your brethren, not your enemies.

But to be peaceable, and to be candid, is not all that is required of a good man. He muſt cultivate a kind, generous, and ſympathizing temper, which feels for diſtreſs wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourſe, is gentle, obliging, and humane. How amiable appears ſuch a diſpoſition, when contraſted with a malicious or envious temper, which wraps itſelf up in its own narrow intereſts, looks with an evil eye on the ſucceſs of others, and with an unnatural ſatisfaction feeds on their diſappointments or miſeries! How little does he know of the true happineſs of life, who is a ſtranger to that intercourſe of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleaſing charm, attach men to one another, and circulate joy from heart to heart! *Blair.*

§ 63. *Numerous Occaſions offer for the Exertion of a benevolent Temper.*

You are not to imagine that a benevolent temper finds no exerciſe, unleſs, when opportunities offer of performing actions of high generoſity, or of extenſive utility: theſe may ſeldom occur: the condition of the greater part of mankind in a good meaſure precludes them. But in the ordinary round of human affairs, a thouſand occaſions daily preſent themſelves of mitigating the vexations which others ſuffer, of ſoothing their minds, of aiding their intereſt, of promoting their chearfulneſs, or eaſe. Such occaſions may relate to the ſmaller incidents of life: But let us remember, that of ſmall incidents, the ſyſtem of human life is chiefly compoſed. The attentions which reſpect theſe, when ſuggeſted by real benignity of temper, are often more material to the happineſs of thoſe around us, than actions which carry the appearance of greater dignity and ſplendour. No wiſe or good man ought to account any rules of behaviour as below his regard, which tend to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union.

Particularly in the courſe of that familiar intercourſe which belongs to domeſtic life, all the virtues of temper find an ample range. It is very unfortunate, that within that circle, men too often think themſelves at liberty to give unreſtrained vent to the caprice of paſſion and humour. Whereas there, on the contrary, more than any where, it concerns them to attend to the government of their heart; to check what is violent in their tempers, and to ſoften what is harſh in their manners. For there the temper is formed. There the real character diſplays itſelf. The forms of the world diſguiſe men when abroad; but within his own family, every man is known to be what he truly is.—In all our intercourſe, then, with others, particularly in that which is cloſeſt and moſt intimate, let us cultivate a peaceable, a candid, a gentle and friendly temper. This is the temper to which, by repeated injunctions, our holy religion ſeeks to form us. This was the temper of Chriſt. This is the temper of Heaven. *Ibid.*

§ 64. *A contented Temper the greateſt Bleſſing, and a material Requiſite to the proper Diſcharge of our Duties.*

A contented temper is one of the greateſt bleſſings that can be enjoyed by man, and one of the moſt material requiſites to the proper diſcharge of the duties of every ſtation. For a fretful and diſcontented temper renders one incapable of performing aright any part in life. It is unthankful and impious towards God; and towards men provoking and unjuſt. It is a gangrene which preys on the vitals, and infects the whole conſtitution with diſeaſe and putrefaction. Subdue pride and vanity, and you will take the moſt effectual method of eradicating this diſtemper. You will no longer behold the objects around you with jaundiced eyes. You will take in good part the bleſſings which Providence is pleaſed to beſtow, and the degree of favour which your fellow-creatures are diſpoſed to grant you. Viewing yourſelves, with all your imperfections and failings, in a juſt light, you will rather be ſurpriſed at your enjoying ſo many good things,

things, than discontented because there are any which you want. From an humble and contented temper, will spring a chearful one. This, if not in itself a virtue, is at least the garb in which virtue should be always arrayed. Piety and goodness ought never to be marked with that dejection which sometimes takes rise from superstition, but which is the proper portion only of guilt. At the same time, the chearfulness belonging to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from that light and giddy temper which characterises folly, and is so often found among the dissipated and vicious part of mankind. Their gaiety is owing to a total want of reflection; and brings with it the usual consequences of an unthinking habit, shame, remorse, and heaviness of heart, in the end. The chearfulness of a well-regulated mind, springs from a good conscience and the favour of Heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reason. It makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good dispositions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart. *Blair.*

§ 65. *The Desire of Praise subservient to many valuable Purposes.*

To a variety of good purposes it is subservient, and on many occasions co-operates with the principle of virtue. It awakens us from sloth, invigorates activity, and stimulates our efforts to excel. It has given rise to most of the splendid, and to many of the useful enterprizes of men. It has animated the patriot, and fired the hero. Magnanimity, generosity, and fortitude, are what all mankind admire. Hence, such as were actuated by the desire of extensive fame, have been promoted to deeds which either participated of the spirit, or at least carried the appearance, of distinguished virtue. The desire of praise is generally connected with all the finer sensibilities of human nature. It affords a ground on which exhortation, counsel, and reproof, can work a proper effect. Whereas, to be entirely destitute of this passion betokens an ignoble mind, on which no moral impression is easily made. Where there is no desire of praise, there will be also no sense of reproach; and if that be extinguished, one of the principal guards of virtue is removed, and the mind thrown open to many opprobrious pursuits. He whose countenance never glowed with shame, and whose heart never beat at the sound of praise, is not destined for any honourable distinction; is likely to grovel in the sordid quest of gain; or to slumber life away in the indolence of selfish pleasures.

Abstracted from the sentiments which are connected with it as a principle of action, the esteem of our fellow-creatures is an object which, on account of the advantages it brings, may be lawfully pursued. It is necessary to our success, in every fair and honest undertaking. Not only our private interest, but our public usefulness, depends, in a great measure, upon it. The sphere of our influence is contracted or enlarged, in proportion to the degree in which we enjoy the good opinion of the public. Men listen with an unwilling ear to one whom they do not honour; while a respected character adds weight to example, and authority to counsel. To desire the esteem of others for the sake of its effects, is not only allowable, but in many cases is our duty: and to be totally indifferent to praise or censure, is so far from being a virtue, that it is a real defect in character. *Ibid.*

§ 66. *Excessive Desire of Praise tends to corrupt the Heart, and to create Disregard to the Admonitions of Conscience.*

An excessive love of praise never fails to undermine the regard due to conscience, and to corrupt the heart. It turns off the eye of the mind from the ends which it ought chiefly to keep in view; and sets up a false light for its guide. Its influence is the more dangerous, as the colour which it assumes is often fair; and its garb and appearance are nearly allied to that of virtue. The love of glory, I before admitted, may give birth to actions which are both splendid and useful. At a distance they strike the eye with uncommon brightness; but on a nearer and stricter survey, their lustre is often tarnished. They are found to want that sacred and venerable dignity which characterises true virtue. Little passions and selfish interests entered into the motives of those who performed them. They were jealous of a competitor. They sought to humble a rival. They looked round for spectators to admire them. All is magnanimity, generosity, and courage, to public view. But the ignoble source whence these seeming virtues take their rise, is hidden. Without, appears the hero; within is found the man of dust and clay. Consult such as have been intimately connected with the followers of renown; and seldom or never will you find, that they held them in the same esteem with those who

viewed them from afar. There is nothing except ſimplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can ſtand the teſt of near approach and ſtrict examination. *Blair.*

§ 67. *That Diſcipline which teaches to moderate the Eagerneſs of worldly Paſſions, and to fortify the Mind with the Principles of Virtue, is more conducive to true Happineſs than the Poſſeſſion of all the Goods of Fortune.*

That diſcipline which corrects the eagerneſs of worldly paſſions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with uſeful knowledge, and furniſhes to it matter of enjoyment from within itſelf, is of more conſequence to real felicity, than all the proviſion which we can make of the goods of fortune. To this let us bend our chief attention. Let us keep the heart with all diligence, ſeeing out of it are the iſſues of life. Let us account our mind the moſt important province which is committed to our care; and if we cannot rule fortune, ſtudy at leaſt to rule ourſelves. Let us propoſe for our object, not worldly ſucceſs, which it depends not on us to obtain, but that upright and honourable diſcharge of our duty in every conjuncture, which, through the divine aſſiſtance, is always within our power. Let our happineſs be ſought where our proper praiſe is found; and that be accounted our only real evil, which is the evil of our nature; not that, which is either the appointment of Providence, or which ariſes from the evil of others. *Ibid.*

§ 68. *Religious Knowledge of great Conſolation and Relief amidſt the Diſtreſſes of Life.*

Conſider it in the light of conſolation; as bringing aid and relief to us, amidſt the diſtreſſes of life. Here religion inconteſtably triumphs; and its happy effects in this reſpect furniſh a ſtrong argument to every benevolent mind, for wiſhing them to be farther diffuſed throughout the world. For, without the belief and hope afforded by divine revelation, the circumſtances of man are extremely forlorn. He finds himſelf placed here as a ſtranger in a vaſt univerſe, where the powers and operations of nature are very imperfectly known; where both the beginnings and the iſſues of things are involved in myſterious darkneſs: where he is unable to diſcover with any certainty, whence he ſprung, or for what purpoſe he was brought into this ſtate of exiſtence; whether he be ſubjected to the government of a mild, or of a wrathful ruler; what conſtruction he is to put on many of the diſpenſations of his providence; and what his fate is to be when he departs hence. What a diſconſolate ſituation to a ſerious, enquiring mind! The greater degree of virtue it poſſeſſes, its ſenſibility is likely to be the more oppreſſed by this burden of labouring thought. Even though it were in one's power to baniſh all uneaſy thought, and to fill up the hours of life with perpetual amuſement; life ſo filled up would, upon reflection, appear poor and trivial. But theſe are far from being the terms upon which man is brought into this world. He is conſcious that his being is frail and feeble; he ſees himſelf beſet with various dangers, and is expoſed to many melancholy apprehenſion, from the evils which he may have to encounter, before he arrives at the cloſe of life. In this diſtreſſed condition, to reveal to him ſuch diſcoveries of the Supreme Being as the Chriſtian religion affords, is to reveal to him a father and a friend; is to let in a ray of the moſt cheering light upon the darkneſs of the human eſtate. He who was before a deſtitute orphan, wandering in the inhoſpitable deſert, has now gained a ſhelter from the bitter and inclement blaſt. He now knows to whom to pray, and in whom to truſt; where to unboſom his ſorrows; and from what hand to look for relief.

It is certain, that when the heart bleeds from ſome wound of recent misfortune, nothing is of equal efficacy with religious comfort. It is of power to enlighten the darkeſt hour, and to aſſuage the ſevereſt woe, by the belief of divine favour, and the proſpect of a bleſſed immortality. In ſuch hopes, the mind expatiates with joy; and when bereaved of its earthly friends, ſolaces itſelf with the thought of one friend who will never forſake it. Refined reaſonings, concerning the nature of the human condition, and the improvement which philoſophy teaches us to make of every event, may entertain the mind when it is at eaſe; may, perhaps, contribute to ſooth it, when ſlightly touched with ſorrow; but when it is torn with any ſore diſtreſs, they are cold and feeble, compared with a direct promiſe from the word of God. This is an anchor to the ſoul, both ſure and ſtedfaſt. This has given conſolation and refuge to many a virtuous heart, at a time when the moſt cogent reaſonings would have proved utterly unavailing.

Upon the approach of death eſpecially, when, if a man thinks at all, his anxiety about his future intereſts muſt naturally increaſe,

increaſe, the power of religious conſolation is ſenſibly felt. Then appears, in the moſt ſtriking light, the high value of the diſcoveries made by the Goſpel; not only life and immortality revealed, but a Mediator with God diſcovered; mercy proclaimed, through him, to the frailties of the penitent and the humble; and his preſence promiſed to be with them when they are paſſing through the valley of the ſhadow of death, in order to bring them ſafe into unſeen habitations of reſt and joy. Here is ground for their leaving the world with comfort and peace. But in this ſevere and trying period, this labouring hour of nature, how ſhall the unhappy man ſupport himſelf, who knows not, or believes not, the hope of religion? Secretly conſcious to himſelf, that he has not acted his part as he ought to have done, the ſins of his paſt life ariſe before him in ſad remembrance. He wiſhes to exiſt after death, and yet dreads that exiſtence. The Governor of the world is unknown. He cannot tell whether every endeavour to obtain his mercy may not be in vain. All is awful obſcurity around him; and in the midſt of endleſs doubts and perplexities, the trembling reluctant ſoul, is forced away from the body. As the misfortunes of life muſt, to ſuch a man, have been moſt oppreſſive; ſo its end is bitter: his ſun ſets in a dark cloud; and the night of death cloſes over his head, full of miſery. *Blair.*

§ 69. *Senſe of Right and Wrong, independent of Religion.*

Mankind certainly have a ſenſe of right and wrong, independent of religious belief; but experience ſhews, that the allurements of preſent pleaſure, and the impetuoſity of paſſion, are ſufficient to prevent men from acting agreeable to this moral ſenſe, unleſs it be ſupported by religion, the influence of which, upon the imagination and paſſions, if properly directed, is extremely powerful. We ſhall readily acknowledge that many of the greateſt enemies of religion have been diſtinguiſhed for their honour, probity, and good-nature. But it is to be conſidered that many virtues, as well as vices, are conſtitutional. A cool and equal temper, a dull imagination, and unfeeling heart, enſure the poſſeſſion of many virtues, or rather are a ſecurity againſt many vices. They may produce temperance, chaſtity, honeſty, prudence, and a harmleſs, inoffenſive behaviour. Whereas keen paſſions, a warm imagination, and great ſenſibility of heart, lay a natural foundation for prodigality, debauchery, and ambition: attended, however, with the ſeeds of all the ſocial and moſt heroic virtues. Such a temperature of mind carries along with it a check to its conſtitutional vices, by rendering thoſe poſſeſſed of it peculiarly ſuſceptible of religious impreſſions. They often appear indeed to be the greateſt enemies to religion, but that is entirely owing to their impatience of its reſtraints. Its moſt dangerous enemies have ever been among the temperate and chaſte philoſophers, void of paſſion and ſenſibility, who had no vicious appetites to be reſtrained by its influence, and who were unſuſceptible of its terrors or its pleaſures. *Gregory.*

§ 70. *Infidelity owing to Inſenſibility of Heart.*

Abſolute infidelity, or ſettled ſcepticiſm in religion, we acknowledge, is no proof of want of underſtanding, or a vicious diſpoſition, but is certainly a very ſtrong preſumption of the want of imagination and ſenſibility of heart, and of a perverted underſtanding. Some philoſophers have been infidels; few, men of taſte and ſentiment. Yet the examples of Lord Bacon, Mr. Locke, and Sir Iſaac Newton, among many other firſt names in philoſophy, are a ſufficient evidence, that religious belief is perfectly compatible with the cleareſt and moſt enlarged underſtanding. *Ibid.*

§ 71. *Religion not founded on Weakneſs of Mind.*

Several of thoſe who have ſurmounted what they call religious prejudices themſelves, affect to treat ſuch as are not aſhamed to avow their regard to religion, as men of weak underſtandings and feeble minds: but this ſhews either want of candour, or great ignorance of human nature. The fundamental articles of religion have been very generally believed by men the moſt diſtinguiſhed for acuteneſs and accuracy of judgment. Nay, it is unjuſt to infer the weakneſs of a perſon's head on other ſubjects, from his attachment even to the fooleries of ſuperſtition. Experience ſhews, that when the imagination is heated, and the affections deeply intereſted, they level all diſtinctions of underſtanding; yet this affords no preſumption of a ſhallow judgment in ſubjects where the imagination and paſſions have no influence. *Ibid.*

§ 72. *Effects of Religion, Scepticiſm, and Infidelity.*

Feebleneſs of mind is a reproach frequently thrown, not only upon ſuch as have

a ſenſe of religion, but upon all who poſſeſs warm, open, chearful tempers, and hearts peculiarly diſpoſed to love and friendſhip. But the reproach is ill-founded. Strength of mind does not conſiſt in a peeviſh temper, in a hard inflexible heart, and in bidding defiance to God Almighty: it conſiſts in an active, reſolute ſpirit; in a ſpirit that enables a man to act his part in the world with propriety; and to bear the miſfortunes of life with uniform fortitude and dignity. This is a ſtrength of mind, which neither atheiſm nor univerſal ſcepticiſm will ever be able to inſpire. On the contrary, their tendency will be found to chill all the powers of imagination; to depreſs ſpirit as well as genius; to ſour the temper and contract the heart. The higheſt religious ſpirit, and veneration for Providence, breathes in the writings of the ancient ſtoics; a ſect diſtinguiſhed for producing the moſt active, intrepid, virtuous men, that ever did honour to human nature.

Can it be pretended, that atheiſm or univerſal ſcepticiſm have any tendency to form ſuch characters? Do they tend to inſpire that magnanimity and elevation of mind, that ſuperiority to ſelfiſh and ſenſual gratifications, that contempt of danger and of death, when the cauſe of virtue, of liberty, or their country, require it, which diſtinguiſh the characters of patriots and heroes? Or is their influence more favourable on the humbler and gentler virtues of private and domeſtic life? Do they ſoften the heart, and render it more delicately ſenſible of the thouſand nameleſs duties and endearments of a huſband, a father, or a friend? Do they produce that habitual ſerenity and chearfulneſs of temper, that gaiety of heart, which makes a man beloved as a companion? or do they dilate the heart with the liberal and generous ſentiments, and that love of human kind, which would render him revered and bleſſed as the patron of depreſſed merit, the friend of the widow and orphan, the refuge and ſupport of the poor and the unhappy?

The general opinion of mankind, that there is a ſtrong connection between a religious diſpoſition and a feeling heart, appears from the univerſal diſlike which all men have to infidelity in the fair ſex. We not only look on it as removing the principal ſecurity we have for their virtue, but as the ſtrongeſt proof of their want of that ſoftneſs and delicate ſenſibility of heart, which peculiarly endears them to us, and more effectually ſecures their empire over us, than any quality they can poſſeſs.

There are, indeed, ſome men who can perſuade themſelves, that there is no ſupreme intelligence who directs the courſe of nature; who can ſee thoſe they have been connected with by the ſtrongeſt bonds of nature and friendſhip gradually diſappearing; who are perſuaded, that this ſeparation is final and eternal; and who expect, that they themſelves ſhall ſoon ſink down after them into nothing; and yet ſuch men appear eaſy and contented. But to a ſenſible heart, and particularly to a heart ſoftened by paſt endearments of love or friendſhip, ſuch opinions are attended with gloom inexpreſſible; they ſtrike a damp into all the pleaſures and enjoyments of life, and cut off thoſe proſpects which alone can comfort the ſoul under certain diſtreſſes, where all other aid is feeble and ineffectual.

Scepticiſm, or ſuſpence of judgment, as to the truth of the great articles of religion, is attended with the ſame fatal effects. Wherever the affections are deeply intereſted, a ſtate of ſuſpence is more intolerable, and more diſtracting to the mind, than the ſad aſſurance of the evil which is moſt dreaded. *Gregory.*

§ 73. *Comforts of Religion.*

There are many who have paſt the age of youth and beauty, who have reſigned the pleaſures of that ſmiling ſeaſon, who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depreſſed in their fortunes, ſtript of their friends, their children, and perhaps ſtill more tender connections. What reſource can this world afford them? It preſents a dark and dreary waſte through which there does not iſſue a ſingle ray of comfort. Every deluſive proſpect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous ſoul of youth had fondly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almoſt inacceſſible to new friendſhips. The principal ſources of activity are taken away, when thoſe for whom we labour are cut off from us, thoſe who animated, and thoſe who ſweetened all the toils of life. Where then can the ſoul find refuge, but in the boſom of religion? There ſhe is admitted to thoſe proſpects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I ſpeak here of ſuch as retain the feelings of humanity, whom miſfortunes have ſoftened, and perhaps rendered more delicately ſenſible; not of ſuch as poſſeſs that ſtupid inſenſibility, which ſome are pleaſed to dignify with the name of philoſophy.

It ſhould therefore be expected that thoſe philoſophers, who ſtand in no need themſelves of the aſſiſtance of religion to ſupport their virtue, and who never feel the want of its conſolations, would yet have the humanity to conſider the very different ſituation of the reſt of mankind, and not endeavour to deprive them of what habit, at leaſt, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made neceſſary to their morals, and to their happineſs.—It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the laſt retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or reſentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to ſome, by relieving them from reſtraint upon their pleaſures, and may render others very miſerable, by making them doubt thoſe truths, in which they were moſt deeply intereſted; but it can convey real good and happineſs to no one individual. *Gregory.*

§ 74. *Cauſe of Zeal to propagate Infidelity.*

To ſupport openly and avowedly the cauſe of infidelity, may be owing, in ſome, to the vanity of appearing wiſer than the reſt of mankind; to vanity, that amphibious paſſion that ſeeks for food, not only in the affectation of every beauty and every virtue that adorn humanity, but of every vice and perverſion of the underſtanding that diſgrace it. The zeal of making proſelytes to it, may often be attributed to a like vanity of poſſeſſing a direction and aſcendency over the minds of men; which is a very flattering ſpecies of ſuperiority. But there ſeems to be ſome other cauſe that ſecretly influences the conduct of ſome that reject all religion, who, from the reſt of their character, cannot be ſuſpected of vanity, in any ambition of ſuch ſuperiority. This we ſhall attempt to explain.

The very differing in opinion, upon any intereſting ſubject, from all around us, gives a diſagreeable ſenſation. This muſt be greatly increaſed in the preſent caſe, as the feeling which attends infidelity or ſcepticiſm in religion is certainly a comfortleſs one, where there is the leaſt degree of ſenſibility. Sympathy is much more ſought after by an unhappy mind, than by one chearful and at eaſe. We require a ſupport in the one caſe, which in the other is not neceſſary. A perſon, therefore, void of religion, feels himſelf as it were alone in the midſt of ſociety; and though, for prudential reaſons, he chooſes, on ſome occaſions, to diſguiſe his ſentiments, and join in ſome form of religious worſhip, yet this, to a candid and ingenuous mind, muſt always be very painful; nor does it abate the diſagreeable feeling which a ſocial ſpirit has in finding itſelf alone, and without any friend to ſooth and participate its uncaſineſs. This ſeems to have a conſiderable ſhare in that anxiety which Free-Thinkers generally diſcover to make proſelytes to their opinions; an anxiety much greater than what is ſhewn by thoſe whoſe minds are at eaſe in the enjoyment of happier proſpects. *Gregory.*

§ 75. *Zeal in the Propagation of Infidelity inexcuſable.*

The excuſe which infidel writers plead for their conduct, is a regard for the cauſe of truth. But this is a very inſufficient one. None of them act upon this principle, in its largeſt extent and application, in common life; nor could any man live in the world, and pretend ſo to do. In the purſuit of happineſs, 'our being's end and aim *,' the diſcovery of truth is far from being the moſt important object. It is true, the mind receives a high pleaſure from the inveſtigation and diſcovery of truth, in the abſtract ſciences, in the works of nature and art; but in all ſubjects, where the imagination and affections are deeply concerned, we regard it only ſo far as it is ſubſervient to them.—One of the firſt principles of ſociety, of decency, and of good manners, is, that no man is entitled to ſay every thing he thinks true, when it would be injurious or offenſive to his neighbour. If it was not for this principle, all mankind would be in a ſtate of hoſtility.

Suppoſe a perſon to loſe an only child, the ſole comfort and happineſs of his life: When the firſt overflowings of nature are paſt, he recollects the infinite goodneſs and impenetrable wiſdom of the Diſpoſer of all events; he is perſuaded, that the revolution of a few years will again unite him to his child, never more to be ſeparated. With theſe ſentiments he acquieſces, with a melancholy yet pleaſing reſignation, to the Divine will. Now, ſuppoſing all this to be a deception, a pleaſing dream, would not the general ſenſe of mankind condemn the philoſopher, as barbarous and inhuman, who ſhould attempt to wake him out of it? Yet ſo far does vanity prevail over goodnature, that we frequently ſee men, on other occaſions of the moſt benevolent tempers, labouring to cut off that hope which can

* Pope.

alone

alone chear the heart under all the preſſures and afflictions of human life, and enable us to reſign it with chearfulneſs and dignity!

Religion may be conſidered in three different views. Firſt, As containing doctrines relating to the being and perfections of God, his moral adminiſtration of the world, a future ſtate of exiſtence, and particular communications to mankind, by an immediate ſupernatural revelation.—Secondly, As a rule of life and manners.—Thirdly, As the ſource of certain peculiar affections of the mind, which either give pleaſure or pain, according to the particular genius and ſpirit of the religion that inſpires them. *Gregory.*

§ 76. *Religion conſidered as a Science.*

In the firſt of theſe views, which gives a foundation to all religious belief, and on which the other two depend, Reaſon is principally concerned. On this ſubject, the greateſt efforts of human genius and application have been exerted, and with the moſt deſirable ſucceſs, in thoſe great and important articles that ſeem moſt immediately to affect the intereſt and happineſs of mankind. But when our enquiries here are puſhed to a certain length, we find that Providence has ſet bounds to our reaſon, and even to our capacities of apprehenſion. This is particularly the caſe with reſpect to infinity and the moral œconomy of the Deity. The objects are here, in a great meaſure, beyond the reach of our conception; and induction, from experience, on which all our other reaſonings are founded, cannot be applied to a ſubject altogether diſſimilar to any thing we are acquainted with.—Many of the fundamental articles of religion are ſuch, that the mind may have the fulleſt conviction of their truth, but they muſt be viewed at a diſtance, and are rather the objects of ſilent and religious veneration, than of metaphyſical diſquiſition. If the mind attempts to bring them to a nearer view, it is confounded with their ſtrangeneſs and immenſity.

When we purſue our enquiries into any part of nature beyond certain bounds, we find ourſelves involved in perplexity and darkneſs. But there is this remarkable difference between theſe and religious enquiries: in the inveſtigation of nature, we can always make a progreſs in knowledge, and approximate to the truth by the proper exertion of genius and obſervation. But our enquiries into religious ſubjects, are confined within very narrow bounds; nor can any force of reaſon or application lead the mind one ſtep beyond that impenetrable gulf, which ſeparates the viſible and inviſible world.

Though the articles of religious belief, which fall within the comprehenſion of mankind, and ſeem eſſential to their happineſs, are few and ſimple, yet ingenious men have contrived to erect them into moſt tremendous ſyſtems of metaphyſical ſubtlety, which will long remain monuments both of the extent and the weakneſs of human underſtanding. The pernicious conſequences of ſuch ſyſtems, have been various. By attempting to eſtabliſh too much, they have hurt the foundation of the moſt intereſting principles of religion.—Moſt men are educated in a belief of the peculiar and diſtinguiſhing opinions of ſome one religious ſect or other. They are taught, that all theſe are equally founded on Divine authority, or the cleareſt deductions of reaſon; by which means their ſyſtem of religion hangs ſo much together, that one part cannot be ſhaken without endangering the whole. But wherever any freedom of enquiry is allowed, the abſurdity of ſome of theſe opinions, and the uncertain foundation of others, cannot be concealed. This naturally begets a general diſtruſt of the whole, with that fatal lukewarmneſs in religion, which is its neceſſary conſequence.

The very habit of frequent reaſoning and diſputing upon religious ſubjects, diminiſhes that reverence with which the mind would otherwiſe conſider them. This ſeems particularly to be the caſe, when men preſume to enter into a minute ſcrutiny of the views and œconomy of Providence, in the adminiſtration of the world; why the Supreme Being made it as it is; the freedom of his actions; and many other ſuch queſtions, infinitely beyond our reach. The natural tendency of this, is to leſſen that awful veneration with which we ought always to contemplate the Divinity, but which can never be preſerved, when men canvaſs his ways with ſuch unwarrantable freedom. Accordingly we find, amongſt thoſe ſectaries where ſuch diſquiſitions have principally prevailed, that he has been mentioned and even addreſſed with the moſt indecent and ſhocking familiarity. The truly devotional ſpirit, whoſe chief foundation and characteriſtic is genuine and profound humility, is not to be looked for among ſuch perſons.

Another bad effect of this ſpeculative theology has been to withdraw people's attention from its practical duties.—We uſually find, that thoſe who are moſt diſtinguiſhed by

by their exceſſive zeal for opinions in religion, ſhew great moderation and coolneſs as to its precepts; and their great ſeverity in this reſpect, is commonly exerted againſt a few vices where the heart is but little concerned, and to which their own diſpoſitions preſerved them from any temptations.

But the worſt effects of ſpeculative and controverſial theology, are thoſe which it produces on the temper and affections.—When the mind is kept conſtantly embarraſſed in a perplexed and thorny path, where it can find no ſteady light to ſhew the way, nor foundation to reſt on, the temper loſes its native chearfulneſs, and contracts a gloom and ſeverity, partly from the chagrin of diſappointment, and partly from the ſocial and kind affections being extinguiſhed for want of exerciſe. When this evil is exaſperated by oppoſition and diſpute, the conſequences prove very fatal to the peace of ſociety; eſpecially when men are perſuaded, that their holding certain opinions entitles them to the divine favour; and that thoſe who differ from them, are devoted to eternal deſtruction. This perſuaſion breaks at once all the ties of ſociety. The toleration of men who hold erroneous opinions, is conſidered as conniving at their deſtroying not only themſelves, but all others who come within the reach of their influence. This produces that cruel and implacable ſpirit, which has ſo often diſgraced the cauſe of religion, and diſhonoured humanity.

Yet the effects of religious controverſy have ſometimes proved beneficial to mankind. That ſpirit of free enquiry, which incited the firſt Reformers to ſhake off the yoke of eccleſiaſtical tyranny, naturally begot juſt ſentiments of civil liberty, eſpecially when irritated by perſecution. When ſuch ſentiments came to be united with that bold enthuſiaſm, that ſeverity of temper and manners that diſtinguiſhed ſome of the reformed ſects, they produced thoſe reſolute and inflexible men, who alone were able to aſſert the cauſe of liberty, in an age when the Chriſtian world was enervated by luxury or ſuperſtition; and to ſuch men we owe that freedom and happy conſtitution which we at preſent enjoy.—But theſe advantages of religious enthuſiaſm have been but accidental.

In general it would appear, that religion, conſidered as a ſcience, in the manner it has been uſually treated, is but little beneficial to mankind, neither tending to enlarge the underſtanding, ſweeten the temper, or mend the heart. At the ſame time, the labours of ingenious men, in explaining obſcure and difficult paſſages of ſacred writ, have been highly uſeful and neceſſary. And though it is natural for men to carry their ſpeculations, on a ſubject that ſo nearly concerns their preſent and eternal happineſs, farther than reaſon extends, or than is clearly and expreſsly revealed; yet theſe can be followed by no bad conſequences, if they are carried on with that modeſty and reverence which the ſubject requires. They become pernicious only when they are formed into ſyſtems, to which the ſame credit and ſubmiſſion is required as to Holy Writ itſelf.

Gregory.

§ 77. *Religion conſidered as a Rule of Life and Manners.*

We ſhall now proceed to conſider religion as a rule of life and manners. In this reſpect, its influence is very extenſive and beneficial, even when diſfigured by the wildeſt ſuperſtition; as it is able to check and conquer thoſe paſſions, which reaſon and philoſophy are too weak to encounter. But it is much to be regretted, that the application of religion to this end, hath not been attended to with that care which the importance of the ſubject required.—The ſpeculative part of religion ſeems generally to have engroſſed the attention of men of genius. This has been the fate of all the uſeful and practical arts of life; and the application of religion, to the regulation of life and manners, muſt be conſidered entirely as a practical art.—The cauſes of this neglect, ſeem to be theſe: Men of a philoſophical genius have an averſion to all application, where the active powers of their own minds are not immediately employed. But in acquiring any practical art, a philoſopher is obliged to ſpend moſt of his time in employments where his genius and underſtanding have no exerciſe. The fate of the practical arts of medicine and religion have been pretty ſimilar: the object of the one is, to cure the diſeaſes of the body; of the other, to cure the diſeaſes of the mind. The progreſs and degrees of perfection of both theſe arts, ought to be eſtimated by no other ſtandard, than their ſucceſs in the cure of the diſeaſes to which they are ſeverally applied. In medicine, the facts on which the art depends, are ſo numerous and complicated, ſo miſrepreſented by fraud, credulity, or a heated imagination, that there has hardly ever been found a truly philoſophical genius who has attempted the practical part of it. There are, indeed, many

many obſtacles of different kinds, which occur to render any improvement in the practice of phyſic a matter of the utmoſt difficulty, at leaſt whilſt the profeſſion reſts on its preſent narrow foundation. Almoſt all phyſicians who have been men of ingenuity, have amuſed themſelves in forming theories, which gave exerciſe to their invention, and at the ſame time contributed to their reputation. Inſtead of being at the trouble of making obſervations themſelves, they culled, out of the promiſcuous multitude already made, ſuch as beſt ſuited their purpoſe, and dreſſed them up in the way their ſyſtem required. In conſequence of this, the hiſtory of medicine does not ſo much exhibit the hiſtory of a progreſſive art, as a hiſtory of opinions which prevailed perhaps for twenty or thirty years, and then ſunk into contempt and oblivion. The caſe has been nearly ſimilar in practical divinity: but this is attended with much greater difficulties than the practical part of medicine; in this laſt, nothing is required but aſſiduous and accurate obſervation, and a good underſtanding to direct the proper application of ſuch obſervation. *Gregory.*

§ 78. *How Religion is to be applied to cure the Diſeaſes of the Mind.*

To cure the diſeaſes of the mind, there is required that intimate knowledge of the human heart, which muſt be drawn from life itſelf, and which books can never teach; of the various diſguiſes under which vice recommends herſelf to the imagination; of the artful aſſociation of ideas which ſhe forms there; and of the many nameleſs circumſtances that ſoften the heart and render it acceſſible. It is likewiſe neceſſary to have a knowledge of the arts of inſinuation and perſuaſion, of the art of breaking falſe and unnatural aſſociations of ideas, or inducing counter-aſſociations, and oppoſing one paſſion to another; and after all this knowledge is acquired, the ſucceſsful application of it to practice depends, in a conſiderable degree, on powers, which no extent of underſtanding can confer.

Vice does not depend ſo much on a perverſion of the underſtanding, as of the imagination and paſſions, and on habits originally founded on theſe. A vicious man is generally ſenſible enough that his conduct is wrong; he knows that vice is contrary both to his duty and to his intereſt; and therefore, all laboured reaſoning, to ſatisfy his underſtanding of theſe truths, is uſeleſs, becauſe the diſeaſe does not lie in the underſtanding. The evil is ſeated in the heart. The imaginations and paſſions are engaged on its ſide; and to them the cure muſt be applied. Here has been the general defect of writings and ſermons, intended to reform mankind. Many ingenious and ſenſible remarks are made on the ſeveral duties of religion, and very judicious arguments are brought to enforce them. Such performances may be attended to with pleaſure, by pious and well-diſpoſed perſons, who likewiſe may derive from thence uſeful inſtruction for their conduct in life. The wicked and profligate, if ever books of this ſort fall in their way, very readily allow, that what they contain are great and eternal truths; but they leave no laſting impreſſion. If any thing can rouſe, it is the power of lively and pathetic deſcription, which traces and lays open their hearts through all their windings and diſguiſes, makes them ſee and confeſs their own characters in all their deformity and horror, impreſſes their hearts, and intereſts their paſſions by all the motives of love, gratitude, and fear, the proſpect of rewards and puniſhments, and whatever other motives religion or nature may dictate. But to do this effectually, requires very different powers from thoſe of the underſtanding: a lively and well regulated imagination is eſſentially requiſite. *Gregory.*

§ 79. *On Public Preaching.*

In public addreſſes to an audience, the great end of reformation is moſt effectually promoted; becauſe all the powers of voice and action, all the arts of eloquence, may be brought to give their aſſiſtance. But ſome of thoſe arts depend on gifts of nature, and cannot be attained by any ſtrength of genius or underſtanding; even where nature has been liberal of thoſe neceſſary requiſites, they muſt be cultivated by much practice, before the proper exerciſe of them can be acquired. Thus, a public ſpeaker may have a voice that is muſical and of great compaſs; but it requires much time and labour to attain its juſt modulation, and that variety of flexion and tone, which a pathetic diſcourſe requires. The ſame difficulty attends the acquiſition of that propriety of action, that power over the expreſſive features of the countenance, particularly of the eyes, ſo neceſſary to command the hearts and paſſions of an audience.

It is uſually thought that a preacher, who feels what he is ſaying himſelf, will naturally ſpeak with that tone of voice and expreſſion in his countenance, that beſt ſuits the

the ſubject, and which cannot fail to move his audience: thus it is ſaid, a perſon under the influence of fear, anger, or ſorrow, looks and ſpeaks in the manner naturally expreſſive of theſe emotions. This is true in ſome meaſure; but it can never be ſuppoſed, that any preacher will be able to enter into his ſubject with ſuch real warmth upon every occaſion. Beſides, every prudent man will be afraid to abandon himſelf ſo entirely to any impreſſion, as he muſt do to produce this effect. Moſt men, when ſtrongly affected by any paſſion or emotion, have ſome peculiarity in their appearance, which does not belong to the natural expreſſion of ſuch an emotion. If this be not properly corrected, a public ſpeaker, who is really warm and animated with his ſubject, may nevertheleſs make a very ridiculous and contemptible figure. It is the buſineſs of art, to ſhew nature in her moſt amiable and graceful forms, and not with thoſe peculiarities in which ſhe appears in particular inſtances; and it is this difficulty of properly repreſenting nature, that renders the eloquence and action, both of the pulpit and the ſtage, acquiſitions of ſuch difficult attainment.

But, beſides thoſe talents inherent in the preacher himſelf, an intimate knowledge of nature will ſuggeſt the neceſſity of attending to certain external circumſtances, which operate powerfully on the mind, and prepare it for receiving the deſigned impreſſions. Such, in particular, is the proper regulation of church-muſic, and the ſolemnity and pomp of public worſhip. Independent of the effect that theſe particulars have on the imagination, it might be expected, that a juſt taſte, a ſenſe of decency and propriety, would make them more attended to than we find they are. We acknowledge that they have been abuſed, and have occaſioned the groſſeſt ſuperſtition; but this univerſal propenſity to carry them to exceſs, is the ſtrongeſt proof that the attachment to them is deeply rooted in human nature, and conſequently that it is the buſineſs of good ſenſe to regulate, and not vainly to attempt to extinguiſh it. Many religious ſects, in their infancy, have ſupported themſelves without any of theſe external aſſiſtances; but when time has abated the fervor of their firſt zeal, we always find that their public worſhip has been conducted with the moſt remarkable coldneſs and inattention, unleſs ſupported by well-regulated ceremonies. In fact, it will be found, that thoſe ſects who at their commencement have been moſt diſtinguiſhed for a religious enthuſiaſm that deſpiſed all forms, and the genius of whoſe tenets could not admit the uſe of any, have either been of ſhort duration, or ended in infidelity.

The many difficulties that attend the practical art of making religion influence the manners and lives of mankind, by acquiring a command over the imagination and paſſions, have made it too generally neglected, even by the moſt eminent of the clergy for learning and good ſenſe. Theſe have rather choſen to confine themſelves to a track, where they were ſure to excel by the force of their own genius, than to attempt a road where their ſucceſs was doubtful, and where they might be outſhone by men greatly their inferiors. It has therefore been principally cultivated by men of lively imaginations, poſſeſſed of ſome natural advantages of voice and manner. But as no art can ever become very beneficial to mankind, unleſs it be under the direction of genius and good ſenſe, it has too often happened, that the art we are now ſpeaking of has become ſubſervient to the wildeſt fanaticiſm, ſometimes to the gratification of vanity, and ſometimes to ſtill more unworthy purpoſes. *Gregory.*

§ 80. *Religion conſidered as exciting Devotion.*

The third view of religion conſiders it as engaging and intereſting the affections, and comprehends the devotional or ſentimental part of it.—The devotional ſpirit is in ſome meaſure conſtitutional, depending on livelineſs of imagination and ſenſibility of heart, and, like theſe qualities, prevails more in warmer climates than it does in ours. What ſhews its great dependance on the imagination, is the remarkable attachment it has to poetry and muſic, which Shakeſpeare calls the food of love, and which may, with equal truth, be called the food of devotion. Muſic enters into the future paradiſe of the devout of every ſect and of every country. The Deity viewed by the eye of cool reaſon, may be ſaid, with great propriety, to dwell in light inacceſſible. The mind, ſtruck with the immenſity of his being, and with a ſenſe of its own littleneſs and unworthineſs, admires with that diſtant awe and veneration that almoſt excludes love. But viewed by a devout imagination, he may become an object of the warmeſt affection, and even paſſion.—The philoſopher contemplates the Deity in all thoſe marks of wiſdom and benignity diffuſed through the various works of nature. The devout

man

man confines his views rather to his own particular connection with the Deity, the many instances of his goodness he himself has experienced, and the many greater he still hopes for. This establishes a kind of intercourse, which often interests the heart and passions in the deepest manner.

The devotional taste, like all other tastes, has had the hard fate to be condemned as a weakness, by all who are strangers to its joys and its influence. Too much and too frequent occasion has been given, to turn this subject into ridicule.—A heated and devout imagination, when not under the direction of a very sound understanding, is apt to run very wild, and is at the same time impatient to publish all its follies to the world.—The feelings of a devout heart should be mentioned with great reserve and delicacy, as they depend upon private experience, and certain circumstances of mind and situation, which the world can neither know nor judge of. But devotional writings, executed with judgment and taste, are not only highly useful, but to all, who have a true sense of religion, peculiarly engaging. *Gregory.*

§ 81. *Advantages of Devotion.*

The devotional spirit, united to good sense and a chearful temper, gives that steadiness to virtue, which it always wants when produced and supported by good natural dispositions only. It corrects and humanizes those constitutional vices, which it is not able entirely to subdue; and though it too often fails to render men perfectly virtuous, it preserves them from becoming utterly abandoned. It has, besides, the most favourable influence on all the passive virtues; it gives a softness and sensibility to the heart, and a mildness and gentleness to the manners; but above all, it produces an universal charity and love to mankind, however different in station, country, or religion. There is a sublime yet tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant on genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and disgust with the world. Devotion is admirably calculated to soothe this disposition, by insensibly leading the mind, while it seems to indulge it, to those prospects which calm every murmur of discontent, and diffuse a chearfulness over the darkest hours of human life.—Persons in the pride of high health and spirits, who are keen in the pursuits of pleasure, interest, or ambition, have either no ideas on this subject, or treat it as the enthusiasm of a weak mind. But this really shews great narrowness of understanding. A very little reflection and acquaintance with nature might teach them, on how precarious a foundation their boasted independence on religion is built; the thousand nameless accidents that may destroy it; and that though for some years they should escape these, yet that time must impair the greatest vigour of health and spirits, and deprive them of all those objects for which, at present, they think life only worth enjoying. It should seem, therefore, very necessary to secure some permanent object, some real support to the mind, to chear the soul, when all others shall have lost their influence.—The greatest inconvenience, indeed, that attends devotion, is its taking such a fast hold of the affections, as sometimes threatens the extinguishing of every other active principle of the mind. For when the devotional spirit falls in with a melancholy temper, it is too apt to depress the mind entirely, to sink it to the weakest superstition, and to produce a total retirement and abstraction from the world, and all the duties of life. *Gregory.*

§ 82. *The Difference between true and false Politeness.*

It is evident enough, that the moral and Christian duty, of preferring one another in honour, respects only social peace and charity, and terminates in the good and edification of our Christian brother. Its use is, to soften the minds of men, and to draw them from that savage rusticity, which engenders many vices, and discredits the virtues themselves. But when men had experienced the benefit of this complying temper, and further saw the ends, not of charity only, but of self-interest, that might be answered by it; they considered no longer its just purpose and application, but stretched it to that officious sedulity, and extreme servility of adulation, which we too often observe and lament in polished life.

Hence, that infinite attention and consideration, which is so rigidly exacted, and so duly paid, in the commerce of the world: hence, that prostitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no sentiment, no principle, no character; all which disappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, those insidious arts, those studied disguises, those obsequious flatteries, nay, those multiplied and nicely-varied forms of insinuation and address, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeness and good-breeding, but the certain

tain effect, to corrupt every virtue, to soothe every vanity, and to inflame every vice of the human heart.

These fatal mischiefs introduce themselves under the pretence and semblance of that humanity, which the scriptures encourage and enjoin: but the genuine virtue is easily distinguished from the counterfeit, and by the following plain signs.

True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be; and when it does a courtesy, would willingly conceal it. It chooses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himself, because he really esteems him; because he is tender of his reputation; because he thinks it more manly, more Christian, to descend a little himself than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the credit and estimation of his neighbour.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, false politeness, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity: is solicitous to please, and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrude his civilities; because he would merit by this assiduity; because, in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be sure to make the most of this; and lastly, because of all things, he would dread, by the omission of any punctilious observance, to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness respects, for its immediate object, the favour and consideration of our neighbour.

2. Again; the man who governs himself by the spirit of the Apostle's precept, expresses his preference of another in such a way as is worthy of himself: in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly condescensions.

On the contrary, the man of the world, who rests in the *letter* of this command, is regardless of the means by which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reason, virtue, all are equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He assents to the errors, though the most pernicious; he applauds the follies, though the most ridiculous; he soothes the vices, though the most flagrant, of other men. He never contradicts, though in the softest form of insinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing, but by some studied devices to hide from others, and, if possible, to palliate to himself, the grossness of his illiberal adulation.

Lastly; we may be sure, that the *ultimate* ends for which these different objects are pursued, and by so different *means*, must also lie wide of each other.

Accordingly, the true polite man would, by all proper testimonies of respect, promote the credit and estimation of his neighbour; *because* he sees that, by this generous consideration of each other, the peace of the world is, in a good degree, preserved; *because* he knows that these mutual attentions prevent animosities, soften the fierceness of men's manners, and dispose them to all the offices of benevolence and charity; *because*, in a word, the interests of society are best served by this conduct; and *because* he understands it to be his duty to love his *neighbour*.

The falsely polite, on the contrary, are anxious, by all means whatever, to procure the favour and consideration of those they converse with; *because* they regard, ultimately, nothing more than their private interest; *because* they perceive, that their own selfish designs are best carried on by such practices: in a word, *because* they *love themselves*.

Thus we see, that genuine virtue consults the honour of others by worthy means, and for the noblest purposes; the counterfeit solicits their favour by dishonest compliances, and for the basest end. *Hurd.*

§ 83. *On religious Principles and Behaviour.*

Religion is rather a matter of sentiment than reasoning. The important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Fix your attention on these, and do not meddle with controversy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourselves. It spoils the temper, and, I suspect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books, and all conversation, that tend to shake your faith on those great points of religion, which should serve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happiness depend.

Never indulge yourselves in ridicule on religious subjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good breeding, will be a sufficient check.

I wish you to go no farther than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace

brace those you find clearly revealed. Never perplex yourselves about such as you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence.

I would advise you to read only such religious books as are addressed to the heart, such as inspire pious and devout affections, such as are proper to direct you in your conduct; and not such as tend to entangle you in the endless maze of opinions and systems.

Be punctual in the stated performance of private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any sensibility or imagination, this will establish such an intercourse between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite consequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual chearfulness to your tempers, give a firmness and steadiness to your virtue, and enable you to go through all the vicissitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

I wish you to be regular in your attendance on public worship, and in receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your public or private devotions, except the performance of some active duty in life, to which they should always give place. In your behaviour at public worship, observe an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme strictness which I recommend to you in these duties, will be considered by many of your acquaintance as a superstitious attachment to forms; but in the advices I give you on this and other subjects, I have an eye to the spirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and dissipation in the present manners, a coldness and listlessness in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unless you purposely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional one habitual. *Gregory's Advice.*

§ 84. *On the Beauties of the Psalms.*

Greatness confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the Israelitish monarch experienced. He sought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquietudes of state, with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of him, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.—And now, could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season, care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose, fresh as the morning, to his task: the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every Psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Sion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet. *Horne.*

§ 85. *The Temple of virtuous Love.*

The structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered, but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the

he gate of it. He wore a garland of roſes nd myrtles on his head, and on his ſhoulders robe like an imperial mantle white and nſpotted all over, excepting only, that where it was claſped at his breaſt, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned t by their bills, which were wrought in ubies: he was called by the name of Hymen, nd was ſeated near the entrance of the emple, in a delicious bower, made up of everal trees that were embraced by wood-ines, jeſſamines, and amaranths, which were as ſo many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that ſupported them. As I was ſingle and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for hat reaſon am a ſtranger to all the myſteries hat were performed in it. I had, how-ever, the curioſity to obſerve, how the everal couples that entered were diſpoſed of; which was after the following manner: here were two great gates on the backſide of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of theſe gates were wo women, extremely beautiful, though in different kind; the one having a very areful and compoſed air, the other a ſort of ſmile and ineffable ſweetneſs in her coun-enance: the name of the firſt was Diſ-cretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put them-elves under the direction of theſe two ſiſters, were immediately conducted by them nto gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furniſhed with every thing that could make them the proper ſeats of happineſs. The ſecond gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married; who came out linked together by chains, which each of hem ſtrove to break, but could not. Seve-al of theſe were ſuch as had never been acquainted with each other before they met n the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to his gate was poſſeſſed by three ſiſters, who oined themſelves with theſe wretches, and occaſioned moſt of their miſeries. The youngeſt of the ſiſters was known by the name of Levity; who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dreſs and behaviour of a harlot: the name of the ſecond was Con-tention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the ſkin of a porcupine, and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that paſſed by her. The eldeſt of the ſiſters, who ſeemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his ſhoulder, the end of which was faſhioned into the horns of a ſtag: her gar-ments were yellow, and her complexion pale: her eyes were piercing, but had odd caſts in them, and that particular diſtemper which makes perſons who are troubled with it ſee objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealouſy.

Tatler.

§ 86. *The Temple of Luſt.*

Having finiſhed my obſervations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which ſtood on the left hand, and was called the Temple of Luſt. The front of it was raiſed on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was compoſed of the chaſte and matron-like Ionic. The ſides of it were adorned with ſeveral groteſque figures of goats, ſparrows, heathen gods, ſatyrs, and monſters, made up of half man, half beaſt. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that ſerved to diſcover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here ſtunned with a mixed noiſe of clamour and jollity: on one ſide of me I heard ſinging and dancing; on the other, brawls and claſhing of ſwords: in ſhort, I was ſo little pleaſed with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I enter-ed, which was barred againſt all that were come in, with bolts of iron, and locks of adamant; there was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleaſure which led to it: all who paſſed through the cere-monies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorſe, that held a ſcourge of ſcor-pions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a paſſage ſo rugged, ſo uneven, and choaked with ſo many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy ſpectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both ſexes ſuffered who walked through it: the men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and infeebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair, and ſeveral loſt their limbs, before they could extricate themſelves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged.—The remain-ing part of this viſion, and the adventures I

met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, muſt be the ſubject of another paper. *Tatler.*

§ 87. *The Temple of Virtue.*

With much labour and difficulty I paſſed through the firſt part of my viſion, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the proſpect of the three great roads. I here joined myſelf to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the ſtandard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each ſide with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and ſtatues of lawgivers, heroes, ſtateſmen, philoſophers, and poets. The perſons who travelled up this great path, were ſuch whoſe thoughts were bent upon doing eminent ſervices to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each ſide of this great road, were ſeveral paths that were alſo laid out in ſtraight lines, and ran parallel with it: theſe were moſt of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who propoſed to themſelves the ſame end of their journey, though they choſe to make it in ſhade and obſcurity. The edifices, at the extremity of the walk, were ſo contrived, that we could not ſee the temple of Honour, by reaſon of the temple of Virtue, which ſtood before it: at the gates of this temple, we were met by the goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner ſtructure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a body, to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She ſat on a globe, in the midſt of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a ſun in one hand, and a moon in the other: her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we ſtood midſt the ſphere of light which this image caſt on every ſide of it. *Ibid.*

§ 88. *The Temple of Vanity.*

Having ſeen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of buildings that ſtood within view of the temple of Honour, and was raiſed in imitation of it, upon the very ſame model; but, at my approach to it, I found that the ſtones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric ſtood upon ſo weak a foundation, that it ſhook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddeſs of it ſat in the midſt of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than ſhe would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was to ſhew herſelf more beautiful and majeſtic than ſhe really was. For which reaſon ſhe had painted her face, and wore a cluſter of falſe jewels upon her breaſt: but what I more particularly obſerved, was the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the faſhion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians, with a rabble of thoſe who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choaked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. I made it my buſineſs, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I firſt ſet out, to obſerve the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it ſeveral who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous perſons, and travelled ſome time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were ſeveral paths, which led out of the great road into the ſides of the wood, and ran into ſo many crooked turns and windings, that thoſe who travelled through them, often turned their backs upon the temple of Virtue, then croſſed the ſtraight road, and ſometimes marched in it for a little ſpace, till the crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The ſeveral alleys of theſe wanderers, had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of, in the walk of the miſchievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a perſon, whom, by the inſcription, I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way, with an extended finger, like a Mercury. *Ibid.*

§ 89. *The Temple of Avarice.*

I was now returned in the ſame manner as before, with a deſign to obſerve carefully every thing that paſſed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that aſſembly, which was made up of perſons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them inſenſibly into a deep valley, in which they journied ſeveral days, with great toil and uneaſineſs, and without the neceſſary refreſhments of food and ſleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed

a bed of golden ſand: they often drank of this ſtream, which had ſuch a particular quality in it, that though it refreſhed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirſt. On each ſide of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had waſhed off the earth, one might ſee in ſeveral parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure ſilver. We were told that the deity of the place had forbad any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of theſe hills, or convert the treaſures they contained to any uſe, under pain of ſtarving. At the end of the valley ſtood the Temple of Avarice made after the manner of a fortification, and ſurrounded with a thouſand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herſelf by the forged name of Competency, offered herſelf for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bow, which ſhe no ſooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it, ſat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre ſtarved countenance, incloſed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and ſhivering with cold: on his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parſimony; the firſt was his collector, and the other his caſhier. There were ſeveral long tables placed on each ſide of the temple, with reſpective officers attending behind them.—Some of theſe I enquired into.—At the firſt table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a ſolicitor extremely buſy, and whiſpering every body that paſſed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and ſaw him often going up to a perſon that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication-table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was maſter of. The ſolicitor would often apply himſelf to his ear, and at the ſame time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper, or parchment, ſigned and ſealed in form. The name of this dexterous and ſucceſsful ſolicitor was Bribery.—At the next table was the office of Extortion. Behind it ſat a perſon in a bob-wig, counting over a great ſum of money: he gave out little purſes to ſeveral, who, after a ſhort tour, brought him, in return, ſacks full of the ſame kind of coin. I ſaw, at the ſame time, a perſon called Fraud, who ſat behind the counter, with falſe ſcales, light weights, and ſcanty meaſures; by the ſkilful application of which inſtruments, ſhe had got together an immenſe heap of wealth.—It would be endleſs to name the ſeveral officers, or deſcribe the votaries that attended in this temple.—There were many old men, panting and breathleſs, repoſing their heads on bags of money; nay, many of them actually dying, whoſe very pangs and convulſions (which rendered their purſes uſeleſs to them) only made them graſp them the faſter. There were ſome tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and fleſh of many miſerable perſons who ſtood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had ſeized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that ſtood behind them. On a ſudden the whole aſſembly fell a trembling; and, upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a ſpectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to diſtraction. In the midſt of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the ſight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, ſhe did not make ſo indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathſome temple. The miſerable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind: every one fancied himſelf threatened by the apparition as ſhe ſtalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmoſt fear and trembling. I muſt confeſs, I look upon the paſſion which I ſaw in this unhappy people, to be of the ſame nature with thoſe unaccountable antipathies which ſome perſons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the ſight of ſo uſeful and innocent a thing as water. The whole aſſembly was ſurprized, when, inſtead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they ſaw me addreſs myſelf to the phantom. "Oh! Poverty! (ſaid I) my firſt petition to thee is, that thou wouldeſt never appear to me hereafter; but, if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldeſt not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appeareſt to me at preſent. Let not thy threats or menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful

grateful or unjuſt. Let me not ſhut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the perſon that has deſerved well of me. Let me not, from any fear of Thee, deſert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to viſit me, and come with her uſual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! haſten to my reſcue; but bring along with Thee thy two ſiſters, in whoſe company thou art always chearful, Liberty and Innocence." *Tatler.*

§ 90. *The Virtue of Gentleneſs not to be confounded with artificial and inſincere Politeneſs.*

Gentleneſs corrects whatever is offenſive in our manners; and, by a conſtant train of humane attentions, ſtudies to alleviate the burden of common miſery. Its office, therefore, is extenſive. It is not, like ſome other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies; but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourſe with men. It ought to form our addreſs, to regulate our ſpeech, and to diffuſe itſelf over our whole behaviour.

I muſt warn you, however, not to confound this gentle wiſdom which is from above, with that artificial courteſy, that ſtudied ſmoothneſs of manners, which is learned in the ſchool of the world. Such accompliſhments, the moſt frivolous and empty may poſſeſs. Too often they are employed by the artful, as a ſnare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baſeneſs of their minds. We cannot, at the ſame time, avoid obſerving the homage which, even in ſuch inſtances, the world is conſtrained to pay to virtue. In order to render ſociety agreeable, it is found neceſſary to aſſume ſomewhat that may at leaſt carry its appearance. Virtue is the univerſal charm; even its ſhadow is courted, when the ſubſtance is wanting; the imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the firſt ſtudy of all who would either gain the eſteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the ſpeech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleneſs, and humanity. But that gentleneſs which is the characteriſtic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its ſeat in the heart: and, let me add, nothing except what flows from it, can render even external manners truly pleaſing; for no aſſumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which ſprings from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the ſtudied manners of the moſt finiſhed courtier. *Blair.*

§ 91. *Opportunities for great Acts of Beneficence rare, for Gentleneſs continual.*

But, perhaps, it will be pleaded by ſome, That this gentleneſs on which we now inſiſt, regards only thoſe ſmaller offices of life, which, in their eyes, are not eſſential to religion and goodneſs. Negligent, they confeſs, on ſlight occaſions, of the government of their temper, or the regulation of their behaviour, they are attentive, as they pretend, to the great duties of beneficence; and ready, whenever the opportunity preſents, to perform important ſervices to their fellow-creatures. But let ſuch perſons reflect, that the occaſions of performing thoſe important good deeds very rarely occur. Perhaps their ſituation in life, or the nature of their connections, may, in a great meaſure, exclude them from ſuch opportunities. Great events give ſcope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is compoſed of ſmall occurrences. Within the round of theſe, lie the materials of the happineſs of moſt men; the ſubjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue. Virtue muſt be formed and ſupported, not by unfrequent acts, but by daily and repeated exertions. In order to its becoming either vigorous or uſeful, it muſt be habitually active; not breaking forth occaſionally with a tranſient luſtre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of day: not like the aromatic gale, which ſometimes feaſts the ſenſe; but like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

Years may paſs over our heads, without affording any opportunity for acts of high beneficence, or extenſive utility. Whereas, not a day paſſes, but in the common tranſactions of life, and eſpecially in the intercourſe of domeſtic ſociety, gentleneſs finds place for promoting the happineſs of others, and for ſtrengthening in ourſelves the habit of virtue. Nay, by ſeaſonable diſcoveries of a humane ſpirit, we ſometimes contribute more materially to the advancement of happineſs, than by actions which are ſeemingly more important. There are ſituations, not a few, in human life, where the encouraging reception, the condeſcending behaviour, and the look of ſympathy, bring greater relief to the heart, than the moſt bountiful gift. While, on the other ſide, when the hand of liberality is extended to beſtow, the want of gentleneſs is ſufficient to fruſtrate the

the intention of the benefit. We four thoſe whom we meant to oblige; and, by conferring favours with oſtentation and harſhneſs, we convert them into injuries. Can any diſpoſition, then, be held to poſſeſs a low place in the ſcale of virtue, whoſe influence is ſo conſiderable on the happineſs of the world?

Gentleneſs is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidſt the ſtrife of interfering intereſts, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the ſeeds of harmony. It ſoftens animoſities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man, a refreſhment to man. Baniſh gentleneſs from the earth; ſuppoſe the world to be filled with none but harſh and contentious ſpirits, and what ſort of ſociety would remain? the ſolitude of the deſart were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave, where ſubterraneous winds contend and roar; the den, where ſerpents hiſs, and beaſts of the foreſt howl; would be the only proper repreſentations of ſuch aſſemblies of men.—Strange! that where men have all one common intereſt, they ſhould ſo often abſurdly concur in defeating it! Has not nature already provided a ſufficient quantity of unavoidable evils for the ſtate of man? As if we did not ſuffer enough from the ſtorm which beats upon us without, muſt we conſpire alſo, in thoſe ſocieties where we aſſemble, in order to find a retreat from that ſtorm, to harraſs one another?

Blair.

§ 92. *Gentleneſs recommended on Conſiderations of our own Intereſt.*

But if the ſenſe of duty, and of common happineſs, be inſufficient to recommend the virtue of gentleneſs, then let me deſire you to conſider your own intereſt. Whatever ends a good man can be ſuppoſed to purſue, gentleneſs will be found to favour them. It prepoſſeſſes and wins every heart. It perſuades, when every other argument fails; often diſarms the fierce, and melts the ſtubborn. Whereas, harſhneſs confirms the oppoſition it would ſubdue; and, of an indifferent perſon, creates an enemy. He who could overlook an injury committed in the colliſion of intereſts, will long and ſeverely reſent the ſlights of a contemptuous behaviour. To the man of gentleneſs, the world is generally diſpoſed to aſcribe every other good quality. The higher endowments of the mind we admire at a diſtance; and when any impropriety of behaviour accompanies them, we admire without love: they are like ſome of the diſtant ſtars, whoſe beneficial influence reaches not to us. Whereas, of the influence of gentleneſs, all in ſome degree partake, and therefore all love it. The man of this character riſes in the world without ſtruggle, and flouriſhes without envy. His miſtortunes are univerſally lamented; and his failings are eaſily forgiven.

But whatever may be the effect of this virtue on our external condition, its influence on our internal enjoyment is certain and powerful. That inward tranquillity which it promotes, is the firſt requiſite to every pleaſurable feeling. It is the calm and clear atmoſphere, the ſerenity and ſunſhine of the mind. When benignity and gentleneſs reign within, we are always leaſt in hazard of being ruffled from without; every perſon, and every occurrence, are beheld in the moſt favourable light. But let ſome clouds of diſguſt and ill-humour gather on the mind, and immediately the ſcene changes: Nature ſeems transformed; and the appearance of all things is blackened to our view. The gentle mind is like the ſmooth ſtream, which reflects every object in its juſt proportion, and in its faireſt colours. The violent ſpirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things diſtorted and broken; and communicates to them all that diſordered motion which ariſes ſolely from its own agitation. *Blair.*

§ 93. *The Man of gentle Manners is ſuperior to frivolous Offences and ſlight Provocations.*

As ſoon may the waves of the ſea ceaſe to roll, as provocations to ariſe from human corruption and frailty. Attacked by great injuries, the man of mild and gentle ſpirit will feel what human nature feels; and will defend and reſent, as his duty allows him. But to thoſe ſlight provocations, and frivolous offences, which are the moſt frequent cauſes of diſquiet, he is happily ſuperior. Hence his days flow in a far more placid tenor than thoſe of others; exempted from the numberleſs diſcompoſures which agitate vulgar minds. Inſpired with higher ſentiments; taught to regard, with indulgent eye, the frailties of men, the omiſſions of the careleſs, the follies of the imprudent, and the levity of the fickle, he retreats into the calmneſs of his ſpirit, as into an undiſturbed ſanctuary; and quietly allows the uſual current of life to hold its courſe. *Blair.*

§ 94. *Pride fills the World with Harſhneſs and Severity.*

Let me adviſe you to view your character with an impartial eye; and to learn, from your own failings, to give that indulgence which in your turn you claim. It is pride which fills the world with ſo much harſhneſs and ſeverity. In the fulneſs of ſelf-eſtimation, we forget what we are, we claim attentions to which we are not entitled. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended; unfeeling to diſtreſs, as if we knew not what it was to ſuffer. From thoſe airy regions of pride and folly, let us deſcend to our proper level. Let us ſurvey the natural equality on which Providence has placed man with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality and mutual offences be inſufficient to prompt humanity, let us at leaſt conſider what we are in the ſight of God. Have we none of that forbearance to give one another, which we all ſo earneſtly entreat from Heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleneſs from our Judge, when we are ſo backward to ſhew it to our own brethren?

Blair.

§ 95. *Violence and Contention often cauſed by Trifles and imaginary Miſchiefs.*

Accuſtom yourſelves, alſo, to reflect on the ſmall moment of thoſe things which are the uſual incentives to violence and contention. In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a falſe medium. The moſt inconſiderable point of intereſt, or honour, ſwells into a momentous object; and the ſlighteſt attack ſeems to threaten immediate ruin. But after paſſion or pride has ſubſided, we look round in vain for the mighty miſchiefs we dreaded. The fabric, which our diſturbed imagination had reared, totally diſappears. But though the cauſe of contention has dwindled away, its conſequences remain. We have alienated a friend; we have embittered an enemy; we have ſown the ſeeds of future ſuſpicion, malevolence, or diſguſt.—Suſpend your violence, I beſeech you, for a moment, when cauſes of diſcord occur. Anticipate that period of coolneſs, which, of itſelf, will ſoon arrive. Allow yourſelves to think, how little you have any proſpect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happineſs of life you are certain of throwing away. Eaſily, and from the ſmalleſt chink, the bitter waters of ſtrife are let forth; but their courſe cannot be foreſeen; and he ſeldom fails of ſuffering moſt from the poiſonous effect, who firſt allowed them to flow.

Blair.

§ 96. *Gentleneſs beſt promoted by religious Views.*

But gentleneſs will, moſt of all, be promoted by frequent views of thoſe great objects which our holy religion preſents. Let the proſpects of immortality fill your minds. Look upon this world as a ſtate of paſſage. Conſider yourſelves as engaged in the purſuit of higher intereſts; as acting now, under the eye of God, an introductory part to a more important ſcene. Elevated by ſuch ſentiments, your minds will become calm and ſedate. You will look down, as from a ſuperior ſtation, on the petty diſturbances of the world. They are the ſelfiſh, the ſenſual, and the vain, who are moſt ſubject to the impotence of paſſion. They are linked ſo cloſely to the world; by ſo many ſides they touch every object, and every perſon around them, that they are perpetually hurt, and perpetually hurting others. But the ſpirit of true religion removes us to a proper diſtance from the grating objects of worldly contentions. It leaves us ſufficiently connected with the world, for acting our part in it with propriety; but diſengages us from it ſo far, as to weaken its power of diſturbing our tranquillity. It inſpires magnanimity; and magnanimity always breathes gentleneſs. It leads us to view the follies of men with pity, not with rancour; and to treat, with the mildneſs of a ſuperior nature, what in little minds would call forth all the bitterneſs of paſſion.

Blair.

§ 97. *Gentleneſs to be aſſumed, as the Ornament of every Age and Station; but to be diſtinguiſhed from poliſhed or affected Manners.*

Aided by ſuch conſiderations, let us cultivate that gentle wiſdom which is, in ſo many reſpects, important both to our duty and our happineſs. Let us aſſume it as the ornament of every age, and of every ſtation. Let it temper the petulance of youth, and ſoften the moroſeneſs of old age. Let it mitigate authority in thoſe who rule, and promote deference among thoſe who obey. I conclude with repeating the caution, not to miſtake for true gentleneſs, that flimſy imitation of it, called poliſhed manners, which often, among the men of the world, under a ſmooth appearance, conceals much aſperity. Let yours be native gentleneſs of heart, flowing from the love of God, and the love of man. Unite this amiable ſpirit, with a

proper

proper zeal for all that is right, and just, and true. Let piety be combined in your character with humanity. Let determined integrity dwell in a mild and gentle breast. A character thus supported, will command more real respect than can be procured by the most shining accomplishments, when separated from virtue. *Blair.*

§ 98. *The Stings of Poverty, Disease, and Violence, less pungent than those of guilty Passions.*

Assemble all the evils which poverty, disease, or violence can inflict, and their stings will be found, by far, less pungent than those which guilty passions dart into the heart. Amidst the ordinary calamities of the world, the mind can exert its powers, and suggest relief: and the mind is properly the man; the sufferer, and his sufferings, can be distinguished. But those disorders of passion, by seizing directly on the mind, attack human nature in its strong hold, and cut off its last resource. They penetrate to the very seat of sensation; and convert all the powers of thought into instruments of torture.

Blair.

§ 99. *The Balance of Happiness equal.*

An extensive contemplation of human affairs, will lead us to this conclusion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true.—In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity! *Blair.*

§ 100. *The truest Misery arises from the Passions of Man in his present fallen and disturbed Condition.*

From this train of observation, can one avoid reflecting upon the disorder in which human nature plainly appears at present to lie? We behold, in Haman, the picture of that misery, which arises from evil passions; of that unhappiness, which is incident to the highest prosperity; of that discontent, which is common to every state. Whether we consider him as a bad man, a prosperous man, or simply as a man, in every light we behold reason too weak for passion. This is the source of the reigning evil; this is the root of the universal disease. The story of Haman only shews us, what human nature has too generally appeared to be in every age. Hence, when we read the history of nations, what do we read but the history of the follies and crimes of men? We may dignify those recorded transactions, by calling them the intrigues of statesmen, and the exploits of conquerors; but they are, in truth, no other than the efforts of discontent to escape from its misery, and the struggles of contending passions among unhappy men. The history of mankind has ever been a continued tragedy; the world, a great theatre, exhibiting the same repeated scene, of the follies of men shooting forth into guilt, and of their passions fermenting, by a quick process, into misery. *Blair.*

§ 101. *Our Nature to be restored by using the Assistance of Revelation.*

But can we believe, that the nature of man came forth in this state from the hands of its gracious Creator? Did he frame this world, and store it with inhabitants, solely that it might be replenished with crimes and misfortunes?—In the moral, as well as in the natural world, we may plainly discern the signs of some violent convulsion, which has shattered the original workmanship of the Almighty. Amidst this wreck of human nature, traces still remain which indicate its author. Those high powers of conscience and reason, that capacity for happiness, that ardour of enterprize, that glow of affection, which often break through the gloom of human vanity and guilt, are like the scattered columns, the broken arches, and defaced sculptures of some fallen temple, whose ancient splendour appears amidst its

ruins. So conſpicuous in human nature are thoſe characters, both of a high origin, and of a degraded ſtate, that, by many religious ſects throughout the earth, they have been ſeen and confeſſed. A tradition ſeems to have pervaded almoſt all nations, that the human race had either, through ſome offence, forfeited, or through ſome misfortune, loſt, that ſtation of primæval honour, which they once poſſeſſed. But while, from this doctrine, ill underſtood, and involved in many fabulous tales, the nations wandering in Pagan darkneſs could draw no conſequences that were juſt; while, totally ignorant of the nature of the diſeaſe, they ſought in vain for the remedy; the ſame divine revelation, which has informed us in what manner our apoſtacy aroſe, from the abuſe of our rational powers, has inſtructed us alſo how we may be reſtored to virtue and to happineſs.

Let us, therefore, ſtudy to improve the aſſiſtance which this revelation affords, for the reſtoration of our nature and the recovery of our felicity. With humble and grateful minds, let us apply to thoſe medicinal ſprings which it hath opened, for curing the diſorders of our heart and paſſions. In this view, let us, with reverence, look up to that Divine Perſonage, who deſcended into this world, on purpoſe to be the light and the life of men: who came, in the fulneſs of grace and truth, to repair the deſolations of many generations, to reſtore order among the works of God, and to raiſe up a new earth, and new heavens, wherein righteouſneſs ſhould dwell for ever. Under his tuition let us put ourſelves; and amidſt the ſtorms of paſſion to which we are here expoſed, and the ſlippery paths which we are left to tread, never truſt preſumptuouſly to our own underſtanding. Thankful that a heavenly conductor vouchſafes his aid, let us earneſtly pray, that from him may deſcend divine light to guide our ſteps, and divine ſtrength to fortify our minds. Let us pray, that his grace may keep us from all intemperate paſſions, and miſtaken purſuits of pleaſure; that whether it ſhall be his will, to give or to deny us earthly proſperity, he may bleſs us with a calm, a ſound, and well-regulated mind; may give us moderation in ſucceſs, and fortitude under diſappointment; and may enable us ſo to take warning from the crimes and miſeries of others, as to eſcape the ſnares of guilt. *Blair.*

§ 102. *The Happineſs of every Man depends more upon the State of his own Mind, than upon any external Circumſtance whatever.*

While we thus maintain a due dependence on God, let us alſo exert ourſelves with care, in acting our own part. From the whole of what has been ſaid, this important inſtruction ariſes, that the happineſs of every man depends more upon the ſtate of his own mind, than upon any one external circumſtance; nay, more than upon all external things put together. We have ſeen, that inordinate paſſions are the great diſturbers of life; and that, unleſs we poſſeſs a good conſcience, and a well-governed mind, diſcontent will blaſt every enjoyment, and the higheſt proſperity will prove only diſguiſed miſery. Fix then this concluſion in your minds, that the deſtruction of your virtue is the deſtruction of your peace. Keep thy heart with all diligence; govern it with the greateſt care; for out of it are the iſſues of life. In no ſtation, in no period, think yourſelves ſecure from the dangers which ſpring from your paſſions. Every age, and every ſtation, they beſet; from youth to grey hairs, and from the peaſant to the prince. *Ibid.*

§ 103. *At firſt ſetting out in Life, beware of ſeducing Appearances.*

At your firſt ſetting out in life eſpecially, when yet unacquainted with the world and its ſnares, when every pleaſure enchants with its ſmile, and every object ſhines with the gloſs of novelty; beware of the ſeducing appearances which ſurround you, and recollect what others have ſuffered from the power of headſtrong deſire. If you allow any paſſion, even though it be eſteemed innocent, to acquire an abſolute aſcendant, your inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, take early poſſeſſion of your mind, you may date from that moment the ruin of your tranquillity. —Nor with the ſeaſon of youth does the peril end. To the impetuoſity of youthful deſire, ſucceed the more ſober, but no leſs dangerous, attachments of advancing years; when the paſſions which are connected with intereſt and ambition begin their reign, and too frequently extend their malignant influence, even over thoſe periods of life which ought to be moſt tranquil. From the firſt to the laſt of man's abode on earth, the diſcipline muſt never be relaxed, of guarding the heart from the dominion of paſſion. Eager paſſions, and violent deſires, were not made for man. They exceed his ſphere: they find no adequate objects on earth; and of courſe can be productive of nothing but miſery. The certain conſequence of indulging them

is, that there shall come an evil day, when the anguish of disappointment shall drive us to acknowledge, that all which we enjoy availeth us nothing. *Blair.*

§ 104. *Enthusiasm less pernicious to the Mind than Coldness and Indifference in Religion.*

But whatever absurdities may arise from the fancied ardours of enthusiasm, they are much less pernicious than the contrary extreme of coldness and indifference in religion. The spirit of chivalry, though it led to many romantic enterprizes, was nevertheless favourable to true courage, as it excited and nourished magnanimity and contempt of danger; which, though sometimes waited in absurd undertakings, were of the greatest use on real and proper occasions. The noblest energies of which we are capable, can scarcely be called out without some degree of enthusiasm, in whatever cause we are engaged; and those sentiments which tend to the exaltation of human nature, though they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will, however, prevent our stopping short of them, and losing, by careless indolence and self-desertion, the greatest part of that strength with which we really are endued.

How common is it for those who profess (and perhaps sincerely) to believe with entire persuasion the truth of the gospel, to declare that they do not pretend to frame their lives according to the purity of its moral precepts! "I hope," say they, "I am guilty of no "great crimes; but the customs of the "world in these times will not admit of a "conduct agreeable either to reason or re-"velation. I know the course of life I am "in is wrong; I know that I am engrossed "by the world—that I have no time for re-"flection, nor for the practice of many "duties which I acknowledge to be such. "But I know not how it is—I do not find "that I can alter my way of living."—Thus they coolly and contentedly give themselves up to a constant course of dissipation, and a general worthlessness of character, which, I fear, is as little favourable to their happiness here or hereafter, as the occasional commission of crimes at which they would start and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is most valuable and important, of children, friends, servants—of neighbours and dependents—of the poor—of God—and of their own minds, they consider as an excusable levity, and satisfy themselves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this style: —"I can't, you know, be out of the "world, nor act differently from every body "in it. The hours are every where late—"consequently I rise late. I have scarce "breakfasted before morning visits begin, "or 'tis time to go to an auction, or a con-"cert, or to take a little exercise for my "health. Dressing my hair is a long ope-"ration, but one can't appear with a head "unlike every body else. One must some-"times go to a play, or an opera; though I "own it hurries one to death. Then what "with necessary visits—the perpetual en-"gagements to card-parties at private houses "—and attendance on public assemblies, to "which all people of fashion subscribe, the "evenings, you see, are fully disposed of. "What time then can I possibly have for "what you call domestic duties?—You "talk of the offices and enjoyments of "friendship—alas! I have no hours left for "friends! I must see them in a crowd, or "not at all. As to cultivating the friend-"ship of my husband, we are very civil "when we meet; but we are both too much "engaged to spend much time with each "other. With regard to my daughters, I "have given them a French governess, and "proper masters—I can do no more for "them. You tell me, I should instruct my "servants——but I have not time to inform "myself, much less can I undertake any "thing of that sort for them, or even be "able to guess what they do with themselves "the greatest part of the twenty-four hours. "I go to church, if possible, once on a "Sunday, and then some of my servants "attend me; and if they will not mind what "the preacher says, how can I help it?—"The management of our fortune, as far as "I am concerned, I must leave to the "steward and housekeeper; for I find I can "barely snatch a quarter of an hour just to "look over the bill of fare when I am to "have company, that they may not send up "any thing frightful or old-fashioned—As "to the Christian duty of charity, I assure "you I am not ill-natured; and (consider-"ing that the great expence of being always "dress for company, with losses at cards, "subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave "me very little to dispose of) I am ready "enough to give my money when I meet "with a miserable object. You say I "should enquire out such, inform myself "thoroughly of their cases, make an ac-"quaintance

" quaintance with the poor of my neigh-
" bourhood in the country, and plan out
" the beſt methods of relieving the unfor-
" tunate, and aſſiſting the induſtrious. But
" this ſuppoſes much more time, and much
" more money, than I have to beſtow.—I
" have had hopes indeed that my ſummers
" would have afforded me more leiſure; but
" we ſtay pretty late in town; then we
" generally paſs ſeveral weeks at one or
" other of the water-drinking places, where
" every moment is ſpent in public; and,
" for the few months in which we reſide at
" our own ſeat, our houſe is always full,
" with a ſucceſſion of company, to whoſe
" amuſement one is obliged to dedicate
" every hour of the day."

So here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourſelves for eternity!—Yet you believe the immortality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. Aſk your own heart what rewards you deſerve, or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy?—Which of thoſe faculties or affections, which heaven can be ſuppoſed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved?——If, in that eternal world, the ſtores of knowledge ſhould be laid open before you, have you preſerved that thirſt of knowledge, or that taſte for truth, which is now to be indulged with endleſs information?—If, in the ſociety of ſaints and angels, the pureſt benevolence and moſt cordial love is to conſtitute your happineſs, where is the heart that ſhould enjoy this delightful intercourſe of affection?—Has your's been exerciſed and refined to a proper capacity of it during your ſtate of diſcipline, by the energies of generous friendſhip, by the meltings of parental fondneſs, or by that union of heart and ſoul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendſhip and ineffable tenderneſs, which approaches neareſt to the full ſatisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love?—Alas! you ſcarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it ſwell with pride, or flutter with vanity!—Has your piety and gratitude to the Source of all Good, been exerciſed and ſtrengthened by conſtant acts of praiſe and thankſgiving? Was it nouriſhed by frequent meditation, and ſilent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burſt forth in fervent prayer?—I fear it was rather decency than devotion, that carried you once a week to the place of public worſhip—and for the reſt of the week, your thoughts and time were ſo very differently filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the univerſe could occur but ſeldom, and then, rather as an object of terror, than of hope and joy. How then ſhall a ſoul ſo dead to divine love, ſo loſt to all but the moſt childiſh purſuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itſelf to a capacity of that bliſs which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine preſence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration?—What kind of training is the life you have paſſed through, for ſuch an immortality?

And dare you look down with contempt on thoſe whom ſtrong temptation from natural paſſions, or a train of unfortunate circumſtances, have ſunk into the commiſſion of what you call great crimes?—Dare you ſpeak peace to your own heart, becauſe by different circumſtances you have been preſerved from them?—Far be it from me to wiſh to leſſen the horror of crimes; but yet, as the temptations to theſe occur but ſeldom, whereas the temptations to neglect, and indifference towards our duty, for ever ſurround us, it may be neceſſary to awaken ourſelves to ſome calculation of the proportions between ſuch habitual omiſſion of all that is good, and the commiſſion of more heinous acts of ſin; between waſting our own life in what is falſely called innocent amuſement, and diſgracing it by faults which would alarm ſociety more, though poſſibly they might injure it leſs. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 105. *Of the Difference between the Extreme of Negligence and Rigour in Religion.*

How amazing is the diſtance between the extreme of negligence and ſelf-indulgence in ſuch nominal Chriſtians, and the oppoſite exceſs of rigour which ſome have unhappily thought meritorious! between a Paſcal (who dreaded the influence of pleaſure ſo much, as to wear an iron, which he preſſed into his ſide whenever he found himſelf taking delight in any object of ſenſe) and thoſe who think life lent them only to be ſquandered in ſenſeleſs diverſions, and the frivolous indulgence of vanity!—What a ſtrange compoſition is man! ever diverging from the right line—forgetting the true end of his being—or widely miſtaking the means that lead to it.

If it were indeed true that the Supreme Being had made it the condition of our future happineſs, that we ſhould ſpend the days of our pilgrimage here on earth in voluntary ſuffering and mortification, and a continual oppoſition to every inclination of nature, it would

would ſurely be worth while to conform even to theſe conditions, however rigorous: and we ſee, by numerous examples, that it is not more than human creatures are capable of, when fully perſuaded that their eternal intereſts demand it. But if, in fact, the laws of God are no other than directions for the better enjoyment of our exiſtence—if he has forbid us nothing that is not pernicious, and commanded nothing that is not highly advantageous to us—if, like a beneficent parent, he inflicts neither puniſhment nor conſtraint unneceſſarily, but makes our good the end of all his injunctions—it will then appear much more extraordinary that we ſhould perverſely go on in conſtant and acknowledged neglect of thoſe injunctions.

Is there a ſingle pleaſure worthy of a rational being, which is not, within certain limitations, conſiſtent with religion and virtue?—And are not the limits, within which we are permitted to enjoy them, the ſame which are preſcribed by reaſon and nature, and which we cannot exceed without manifeſt hurt to ourſelves, or others?—It is not the life of a hermit that is enjoined us: it is only the life of a rational being, formed for ſociety, capable of continual improvement, and conſequently of continual advancement in happineſs.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are neither gloomy aſcetics, nor frantic enthuſiaſts; they married from affection on long acquaintance, and perfect eſteem; they therefore enjoy the beſt pleaſures of the heart in the higheſt degree. They concur in a rational ſcheme of life, which, whilſt it makes them always chearful and happy, renders them the friends of human-kind, and the bleſſing of all around them. They do not deſert their ſtation in the world, nor deny themſelves the proper and moderate uſe of their large fortune; though that portion of it, which is appropriated to the uſe of others, is that from which they derive their higheſt gratifications. They ſpend four or five months of every year in London, where they keep up an intercourſe of hoſpitality and civility with many of the moſt reſpectable perſons of their own, or of higher rank; but have endeavoured rather at a ſelect than a numerous acquaintance; and as they never play at cards, this endeavour has the more eaſily ſucceeded. Three days in the week, from the hour of dinner, are given up to this intercourſe with what may be called the world. Three more are ſpent in a family way, with a few intimate friends, whoſe taſtes are conformable to their own, and with whom the book and working-table, or ſometimes muſic, ſupply the intervals of uſeful and agreeable converſation. In theſe parties their children are always preſent, and partake of the improvement that ariſes from ſuch ſociety, or from the well-choſen pieces which are read aloud. The ſeventh day is always ſpent at home, after the due attendance on public worſhip; and is peculiarly appropriated to the religious inſtruction of their children and ſervants, or to other works of charity. As they keep regular hours, and riſe early, and as Lady Worthy never pays or admits morning viſits, they have ſeven or eight hours in every day, free from all interruption from the world, in which the cultivation of their own minds, and thoſe of their children, the due attention to health, to œconomy, and to the poor, are carried on in the moſt regular manner.

Thus, even in London, they contrive, without the appearance of quarrelling with the world, or of ſhutting themſelves up from it, to paſs the greateſt part of their time in a reaſonable and uſeful, as well as an agreeable manner. The reſt of the year they ſpend at their family ſeat in the country, where the happy effects of their example, and of their aſſiduous attention to the good of all around them, are ſtill more obſervable than in town. Their neighbours, their tenants, and the poor, for many miles about them, find in them a ſure reſource and comfort in calamity, and a ready aſſiſtance to every ſcheme of honeſt induſtry. The young are inſtructed at their expence, and under their direction, and rendered uſeful at the earlieſt period poſſible; the aged and the ſick have every comfort adminiſtered that their ſtate requires; the idle and diſſolute are kept in awe by vigilant inſpection: the quarrelſome are brought, by a ſenſe of their own intereſt, to live more quietly with their family and neighbours, and amicably to refer their diſputes to Sir Charles's deciſion.

This amiable pair are not leſs highly prized by the genteel families of their neighbourhood, who are ſure of finding in their houſe the moſt polite and chearful hoſpitality, and in them a fund of good ſenſe and good humour, with a conſtant diſpoſition to promote every innocent pleaſure. They are particularly the delight of all the young people, who conſider them as their patrons and their oracles, to whom they always apply for advice and aſſiſtance in any kind of diſtreſs, or in any ſcheme of amuſement.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are ſeldom without ſome friends in the houſe with them during their ſtay in the country; but, as their

their methods are known, they are never broken in upon by their guests, who do not expect to see them till dinner-time, except at the hour of prayer and of breakfast. In their private walks or rides, they usually visit the cottages of the labouring poor, with all of whom they are personally acquainted; and by the sweetness and friendliness of their manner, as well as by their beneficent actions, they so entirely possess the hearts of these people, that they are made the confidants of all their family grievances, and the casuists to settle all their scruples of conscience or difficulties in conduct. By this method of conversing freely with them, they find out their different characters and capacities, and often discover and apply to their own benefit, as well as that of the person they distinguish, talents, which would otherwise have been for ever lost to the public.

From this slight sketch of their manner of living, can it be thought that the practice of virtue costs them any great sacrifices? Do they appear to be the servants of a hard master?—It is true, they have not the amusement of gaming, nor do they curse themselves in bitterness of soul, for losing the fortune Providence had bestowed upon them: they are not continually in public places, nor stifled in crowded assemblies; nor are their hours consumed in an insipid interchange of unmeaning chat with hundreds of fine people who are perfectly indifferent to them; but then, in return, the Being whom they serve indulges them in the best pleasures of love, of friendship, of parental and family affection, of divine beneficence, and a piety, which chiefly consists in joyful acts of love and praise!—not to mention the delights they derive from a taste uncorrupted and still alive to natural pleasures; from the beauties of nature, and from cultivating those beauties joined with utility in the scenes around them; and above all, from that flow of spirits, which a life of activity, and the constant exertion of right affections, naturally produce. Compare their countenances with those of the wretched slaves of the world, who are hourly complaining of fatigue, of listlessness, distaste, and vapours; and who, with faded cheeks and worn out constitutions, still continue to haunt the scenes where once their vanity found gratification, but where they now meet only with mortification and disgust; then tell me, which has chosen the happier plan, admitting for a moment that no future penalty was annexed to a wrong choice? Listen to the character that is given of Sir Charles Worthy and his Lady, wherever they are named, and then tell me, whether even your idol, the world, is not more favourable to them than to you.

Perhaps it is vain to think of recalling those whom long habits, and the established tyranny of pride and vanity, have almost precluded from a possibility of imitating such patterns, and in whom the very desire of amendment is extinguished; but for those who are now entering on the stage of life, and who have their parts to choose, how earnestly could I wish for the spirit of persuasion—for such a "warning voice" as should make itself heard amidst all the gay bustle that surrounds them! it should cry to them without ceasing, not to be led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whither they are going—not to exchange real happiness for the empty name of pleasure—not to prefer fashion to immortality—and, not to fancy it possible for them to be innocent, and at the same time useless.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 106. *Virtue Man's true Interest.*

I find myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion—Where am I? What sort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?—No—nothing like it—the fartherest from it possible. —The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, 'tis not possible—What consequence then follows? or can there be any other than this —If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence?

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. 'Tis a smoky house; and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted?—The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enow to convince me, that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How, then, am I assured that 'tis not equally true of man?—

Admit

Admit it; and what follows? If ſo, then honour and juſtice are my intereſt; then the whole train of moral virtues are my intereſt; without ſome portion of which, not even thieves can maintain ſociety.

But, farther ſtill—I ſtop not here—I purſue this ſocial intereſt, as far as I can trace my ſeveral relations. I paſs from my own ſtock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as diſperſed throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourſe of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I muſt have food and cloathing. —Without a proper genial warmth, I inſtantly periſh.—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itſelf? to the diſtant ſun, from whoſe beams I derive vigour? to that ſtupendous courſe and order of the infinite hoſt of heaven, by which the times and ſeaſons ever uniformly paſs on?—Were this order once confounded, I could not probably ſurvive a moment; ſo abſolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. —What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and juſtice, and what I owe to man, is my intereſt; but gratitude alſo, acquieſcence, reſignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater governor our common parent. *Harris.*

§ 107. *On Gratitude.*

There is not a more pleaſing exerciſe of the mind, than gratitude.

It is accompanied with ſuch inward ſatisfaction, that the duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with ſo much pleaſure, that were there no poſitive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter—a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man—how much more from man to his Maker?—The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us thoſe bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even thoſe benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every bleſſing we enjoy, by what means ſoever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleaſing ſenſation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the ſoul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already poſſeſs, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Moſt of the works of the Pagan poets were either direct hymns of their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their reſpective attributes and perfections. Thoſe who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are ſtill extant, will, upon reflection, find this obſervation ſo true, that I ſhall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Chriſtian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, eſpecially if we conſider, that our idea of the Supreme Being, is not only infinitely more great and noble than could poſſibly enter into the heart of a heathen, but filled with every thing that can raiſe the imagination, and give an opportunity for the ſublimeſt thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was ſinging an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human ſacrifices, and other inſtances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was preſent at this piece of devotion, and ſeems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wiſhed he might have a daughter of the ſame temper with the goddeſs he celebrated.—It was indeed impoſſible to write the praiſes of one of thoſe falſe deities, according to the Pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and abſurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Chriſtianity were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have ſet the Chriſtian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent, of which I am ſpeaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without conſidering them as inſpired writers, they have tranſmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel thoſe that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry as much as in the ſubject to which it is conſecrated. This, I think, might be eaſily ſhewn, if there were occaſion for it.

Spectator.

§ 108. *Religion the Foundation of Content: an Allegory.*

Omar, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which riſes on the eaſt of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man

man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the Angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my chearfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. "Hassan," said he, "I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Hassan," said he, "forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." "Hassan," he replied, "I can no otherwise give life or happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to encrease or to continue."

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that chearfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, chearfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my

ny moveables for ſubſiſtence; and reſerved nly a mattraſs, upon which I ſometimes lay rom one night to another.

In the firſt moon of the following year, he Caliph came again to Mecca, with the ſame ſecrecy, and for the ſame purpoſes. He was willing once more to ſee the man, whom he conſidered as deriving felicity from himſelf. But he found me, not ſinging at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with chearfulneſs; but pale and dejected, ſitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to ſubſtitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatneſs. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wiſhed for another opportunity to addreſs the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his preſence, and, throwing myſelf at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was ſpeechleſs. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "what canſt thou have loſt, whoſe wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee ſad, the ſpring of whoſe joy was in thy own boſom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my Lord forgive the preſumption of his ſervant, who rather than utter a falſehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loſs of that which I never poſſeſſed: thou haſt raiſed wiſhes, which indeed I am not worthy thou ſhouldſt ſatisfy; but why ſhould it be thought, that he who was happy in obſcurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finiſhed this ſpeech, Almalic ſtood ſome moments in ſuſpenſe, and I continued proſtrate before him. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I miſtook thy character; I now diſcover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only becauſe their objects were too remote to rouſe them. I cannot therefore inveſt thee with authority, becauſe I would not ſubject my people to oppreſſion; and becauſe I would not be compelled to puniſh thee for crimes which I firſt enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot reſtore, I will at leaſt gratify the wiſhes that I excited, leſt thy heart accuſe me of injuſtice, and thou continue ſtill a ſtranger to thyſelf. Ariſe, therefore, and follow me."—I ſprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kiſſed the hem of his garment in an extaſy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my houſe, my heart leaped as if I had eſcaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravanſera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the ſeraglio; I was attended by his own ſervants; my proviſions were ſent from his own table; I received every week a ſum from his treaſury, which exceeded the moſt romantic of my expectations. But I ſoon diſcovered, that no dainty was ſo taſteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no ſlumbers ſo ſweet, as thoſe which wearineſs invited; and no time ſo well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered theſe enjoyments which regret; and while I was ſighing in the midſt of ſuperfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were ſuddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midſt of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired ſuddenly in the bath: ſuch thou knoweſt was the deſtiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His ſon Aububekir, who ſucceeded to the throne, was incenſed againſt me, by ſome who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he ſuddenly withdrew my penſion, and commanded that I ſhould be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with ſo much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myſelf in the ſtreets of Medina, indigent and friendleſs, expoſed to hunger and deriſion, with all the habits of luxury, and all the ſenſibility of pride. O! let not thy heart deſpiſe me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is miſery to loſe that which it is not happineſs to poſſeſs. O! that for me this leſſon had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myſelf. How different are the ſtates in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleaſures of neither can return.—Haſſan having thus ended his ſtory, ſmote his hands together; and looking upward, burſt into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was paſt, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My ſon," ſaid he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The leſſon of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou waſt once content with poverty and

and labour, only becauſe they were become habitual, and eaſe and affluence were placed bepond thy hope; for when eaſe and affluence approached thee, thou waſt content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was alſo the bound of thy hope; and he, whoſe utmoſt hope is diſappointed, muſt inevitably be wretched. If thy ſupreme deſire had been the delights of paradiſe, and thou hadſt believed that by the tenor of thy life theſe delights had been ſecured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldſt not have regretted that leſs was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of thy ſoul; and the diſtreſs which is now ſuffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy truſt in Him, who alone can gratify the wiſh of reaſon, and ſatisfy thy ſoul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in compariſon of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the duſt of the balance. Return, my ſon, to thy labour; thy food ſhall be again taſteful, and thy reſt ſhall be ſweet; to thy content alſo will be added ſtability, when it depends not upon that which is poſſeſſed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven."

Haſſan, upon whoſe mind the Angel of inſtruction impreſſed the counſel of Omar, haſtened to proſtrate himſelf in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with chearfulneſs; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Haſſan were happier than the firſt. *Adventurer.*

§ 109. *Bad company—meaning of the phraſe—different claſſes of bad company—ill choſen company—what is meant by keeping bad company—the danger of it, from our aptneſs to imitate and catch the manners of others—from the great power and force of cuſtom—from our bad inclinations.*

"Evil communication," ſays the text, "corrupts good manners." The aſſertion is general, and no doubt all people ſuffer from ſuch communication; but above all, the minds of youth will ſuffer; which are yet unformed, unprincipled, unfurniſhed; and ready to receive any impreſſion.

But before we conſider the danger of keeping bad company, let us firſt ſee the meaning of the phraſe.

In the phraſe of the world, good company means faſhionable people. Their ſtations in life, not their morals, are conſidered: and he, who aſſociates with ſuch, though they ſet him the example of breaking every commandment of the decalogue, is ſtill ſaid to keep good company.—I ſhould wiſh you to fix another meaning to the expreſſion; and to conſider vice in the ſame deteſtable light, in whatever company it is found; nay, to conſider all company in which it is found, be their ſtation what it will, as bad company.

The three following claſſes will perhaps include the greateſt part of thoſe, who deſerve this appellation.

In the firſt, I ſhould rank all who endeavour to deſtroy the principles of Chriſtianity—who jeſt upon Scripture—talk blaſphemy—and treat revelation with contempt.

A ſecond claſs of bad company are thoſe, who have a tendency to deſtroy in us the principles of common honeſty and integrity. Under this head we may rank gameſters of every denomination; and the low and infamous characters of every profeſſion.

A third claſs of bad company, and ſuch as are commonly moſt dangerous to youth, includes the long catalogue of men of pleaſure. In whatever way they follow the call of appetite, they have equally a tendency to corrupt the purity of the mind.

Beſides theſe three claſſes, whom we may call bad company, there are others who come under the denomination of ill-choſen company: trifling, inſipid characters of every kind; who follow no buſineſs—are led by no ideas of improvement—but ſpend their time in diſſipation and folly—whoſe higheſt praiſe it is, that they are only not vicious.—With none of theſe, a ſerious man would wiſh his ſon to keep company.

It may be aſked what is meant by keeping bad company? The world abounds with characters of this kind: they meet us in every place; and if we keep company at all, it is impoſſible to avoid keeping company with ſuch perſons.

It is true, if we were determined never to have any commerce with bad men, we muſt, as the apoſtle remarks, "altogether go out of the world." By keeping bad company, therefore, is not meant a caſual intercourſe with them, on occaſion of buſineſs, or as they accidentally fall in our way; but having an inclination to conſort with them—complying with that inclination—ſeeking their company, when we might avoid it—entering into their parties—and making them the companions of our choice. Mixing with them occaſionally, cannot be avoided.

The

The danger of keeping bad company, arifes principally from our aptnefs to imitate and catch the manners and fentiments of others—from the power of cuftom—from our own bad inclinations—and from the pains taken by the bad to corrupt us *.

In our earlieft youth, the contagion of manners is obfervable. In the boy, yet incapable of having any thing inftilled into him, we eafily difcover from his firft actions, and rude attempts at language, the kind of perfons with whom he has been brought up: we fee the early fpring of a civilized education, or the firft wild fhoots of ruflicity.

As he enters farther into life, his behaviour, manners, and converfation, all take their caft from the company he keeps. Obferve the peafant, and the man of education; the difference is ftriking. And yet God hath beftowed equal talents on each. The only difference is, they have been thrown into different fcenes of life; and have had commerce with perfons of different ftations.

Nor are manners and behaviour more eafily caught, than opinions, and principles. In childhood and youth, we naturally adopt the fentiments of thofe about us. And as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourfelves? How many of us are fatisfied with taking our opinions at fecond hand?

The great power and force of cuftom forms another argument againft keeping bad company. However ferioufly difpofed we may be; and however fhocked at the firft approaches of vice; this fhocking appearance goes off, upon an intimacy with it. Cuftom will foon render the moft difguftful thing familiar. And this is indeed a kind provifion of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more eafy to him. The raw foldier, who trembles at the firft encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar, and of courfe indifferent to him.

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of nature, be converted into a mifchief. The well difpofed youth, entering firft into bad company, is fhocked at what he hears, and what he fees. The good principles, which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming leffon againft the wickednefs of his companions. But, alas! this fenfibility is but of a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yefterday more eafily endured. Virtue is foon thought a fevere rule; the gofpel, an inconvenient reftraint: a few pangs of confcience now and then interrupt his pleafures; and whifper to him, that he once had better thoughts: but even thefe by degrees die away; and he who at firft was fhocked even at the appearance of vice, is formed by cuftom into a profligate leader of vicious pleafures—perhaps into an abandoned tempter to vice.—So carefully fhould we oppofe the firft approaches of fin! fo vigilant fhould we be againft fo inſidious an enemy!

Our own bad inclinations form another argument againft bad company. We have fo many paffions and appetites to govern; fo many bad propenfities of different kinds to watch; that, amidft fuch a variety of enemies within, we ought at leaft to be on our guard againft thofe without. The breaft even of a good man is reprefented in fcripture, and experienced in fact, to be in a ftate of warfare. His vicious inclinations are continually drawing him one way; while his virtue is making efforts another. And if the fcriptures repreſent this as the cafe even of a good man, whofe paffions, it may be imagined, are become in fome degree cool, and temperate, and who has made fome progrefs in a virtuous courfe; what may we fuppofe to be the danger of a raw unexperienced youth, whofe paffions and appetites are violent and feducing, and whofe mind is in a ſtill leſs confirmed ſtate? It is his part ſurely to keep out of the way of temptation; and to give his bad inclinations as little room as poſſible to acquire new ſtrength. *Gilpin.*

§ 110. *Ridicule one of the chief arts of corruption—bad company injures our characters, as well as manners—preſumption the forerunner of ruin—the advantages of good company equal to the diſadvantages of bad—cautions in forming intimacies.*

Theſe arguments againſt keeping bad company, will ſtill receive additional ſtrength, if we conſider farther, the great pains taken by the bad to corrupt others. It is a very true, but lamentable fact, in the hiſtory of human nature, that bad men take more pains to corrupt their own ſpecies, than virtuous men do to reform them. Hence thoſe ſpecious arts, that ſhow of friendſhip, that appearance of diſintereſtedneſs, with which the profligate ſeducer endeavours to lure the unwary youth; and at the ſame time, yield-

* See this ſubject treated more at large in an anonymous pamphlet, on the employment of time.

ing to his inclinations, seems to follow rather than to lead him. Many are the arts of these corrupters; but their principal art is ridicule. By this they endeavour to laugh out of countenance all the better principles of their wavering proselyte; and make him think contemptibly of those, whom he formerly respected; by this they stifle the ingenuous blush, and finally destroy all sense of shame. Their cause is below argument. They aim not therefore at reasoning. Raillery is the weapon they employ; and who is there, that hath the steadiness to hear persons and things, whatever reverence he may have had for them, the subject of continual ridicule, without losing that reverence by degrees?

Having thus considered what principally makes bad company dangerous, I shall just add, that even were your morals in no danger from such intercourse, your characters would infallibly suffer. The world will always judge of you by your companions: and nobody will suppose, that a youth of virtuous principles himself, can possibly form a connection with a profligate.

In reply to the danger supposed to arise from bad company, perhaps the youth may say, he is so firm in his own opinions, so steady in his principles, that he thinks himself secure; and need not restrain himself from the most unreserved conversation.

Alas! this security is the very brink of the precipice: nor hath vice in her whole train a more dangerous enemy to you, than presumption. Caution, ever awake to danger, is a guard against it. But security lays every guard asleep. "Let him who thinketh he standeth," saith the apostle, "take heed, lest he fall." Even an apostle himself did fall, by thinking that he stood secure. "Though I should die with thee," said St. Peter to his master, "yet will I not deny thee." That very night, notwithstanding this boasted security, he repeated the crime three several times. And can we suppose, that presumption, which occasioned an apostle's fall, shall not ruin an unexperienced youth? The story is recorded for our instruction; and should be a standing lesson against presuming upon our own strength.

In conclusion, such as the dangers are, which arise from bad company, such are the advantages, which accrue from good. We imitate, and catch the manners and sentiments of good men, as we do of bad. Custom, which renders vice less a deformity, renders virtue more lovely. Good examples have a force beyond instruction, and warm us into emulation beyond precept; while the countenance and conversation of virtuous men encourage, and draw out into action every kindred disposition of our hearts.

Besides, as a sense of shame often prevents our doing a right thing in bad company; it operates in the same way in preventing our doing a wrong one in good. Our character becomes a pledge; and we cannot, without a kind of dishonour, draw back.

It is not possible, indeed, for a youth, yet unfurnished with knowledge (which fits him for good company) to chuse his companions as he pleases. A youth must have something peculiarly attractive, to qualify him for the acquaintance of men of established reputation. What he has to do, is, at all events, to avoid bad company; and to endeavour, by improving his mind and morals, to qualify himself for the best.

Happy is that youth, who, upon his entrance into the world, can chuse his company with discretion. There is often in vice, a gaiety, an unreserve, a freedom of manners, which are apt at sight to engage the unwary: while virtue, on the other hand, is often modest, reserved, diffident, backward, and easily disconcerted. That freedom of manners, however engaging, may cover a very corrupt heart: and this awkwardness, however unpleasing, may veil a thousand virtues. Suffer not your mind, therefore, to be easily either engaged, or disgusted at first sight. Form your intimacies with reserve: and if drawn unawares into an acquaintance you disapprove, immediately retreat. Open not your hearts to every profession of friendship. They, whose friendship is worth accepting, are, as you ought to be, reserved in offering it. Chuse your companions, not merely for the sake of a few outward accomplishments —for the idle pleasure of spending an agreeable hour; but mark their disposition to virtue or vice; and, as much as possible, chuse those for your companions, whom you see others respect: always remembering, that upon the choice of your company depends in a great measure the success of all you have learned; the hopes of your friends; your future characters in life; and, what you ought above all other things to value, the purity of your hearts. *Gilpin.*

§ 111. *Religion the best and only Support in Cases of real Stress.*

There are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real stress; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies; and to bear us up under all

all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

Consider then what virtue the very first principle of religion has, and how wonderfully it is conducive to this end: That there is a God, a powerful, a wise and good Being, who first made the world, and continues to govern it;—by whose goodness all things are designed—and by whose providence all things are conducted to bring about the greatest and best ends. The sorrowful and pensive wretch that was giving way to his misfortunes, and mournfully sinking under them, the moment this doctrine comes in to his aid, hushes all his complaints—and thus speaks comfort to his soul,—"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.—Without his direction, I know that no evil can befal me,—without his permission, that no power can hurt me;—it is impossible a Being so wise should mistake my happiness—or that a Being so good should contradict it.—If he has denied me riches or other advantages—perhaps he foresees the gratifying my wishes would undo me, and by my own abuse of them be perverted to my ruin.—If he has denied me the request of children—or in his providence has thought fit to take them from me—how can I say whether he has not dealt kindly with me, and only taken that away which he foresaw would embitter and shorten my days?—It does so to thousands, where the disobedience of a thankless child has brought down the parents grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Has he visited me with sickness, poverty, or other disappointments?—can I say, but these are blessings in disguise?—so many different expressions of his care and concern to disentangle my thoughts from this world, and fix them upon another—another, a better world beyond this!"—This thought opens a new face of hope and consolation to the unfortunate:—and as the persuasion of a Providence reconciles him to the evils he has suffered,—this prospect of a future life gives him strength to despise them, and esteem the light afflictions of this life, as they are, not worthy to be compared to what is reserved for him hereafter.

Things are great or small by comparison—and he who looks no further than this world, and balances the accounts of his joys and sufferings from that consideration, finds all his sorrows enlarged, and at the close of them will be apt to look back, and cast the same sad reflection upon the whole, which the Patriarch did to Pharaoh, "That few and evil had been the days of his pilgrimage." But let him lift up his eyes towards heaven, and stedfastly behold the life and immortality of a future state,—he then wipes away all tears from off his eyes for ever; like the exiled captive, big with the hopes that he is returning home, he feels not the weight of his chains, or counts the days of his captivity; but looks forward with rapture towards the country where his heart is fled before.

These are the aids which religion offers us towards the regulation of our spirit under the evils of life,—but like great cordials, they are seldom used but on great occurrences.—In the lesser evils of life, we seem to stand unguarded—and our peace and contentment are overthrown, and our happiness broke in upon, by a little impatience of spirit, under the cross and outward accidents we meet with. These stand unprovided for, and we neglect them as we do the slighter indispositions of the body—which we think not worth treating seriously, and so leave them to nature. In good habits of the body, this may do,—and I would gladly believe, there are such good habits of the temper, such a complexional ease and health of heart, as may often save the patient much medicine.—We are still to consider, that however such good frames of mind are got, they are worth preserving by all rules:—Patience and contentment,—which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price, that it cannot be had at too great a purchase; since without it, the best condition of life cannot make us happy; and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 112. *Advantages to be drawn from Scenes of Sorrow.*

The consideration of death has been always made use of, by the moralist and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to sink the estimation of its pleasures, and, if they could not strip the seductions of vice of their present enjoyment, at least to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a similar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and persuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have advised us to pluck the roses which would otherwise soon wither of themselves, to seize the moments which we could not

long command, and, since time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of these persuasives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the severe or the gay, have the effects been great. Life must necessarily consist of active scenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leisure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The schemes of the busy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amusements of the dissipated be either controlled or endeared by the shortness of their duration. Even the cell of the Anchorite, and the cloister of the Monk, have their business and their pleasures; for study may become business, and abstraction pleasure, when they engage the mind, and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the present, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the insignificancy of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were easy to shew the wisdom and benignity of Providence, Providence ever wise and benign, in this particular of our constitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often observed, and too just not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely sometimes, not unseasonably, press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or religious use, there is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only *better*, but more delightful, *to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.*

Perhaps I felt it so, when, but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doated on her, of a family by whom she was adored: I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time, for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire, or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less: with all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one who, like *Maria*, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery-pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw *Maria* was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses: I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of *Maria* as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with

with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his *Maria* in the earth, its ſound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to ſtop the aſſiſtants who were throwing the earth into it; then ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, claſped his hands together, threw up his eyes to Heaven; and then firſt I ſaw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It ſpoke a leſſon of faith, and piety, and reſignation. I went away ſorrowful, but my ſorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; caſt on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleneſs and hope!

Such, I am perſuaded, will commonly be the effect of ſcenes like that I have deſcribed, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like theſe, the gloom of the aſcetic is as little ſuſceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which ſociety alone can give, though its vices often deſtroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes ſorrow pleaſant, and affliction uſeful.

It is not from a melancholy of this ſort, that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkiſh ſolitude. Theſe are often the effects rather of paſſion ſecluded than repreſſed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The *crucifix* and the *roſary*, the *death's head* and the *bones*, if cuſtom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill deſire than excite virtue; but, amidſt the warmth of ſocial affection, and of ſocial ſympathy, the heart will feel the weakneſs, and enjoy the duties, of humanity.

Perhaps, it will be ſaid, that ſuch ſituations, and ſuch reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be diſregarded by thoſe who need the leſſons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the reſiſtance of prejudice. I will not pretend to aſſert, that rooted principles, and long-eſtabliſhed conduct, are ſuddenly to be changed by the effects of ſituation, or the eloquence of ſentiment; but if it be granted that ſuch change ever took place, who ſhall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impreſſion, it was firſt begun? And, even if the influence of ſuch a call to thought can only ſmother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpoſe to virtue, I ſhall not have unjuſtly commended that occaſional indulgence of penſiveneſs and ſorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements, of life. *Mirror.*

§ 113. *On the faſhionable Infidelity of the Age.*

Being in company the other day with a gentleman, who was pleaſed to expreſs his contempt of Chriſtianity in very ſcurrilous language, I anſwered him by *withdrawing*; and afterwards indulged myſelf in many ſerious reflections on the faſhionable infidelity of the preſent age: and with theſe I will now preſent my reader, if he thinks them worth his acceptance.

The gentlemen of this perſuaſion have affected to repreſent themſelves as perſons of *juſt* and *extended* views, *liberal* ideas, and enlarged ſentiments, and to appropriate to themſelves the pompous names of philoſophers, impartial reaſoners, and free enquirers; while the friends of revelation are decried as viſionary enthuſiaſts, narrow thinkers, and vulgar pedants; and, by this means, they have kept themſelves in countenance. But declamation is not argument, nor abuſe conviction. If any man, after a fair and candid examination of the facts and principles contained in the Chriſtian religion, and a comprehenſive view of its connection with the world in general, finds himſelf obliged to reject thoſe pleaſures which the belief of it inſpires, I pity his misfortune from my ſoul, and leave him in the enjoyment of his opinion, without envy or prejudice, while he reſerves it to himſelf. But if he quitted his religion at the ſame time that he took his leave of every virtuous principle: if he left it behind him upon his travels, or loſt it at a midnight revel, or ſacrificed it for a jeſt: he has no more right to propagate his notions, by ridiculing all that differ from him, than a perſon who has contracted a fatal diſtemper, is authoriſed to ſpread it among all his acquaintance.

A religious bigot, who looks upon the principles which every man entertains, as deciding his happineſs through an unbounded exiſtence, appears a conſiſtent character, from the common propenſity of human nature to magnify the importance of theſe opinions which relate to futurity; but a zealous and bigotted infidel is an unnatural and extravagant one, becauſe he has no object in view proportioned to his pains and aſſiduity, and propoſes to himſelf neither to ſtrengthen the bonds of morality, nor to

reinforce the ſanctions of juſtice and benevolence, nor to add to the happineſs of the mind, only for the ſake of an imaginary rectitude of ſentiment, which at beſt is but precarious, and not eſſential to human welfare.

A man muſt have a very ſingular diſcernment to find out any inconſiſtences, ariſing from that ſtrong ſenſe of ſelf-preſervation, and natural dread of death, which heaven has implanted in the human mind, to guard againſt thoſe fatal ſteps which raſhneſs might take to deliver itſelf from a momentary pain; and yet a certain great philoſopher took extraordinary pains to clear up this point, and to remove the prejudices vulgarly entertained againſt ſuicide. It was evident to him, that a bowl, a piſtol, and a dagger, were much better remedies againſt the calamities of life, than any thing which patience or reſignation could ſuggeſt. He eſteemed it ridiculous to look upon human life, as a certain ſtation pointed out by a ſuperior being, which it was cowardly to deſert; and thought, that mankind had as much right to deſtroy their own lives, as they had to change the current of a ſtream, or to level a hill, or turn a piece of wood, which were nothing more than giving a different form to the general maſs of matter, and altering the poſition of thoſe particles, which ſtood as well in one ſituation as another.

There does not ſeem to be any thing in the idea of an infinitely wiſe Being governing the univerſe, and directing all events to the beſt ends, contrary to the dictates of philoſophy, or right reaſon; and yet a fine writer, in the ardour of his zeal for the cauſe of truth, has publiſhed a profeſſed ridicule upon the adminiſtration of the Deity. It was a pity, ſays he, that mankind ſhould be ſo deluded as to think, they had a ſupreme inſpector to appeal to in all the diſtreſſes of life; and ſo much impoſed upon as to apprehend they were accountable for their conduct and actions, and therefore he benevolently condeſcended to rectify theſe miſtakes by ſhewing, that there was nothing in the world but conſuſion, without the leaſt deſtination of character, or any equitable diſtribution of happineſs or miſery.

For theſe many hundred years the moſt civilized parts of the world have generally agreed, that the precepts and doctrines of Chriſt and his apoſtles, contain the trueſt ſentiments of religion, and as ſuch deſerve to be univerſally embraced; but a late noble author, in his invaluable minutes, has endeavoured to ſhew their notorious inconſiſtency with truth, that to be ſure we cannot regard them for the future: and at the ſame time that he proved ſo ſtrongly, in his own life, the excellency of following nature, we cannot doubt which to ſet up for our model.

Proceed, gentlemen, proceed, till you have extirpated every ſuperſtitious principle in the human breaſt, and ſet mankind at full liberty to purſue the dictates of paſſion free from the controul of prejudice, education, or religion. Under ſuch maſters—mankind muſt make a conſiderable progreſs in taſte and knowledge, and ſhake off all the fetters in which cuſtom and ignorance confined them. When the mortality of the ſoul is fairly demonſtrated, go on to explain the benefit ariſing from the world's being ſubject to chance or neceſſity—confute the pretenſions of conſcience and honour—refine away the difference of virtue and vice, as an imaginary diſtinction—conſtrue modeſty into an effeminate weakneſs, and integrity into a ſurly pride—paint all mankind as knaves or fools—let intereſt be preſcribed as the only rational motive that can be propoſed—condemn all honeſt men, who ſacrificed their lives or fortune to truth, as idle viſionaries. In a word—reſolve all that is excellent and valuable into lucre, and make every expedient to attain it juſt and lawful, and we ſhall ſoon have the original of ſuch a ſtate of the world as Shakeſpear has deſcribed.

' ———Now let not nature's hand
' Keep the wild flood confin'd.—Let order die,
' And let this world no longer be a ſtage
' To feed contention in a lingring act:
' But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
' Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
' On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
' And darkneſs be the burier of the dead.'

Infidelity was once more modeſt than it is at preſent: it is ſaid, that Lord Shafteſbury aſked Biſhop Burnet, whether his religion maintained the doctrine of eternal rewards and puniſhments? and upon his admitting it, that nobleman replied, 'then it is no 'religion for me.' An atheiſt might have confuted his lordſhip's theiſm on the ſame principles. Do you believe in a God, who ſuffers natural and moral evil to prevail in a thouſand various ſhapes, and entails miſery upon the innocent on account of the guilty? —'Yes,'—'I believe in no ſuch God,' he might anſwer with equal propriety. 'What not on the ſuppoſition of a future 'ſtate?'—'That ſolution I do not admit.'

If

If it was only neceſſary to ſhew, that reaſon was ſubject to the ſame difficulties as revelation, and that the manner of conveying the benefits of Chriſtianity, by the mediation of an auguſt perſonage, was ſtrictly agreeable to the order of nature, and the eſtabliſhed methods of divine government, the deiſts would be compelled to ſubmit, for no truths have been ſet in a ſtronger point of view, than theſe. But certain philoſophers upon the continent foreſeeing this extremity to which they would be reduced, have renounced the firſt principles of natural religion.

If you reaſon upon the wiſdom or goodneſs of the Deity, that he would not create a world under a neceſſity of believing a falſhood, which muſt be the caſe, if the grand doctrines of Chriſtianity are not to be depended upon, or that he would not impoſe upon his creatures by ſuch a ſtrength of evidence as religion is attended with, if there was not ſome foundation for it—immediately they deny, that there is any ſuch thing as goodneſs or wiſdom in the Deity, or at leaſt, that there are any attributes correſpondent to thoſe principles in human nature: and if this ſtandard of judging of the perfections of the Deity, by what we feel in ourſelves, be once rejected, the greateſt abſurdities and inconſiſtencies may be aſcribed to him: it ſtrikes at the foundation of a future retribution; and the Deity upon this plan may be ſuppoſed capable of thoſe actions, which in man would be condemned as cruel and unjuſt: in ſhort, they would reſolve all the perfections of God into infinite power, which exerts itſelf in a blind irreſiſtable manner, with ſome degree of intelligence indeed, but none of thoſe qualities which are comprehended under the idea of providence; from hence the tranſition to fataliſm is natural and unavoidable. Thus Chriſtianity has at leaſt the conſolation to think, that if ſhe falls, it is along with every noble and honourable principle; and that ſhe periſhes with hope at her right-hand, and philoſophy at her left.

Credulity is another odium which infidels have endeavoured to throw upon Chriſtians; but with what juſtice let impartial truth pronounce. I am firmly perſuaded of the contrary from my own obſervation; and I never knew a perſon capable of rejecting commonly received opinions, who could not digeſt ſome of the moſt palpable abſurdities—to diſcern well, and pronounce rightly, require a mind wide enough to take in a large proſpect of mankind. View Chriſtianity without any reſpect to the cuſtoms of the people to whom it was publiſhed, and it will appear inexplicable; look upon it in connection with the ſtate of man in the primitive ages of the world; conſider it as purſued and practiſed to the utmoſt extent, and the benefit it promiſes to ſociety and individuals; and it will be found to prove a more ſatisfactory ſolution of the courſe of nature, the evils of life, the conduct of God, than infidelity has ever invented; and conſequently, that it is leſs credulous to acquieſce in it, than in any other. I ſay more ſatisfactory, for to pretend to expect to ſee the œconomy of the univerſe perfectly diſplayed, is romantic and chimerical; and not to be contented under ſome difficulties, is an infallible ſign of great weakneſs.

There is ſomething ſo arrogant and ſupercilious in treating the teſtimony of the moſt reſpectable characters, in favour of Chriſtianity, with contempt, that nothing more ſeems neceſſary to diſcredit their judgment, than ſuch affectation; and whenever I hear any one boaſting of his freedom from popular prejudices, I always ſuſpect ſome imbecility of underſtanding, ſome ſecret ſuperſtition, which makes them reaſon ſuperficially, conclude quickly, and believe too little, or too much. I am fearful of truſting to their authority, and cautiouſly give my aſſent to their reports.

It is an obſervation, confirmed by the greateſt writers, and particularly by Tacitus, that ſuperſtition, credulity, and infidelity are nearly allied; and when you ſee one of them, the others are not far diſtant. A perſon ſhall reject the Chriſtian theology, but he ſhall admit the abſurd accounts of the antient poets, as not only poſſible, but probable—he ſhall flatly deny the immortality of the ſoul, but he ſhall very readily acknowledge the exiſtence of ſpectres and ſpirits.—Every profane writer is adored as ſublime, infallible, full of heroic ſentiments, and capable of inſpiring the moſt noble elevation of mind; every ſacred one, is, for that very reaſon, traduced as low, falſe, and vulgar.—If he cannot trace the foot-ſteps of infinite goodneſs and wiſdom in the univerſe, it is ten to one, but he is an aſtrologer, and aſcribes all the revolutions of the world, to the influence of the heavenly bodies—if he is ſhocked at the Chriſtian idea of accountableneſs to a ſupreme tribunal, at the expiration of life, he will embrace the tranſmigration of ſouls as a charming ſyſtem—In ſhort—the wild inconſiſtencies of theſe geniuſes, may have a good effect, and in-

duce thoſe who know little, and fear leſs, to bleſs their happy ignorance, and be reconciled to the philoſophy of common ſenſe. There is no extreme of contradiction, which I cannot ſuppoſe men capable of falling into. I ſhould not wonder if one of our infidel heroes was to receive abſolution at the hands of a Romiſh prieſt; nor be ſurpriſed if the great Geneva oracle ſhould leave a conſiderable legacy to the church for maſſes for his ſoul.

But what is all this grave reaſoning to the purpoſe. 'It is genteel to be irreligious.' —This argument I muſt acknowledge to be *invincible*. It is the glory of FASHION to triumph over every thing that is lawful, rational, and decent; and to make men ſacrifice their honour, taſte, and ſenſe to its demands.

It is ridiculous to pretend to talk, or write men into religious ſentiments; it would be of more conſequence to ſhew that Chriſtianity gave them an eaſy air, made them fit for company, and introduced them into polite aſſemblies with advantage. To the honour of infidelity be it ſpoken, its friends are admirably accompliſhed in the genteel arts of gaming, intriguing, and ſpending a Sunday agreeably, vulgarly called, breaking the ſabbath. There is nothing enables a perſon to ruin his fellow-creatures, or cheat his country, or do any thing that is daring or ſpirited, ſo well as renouncing all the prejudices of education. To know the world, and get happily over the ſcruples of ſuperſtition, is of great ſervice in the main concern of amaſſing. Theſe are the gentlemen who make the boldeſt jokes in converſation—uſe the ſtrongeſt figures—ſtrike out the moſt heroic ſchemes in life—and make their public exit out of the world with moſt intrepidity—who then will diſpute the gentility of free-thinking? Even ladies themſelves—whoſe opinion muſt be deciſive upon this head—are its profeſſed patroneſſes; neither curioſity nor ſcandal, can draw them to places where there is nothing but preaching and praying; 'they are not aſhamed of acknowledging themſelves Deiſts;' and they would not for the world, have any acquaintance with ſuch rude and unpoliſhed people as Chriſtians.

From ſuch encouragements as theſe, may we not expect that infidelity will be making freſh converts, till it has poliſhed mankind, and brought them to be governed by *nature*, and the dictates of the firſt philoſophy. When that time ſhall come, may thoſe who have contributed to it by their writings or converſation, enjoy the fruits of their labours; may I (all raillery apart) attain no greater glory, than that of being condemned by ſuch perſons as ridiculous, for thinking like a reaſonable being—unpoliſhed, for acting like a man—and unfaſhionable for believing like a Chriſtian. *Library Magazine.*

§ 114. *Ridicule dangerous to Morality and Religion.*

The unbounded freedom and licentiouſneſs of raillery and ridicule, is become of late years ſo faſhionable among us, and hath already been attended with ſuch fatal and deſtructive conſequences, as to give a reaſonable alarm to all friends of virtue. Writers have roſe up within this laſt century, who have endeavoured to blend and confound the colours of good and evil, to laugh us out of our religion, and undermine the very foundations of morality. The character of the Scoffer hath, by an unaccountable favour and indulgence, met not only with pardon, but approbation, and hath therefore been almoſt univerſally ſought after and admired. Ridicule hath been called (and this for no other reaſon but becauſe Lord Shafteſbury told us ſo) the teſt of truth, and, as ſuch, has been applied indiſcriminately to every ſubject.

But in oppoſition to all the puny followers of Shafteſbury and Bolingbroke, all the laughing moraliſts of the laſt age, and all the ſneering ſatyriſts of this, I ſhall not ſcruple to declare, that I look on ridicule as an oppreſſive and arbitrary tyrant, who like death throws down all diſtinction; blind to the charms of virtue, and deaf to the complaints of truth; a bloody Moloch, who delights in human ſacrifice; who loves to feed on the fleſh of the poor, and to drink the tear of the afflicted; who doubles the weight of poverty by ſcorn and laughter, and throws the poiſon of contempt into the cup of diſtreſs to embitter the draught.

Truth, ſay the Shafteſburians, cannot poſſibly be an object of ridicule, and therefore cannot ſuffer by it:—to which the anſwer is extremely obvious: Truth, naked, undiſguiſed, cannot, we will acknowledge with them, be ridiculed; but Truth, like every thing elſe, may be miſrepreſented: it is the buſineſs of ridicule therefore to diſguiſe her; to dreſs her up in a ſtrange and fantaſtic habit; and when this is artfully performed, it is no wonder that the crowd ſhould ſmile at her deformity.

The nobleſt philoſopher and the beſt moraliſt

raliſt in the heathen world, the great and immortal Socrates, fell a ſacrifice to this pernicious talent: ridicule firſt miſrepreſented, and afterwards deſtroyed him: the deluded multitude condemned him, not for what he was, but for what he appeared to be, an enemy to the religion of his country.

The folly and depravity of mankind will always furniſh out a ſufficient fund for ridicule; and when we conſider how vaſt and ſpacious a field the little ſcene of human life affords for malice and ill-nature, we ſhall not ſo much wonder to ſee the lover of ridicule rejoicing in it. Here he has always an opportunity of gratifying his pride, and ſatiating his malevolence: from the frailties and abſurdities of others, he forms a wreath to adorn his own brow; gathers together, with all his art, the failings and imperfections of others, and offers them up a ſacrifice to ſelf-love. The loweſt and moſt abandoned of mankind can ridicule the moſt exalted beings; thoſe who never could boaſt of their own perfection,

Nor raiſe their thoughts beyond the earth they tread,
Even theſe can cenſure, thoſe can dare deride
A Bacon's avarice, or a Tully's pride.

It were well indeed for mankind, if ridicule would confine itſelf to the frailties and imperfections of human nature, and not extend its baleful influence over the few good qualities and perfections of it: but there is not perhaps a virtue to be named, which may not, by the medium through which it is ſeen, be diſtorted into a vice. The glaſs of ridicule reflects things not only darkly, but falſely alſo: it always diſcolours the objects before it ventures to repreſent them to us. The pureſt metal, by the mixture of a baſe alloy, ſhall ſeem changed to the meaneſt. Ridicule, in the ſame manner, will cloath prudence in the garb of avarice, call courage raſhneſs, and brand good-nature with the name of prodigality; will laugh at the compaſſionate man for his weakneſs, the ſerious man for his preciſeneſs, and the pious man for his hypocriſy.

Modeſty is one of virtue's beſt ſupports; and it is obſervable, that wherever this amiable quality is moſt eminently conſpicuous, ridicule is always ready to attack and overthrow it. The man of wit and humour is never ſo happy as when he can raiſe the bluſh of ingenuous merit, or ſtamp the marks of deformity and guilt on the features of innocence and beauty. Thus may our perfections conſpire to render us both unhappy and contemptible!

The lover of ridicule will, no doubt, plead in the defence of it, that his deſign is to reclaim and reform mankind; that he is lifted in the ſervice of Virtue, and engaged in the cauſe of Truth;—but I will venture to aſſure him, that the allies he boaſts of diſclaim his friendſhip and deſpiſe his aſſiſtance. Truth deſires no ſuch ſoldier to fight under his banner; Virtue wants no ſuch advocate to plead for her. As it is generally exerciſed, it is too great a puniſhment for ſmall faults, too light and inconſiderable for great ones: the little foibles and blemiſhes of a character deſerve rather pity than contempt; the more atrocious crimes call for hatred and abhorrence. Thus, we ſee, that in one caſe the medicine operates too powerfully, and in the other is of no effect.

I might take this opportunity to add, that ridicule is not always contented with ravaging and deſtroying the works of man, but boldly and impiouſly attacks thoſe of God; enters even into the ſanctuary, and profanes the temple of the Moſt High. A late noble writer has made uſe of it to aſperſe the characters and deſtroy the validity of the writers of both the Old and New Teſtament; and to change the ſolemn truths of Chriſtianity into matter of mirth and laughter. The books of Moſes are called by him fables and tales, fit only for the amuſement of children: and St. Paul is treated by him as an enthuſiaſt, an idiot, and an avowed enemy to that religion which he profeſſed. One would not ſurely think that there was any thing in Chriſtianity ſo ludicrous as to raiſe laughter, or to excite contempt; but on the contrary, that the nature of its precepts, and its own intrinſic excellence, would at leaſt have ſecured it from ſuch indignation.

Nothing gives us a higher opinion of thoſe ancient heathens whom our modern bigots are ſo apt to deſpiſe, than that air of piety and devotion which runs through all their writings; and though the Pagan theology was full of abſurdities and inconſiſtencies, which the more refined ſpirits among their poets and philoſophers muſt have doubtleſs deſpiſed, rejected, and contemned; ſuch was their reſpect and veneration for the eſtabliſhed religion of their country, ſuch their regard to decency and ſeriouſneſs, ſuch their modeſty and diffidence in affairs of ſo much weight and importance, that we very ſeldom meet with jeſt or ridicule on ſubjects which they held thus ſacred and reſpectable.

The

The privilege of publicly laughing at religion, and the profeſſion of it, of making the laws of God, and the great concerns of eternity, the objects of mirth and ridicule, was reſerved for more enlightened ages; and denied the more pious heathens, to reflect diſgrace and ignominy on the Chriſtian æra.

It hath indeed been the fate of the beſt and pureſt religion in the world, to become the jeſt of fools; and not only, with its Divine Founder, to be ſcourged and perſecuted, but with him to be mocked and ſpit at, trampled on and deſpiſed. But to conſider the dreadful conſequences of ridicule on this occaſion, will better become the divine than eſſayiſt; to him therefore I ſhall refer it, and conclude this eſſay by obſerving, that after all the undeſerved encomiums ſo laviſhly beſtowed on this child of wit and malice, ſo univerſally approved and admired, I know of no ſervice the pernicious talent of ridicule can be of, unleſs it be to raiſe the bluſh of modeſty, and put virtue out of countenance; to enhance the miſeries of the wretched, and poiſon the feaſt of happineſs; to inſult man, and affront God; to make us, in ſhort, hateful to our fellow-creatures, uneaſy to ourſelves, and highly diſpleaſing to the Almighty. *Smollet.*

§ 115. *On Prodigality.*

It is the fate of almoſt every paſſion, when it has paſſed the bounds which nature preſcribes, to counteract its own purpoſe. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumſpection; and too much eagerneſs of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that eaſineſs of addreſs with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuouſneſs, ſeldom procures ultimately either applauſe or pleaſure.

If praiſe be juſtly eſtimated by the character of thoſe from whom it is received, little ſatisfaction will be given to the ſpendthrift by the encomiums which he purchaſes. For who are they that animate him in his purſuits, but young men, thoughtleſs and abandoned like himſelf, unacquainted with all on which the wiſdom of nations has impreſſed the ſtamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profuſion praiſed, but by wretches who conſider him as ſubſervient to their purpoſes; Syrens that entice him to ſhipwreck; and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whoſe knowledge, or whoſe virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with ſcorn or pity (neither of which can afford much gratification to pride) on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he ſees parcelled out among the different miniſters of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockies, vintners and attornies; who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are ſecretly triumphing over his weakneſs, when they preſent new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his deſires by counterfeited applauſe.

Such is the praiſe that is purchaſed by prodigality. Even when it is yet not diſcovered to be falſe, it is the praiſe only of thoſe whom it is reproachful to pleaſe, and whoſe ſincerity is corrupted by their intereſt; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know, that whenever their pupil grows wiſe, they ſhall loſe their power. Yet with ſuch flatteries, if they could laſt, might the cravings of vanity, which is ſeldom very delicate, be ſatisfied: but the time is always haſtening forward, when this triumph, poor as it is, ſhall vaniſh, and when thoſe who now ſurround him with obſequiouſneſs and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, ſhall turn upon him with inſolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themſelves.

And as little pretenſions has the man, who ſquanders his eſtate by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleaſure than are obtained by others. To make any happineſs ſincere, it is neceſſary that we believe it to be laſting; ſince whatever we ſuppoſe ourſelves in danger of loſing, muſt be enjoyed with ſolicitude and uneaſineſs, and the more value we ſet upon it, the more muſt the preſent poſſeſſion be imbittered. How can he, then, be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conſcious that a very ſhort time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more exceſſes, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetite with more profuſeneſs.

It appears evident, that frugality is neceſſary even to compleat the pleaſure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of thoſe who ſquander what they know their fortune not ſufficient to allow, that in their moſt jovial expence there always breaks out ſome proof of diſcontent and impatience; they either ſcatter with a kind of wild deſperation and affected laviſhneſs, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot eſcape it;

it; or pay their money with a peeviſh anxiety, and endeavour at once to ſpend idly, and to ſave meanly; having neither firmneſs to deny their paſſions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poiſon the bowl of pleaſure by reflection on the coſt.

Among theſe men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very ſeldom the tranquillity of chearfulneſs; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot; and conſider it as the firſt buſineſs of the night to ſtupify recollection, and lay that reaſon aſleep, which diſturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken ſatisfaction is of ſhort continuance, and muſt be expiated by a long ſeries of miſery and regret. In a ſhort time the creditor grows impatient, the laſt acre is ſold, the paſſions and appetites ſtill continue their tyranny, with inceſſant calls for their uſual gratifications; and the remainder of life paſſes away in vain repentance, or impotent deſire. *Rambler.*

§ 116. *On Honour.*

Every principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, ſince men are of ſo different a make, that the ſame principle does not work equally upon all minds. What ſome men are prompted to by conſcience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the ſame thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The ſenſe of honour is of ſo fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in ſuch as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This eſſay therefore is chiefly deſigned for thoſe, who by means of any of theſe advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is miſunderſtood, I ſhall conſider honour with reſpect to three ſorts of men. Firſt of all, with regard to thoſe who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to thoſe who have a miſtaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to thoſe who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the firſt place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the ſame effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the ſame point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour ſcorns, to do an ill action. The latter conſiders vice as ſomething that is beneath him; the other, as ſomething that is offenſive to the Divine Being: the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca ſpeaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares "that were there no God to ſee or puniſh vice, he would not commit it, becauſe it is of ſo mean, ſo baſe, and ſo vile a nature."

I ſhall conclude this head with the deſcription of honour in the part of young Juba:

> Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
> The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
> That aids and ſtrengthens virtue when it meets her,
> And imitates her actions where ſhe is not;
> It ought not to be ſported with. CATO.

In the ſecond place, we are to conſider thoſe, who have miſtaken notions of honour. And theſe are ſuch as eſtabliſh any thing to themſelves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no ſcruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuſes them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed ſo becoming in human nature, that he who wants it ſcarce deſerves the name of a man; but we find ſeveral who ſo much abuſe this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us, who have called themſelves men of honour, that would have been a diſgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who ſacrifices any duty of a reaſonable creature to a prevailing mode or faſhion; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is diſpleaſing to his Maker, or deſtructive to ſociety; who thinks himſelf obliged by this principle to the practice of ſome virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively inſtance of one actuated by falſe honour. Timogenes would ſmile at a man's jeſt who ridiculed his Maker, and at the ſame time run a man through the body that ſpoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have ſcorned to have betrayed a ſecret that was intruſted with him, though

though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, dispossed of all the money he could make of it, in paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it; as there is more hope of an heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old Syphax in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespeare's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic, that comes in competition with their present interest; and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare to stand up, in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

Guardian.

§ 117. *On Modesty.*

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations, which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again; A man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I was put to define Modesty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason, a man, truly modest, is as much so when he is alone as in company; and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take Assurance to be, The faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world; but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made

made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both those qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express, when we say, a modest assurance; by which we understand, the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill, even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes; and is sometimes attended with both. *Spectator.*

§ 118. *On disinterested Friendship.*

I am informed that certain Greek writers (Philosophers, it seems, in the opinion of their countrymen) have advanced some very extraordinary positions relating to friendship; as, indeed, what subject is there, which these subtle geniuses have not tortured with their sophistry?

The authors to whom I refer, dissuade their disciples from entering into any strong attachments, as unavoidably creating supernumerary disquietudes to those who engage in them; and, as every man has more than sufficient to call forth his solicitude in the course of his own affairs, it is a weakness they contend, anxiously to involve himself in the concerns of others. They recommend it also, in all connections of this kind, to hold the bands of union extremely loose; so as always to have it in one's power to straiten or relax them, as circumstances and situations shall render most expedient. They add, as a capital article of their doctrine, that "to live exempt from cares, is an essential ingredient to constitute human happiness: but an ingredient, however, which he, who voluntarily distresses himself with cares in which he has no necessary and personal interest, must never hope to possess."

I have been told likewise, that there is another set of pretended philosophers, of the same country, whose tenets, concerning this subject, are of a still more illiberal and ungenerous cast.

The proposition they attempt to establish, is, that "friendship is an affair of self-interest entirely, and that the proper motive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the kind and benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that assistance and support which is to be derived from the connection." Accordingly they assert, that those persons are most disposed to have recourse to auxiliary alliances of this kind, who are least qualified by nature, or fortune, to depend upon their own strength and powers: the weaker sex, for instance, being generally more inclined to engage in friendships, than the male part of our species; and those who are deepest by indigence, or labouring under misfortunes, than the wealthy and the prosperous.

Excellent and obliging sages, these, undoubtedly! To strike out the friendly affections from the moral world, would be like extinguishing the sun in the natural; each of them being the source of the best and most grateful satisfactions that Heaven has conferred on the sons of men. But I should be glad to know what the real value of this boasted exemption from care, which they promise their disciples, justly amounts to? an exemption flattering to self-love, I confess; but which, upon many occurrences in human life, should be rejected with the utmost disdain. For nothing, surely, can be more inconsistent with a well-poised and manly spirit, than to decline engaging in any laudable action, or to be discouraged from persevering in it, by an apprehension of the trouble and solicitude with which it may probably be attended. Virtue herself, indeed, ought to be totally renounced, if it be

be right to avoid every poſſible means that may be productive of uneaſineſs: for who, that is actuated by her principles, can obſerve the conduct of an oppoſite character, without being affected with ſome degree of ſecret diſſatisfaction? Are not the juſt, the brave, and the good, neceſſarily expoſed to the diſagreeable emotions of diſlike and averſion, when they reſpectively meet with inſtances of fraud, of cowardice, or of villainy? It is an eſſential property of every well-conſtituted mind, to be affected with pain, or pleaſure, according to the nature of thoſe moral appearances that preſent themſelves to obſervation.

If ſenſibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wiſdom (and it ſurely is not, unleſs we ſuppoſe that philoſophy deadens every finer feeling of our nature) what juſt reaſon can be aſſigned, why the ſympathetic ſufferings which may reſult from friendſhip, ſhould be a ſufficient inducement for baniſhing that generous affection from the human breaſt? Extinguiſh all emotions of the heart, and what difference will remain, I do not ſay between man and brute, but between man and a mere inanimate clod? Away then with thoſe auſtere philoſophers, who repreſent virtue as hardening the ſoul againſt all the ſofter impreſſions of humanity! The fact, certainly, is much otherwiſe: a truly good man is, upon many occaſions, extremely ſuſceptible of tender ſentiments; and his heart expands with joy, or ſhrinks with ſorrow, as good or ill fortune accompanies his friend. Upon the whole, then, it may fairly be concluded, that, as in the caſe of virtue, ſo in that of friendſhip, thoſe painful ſenſations, which may ſometimes be produced by the one, as well as by the other, are equally inſufficient grounds for excluding either of them from taking poſſeſſion of our boſoms.

They who inſiſt that "utility is the firſt and prevailing motive, which induces mankind to enter into particular friendſhips," appear to me to diveſt the aſſociation of its moſt amiable and engaging principle. For, to a mind rightly diſpoſed, it is not ſo much the benefits received, as the affectionate zeal from which they flow, that gives them their beſt and moſt valuable recommendation. It is ſo far indeed from being verified by fact, that a ſenſe of our wants is the original cauſe of forming theſe amicable alliances; that, on the contrary, it is obſervable, that none have been more diſtinguiſhed in their friendſhips than thoſe whoſe power and opulence, but, above all, whoſe ſuperior virtue (a much firmer ſupport) have raiſed them above every neceſſity of having recourſe to the aſſiſtance of others.

The true diſtinction, then, in this queſtion is, that "although friendſhip is certainly productive of utility, yet utility is not the primary motive of friendſhip." Thoſe ſelfiſh ſenſualiſts, therefore, who, lulled in the lap of luxury, preſume to maintain the reverſe, have ſurely no claim to attention; as they are neither qualified by reflection, nor experience, to be competent judges of the ſubject.

Good Gods! is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world can beſtow, if offered to him upon the ſevere terms of his being unconnected with a ſingle mortal whom he could love, or by whom he ſhould be beloved? This would be to lead the wretched life of a deteſted tyrant, who, amidſt perpetual ſuſpicions and alarms, paſſes his miſerable days a ſtranger to every tender ſentiment, and utterly precluded from the heart-felt ſatisfactions of friendſhip.

Melmoth's Tranſlation of Cicero's Lælius.

§ 119. *The Art of Happineſs.*

Almoſt every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark ſide. He who habituates himſelf to look at the diſpleaſing ſide, will ſour his diſpoſition, and conſequently impair his happineſs; while he, who conſtantly beholds it on the bright ſide, inſenſibly meliorates his temper, and, in conſequence of it, improves his own happineſs, and the happineſs of all about him.

Arachne and Meliſſa are two friends. They are, both of them, women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accompliſhments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverſe of each other. Arachne has accuſtomed herſelf to look only on the dark ſide of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thouſand brilliances, and but one or two blemiſhes, ſhe ſlightly ſkims over the paſſages that ſhould give her pleaſure, and dwells upon thoſe only that fill her with diſlike.—If you ſhew her a very excellent portrait, ſhe looks at ſome part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfiniſhed.—Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatneſs and elegancy; but, if you take a walk with her in it, ſhe talks to you of nothing but blights

and

and ſtorms, of ſnails and caterpillars, and how impoſſible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-caſts.—If you ſit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful proſpect, ſhe obſerves to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too ſunny, or too gloomy; that it is ſultry, or windy; and finiſhes with a long harangue upon the wretchedneſs of our climate.—When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little chearful converſation, ſhe caſts a gloom over all, by giving you the hiſtory of her own bad health, or of ſome melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus ſhe inſenſibly ſinks her own ſpirits, and the ſpirits of all around her; and, at laſt, diſcovers, ſhe knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Meliſſa is the reverſe of all this. By conſtantly habituating herſelf to look only on the bright ſide of objects, ſhe preſerves a perpetual chearfulneſs in herſelf, which, by a kind of happy contagion, ſhe communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, ſhe conſiders it might have been worſe, and is thankful to Providence for an eſcape. She rejoices in ſolitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herſelf; and in ſociety, becauſe ſhe can communicate the happineſs ſhe enjoys. She oppoſes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out ſomething to cheriſh and applaud in the very worſt of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a deſire to be entertained or inſtructed, and therefore ſeldom miſſes what ſhe looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, and ſhe will diſcover numberleſs beauties, unobſerved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of ſeaſon, as bringing with it ſomething of health or convenience. In converſation, it is a rule with her, never to ſtart a ſubject that leads to any thing gloomy or diſagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or thoſe of her neighbours, or (what is worſt of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, ſhe has the addreſs to turn it into entertainment, by changing the moſt odious railing into a pleaſant raillery. Thus Meliſſa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the ſpider, ſucks poiſon from the faireſt flowers. The conſequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever ſour and diſſatisfied, the other always gay and chearful; the one ſpreads an univerſal gloom, the other a continual ſun-ſhine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happineſs. In converſation, as well as life, happineſs very often depends upon the ſlighteſt incidents. The taking notice of the badneſs of the weather, a north-eaſt-wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumſtance of the diſagreeable kind, ſhall inſenſibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourſelves, and are deſirous of communicating that happineſs to all about us, theſe minutiæ of converſation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightneſs of the ſky, the lengthening of the day, the increaſing verdure of the ſpring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the moſt diſtant glimpſe of joy, ſhall frequently be the parent of a ſocial and happy converſation. Good-manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the ſunſhine that ripens the harveſt, becauſe his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleaſure from the thunder-ſtorm to which he is expoſed, by remarking on the plenty and refreſhment which may be expected from the ſucceeding ſhower.

Thus does politeneſs, as well as good ſenſe, direct us to look at every object on the bright ſide; and, by thus acting, we cheriſh and improve both. By this practice it is that Meliſſa is become the wiſeſt and beſt-bred woman living; and by this practice, may every perſon arrive at that agreeableneſs of temper, of which the natural and never-failing fruit is Happineſs. *Harris.*

§ 120. *Happineſs is founded in Rectitude of Conduct.*

All men purſue Good, and would be happy, if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miſerable for hours; but happy, if poſſible, through every part of their exiſtence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this ſteady, durable kind, or there is none. If none, then all good muſt be tranſient and uncertain; and if ſo, an object of the loweſt value, which can little deſerve either our attention or inquiry. But if there be a better good, ſuch a good as we are ſeeking; like every other thing, it muſt be derived from ſome cauſe; and that cauſe muſt be either external, internal, or mixed;

mixed; in as much as, except these three, there is no other possible. Now a steady, durable good cannot be derived from an external cause; by reason, all derived from externals must fluctuate as they fluctuate. By the same rule, not from a mixture of the two; because the part which is external will proportionably destroy its essence. What then remains but the cause internal; the very cause which we have supposed, when we place the Sovereign Good in Mind —in Rectitude of Conduct? *Harris.*

§ 121. *The Choice of Hercules.*

When Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women, of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and she endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular, composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:

"My dear Hercules," says she, "I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewel for ever to care, to pain, to business." Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name: to which she answered, "My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner:—"Hercules," says she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent, by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you; and must lay this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it: in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness."

The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, made up of scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's-self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries

ries paſs away their youth in a dream of miſtaken pleaſures; while they are hoarding up anguiſh, torment, and remorſe, for old age.

"As for me, I am the friend of Gods, and of good men; an agreeable companion to the artizan; an houſhold guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of ſervants; an aſſociate in all true and generous friendſhips. The banquets of my votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirſt. Their ſlumbers are ſound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in years; and thoſe who are in years, of being honoured by thoſe who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, eſteemed by their country, and, after the cloſe of their labours, honoured by poſterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of theſe two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the juſtice to approve his choice. *Tatler.*

Letters on the Choice of Company.

§ 122. LETTER I.

SIR,

As you are now no longer under the eye of either a parent, or a governor, but wholly at liberty to act according to your own inclinations; your friends cannot be without their fears, on your account; they cannot but have ſome uneaſy apprehenſions, leſt the very bad men, with whom you may converſe, ſhould be able to efface thoſe principles, which ſo much care was taken at firſt to imprint, and has been ſince to preſerve, in you.

The intimacy, in which I have, for many years, lived with your family, ſuffers me not to be otherwiſe than a *ſharer* of their concern, on this occaſion; and you will permit me, as ſuch, to lay before you thoſe conſiderations, which, while they ſhew you your danger, and excite your caution, may not be without their uſe in promoting your ſafety.

That it ſhould be the endeavour of our parents, to give us juſt apprehenſions of things, as ſoon as we are capable of receiving them; and, in our earlier years, to ſtock our minds with uſeful truths—to accuſtom us to the uſe of our reaſon, the reſtraint of our appetites, and the government of our paſſions, is a point, on which, I believe, all are agreed, whoſe opinions about it you would think of any conſequence.

From a neglect in theſe particulars, you ſee ſo many of one ſex, as much Girls at Sixty, as they were at Sixteen—their follies only varied—their purſuits, though differently, yet equally, trifling; and you thence, likewiſe, find near as many of the other ſex, Boys in their advanced years—as fond of feathers and toys in their riper age, as they were in their childhood—living as little to any of the purpoſes of Reaſon, when it has gained its full ſtrength, as they did when it was weakeſt. And, indeed, from the ſame ſource all thoſe vices proceed, which moſt diſturb and diſtreſs the world.

When no pains are taken to correct our bad *inclinations*, before they become confirmed and fixed in us; they acquire, at length, that power over us, from which we have the worſt to fear—we give way to *them* in the inſtances where we ſee plaineſt, how grievouſly we muſt ſuffer by our compliance—we know not how to reſiſt *them*, notwithſtanding the obvious ruin which will be the conſequence of our yielding to them.

I don't ſay, that a right *education* will be as beneficial, as a wrong one is hurtful: the very beſt may be diſappointed of its proper effects.

Though the tree you ſet be put into an excellent ſoil, and trained and pruned by the ſkilfulleſt hand; you are not, however, ſure of its thriving: vermin may deſtroy all your hopes from it.

When the utmoſt care has been taken to ſend a young man into the world well principled, and fully appriſed of the reaſonableneſs of a religious and virtuous life; he is, yet, far from being temptation proof—he even then may fall, may fall into the worſt both of principles and practices; and he is very likely to do ſo, in the place where you are, if he will aſſociate with thoſe who ſpeak as freely as they act; and who ſeem to think, that their underſtanding would be leſs advantageouſly ſhewn, were they not to uſe it in defence of their vices.

That we may be known by our company, is a truth become proverbial. The ends we have to ſerve may, indeed, occaſion us to be often with the perſons, whom we by no means reſemble; or, the place, in which we are ſettled, keeping us at a great diſtance from others, if we will converſe at all, it muſt be with ſome, whoſe manners we leaſt approve. But when we have our choice—when no valuable intereſt is promoted by

aſſociating with the corrupt—when, if we like the company of the wiſe and conſiderate, we may have it; that we then court the one, and ſhun the other, ſeems as full a proof, as we can well give, that, if we avoid vice, it is not from the ſenſe we have of the amiableneſs of virtue.

Had I a large collection of books, and never looked into any that treated on grave and uſeful ſubjects, that would contribute to make me wiſer or better; but took thoſe frequently, and thoſe only, into my hands, that would raiſe my laughter, or that would merely amuſe me, or that would give me looſe and impure ideas, or that inculcated atheiſtical or ſceptical notions, or that were filled with ſcurrility and invective, and therefore could only ſerve to gratify my ſpleen and ill-nature; they, who knew this to be my practice, muſt, certainly, form a very unfavourable opinion of my capacity, or of my morals. If nature had given me a good underſtanding, and much of my time paſſed in reading: were I to read nothing but what was trifling, it would ſpoil that underſtanding, it would make me a Trifler: and though formed with commendable diſpoſitions, or with none very blameable; yet if my *favourite authors* were —*ſuch* as encouraged me to make the moſt of the *preſent hour*; not to look beyond *it*, to taſte every pleaſure that offered itſelf, to forego no advantage, that I could obtain—*ſuch* as gave vice nothing to fear, nor virtue any thing to hope, in a future ſtate; you would not, I am ſure, pronounce otherwiſe of thoſe writers, than that they would hurt my natural diſpoſition, and carry me *lengths of guilt*, which I ſhould not have gone, without this encouragement to it.

Nor can it be allowed, that *reading* wrong things would thus affect me, but it muſt be admitted, that *hearing* them would not do it leſs. *Both* fall under the head of *Converſation*; we fitly apply that term alike to *both*; and we may be ſaid, with equal propriety, to converſe with books, and to converſe with men. The impreſſion, indeed, made on us by what we hear, is, uſually, much ſtronger than that received by us from what we read. That which paſſes in our uſual intercourſe is liſtened to, without fatiguing us: each, then, taking his turn in ſpeaking, our attention is kept awake: we mind throughout what is ſaid, while we are at liberty to expreſs our own ſentiments of it, to confirm it, or to improve upon it, or to object to it, or to hear any part of it repeated, or to aſk what queſtions we pleaſe concerning it.

Diſcourſe is an application to our eyes, as well as ears; and the one organ is here ſo far aſſiſtant to the other, that it greatly increaſes the force of what is tranſmitted to our minds by it. The air and action of the ſpeaker gives no ſmall importance to his words: the very tone of his voice adds weight to his reaſoning; and occaſions that to be attended to throughout, which, had it come to us from the pen or the preſs, we ſhould have been aſleep, before we had read half of it.

That bad companions will make us as bad as themſelves, I don't affirm. When we are not kept from their vices by our principles, we may be ſo by our conſtitution; we may be leſs profligate than they are, by being more cowardly; but what I advance as *certain* is, That we cannot be ſafe among them —that they will, in ſome degree, and may in a very great one, hurt our morals. You may not, perhaps, be unwilling to have a diſtinct view of the reaſons, upon which I aſſert this.

I will enter upon them in my next.

I was going to write adieu, when it came into my thoughts, that though you may not be a ſtranger to the much cenſured doctrine of our countryman *Pelagius*—a ſtranger to his having denied *original* ſin; you may, perhaps, have never heard how he accounted for the depravity, ſo manifeſt in the whole of our race—He aſcribed it to *imitation*. Had he ſaid, that imitation makes ſome of us very bad, and moſt of us worſe than we otherwiſe ſhould have been; I think he would not have paſſed for an heretic.

Dean Bolton.

§ 123. Letter II.

Sir,

I promiſed you, that you ſhould have the reaſons, why I think that there is great danger of your being hurt by vicious acquaintance. The firſt thing I have here to propoſe to your conſideration is, what I juſt mentioned at the cloſe of my laſt—our aptneſs to imitate.

For many years of our life we are forming ourſelves upon what we obſerve in thoſe about us. We do not only learn their phraſe, but their manners. You perceive among whom we were educated, not more plainly by our idiom, than by our behaviour. The cottage offers you a brood, with all the ruſticity and ſavageneſs of its grown inhabitants. The civility and courteſy, which, in a well-ordered family, are conſtantly ſeen by its younger members, fail

not

not to influence their deportment; and will, whatever their natural *brutality* may be, diſpoſe them to check its appearance, and expreſs an averſeneſs from what is rude and diſguſting. Let the deſcendant of the meaneſt be placed, from his infancy, where he perceives every one mindful of decorum; the marks of his *extraction* are ſoon obliterated; at leaſt, his carriage does not diſcover it: and were the heir of his *Grace* to be continually in the kitchen or ſtables, you would ſoon only know the young Lord by his cloaths and title: in other reſpects, you would judge him the ſon of the groom or the ſcullion.

Nor is the diſpoſition to imitate confined to our childhood; when this is paſt, and the man is to ſhew himſelf, he takes his colours, if I may ſo ſpeak, from thoſe he is near—he copies their appearance—he ſeldom is, what the uſe of his reaſon, or what his own inclinations, would make him.

Are the opinions of the generality, in moſt points, any other, than what they hear advanced by this or that perſon high in their eſteem, and whoſe judgment they will not allow themſelves to queſtion? You well know, that one could not lately go into company, but the firſt thing ſaid was—You have, undoubtedly, read——What an excellent performance it is! The fine imagination of its noble author diſcovers itſelf in every line. As ſoon as this noble author ſeriouſly diſowned it, all the admiration of it was at an end. Its merit, with thoſe who had moſt commended it, appeared to be wholly the name of its ſuppoſed writer. Thus we find it throughout. It is not *what* is written, or ſaid, or acted, that we examine; and approve or condemn, as it is, in itſelf, good or bad: Our concern is, who writes, who ſays, or does it; and we, accordingly, regard, or diſregard it.

Look round the kingdom. There is, perhaps, ſcarce a village in it, where the ſerioufneſs or diſſoluteneſs of the Squire, if not quite a driveller, is not more or leſs ſeen in the manners of the reſt of its inhabitants. And he, who is thus a pattern, takes his pattern—faſhions himſelf by ſome or other of a better eſtate, or higher rank, with whoſe character he is pleaſed, or to whom he ſeeks to recommend himſelf.

In what a ſhort ſpace is a whole nation metamorphoſed! Fancy yourſelf in the middle of the laſt century. What grave faces do you every where behold! The moſt diſſolutely inclined ſuffers not a libertine expreſſion to eſcape him. He who leaſt regards the practice of virtue, aſſumes its appearance.

None claim, from their ſtations, a privilege for their vices. The greateſt ſtrangers to the *influence* of religion obſerve its *form*. The ſoldier not only forbears an oath, but reproves it; he may poſſibly make free with your goods, as having more grace than you, and, therefore, a better title to them; but you have nothing to fear from his lewdneſs, or drunkenneſs.

The Royal Brothers at length land—The monarchy is reſtored. How ſoon then is a grave aſpect denominated a puritanical; decorum, preciſeneſs; ſerioufneſs, fanaticiſm! He, who cannot *extinguiſh* in himſelf *all ſenſe* of religion, is induſtrious to conceal his having *any*—*appears* worſe than he *is*—would be thought to favour the crime, that he dares not commit. The lewdeſt converſation is the politeſt. No repreſentation pleaſes, in which decency is conſulted. Every favourite drama has its hero a libertine—introduces the magiſtrate, only to expoſe him as a knave, or a cuckold; and the prieſt, only to deſcribe him a profligate or hypocrite.

How much greater the power of faſhion is, than that of any laws, by whatſoever penalties enforced, the experience of all ages and nations concurs in teaching us. We readily imitate, where we cannot be conſtrained to obey: and become by example, what our rule ſeeks in vain to make us.

So far we may be all truly ſtyled players, as we all perſonate—borrow our characters—repreſent ſome other—act a part—exhibit thoſe who have been moſt under our notice, or whom we ſeek to pleaſe, or with whom we are pleaſed.

As the Chameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And ſtruts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon ſight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him, and his heirs male:
So the young Squire, when firſt he comes
From country ſchool to *Will*'s or *Tom*'s;
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a ſtateſman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He faunters wildly up and down;
Till ſome acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a ſtaring lad,
Admits him in among the gang:
They jeſt, reply, diſpute, harangue;
He acts and talks as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.

Thus, merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances. PRIOR.

Dean Bolton.

§ 124. LETTER III.

SIR,

My laſt endeavoured to ſhew you, how apt we are to imitate. Let me now deſire you to conſider the diſpoſition you will be under to recommend yourſelf to thoſe, whoſe company you deſire, or would not decline.

Converſation, like marriage, muſt have conſent of parties. There is no being intimate with him, who will not be ſo with you; and, in order to contract or ſupport an intimacy, you muſt give the pleaſure, which you would receive. This is a truth, that every man's experience muſt force him to acknowledge: we are ſure to ſeek in vain a familiarity with any, who have no intereſt to ſerve by us, if we diſregard their humour.

In courts, indeed, where the art of pleaſing is more ſtudied than it is elſewhere, you ſee people more dexterouſly accommodating themſelves to the turn of thoſe, for whoſe favour they wiſh; but, wherever you go, you almoſt conſtantly perceive the ſame *end* purſued by the ſame *means*, though there may not be the ſame adroitneſs in applying them. What a proof have you in your own neighbourhood, how effectual theſe means are!

Did you ever hear *Charles*—tell a good ſtory—make a ſhrewd obſervation—drop an expreſſion, which bordered either on wit or humour? Yet he is welcome to all tables—he is much with thoſe, who have wit, who have humour, who are, really, men of abilities. Whence is this, but from the approbation he ſhews of whatever paſſes? A ſtory he cannot *tell*, but he has a laugh in readineſs for every one he *hears*: by his admiration of wit, he ſupplies the want of it; and they, who have *capacity*, find no objection to the meanneſs of *his*, whilſt he appears always to think as they do. Few have their looks and tempers ſo much at command as this man; and few, therefore, are ſo happy in recommending themſelves; but as in *his way* of doing it, there is, obviouſly, the greateſt likelihood of ſucceſs, we may be ſure that it will be *the way* generally taken.

Some, I grant, you meet with, who by their endeavours, on all occaſions, to ſhew a ſuperior diſcernment, may ſeem to think, that to gain the favour of any one, he muſt be brought to their ſentiments, rather than they adopt his; but I fear theſe perſons will be found only giving too clear a proof, either how abſurdly ſelf-conceit ſometimes operates, or how much knowledge there may be, where there is very little common ſenſe.

Did I, in deſcribing the creature called MAN, repreſent him as having, in proportion to his bulk, more brains than any other animal we know of; I ſhould not think this deſcription falſe, though it could be proved that *ſome* of the ſpecies had ſcarce any brains at all.

Even where favour is not particularly ſought, the very civility, in which he, who would be regarded as a well-bred man, is never wanting, muſt render him unwilling to avow the moſt juſt diſapprobation of what his companions agree in acting, or commending. He is by no means to give diſguſt, and, therefore, when he hears the worſt principles vindicated, and the beſt ridiculed; or when he ſees what ought to be matter of the *greateſt ſhame*, done without *any*; he is to acquieſce, he is to ſhew no token, that what paſſes is at all offenſive to him.

Conſider yourſelf then in either of theſe ſituations—deſirous to engage the favour of the bad man, into whoſe company you are admitted—or, only unwilling to be thought by him deficient in good manners; and, I think, you will plainly ſee the danger you ſhould apprehend from him—the likelihood there is, that you ſhould at length loſe *the abhorrence* of his crimes, which, when with him, you never expreſs.

Will you aſk me, why it is not as *probable* —that you ſhould reform your vicious acquaintance, as that they ſhould corrupt you? Or, why may I not as well ſuppoſe—that they will avoid ſpeaking and acting what will give you offence, as that you will be averſe from giving them any—that they will conſult your inclinations, as that you will theirs?

To avoid the length, which will be equally diſagreeable to both of us, I will only anſwer—Do you know any inſtance, which can induce you to think this *probable?* Are not you appriſed of many inſtances, that greatly weaken the probability of it?

The vaſt diſproportion, which there is between the numbers of the ſerious and the diſſolute, is ſo notorious, as to render it unqueſtionable—that the influence of the latter far exceeds the influence of the former—that a vicious man is much more likely to corrupt a virtuous, than to be reformed by him.

An anſwer of the ſame kind I ſhould have judged ſatisfactory; if, with reſpect to what I had

I had urged in my former letter, you queſtioned me—why the readineſs to imitate thoſe, with whom we are much converſant, might not as juſtly encourage you to *hope*, when you aſſociated with the leſs ſober, that they might be won to your regularity, as occaſion you to *fear*, that you ſhould be brought to join in their exceſſes? The good have been for ſo long a ſpace loſing ground among us, and the bad gaining it; and theſe are now become ſuch a prodigious multitude; that it is undeniable, how much more apt we are to form ourſelves on the manners of thoſe, who diſregard their duty, than on theirs, who are attentive to it.

You will here be pleaſed to remark, that I do not conſider you as ſetting out with any reforming views—as converſing with the *immoral*, in order to diſpoſe them to reaſonable purſuits; but that I only apply to you, as induced to aſſociate with them from the eaſineſs of their temper, or the pleaſantry of their humour, or your common literary purſuits, or their ſkill in ſome of your favourite amuſements, or on ſome ſuch-like account: and then, what I have obſerved may not appear a weak argument, that they are much more likely to hurt you, than you are to benefit them.

I will cloſe my argument and my letter, with a paſſage from a very good hiſtorian, which will ſhew you the ſenſe of one of the ableſt of the ancient legiſlators on my preſent ſubject.

This writer, mentioning the laws which *Charondas* gave the *Thurians*, ſays—" He " enacted a law with reference to an *evil*, " on which former lawgivers had not ani- " madverted, that of keeping bad com- " pany. As he conceived that the morals " of the good were ſometimes quite ruined " by their diſſolute acquaintance—that vice " was apt, like an infectious diſeaſe, to " ſpread itſelf, and to extend its contagion " even to the beſt diſpoſed of our ſpecies. " In order to prevent this miſchief, he ex- " preſsly enjoined, that none ſhould engage " in any intimacy or familiarity with im- " moral perſons—he appointed that an ac- " cuſation might be exhibited for keeping " bad company, and laid a heavy fine on " ſuch as were convicted of it."

Remember *Charondas*, when you are diſpoſed to cenſure the caution ſuggeſted by,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

Dean Bolton.

§ 125. Letter IV.

Sir,

Sir *Francis Walſingham*, in a letter to Mr. *Anthony Bacon*, then a very young man, and on his travels, expreſſes himſelf thus—" The danger is great that we are ſubject " to, in lying in the company of the worſer " ſort. In natural *bodies*, evil airs are " avoided, and infection ſhunned of them, " that have any regard to their health. " There is not ſo *probable* a *reaſon* for the " corruptions, that may grow to the *mind* " of one, from the *mind* of another; but " the *danger* is far *greater*, and the *effects*, " we ſee, more *frequent*: for the number " of evil-diſpoſed in mind is greater than " the number of ſick in body. . . . . " Though the well-diſpoſed will remain " ſome good ſpace without corruption, yet " *time*, I know not how, worketh a wound " into him. . . . . Which weakneſs of ours " conſidered, and eaſineſs of nature, apt to " be deceived, looked into; they do beſt " provide for themſelves, that *ſeparate them-* " *ſelves*, as far as they can, from the bad, " and draw as nigh to the good, as *by any* " *poſſibility* they can attain to."

To what I have already ſaid, in proof that we ſhould thus *ſeparate ourſelves*, I ſhall now add two further reaſons for our doing it: 1. The wrong inclinations, the proneneſs to violate ſome or other part of our duty, which we all find in ourſelves. 2. The power which cuſtom hath, to reconcile us to what we, at firſt, moſt dreaded.

Need I tell you, that our natural depravity has not only been the theme of chriſtian writers; but that the moſt eminent heathen authors, poets, hiſtorians, philoſophers, join in confeſſing it?

Where, alas! is the man, who has not his wrong tendencies to lament? Whom do you know able to conceal them, to prevent a clear diſcovery of them in his practice?

According as we are liable to act amiſs, we, certainly, muſt be in more or leſs danger from aſſociating with thoſe, who either will ſeek to draw us into guilt—or will countenance us in it—or will diminiſh our abhorrence of it. Some danger from ſuch company there muſt be even to him, whoſe *inclinations* are leaſt faulty; ſince they may be made worſe—they may produce bad actions, the repetition of which would form bad habits; and nothing could be ſo likely to heighten any depravity of diſpoſition, and carry it to the moſt fatal lengths of miſ-

conduct, as a familiarity with those, who have no dread of guilt, or none that restrains them from complying with the temptations they meet with to guilt.

You may, perhaps, think, that you could be in no danger from any companion, to whose excesses you found not in yourself the least propensity: but believe me, my friend, this would by no means warrant your safety.

Though such a companion might not induce you to offend in the very same way, that he doth; he would, probably, make you the offender, that you otherwise never would have been. If he did not bring you to conform to his practice, would he not be likely to insinuate his principles? His disregard to *his duty* would tend to render you indifferent to *yours*: and, while he lessened your general regard to virtue, he might make you a very bad man, though you should continue wholly to avoid his particular crimes.

The unconcernedness, with which he gave his worst inclinations their scope, could hardly be day after day observed, without making you less solicitous to restrain your own wrong tendencies, and strongly urging you to a compliance with them.

2. The danger there is in conversing with the immoral will be yet more apparent; if you will, next, attend to the power of custom in reconciling us to that, which we, at first, most dreaded.

Whence is it, that veteran troops face an enemy, with almost as little concern as they perform their exercise? The man of the greatest courage among them felt, probably, in the first battle wherein he was, a terror that required all his courage to surmount. Nor was this terror, afterwards, overcome by him, but by degrees; every succeeding engagement abated it: the oftener he fought, the less he feared: by being habituated to danger, he learned, at length, to despise it.

An ordinary swell of the ocean alarms the youth who has never before been upon it; but he, whose *fears* are now raised, when there is nothing that ought to excite them, becomes soon without *any*, even when in a situation, that might justly dismay him; he is calm, when the storm is most violent; and discovers no uneasy apprehensions, while the vessel, in which he sails, is barely not sinking.

You cannot, I am persuaded, visit an hospital—survey the variety of distress there—hear the complaints of the sick—see the sores of the wounded, without being yourself in pain, and a sharer of their sufferings.

The constant attendants on these poor wretches have no such concern: with dispositions not less humane than yours, they do not feel the emotions, that you would be under, at this scene of misery; their frequent view of it has reconciled them to it—has been the cause, that their minds are no otherwise affected by it, than yours is by the objects ordinarily before you.

From how many other instances might it be shewn, that the things, which, at their first appearance, strike us with the greatest terror, no sooner become familiar, than they cease to discompose us? Let, therefore, our education have been the carefullest and wisest; let there have been used therein all the means likeliest to fix in us an abhorrence of vice; we, yet, cannot be frequently among those, who allow themselves in it, and have as few scruples about the concealment of any crime they are disposed to, as about its commission, without beholding it with abundantly less uneasiness than its first view occasioned us.

When it is so beheld; when what is very wrong no more shocks us—is no longer highly offensive to us; the natural and necessary progress is to a still farther abatement of our aversion from it: and what is of force enough to conquer a strong dislike, may be reasonably concluded well able to effect some degree of approbation. How far this shall proceed, will, indeed, depend, in a good measure, upon our temper, upon our constitutional tendencies, upon our circumstances: but surely we are become bad enough, when it is not the consideration of what is amiss in any practice, that withholds us from it—when we only avoid it, because it is not agreeable to our humour; or, because the law punishes it; or because it interferes with some other criminal gratification, which better pleases us.

I begun this with an extract from a letter of *Walsingham*: I will end it with one from a letter of *Grotius*, when ambassador in *France*, to his brother, concerning his son, whom he had recommended to that gentleman's care.

After having expressed his wishes, that the young man might be formed a complete advocate, he concludes thus—"Above all "things I intreat you to cultivate those "seeds of knowledge, sown by me in him, "which are productive of piety; and to "recommend to him, for companions, such "persons

" perſons as are themſelves careful to make " a proficiency therein."

GROT. Ep. 426.
Dean Bolton.

§ 126. LETTER V.

SIR,

When I ended my laſt, I continued in my chair, thinking of the *objections* which might be made to what I had written to you. The following then occurred to me.

That, when we are in poſſeſſion of truth, from fair examination and full evidence, there can be very little danger of our being induced to quit it, either by repeatedly hearing the weak objections of any to it, or by remarking them to *act* as wrongly as they *argue*—That, as in *mathematics* the propoſition, which we had once demonſtrated, would always have our aſſent, whomſoever we heard cavilling at it, or ridiculing our judgment concerning it: ſo in *morals*, when once a due conſideration of the eſſential and unchangeable differences of things hath rendered us certain of what is right and our duty; we can never be made leſs certain thereof, whatever errors, in judgment or practice, we may daily obſerve in our aſſociates, or daily hear them abſurd enough to defend—That, when we not only plainly *perceive* the practice of virtue to be moſt becoming us—to be what the nature and reaſon of things require of us; but actually *feel*, likewiſe, the ſatisfaction which it affords, the ſolid pleaſure which is its inſeparable attendant; there can be *no more ground* to *ſuppoſe*, that our having continually before us the follies and vices of any would lead us to depart from what we know to be fitteſt, and have experienced to be beſt for us, than there can be to *believe*, that a man in his wits would leave the food, which his judgment approved and his palate reliſhed, for another ſort, which he ſaw, indeed, pleaſing to his companions, but which he was certain would poiſon them.

How little weight there is in this kind of arguing, I think every one might be convinced, who would attend to his own practice, who would conſider the *numerous inſtances* in which he cannot but condemn it—in which he cannot but acknowledge it contrary to what his preſent welfare requires it ſhould be.

Let us think the moſt juſtly of our duty, and ſhun, with the greateſt care, all who would countenance us in a *departure* from it; we ſtill ſhall find *that departure too frequent*—we ſhall experience it ſo, even when it is truly lamented; and when, to avoid it, is both our wiſh and our endeavour. And if the influence of truth may receive ſuch hindrance from our *natural depravity*, from this *depravity*, even when we have kept out of the way of all, who would encourage us to favour it, there, ſurely, muſt be an high degree of probability, that we ſhall be yet leſs mindful of our obligations, when we are not only prompted by our own appetites to violate them, but moved thereto by the counſel and example of thoſe, whoſe converſation beſt pleaſes us; and whoſe opinions and actions will, therefore, come with a more than ordinary recommendation to us.

The aſſent, which we give, upon ſufficient evidence, to *moral* truths, could no more be unſettled by ridicule and ſophiſtry, than that which we give to *mathematical* truths, did our minds always retain the ſame diſpoſition with reſpect to the one, that they do, as to the other.

With regard to the latter, we are never willing to be deceived—we always ſtand alike affected towards them: our *conviction* about them was obtained, *at firſt*, upon ſuch grounds, as muſt *always* remain our inducements to preſerve it: no luſt could be gratified, no intereſt ſerved, by its acting leſs forcibly upon us: in its defence the credit of our underſtanding is greatly concerned. And how vain muſt ridicule and ſophiſtry be neceſſarily thought, where their only aim is, that we ſhould acknowledge a ſuperior diſcernment in thoſe perſons, whoſe oppoſition increaſes our contempt of their *ignorance*, by making a plainer diſcovery of it?

As for *moral* truths, they are often diſagreeable to us—When we have had the fulleſt *evidence* of them, we want not, occaſionally, the inclination to overlook it: If, under *ſome circumſtances*, we are ready to acknowledge *its force*; there are *others*, when we will not give it any attention. Here fancy and hope interpoſe: a *governing paſſion* allows us only a faint view of, or wholly diverts our notice from, whatever ſhould be our inducement to reſtrain it; and ſuffers us to dwell on nothing but what will juſtify, or excuſe, us in giving way to it. Our reluctance to admit, that we have not *judged* as we ought to have done, is ſtrangely abated, when we thereby are ſet at liberty to *act* as we pleaſe.

When the endeavour is to laugh us, or to argue us, out of thoſe principles that we, with much *ſelf-denial* adhere to; we ſhall but feebly oppoſe its ſucceſs. He has a ſtrong party on his ſide within our boſoms, who

seeks to make us quit *opinions* which are still controuling our *affections*. If we are not secure from acting contrary to our *duty*, what cogent proofs soever we have of its being such, and what satisfaction soever we have had in its discharge; we are highly concerned to avoid every *temptation* to offend: and it, undoubtedly, is a very strong one, to *hear* continually what is likelieſt to remove the fear of indulging our appetites; and continually to *ſee*, that they who apply to us *act* as they *adviſe*—allow themſelves in the liberties, they would have us to take; and are under none of the checks, which they prompt us to throw off.

Though what we did not reliſh, and what we thought would ſpeedily deſtroy us, we might not eat, when our *companions* ſhewed themſelves fond of it, and preſſed us to taſte it; yet, if we apprehended *no immediate danger* from their meal—if we were eye-witneſſes of its being attended with *none*—if they were continually expreſſing their high delight in it, and repeating their aſſurances, that all, either our indifference towards, or diſreliſh of it, was only from prejudice and prepoſſeſſion; we, very probably, ſhould at length yield, and quit both our diſguſt of their repaſt, and our dread of its conſequences. And if this might enſue, when we were invited to partake of that, which was leſs agreeable to our palates, what ſhould be feared, when our company tempted us to *that*, which we could be pleaſed with, and were only withheld from by ſuch an *apprehenſion of danger*, as nothing could ſooner remove, than our obſerving thoſe, with whom we moſt converſed, to be without it?

Reaſon is, certainly, always on the ſide of duty. Nor is there, perhaps, any man, who, when he ſeriouſly conſiders what is beſt for him to do, will not purpoſe to do that, which is right. But, ſince we can act without conſideration in the moſt important articles, and nothing is leſs likely to be conſidered, than what we find quite cuſtomary with others—what we ſee them act without remorſe or ſcruple; when we are, day after day, eye-witneſſes of our aſſociates allowing themſelves in a wrong practice, perſiſting in it without expreſſing the leaſt dread of its conſequences; it is as abſurd to think, that our moral feeling ſhould not be injured thereby, as it is to ſuppoſe, that our hands would preſerve the ſame ſoftneſs, when they had been for years accuſtomed to the oar, which they had when they firſt took it up; or, that hard labour would affect us as much when inured to it, as when we entered upon it.

I will, for the preſent, take my leave of you with an *Italian* proverb, and an *Engliſh* one exactly anſwerable to it——

Dimmi con chi tu vai, ſapro chel che fai.
Tell me with whom thou goeſt, and I'll tell thee what thou doeſt.

Dean Bolton.

§ 127. Letter VI.

Sir,

I know not what I can add on the preſent ſubject of our correſpondence, that may be of greater ſervice to you than the following ſhort relation.—I may not, indeed, be exact in every particular of it, becauſe I was not at all acquainted with the *gentleman*, whom it concerns; and becauſe many years have paſſed ſince I received an account of *him:* but as my information came from perſons, on whoſe veracity I could depend, and as what they told me much affected me when I heard it, and has, ſince, been very often in my thoughts; I fear that the melancholy deſcription, which you will here have of human frailty, is but too true in every thing material therein.

At the firſt appearance of —— in town, nothing, perhaps, was more the topic of converſation, than his merit. He had read much: what he had read, as it was on the moſt uſeful ſubjects, ſo he was thoroughly maſter of it; gave an exact account of it, and made very wiſe reflections upon it. During his long reſidence at a diſtance from our metropolis, he had met with few, to whom he was not greatly ſuperior, both in capacity and attainments: yet this had not in the leaſt diſpoſed him to dictate, to be poſitive and aſſuming, to treat any with contempt or neglect.

He was obliging to all, who came near him; talked on the ſubjects which they beſt underſtood, and which would be likelieſt to induce them to take their full ſhare of the converſation.

They, who had ſpent every winter near the *court*, ſaw nothing in his behaviour, that ſhew'd how far he had lived from *it*—nothing which was leſs ſuitable to any civility, that could be learned in *it*.

His manners were only leſs courtly, in their ſimplicity and purity. He did not, often, directly reprove the *libertine diſcourſe* of his equals; but would recommend himſelf to none, by expreſſing the ſlighteſt approbation of *ſuch diſcourſe:* He *ſhew'd* it did not pleaſe him, though he declined *ſaying* ſo.

He forbore that invective againſt the manners

manners of the age, which could only irritate; and thought that, at his years, the fittest censure he could pass on them, would be to avoid them. It seemed, indeed, his particular care, that he might not be represented either as a bigot, or a cynic; but yet, as he knew how to defend his principles, so he shew'd himself, on every proper occasion, neither afraid nor ashamed to engage in their defence.

His conversation was amongst *persons* of his own *rank*, only so far as decorum required it should be: *their* favourite topics were so little to his taste, that his leisure hours, where he could have his choice, were passed among those, who had the most learning and virtue, and, whether distinguished, or not, by their ancestors worth, would be so by their own.

He had high notions of his duty to his country; but having seen what self-interestedness, at length, shew'd itself, where he had heard the strongest professions of patriotism, it made him very cautious with whom he engaged, and utterly averse from determining of any as friends to the public, merely because they were opposers of the court.

No one judged more rightly of the hurt that must ensue, from irreligion spreading itself among the common people; and, therefore, where his example was most remarked, and could be most efficacious, he took particular care, that it should promote a just reverence of the Deity.

Thus did *A. A.* set out in the world, and thus behaved, for some years, notwithstanding the bad examples he had every where before him, among those of his own station. In one of the accomplishments of a gentleman (though, surely, one of the very meanest of them) he was thought to excel; and many fine speeches were made him upon that account. They were but too much regarded by him; and, gradually, drew him often into the company that he would have despised, had he heard less of his own praise in it. The compliments so repeatedly paid him by the frivolous, reconciled him, at length, to them. As his attachment to them got ground, his seriousness lost it. The patriot was no more—The zeal he had for the morals of his countrymen abated.——

The tragical conclusion of his story, let those tell you, who would not feel that concern at the relation of it, which I should do: this you certainly may learn from it—That, as the constant dropping of water wears away the hardest stone, so the continual *solicitations* of the vicious are not to be withstood by the firmest mind—All, who are in the way of them, will be hurt by them—Whereso'ever they are used, they will make an impression—He only is secure from their force, who will not hazard its being tried upon him.

In what you have hitherto received from me, I have argued wholly from *your own dispositions*, and endeavoured to shew you, from thence, the danger of having bad companions: See now your danger from *their dispositions*. And, first, let these persons be considered, only, in general, as partial to their notions and practices, and eager to defend them.

Whatever our *persuasion* or *conduct* is, we are usually favourable to it; we have our plea for it; very few of us can bear, with any patience, that it should be judged irrational: The approbation of it is a compliment to our understanding, that we receive with pleasure; and to censure it, is such a disparagement of us, as doth not fail to disgust us. I will not say, there are *none* to be found, that give themselves little or no concern who thinks or acts as they do; but it is certain, that, ordinarily, we are desirous to be joined in the cause we espouse—we are solicitous to vindicate and spread our opinions, and to have others take the same courses with us. Should I allow you to be as intent on this, as any of your acquaintance are; yet, pray, consider what you may expect, when you stand alone, or when a majority is against you—when each of them relieves the other in an attack upon you—when this attack is, day after day, repeated—when your numerous opponents join in applauding, or strengthening, or enlivening their several objections to your sentiments; and in treating whatever you can urge in your defence, as absurd, or weak and impertinent—when your peace can only be purchased by your silence—when you find, that there is no hope of bringing those you delight to be with into your opinions, that they confirm each other in opposition to you, and that you can only be agreeable to them, by adopting their maxims, and conforming to their manners.

It is next to be considered, what you may fear from an intimacy with the immoral, when they must look upon themselves to be *reproached* by such of their acquaintance, as will not concur with them in their excesses. They cannot but do this; because all who seek either to make them alter their manners, or to weaken their influence upon others, charge them with what is, really, the highest *reproach* to them; and because they are sensible,

ſible, that the arguments likelieſt to be uſed by any one for his not complying with them, are grounded on the *miſchief* of their conduct, or on its *folly*. Regard then yourſelf, as in their place. Reflect how you would behave towards the man whoſe opinion of you was, that you acted either a very criminal, or a very imprudent part: reflect, I ſay, how you would behave towards the perſon thus judging of you, if you wiſhed to preſerve a familiarity with him, but yet was reſolved to perſiſt in your notions and practice. You, certainly, would try every method to remove his diſtaſte of them; you would colour them as agreeably as you poſſibly could: you would ſpare no pains to weaken every objection, he could have to them—you would, in your turn, attack his maxims and manners; you would ſeek to convince him upon what ſlight grounds he preferred them to yours—you would apply to every artifice, that could give them the appearance of being leſs defenſible, or that could incline him to overlook what might be urged in their defence.

And if this might naturally be ſuppoſed the part you would act towards others; you ought to expect that they, in the ſame circumſtances, would behave alike towards you. But can you think it prudent to let them try, with what ſucceſs they may proceed? Would not caution be your moſt effectual ſecurity? Would it not be the wiſeſt method of providing for your ſafety, to keep out of the way of danger?

You are, further, to look upon thoſe, from aſſociating with whom I would diſſuade you, as extremely ſolicitous to be kept in countenance. The vicious well know, to how many objections their conduct is liable: they are ſenſible, to what eſteem *good morals* are entitled, what *praiſe* they *claim*, and what they, in the moſt corrupt times, *receive*.

Virtue is ſo much for the intereſt of mankind, that there can never be a general agreement, to deny all manner of applauſe to the practice of *it:* ſuch numbers are made ſufferers by a departure from *its* rules, that there are few crimes, which meet not with an extenſive cenſure.

You have long ſince learn'd it to be the language of paganiſm itſelf, that

"All, who act contrary to what the "reaſon of things requires—who do what "is hurtful to themſelves or others, muſt "ſtand ſelf-condemned:" and you cannot want to be informed, in what light they are ſeen by thoſe who do not ſhare their guilt. The *endeavour*, therefore, of ſuch men, while they are without any purpoſe of amendment, will, unqueſtionably, be, to make their cauſe as ſpecious as poſſible, by engaging many in its defence; and to ſilence cenſure, by the danger, that would ariſe from the numbers it would provoke. The motives to this endeavour, when duly reflected on, will fully ſatisfy us, with what zeal it muſt be accompanied; and it may well, therefore, alarm all, on whom its power is likely to be tried—may well induce them to conſider ſeriouſly, what they have to fear from it, how much their virtue may ſuffer by it.

I will conclude this with a ſhort ſtory of the Poet *Dante*, for which *Bayle* quotes *Petrarch*. Among other viſits made by *Dante*, after his baniſhment from *Florence*, one was to the then much-famed *Can*, Prince of *Verona*.

Can treated him, at firſt, with great civility; but this did not laſt: and by the little complaiſance at length ſhewn the Poet, he plainly perceived that he ceaſed to be an acceptable gueſt.

Scholars, it ſeems, were not *Can*'s favourites—he liked thoſe much better, who ſtudied to divert him; and ribaldry was by no means the diſcourſe that leaſt pleaſed him. Suſpecting that this did not raiſe *Dante*'s opinion of him, he one day took occaſion to ſingle out the moſt obnoxious of the libertine crew, that he entertained; and, after high praiſes given the man, turning to *Dante*, he ſaid, I *wonder* how it is, that this mad fellow is *beloved* by us all, as giving us the pleaſure which, really, we do not find in your company, wiſe as you are thought to be.

Sir, anſwered the Poet, you would not *wonder* at this, if you conſidered, that our love of any proceeds from their manners being ſuitable, and their diſpoſitions ſimilar, to our own. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 128. Letter VII.

Sir,

I have but one thing more to propoſe to your conſideration, as a diſſuaſive from aſſociating with the vicious; and it is—The way, in which they, ordinarily, ſeek to corrupt thoſe, with whom they converſe.

The *logic* of the immoral contributes but little to increaſe their numbers, in compariſon of what they effect by *raillery* and *ridicule*. This is their *ſtrength*; they are ſenſible of its being ſo; and you may be aſſured that it will be exerted againſt you. There is nothing that cannot be jeſted with; and there is

is nothing that we, univerſally, bear worſe, than to be made the jeſt of any.

What reaſoning on moral ſubjects may not have its force evaded by a man of wit and humour; and receive a turn, that ſhall induce the leſs conſiderate to ſlight it, as weak and inconcluſive? The moſt becoming practice—that which is moſt our duty, and the importance of which to our preſent welfare is moſt evident, a lively fancy eaſily places in a ridiculous view, and thereby brings it into an utter neglect.

That reverence of the Deity, which the beſt both ancient and modern writers have ſo ſtrongly recommended—which the worthieſt men in every age have ſo carefully expreſſed—which any obſervation of nature, any attention to our own frame, fails not to inculcate, is yet, by being repreſented under the garb of ſuperſtition or fanaticiſm, ſeen among us to ſuch diſadvantage, that many, our military gentlemen eſpecially, appear to take a pride in ſhewing themſelves diveſted of it.

Conjugal fidelity, though of ſuch moment to the peace of families—to their intereſt—to the proſperity of the commonwealth, that, by the laws of the wiſeſt and beſt regulated ſtates, the ſevereſt puniſhment has been inflicted on the violation of it, is, nevertheleſs, by the levity, with which ſome have treated it, ſo much, at preſent, ſlighted, that the *adulterer* is well received: Women, who would think it the groſſeſt affront to have their virtue queſtioned, who affect the character of the ſtricteſt obſervers of decorum, ſhun *him* not—ſhew *him* the utmoſt complaiſance. Whatever diſhonour, in this caſe, falls on any, it accrues wholly to the injured perſon.

Can you aſſign a better reaſon, why the intemperate, among the meaner people, have ſo prodigiouſly increaſed their numbers, than the banter they uſe towards ſuch as they meet with diſpoſed to ſobriety, — the mockery, with which they treat it,—the ſongs and catches, with which they are ſo plentifully provided, in deriſion of it?

I cannot give you the very terms of Lord *Shafteſbury*, as I have not his works; but I think I may be certain there is an obſervation in them to this effect—That, " had the enemies to Chriſtianity expoſed " its firſt profeſſors, not to wild beaſts, but " to ridicule, their endeavours to ſtop its " progreſs might have had very different " *ſucceſs* from what they experienced."

Had the wit of man been only concerned in the ſpreading that *religion*, I believe the conjecture well founded. But this ſucceſs could no more have affected the truth of that *religion*, than it leſſens the worth of a public ſpirit, of honeſty, of temperance, that ſo many have been laughed out of them—that the jeſt made of them has occaſioned their being ſo rare among us.

The author of the *Beggar's Opera* gives the true character of his *Newgate* tribe, when he exhibits them ludicrous on all pretences to virtue, and thus hardening each other in their crimes. It was the moſt effectual means to keep up *their* ſpirits under *their* guilt, and may well be judged the likelieſt method of bringing *others* to ſhare it.

" The Duke of Buckingham," ſays a late writer, " had the art of turning perſons or " things into ridicule, beyond any man of " the age. He poſſeſſed the young King " [*Charles II.*] with very ill principles, " both as to religion and morality, and with " a very mean opinion of his father, whoſe " ſtiffneſs was, with him, a ſubject of " raillery." It is elſewhere obſerved, that, to make way for the ruin of the Lord *Clarendon*, " He often acted and mimicked " him in the King's preſence, walking " ſtately with a pair of bellows before him, " for the purſe, and Colonel *Titus* carrying " a fire-ſhovel on his ſhoulder, for the mace; " with which ſort of banter and farce the " King was too much delighted."

Such are the impreſſions, to the diſparagement of the beſt things, and of the beſt men, that may be made by burleſque and buffoonry: They can deſtroy the efficacy of the wiſeſt precepts, and the nobleſt examples.

The Monarch here ſpoken of may, perhaps, be thought as ill-diſpoſed as the worſt of his favourites; and rather humoured, than corrupted, by the ſport they made with all that is, ordinarily, held ſerious. Were this admitted to be true of him—Were we to ſuppoſe his natural depravity not heightened by any thing ſaid or done before him, in deriſion of virtue or the virtuous; yet the effects of his being accuſtomed to ſuch repreſentations may be looked upon as extremely miſchievous; when we may, ſo probably, attribute to them the looſe he gave to his natural depravity—the little decorum he obſerved—that utter careleſſneſs to ſave appearances, whence ſo much hurt enſued to the morals of his people, and whereby he occaſioned ſuch diſtraction in his affairs, ſo weakened his authority, ſo entirely loſt the affections of the beſt of his ſubjects; and whence that he did not experience ſtill worſe conſequences, may be aſcribed to a concurrence

concurrence of circumſtances, in which his prudence had no ſhare.

The weakneſs of an argument may be clearly ſhewn—The arts of the ſophiſter may be detected, and the fallacy of his reaſoning demonſtrated—To the moſt ſubtile objections there may be given ſatisfactory anſwers: but there is no confuting raillery—the acuteſt logician would be ſilenced by a *Merry Andrew.*

It is to no manner of purpoſe that we have *reaſon* on our ſide, when the *laugh* is againſt us: and how eaſy is it, by playing with our words—by a quibble—by the loweſt jeſt, to excite that *laugh!*

When the company is diſpoſed to attack your principles with drollery, no plea for them is attended to; the more ſerious you ſhew yourſelf in their defence, the more ſcope you give to the mirth of your opponents.

How well ſoever we have informed ourſelves of the motives to a right conduct, theſe motives are not attended to, as often as we act: our ordinary practice is founded on the impreſſion, that a former conſideration of them has made; which impreſſion is very liable to be weakened—wants frequently to be renewed in the ſame way, that it was at firſt produced.

When we continually hear our virtue banter'd as mere prejudice, and our notions of honour and decorum treated, as the ſole effects of our pride being dexterouſly flattered—When our piety is frequently ſubjecting us to be derided as childiſhly timorous, or abſurdly ſuperſtitious; we ſoon know not how to perſuade ourſelves, that we are not more ſcrupulous than we need to be; we begin to queſtion, whether, in ſettling the *extent* of our *obligations*, we have ſufficiently conſulted the *imperfections* of our *nature*—whether our *judgment* is without its bias from our *fears.*

Let our ſerioufneſs be exhibited to us in that odd figure, which wit and humour can eaſily give it; we ſhall be inſenſibly led to judge of it, according to its appearance, as thus overcharged; and under the diſadvantage, in which it is ſhewn us: we ſhall, firſt, ſeem unconcerned at the greater liberties that others take, and, by degrees, proceed to take the very ſame ourſelves.

The perſon, whom we moſt highly and juſtly honoured, if the buffoonry of our companions were conſtantly levelled at him, would ſoon have his worth overlooked by us; and, though we might not be brought to think of him as contemptibly, as they appeared to do, our reverence of him would certainly, at length abate, and both his advice and example have much leſs influence upon us.

Of this you ſhall have an inſtance in my next.

I will here only add what *Jamblichus* mentions as practiſed by *Pythagoras*, before he admitted any into his ſchool——He enquired, "Who were their intimates"—juſtly concluding, that they, who could like bad companions, would not be much profited by his inſtructions. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 129. Letter VIII.

Sir,

What follows will diſcharge the promiſe, which I made you at the concluſion of my laſt.

S. was the oracle of his county; to whatever point he turned his thoughts, he ſoon made himſelf maſter of it. He entered, indeed, ſo early upon buſineſs, that he had little time for books; but he had read thoſe, which beſt deſerved his peruſal, and his memory was the faithful repoſitory of their contents.

The helps, that he had not received from reading, he had abundantly ſupplied the want of, by obſervation and converſation.

The compaſs of his knowledge was amazing. There was ſcarce any thing, of which one in his ſtation ought to be informed, wherein he appeared to be ignorant. Long experience, great ſagacity, a ready apprehenſion, a retentive memory, the reſort to him of all ſorts of people, from whom any thing could be learned, and an intimacy with ſome of the worthieſt perſons of every profeſſion, enabled him to ſpeak on moſt points with ſuch juſtneſs and copiouſneſs, as might induce you to conclude, upon firſt being with him, that the topic, on which his diſcourſe turned, was what he had particularly and principally attended to. Though he owned himſelf never to have ſo much as look'd into the writings of atheiſts or deiſts; yet, from the promiſcuous company he had been obliged to keep, and the freedom, with which all ſpoke their ſentiments to him, there was not, perhaps, a material objection to the chriſtian religion, of which he was not appriſed, and which he had not well conſidered.

Senſible of his ſtrength, and ever deſirous to uſe it in the beſt of cauſes—in the ſervice of that truth, which operates on men's practice, and would, if attended to, rectify it throughout; he did not diſcourage the moſt

moſt free ſpeakers: he calmly and willingly heard what they could ſay againſt his faith, while they uſed reaſon and argument; but drollery and jeſt he failed not, though with great good-humour, to reprove, as a ſpecies of miſrepreſentation—as a ſure evidence, that truth was not ſought—as an artifice, to which none would apply, who were not conſcious of their weakneſs, who did not deſpair of ſupporting their notions by rational proofs.

Virtue and true religion had not, perhaps, an abler advocate than this gentleman; but whatever ſervice his tongue might do them, his manners, certainly, did them far greater: he convinced you of their *excellency*, by exhibiting to your ſenſes their *effects*——he left you no room to queſtion how amiable they were, when it was from *their* influence upon him, that *he* ſo much engaged your eſteem and affection; he proved undeniably, how much they ſhould be our *care*, by being himſelf an inſtance, how much they contributed to our *happineſs*.

Never, certainly, did piety ſit eaſier upon any man——Never, perhaps, was any man more eſteemed by the very perſons, between whoſe practice and his there was the wideſt difference.

The ſuperior talents he diſcover'd, and his readineſs to employ them for the benefit of all, who applied to him, engaged alike their admiration and their love.

The obligations, conferred by *him*, obtained the height of complaiſance towards his *ſon*. Invitations were made the youth from all quarters; and there was not a young man of any figure near him, who was not introduced to him, and directed to pay him particular civility. They, who ſought to attach him cloſeſt to them by *conſulting* his humour, were never without their arguments for *licenſing* it, "True it was, this or that "*purſuit* might not be to the taſte of his "*father*; but neither did it ſuit his years—"When he was a *young man*, he, undoubt-"edly, acted as *one*; he took the diverſions, "allowed himſelf in the gratifications, to "which youth inclines: no wonder that he "ſhould now cenſure what he could not "reliſh——that he ſhould condemn the "draught, which his head could not bear, "and be indifferent to the features, which "he could not diſtinguiſh without his ſpec-"tacles."

When this kind of language had abated the reverence, due to ſo excellent an inſtructor, the buffoon interpoſed ſtill further to weaken his influence; gave an air of affectation to his decorum—of hypocriſy to his ſerioufneſs—of timoroufneſs to his prudence—of avarice to his wife œconomy—burleſqued the *advice*, that he might be ſuppoſed to give, the arguments with which he was likely to ſupport *it*, and the reproof, he would naturally uſe, when he did not ſee a diſpoſition to follow *it*.

Soon as the young man had attained the age, at which the law ſuppoſes us *ſufficiently diſcreet*, he expreſſed a moſt earneſt deſire to have an opportunity of appearing *ſo*. Repeated promiſes were made, that if a proper allowance was ſettled on him, and leave given him to chuſe a place of abode, there ſhould not be the leaſt miſmanagement; the income aſſigned him ſhould anſwer every article of expence.

The ſon's importunity was ſeconded by the fond mother's, and their joint ſolicitations prevailed. The youth was now acceſſible, at all times, to the moſt profligate of his acquaintance: and one part of their entertainment uſually was, to ſet his excellent father's maxims and manners in the moſt diſadvantageous light. This failed not to bring on a diſregard to both—ſo entire a diſregard to them, that the whore and the card-table took up all the hours, which the bottle relieved not.

Thus fell the heir of one of the worthieſt of our countrymen!—It was to no purpoſe, that ſuch an admirable example had been ſet him by the perſon, he was moſt likely to regard—that ſuch particular care had been taken to reaſon him into a diſcharge of his duty—that he had been preſent, when the moſt ſubtle advocates for irreligion either were ſilenced, or induced to acknowledge their principles to be much leſs defenſible, than they had hitherto thought them. None of the impreſſions of what had been done for him, or ſaid to him, or had paſſed before him, could hold out againſt ridicule; it effaced every trace of them, and prepared him to be as bad, as his worſt companions could be inclined to make him. How great a neglect of him enſued! They who had laugh'd him out of the reverence due to his parent's worth, rendered him ſoon deſpiſed by all, whoſe eſteem could profit or credit him; and he died in the 70th year of his conſtitution, when but in the 25th of his age.

Dean Bolton.

§ 130. Letter IX.

Sir,

My laſt gave you a melancholy inſtance of the hurt, done by *ridicule* to the heir of a moſt

moſt worthy man, not many miles from you. What influence it had towards the condemnation of him, to whom the epithet of *divine* might, perhaps, be more properly applied, than to any one, who ever lived under the ſole guidance of reaſon, has long, you know, been matter of diſpute. I will only obſerve, concerning the comic writer's ridicule of *Socrates*——

1. That, when ſuch a repreſentation could be made of ſo *excellent* a *perſon*, it demonſtrates, that no degree of *worth* can ſecure *any perſon* from any attempt to deſtroy his credit; and that they, whoſe capacities fully enable them to diſcern this *worth*, may be its ſpitefulleſt enemies, and bend their wits to diſparage it——

2. That, when ſuch a repreſentation could be made by a man of good parts, with any confidence of ſucceſs, it is, further, an evidence of the probability, that the higheſt and moſt juſt reputation may ſuffer from ridicule, and that it may bring into contempt what is entitled to the greateſt eſteem and honour——

3. That if the *Athenians* were ſo well pleaſed with the means uſed to leſſen the character of this ornament, not only to his country, but his ſpecies, as to render the interpoſition of a powerful party in the ſtate neceſſary, to prevent the poet's abuſe from meeting with all the ſucceſs, he promiſed himſelf in it; we are fully taught, what may be the pernicious effects of ingenious drollery —how much it may weaken the force of any inſtruction, or any example.

Where violent methods are purſued, in order to withdraw us from any religious *practice* or *opinion*; they who thus oppoſe it ſhewing thereby, that *they* look upon *it* as ſomewhat of great importance, teach *us* to do the ſame; and often increaſe our attachment to *it*—render us more earneſt about *it*, than we otherwiſe ſhould have been. But where ſuch *practice* or *opinion* is treated as a matter of jeſt—where it meets with all the ſlight that ſcoffing and laughter can expreſs, we ſcarcely know how to preſerve our regard to it, as a thing of much conſequence; and from eſteeming it of little moment, we eaſily proceed to judge it of none at all.

The *force* that is offered us, on account of our perſuaſion, either occaſions ſuch an averſion from him, who applies to it, as prevents his having any influence upon us; or engages us in ſo careful an attention to the grounds, upon which we formed our judgment, as fixes us in the reſolution not to alter it. But when all paſſes under the appearance of good humour—when only mirth and pleaſantry are exerted againſt us, we neither contract that hatred towards thoſe, by whom we are thus treated, which will be our ſecurity from any bad impreſſions they can make upon us; nor are we excited to any examination of our *principles*, that can confirm us in *them*. The freedom which our companions uſe, in ſporting with what we have hitherto reverenced, will tempt us to conclude, that its importance is far from being obvious; nor, indeed, can it fail, unleſs our minds have a more than ordinary firmneſs, to raiſe at length ſome doubt in us, whether we have not been too fanciful or too credulous. And as

"The woman, who deliberates, is loſt,"

we may fear the man will be ſo likewiſe, who ſuffers himſelf to queſtion, how well founded his ſerioufneſs is, merely becauſe his aſſociates are continually deriding it.

Would you not, induſtriouſly, keep out of the way of thoſe, who had power to torture you, and whom you knew ready to do it, if you would not be guided by them, but was determined to think and act, as your own reaſon ſhould direct? Believe me, Sir, the ſcoffer ſhould be as much ſhunned by the friend to virtue, as the inquiſitor by the friend of truth. Whoever would attain or preſerve a juſt ſenſe of his duty, ſhould have as little intercourſe as poſſible with thoſe who would diſcourage ſincerity—who would oppoſe it, either by the faggot, or the fair, * of *Smithfield*. A very uncommon reſolution is required to be ſteady to the principles, from avowing which we muſt expect to be the heroes in a farce; though we need not apprehend that it will make us victims to the flames.

What *your* temper may be, I cannot affirm; but I really think that, with great numbers, drollery is not only a ſpecies of perſecution, but the moſt dangerous kind of it: they would as ſoon be ſcourged, as mocked; be burthened with the croſs, as habited with the purple. You can ſcarcely be enough aware of the riſk you run from being jeſted with, as a viſionary or a bigot—as one of much whim, or very little penetration.

But enough of the inducements, that vitious companions would be under to corrupt you, and the means they would uſe to do it.

The care you ſhall take, in the choice of your company, will be the ſubject of but one letter more from *Dean Bolton.*

* *Bartholomew* fair, during which plays and farces were formerly, from morning to night, the entertainment of the populace.

§ 131.

§ 131. Letter X.

Sir,

All I have to add, on what has lately been the subject of my correspondence with you, will be contained in this letter. I will not lengthen it, by apologizing for it.

Might I suppose you so fortified by a right disposition, a wise education, good sense, and a thorough knowledge of the reasonableness of the practice enjoined by your religion, that every attempt to corrupt your morals would miscarry; this hurt, however, you would be sure to find from being much in the company of vicious men, that you would be less careful to become *eminently virtuous*—you would be less careful to fulfil your obligations, than you otherwise would be. While you saw *others* so much worse than yourself; you would not consider, how much better you ought to be, than you at present are—While *their* gross faults were avoided, you would not consider, how much there is in *you*, that ought to be amended.

We measure what is, in any way, commendable, by comparing our share of it with that of our neighbour: we do not regard in what degree, as to itself, we possess the good, but in how greater a degree it is possessed by us, than by others.

Among a very ignorant people, a scholar of the lowest form will pass, both in their and his own judgment, for an adept.

You would, I am sure, pronounce of any gentleman, who kept mean company, that there was little hope of his ever acting a part, which would greatly credit him: while he loved to be chiefly with those, who would own, and do homage to, his superiority; you would think him by no means likely to cultivate much real worth. And were it to be said, that you should make such a judgment of him, not because of any impression he would receive *from his companions*, but because of the disposition he shewed in the choice *of them*; I should be glad to know, how that man must be thought affected towards religion and virtue, who could be willingly present, where he was sure, that they would be grossly depreciated. Whoever could bear a disparagement of them, must have so little sense of their worth, that we may justly conclude him ill prepared for resisting the attempt, to deprive them wholly of their influence upon him. And, therefore, we may as fitly determine, from the disposition evidenced by him who keeps *bad* company, what his morals will at length be; as we can determine from the turn of mind, discovered by one who keeps *mean* company, what his figure in the world is likely to be.

Those among us, whose capacities qualify them for the most considerable attainments—who might raise themselves to an equality with the heroes in literature, of the last century, sit down contented with the superiority they have over their contemporaries—acquiesce in furnishing a bare specimen of what they could do, if their genius were roused, if they were to *exert* their abilities. They regard only the advantage they possess over the idle and illiterate, by whom they are surrounded; and give way to their ease, when they may take it; and yet appear as considerable in *their* times, as the learned men, we most admire, did in *their respective* ages.

How many could I mention, to whom nature has been most liberal of her endowments, who are barely in the list of authors, who have only writ enough to shew how much honour they would have done their country, had their application been called out, and yet their names must have been no better known than those of their acquaintance, unless their diligence had equalled their capacity.

What is thus notoriously true of literary desert, is equally so of moral: the persons, to whom we allot a greater share of it, than has long been found in any in their stations, how have they their sense of right withheld from exerting itself, by the few they meet with disposed to animate them to any endeavour towards correcting the general depravity—by the connections they have with such numbers, whose rule is their inclination—by that utter disregard to duty, which they see in most of those, with whom they have an intercourse.

Alas! in the very best of us, a conviction of what becomes us goes but a little way, in exciting us to practise it. Solicitations to be less observant of it are, from some or other quarter, perpetually offering themselves; and are by no means likely to be withstood, if our resolutions are not strengthened by the wise counsels and correspondent examples of our associates.

"Behold! young man—You live in an "age, when it is requisite to fortify the "mind by examples of constancy."

This *Tacitus* mentions as the speech of the admirable *Thrasea* to the quæstor, sent to tell him, he must die; and by whom he would have it remarked, with what composure he died.

Nor

Nor is it only when our virtue endangers our life, as was then the caſe, that ſuch examples are wanted. Wherever there is a prevailing corruption of manners; they who would act throughout the becoming part, muſt be animated to it by what they hear from, and ſee in, others, by the patterns of integrity, which they have before them.

We are eaſily induced to judge ſome deviation from our rule very excuſable; and to allow ourſelves in it: when our thoughts are not called off from our own weakneſs and the general guilt: but while we are converſant with thoſe, whoſe conduct is as unſuitable, as our own, to that of the multitude; we are kept awake to a ſenſe of our obligations—our ſpirits are ſupported—we *feel* the courage that we *behold*—we ſee what can be done by ſuch as ſhare our frail nature; and *we* are aſhamed to *waver*, where *they perſevere*.

Ariſtotle conſiders friendſhip as of three kinds; one ariſing from virtue, another from pleaſure, and another from intereſt; but juſtly determines, that there can be no true friendſhip, which is not founded in virtue.

The friendſhip contracted from pleaſure, or profit, regards only the pleaſure or profit obtained thereby; and ceaſes, when theſe precarious motives to it fail: but that, to which virtue gives birth, not having any accidental cauſe—being without any dependence on humour or intereſt—ariſing wholly from intrinſic worth, from what we are in ourſelves, never fluctuates, operates ſteadily and uniformly, remains firm and uninterrupted, is laſting as our lives. That which is the eſſential qualification of a *friend*, ſhould be the chief recommendation in a *companion*. If, indeed, we have any concern for real worth; with whom ſhould we be more deſirous to converſe, than with thoſe, who would accompany us, and encourage us, in the purſuit of it.

The ſame writer, mentioning the uſe, that friends are of to us in every part of life, remarks the benefit, which young men find from them to be—"That they keep them "in their duty."

Had he thought, that any thing could have been urged more in behalf of friendſhip; he, undoubtedly, would have obſerved it. And when ſuch is the language of ſo able an inſtructor, and of one who guided himſelf in his inſtructions only by the certain, the preſent advantage, that would attend a conformity to them; the leſſon we have here for the choice of company muſt appear worthy the notice even of thoſe, who will have no other guides, but reaſon and nature.

If to keep us ſteady to our duty be the beſt office, that can be done us—If they, who are our friends, will be thus ſerviceable to us—If the virtuous alone can be our friends, our converſation ſhould be chiefly with the virtuous; all familiarity with the vicious ſhould be avoided; we ſhould conſider thoſe, who would deſtroy our virtue, as our enemies—our very worſt enemies, whilſt endeavouring to deprive us of the greateſt bleſſing, that it is in our power to obtain. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 132. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

Sect. I.

This reſpects the quantity of our food, or the kind of it: if, in either of theſe, we have no regard to the hurt it may do us, we are guilty of intemperance.

From tranſgreſſing in the quantity of our food a ſpeedier miſchief enſues, than from doing ſo in the quality of it; and therein we never can tranſgreſs, without being directly admoniſhed of it, by our very conſtitution. Our meal is never too large, but heavineſs comes on—the load on our ſtomach is our inſtant tormentor; and every repetition of our fault a caution to us, that we do not any more thus offend. A caution, alas, how unheeded by us!—*Crammed like an Engliſhman*, was, I find, a proverbial expreſſion in *Eraſmus*'s days—above two hundred years ago.

An error barely in the kind of our aliment gives us, frequently, no preſent alarm; and, perhaps, but a very ſlight one, after we have, for ſome years, continued in it. In the vigour of youth, ſcarce any thing we eat appears to diſagree with us: we gratify our palate with whatever pleaſes it; feeling no ill conſequence, and therefore fearing none. The inconveniences, that we do not yet find, we hope we ſhall always eſcape; or we then propoſe to ourſelves a reſtraint upon our appetite, when we experience the bad effects of indulging it.

With reſpect to the quantity of our food; that may be no exceſs in one man, which may be the moſt blameable in another: what would be the height of gluttony in us, if of a weak and tender frame, may be, to perſons of much ſtronger conſtitutions, a quite temperate meal. The ſame proportions of food can, likewiſe, never ſuit ſuch, as have in them diſpoſitions to particular diſeaſes, and ſuch, as have no evils of that

nature

nature to guard againſt: nor can they, further, ſuit thoſe, who are employed in hard labour, and thoſe, who live wholly at their eaſe—thoſe, who are frequently ſtirring and in action, and thoſe, whoſe life is ſedentary and inactive. The ſame man may, alſo, in the very ſame quantity, be free from, or guilty of, exceſs, as he is young or old—healthy or diſeaſed—as he accuſtoms his body to fatigue, or to repoſe.

The influence that our food has upon our health, its tendency to preſerve or to impair our conſtitution, is the meaſure of its temperance or exceſs.

It may, indeed, ſo happen, that our diet ſhall be, generally, very ſparing, without allowing us any claim to the virtue of temperance; as when we are more deſirous to ſave our money, than to pleaſe our palates, and, therefore, deny ourſelves at our own table, what we eat with greedineſs, when we feed at the charge of others; as, likewiſe, when our circumſtances not permitting us, ordinarily, to indulge our appetite, we yet ſet no bounds to it, when we have an opportunity of gratifying it.

He is the temperate man, whoſe health directs his appetite—who is beſt pleaſed with what beſt agrees with him—who eats, not to gratify his taſte, but to preſerve his life—who is the ſame at every table, as at his own—who, when he feaſts, is not cloyed; and ſees all the delicacies before him, that luxury can accumulate; yet preſerves a due abſtinence amidſt them.

The rules of temperance not only oblige us to abſtain from what *now does*, or what we are ſure *ſoon will*, hurt us: we offend againſt them, when we avoid not whatever has a *probability* of being hurtful to us.—They are, further, tranſgreſſed by too great nicety about our food—by much ſolicitude and eagerneſs to procure what we moſt reliſh—by *frequently* eating to ſatiety.

We have a letter remaining of an heathen, who was one of the moſt eminent perſons in an age diſtinguiſhed by the great men it produced, in which he expreſſes how uneaſy it made him, to be among thoſe, who placed no ſmall part of their happineſs in an elegant table, and who filled themſelves twice a day.

In thus deſcribing temperance, let me not be underſtood to cenſure, as a failure therein, all regard to the food that beſt pleaſes us, when it is equally wholeſome with other kinds—when its price is neither unſuitable to our circumſtances, nor very great—when it may be conveniently procured—when we are not anxious about it—when we do not frequently ſeek after it—when we are always moderate in its uſe.

To *govern* our appetite is neceſſary; but, in order to this, there is no neceſſity that we ſhould always *mortify* it—that we ſhould, upon every occaſion, conſider what is leaſt agreeable to us.

Life is no more to be paſſed in a conſtant ſelf-denial, than in a round of ſenſual enjoyments. We ſhould endeavour, that it may not be, at any time, painful to us to deny ourſelves what is improper for us; and, on that as well as other accounts, it is moſt fitting that we ſhould frequently practice ſelf-denial—that we ſhould often forego what would delight us. But to do this continually, I cannot ſuppoſe required of us; becauſe it doth not ſeem reaſonable to think that it ſhould be our duty wholly to debar ourſelves of that food which our palate is *formed* to reliſh, and which we are ſure may be uſed, without any prejudice to our virtue, or our health.

Thus much may ſuffice to inform us, when we incur the guilt of eating intemperately.

The diſſuaſives from it, that appear of greateſt weight, are theſe:

It is the groſſeſt abuſe of the gifts of Providence.

It is the vileſt debaſement of ourſelves.

Our bodies owe to it the moſt painful diſeaſes, and, generally, a ſpeedy decay.

It frequently interrupts the uſe of our nobler faculties, and is ſure, at length, greatly to enfeeble them.

The ſtraits to which it often reduces us, occaſion our falling into crimes, which would, otherwiſe, have been our utter abhorrence. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 133. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

Sect. II.

To conſider, firſt, exceſs in our food as the groſſeſt abuſe of the gifts of providence.

The vaſt *variety* of *creatures*, with which God has repleniſhed the earth—the abundant proviſion, which he has made for many of them—the care, which he has taken that each ſpecies of them ſhould be preſerved—the numerous conveniencies they adminiſter to us—the pleaſing change of food they afford us—the ſuitable food that we find, among their different kinds, to different climates, to our different ways of life, ages, conſtitutions, diſtempers, are, certainly, the moſt awakening call to the higheſt admiration, and the grateſulleſt *ſenſe*, of the divine

wiſdom and goodneſs. This ſenſe is properly expreſſed, by the due application of what is ſo graciouſly afforded us—by the application of it to thoſe purpoſes, for which it was manifeſtly intended. But how contrary hereto is his practice, who lives as it were but to eat, and conſiders the liberality of providence only as catering for his luxury! What miſchief this luxury doth us will be preſently conſidered; and, in whatſoever degree it hurts us, we to ſuch a degree abuſe our Maker's bounty, which *muſt* deſign our good—which, certainly, is directed to our welfare. Were we, by indulging our appetites, only to make ourſelves leſs fit for any of the offices of life, only to become leſs capable of diſcharging any of the duties of our ſtation, it may be made evident, that, in this reſpect likewiſe, our uſe of the Divine beneficence is quite contrary to what it requires. He who has appointed us our buſineſs here—who, by our peculiar capacities, has ſignified to us our proper employments, thereby diſcovers to us how far merely to pleaſe ourſelves is allowed us; and that, if we do ſo, to the hindrance of a nobler work, it is oppoſing his intention; it is defeating the end of life, by thoſe very gifts, which were beſtowed to carry us on more chearfully towards it.

When my palate has a large ſcope for its innocent choice—when I have at hand what may moſt agreeably recruit my ſtrength, and what is moſt effectual to preſerve it; how great ingratitude and baſeneſs ſhew themſelves in the exceſs, which perverts the aim of ſo much kindneſs, and makes *that* to be the cauſe of my forgetting with what view I was created, which ought to keep me ever mindful of it! As the bounty of Heaven is one of the ſtrongeſt motives to a *reaſonable life*, how guilty are we if we abuſe it to the purpoſes of a *ſenſual!* Our crime muſt be highly aggravated, when the more conveniences our Maker has provided for us, we are ſo much the more unmindful of the taſk he has enjoined us—when by his granting us what may ſatisfy our appetite, we are induced wholly to conſult it, and make ourſelves ſlaves to it.

Let intemperance in our food be next conſidered, as the ſhamefulleſt debaſement of ourſelves.

Life, as we have been wiſely taught to conſider it, *is more than meat*. Man could not be ſent into the world but for quite different purpoſes, than merely to indulge his palate. He has an underſtanding given him, which he may greatly improve; many are the perfections, which he is qualified to attain; much good to his fellow-creatures he has abilities to do: and all this may be truly ſaid of all mankind; all of us may improve our reaſon, may proceed in virtue, may be uſeful to our fellow-creatures. There are none, therefore, to whom it is not the fouleſt reproach, that their belly is their God—that they are more ſolicitous to favour, and thereby to ſtrengthen, the importunity of their appetite, than to weaken and maſter it, by frequent reſiſtance and reſtraint. The reaſonable being is to be always under the influence of reaſon; it is his excellence, his prerogative, to be ſo: whatever is an hindrance to this degrades him, reflects on him diſgrace and contempt. And as our reaſon and appetite are in a conſtant oppoſition to each other, there is no indulging the latter, without leſſening the power of the former: If our appetite is not governed by, it will govern, our reaſon, and make its moſt prudent ſuggeſtions, its wiſeſt counſels, to be unheeded and ſlighted.

The fewer the wants of any being are, we muſt conſider it as ſo much the more perfect; ſince thereby it is leſs dependent, and has leſs of its happineſs without itſelf. When we raiſe our thoughts to the Beings above us, we cannot but attribute to the higher orders of them, ſtill farther removes from our own weakneſs and indigence, till we reach God himſelf, and exempt him from wants of every kind.

Knowing thus what muſt be aſcribed to natures ſuperior to ours, we cannot be ignorant, what is our own beſt recommendation; by what our nature is raiſed; wherein its worth is diſtinguiſhed.

To be without any wants is the Divine prerogative; our praiſe is, that we add not to the number of thoſe, to which we were appointed—that we have none we can avoid—that we have none from our own miſconduct. In this we attain the utmoſt degree of perfection within our reach.

On the other hand, when fancy has multiplied our neceſſities—when we owe I know not how many to ourſelves—when our eaſe is made dependent on delicacies, to which our Maker never ſubjected it—when the cravings of our luxury bear no proportion to thoſe of our natural hunger, what a degenerate race do we become! What do we but ſink our rank in the creation!

He whoſe voraciouſneſs prevents his being ſatisfied, till he is loaded to the full of what he is able to bear, who eats to the utmoſt

utmoſt extent of what he can eat, is a mere brute, and one of the loweſt kind of brutes; the generality of them obſerving a juſt moderation in their food—when duly relieved ſeeking no more, and forbearing even what is before them. But below any brute is he, who, by indulging himſelf, has contracted wants, from which nature exempted him; who muſt be made hungry by art, muſt have his food undergo the moſt unwholſome preparations, before he can be inclined to taſte it; only reliſhing what is ruinous to his health; his life ſupported by what neceſſarily ſhortens it. A part this, which, when acted by him, who has reaſon, reflection, foreſight given him, wants a name to repreſent it in the full of its deformity. With privileges ſo far beyond thoſe of the creatures below us, how great is our baſeneſs, our guilt, if thoſe endowments are ſo far abuſed, that they ſerve us but to find out the means of more groſsly corrupting ourſelves!

I cannot quit this head, without remarking it to be no ſlight argument of the diſhonour we incur by gluttony, that nothing is more carefully avoided in all well-bred company, nothing would be thought by ſuch more brutal and rude, than the diſcovery of any marks of our having eat intemperately—of our having exceeded that proportion of food, which is proper for our nouriſhment. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 134. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

SECT. III.

To conſider, further, exceſs in our food as haſtening our death, and bringing on us the moſt painful diſeaſes.

It is evident, that nothing contributes more to the preſervation of life, than temperance.

Experience proves it to be actually ſo; and the ſtructure of the human body ſhews that it muſt be ſo.

They who deſcribe the golden age, or the age of innocence, and near a thouſand years of life, repreſent the cuſtomary food of it, as the plaineſt and moſt ſimple.

Whether animal food was at all uſed before the flood, is queſtioned: we certainly find, long after it, that *Lot*'s making a feaſt is deſcribed by his baking unleavened bread. *Abraham* entertained thoſe, whom he conſidered of ſuch eminence, as that, to uſe the words of ſcripture, "he ran to "meet them from the tent door, and bowed "himſelf to the ground;" *Abraham*'s entertainment, I ſay, of perſons thus honoured by him, was only with a calf, with cakes of meal, with butter and milk.

Gideon's hoſpitality towards the moſt illuſtrious of gueſts ſhewed itſelf in killing a kid of the goats; and we read that *Jeſſe* looked upon this to be a preſent, which his prince would not diſdain.

Perhaps my reader would rather take a meal with ſome of the worthies of profane hiſtory, than with thoſe, whom the ſacred has recorded.

I will be his introducer. He ſhall be a gueſt at an entertainment, which was, certainly, deſigned to be a ſplendid one; ſince it was made by *Achilles* for three ſuch conſiderable perſons, as *Phœnix*, *Ajax*, and *Ulyſſes*; perſons, whom he himſelf repreſents as being, of all the *Grecian* chiefs, thoſe whom he moſt honours.

He will eaſily be believed herein; for this declaration is ſcarce ſooner out of his mouth, than he and his friends, *Patroclus* and *Automedon*, ſeverally employ themſelves in making up the fire—chopping the meat, and putting it into the pot—Or, if Mr. *Pope* be allowed to deſcribe their taſks on this occaſion,

——*Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three *chines* entire:
The brazen vaſe *Automedon* ſuſtains,
Which *fleſh of porkets, ſheep*, and *goat* contains:
Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts tranſfixes, and with ſkill divides.
Mean while *Patroclus* ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is brighten'd with the riſing blaze.

But who is dreſſing the fiſh and fowls? This feaſt, alas! furniſhes neither. The poet is ſo very bad a caterer, that he provides nothing of that kind for his heroes on this occaſion; or, on another, even for the luxurious *Phæacians*. Such ſamples theſe of *Homer*'s entertainments, as will gain entire credit to what is ſaid of them in *Plutarch*, "that we muſt riſe almoſt hungry from "them." *Symp.* Lib. II. Qu. 10.

Should the blind bard be conſidered as a ſtroller—keeping low company, and therefore, in the feaſts he makes for the great, likely more to regard the quantity of the food which he provides for them, than the kind of it: would you rather be one of *Virgil*'s gueſts, as he lived in an age, when good eating was underſtood—converſed with people of rank—knew what diſhes they liked, and would therefore not fail to place ſuch before them?

You ſhall then be the gueſt of the *Roman* poet—Do you chuſe beef, or mutton—would you be helped to pork, or do you

prefer goat's-flesh? You have no stomach for such sort of diet. He has nothing else for you, unless *Polyphemus* will spare you a leg or an arm of one of the poor *Greeks* he is eating; or unless you will join the half-drowned crew, and take a bit of the stags, which are dressed as soon as killed; or unless you are a great lover of bread and apples, and in order to satisfy your hunger, will, in the language of *Ascanius*, eat your table.

Dido, indeed, gives *Æneas* and his companions a most splendid entertainment, as far as numerous attendants constitute one; but the poet mentions nothing, that the heroes had to eat, except bread; whatever else was got for them he includes in the general term *Dapes*; which, in other parts of the *Æneid*, is applied to all the coarse fare already mentioned.

As the luxury of mankind increased, their lives shortened: The half of *Abraham*'s age became regarded as a stretch, far beyond the customary period. So in profane history we find, that when the arts of luxury were unknown in *Rome*, its seven kings reigned a longer term, than, afterwards, upon the prevalency of those arts, was completed by its first twenty emperors.

Such persons, indeed, among the ancients, whose precepts and practice most recommended temperance in diet, were eminent instances of the benefit accruing from it, in the health preserved, and long life attained by it.

Gorgias lived 107 years.

Hippocrates reached, according to some writers, his 104th year, according to others his 109th.

Pythagoras, of whom it was observed, that he was never known to eat to satiety, lived to near 100 years; if *Jamblichus* may be credited. *D. Laertius* says, that according to most writers he was, when he lost his life, in his 90th year. Out of his school came *Empedocles*, who lived, as some say, to 109; and *Xenophilus*, who lived to above 105.

Zeno lived to 98: his disciple and successor *Cleanthes* to 99.

Diogenes, when he died, was about 90.

Plato reach'd his 81st year; and his follower *Xenocrates* his eighty-fourth.

Lycurgus, the lawgiver of the *Lacedæmonians*, who, when they obeyed his laws, were not less distinguished by their abstemiousness than by their fortitude, lived to 85; and their King *Agesilaus* took pay of *Tachos* at 80; afterwards assisted *Nectanebos*; and, having established him in his kingdom, died, in his return to *Sparta* at 84.

Cato, the Censor, is introduced by *Tully* representing himself as, when in his 84th year, able to assist in the senate—to speak in the assembly of the people, and to give his friends and dependents the assistance, which they might want from him.

Lucian introduces his account of long-lived persons, with the observation, that it might be of use, as shewing that they, who took the most care of their bodies and minds, lived the longest, and enjoyed the best health.

To come nearer to our own times: the discovery of a new world has confirmed the observations furnished by the old; that in those countries, where the greatest simplicity of diet has been used, the greatest length of life has been attained.

Of the ancient inhabitants of *Virginia* we are told, "That their chief dish was maiz, and that they drank only water: That their diseases were few, and chiefly proceeded from excessive heats or colds." *Atl. Geog.* vol. v. p. 711. "Some of them lived to upwards of 200 years." Purchas, vol. v. p. 946. "The sobriety of the ancient inhabitants of *Florida* lengthen'd their lives in such sort, that one of their kings, says *Morgues*, told me, he was three hundred years old; and his father, whom he then shewed me alive, was fifty years older than himself." Purchas, vol. v. p. 961.

And if we now search after particular instances of persons reaching to extreme old age, it is certain that we must not resort for them to courts and palaces; to the dwellings of the great or the wealthy; but to the cells of the religious, or to cottages; to the habitations of such, whose hunger is their sauce, and to whom a wholesome meal is a sufficiently delicate one.

Martha Waterhouse, of the township of *North Bierley*, in *Yorkshire*, died about the year 1711, in the 104th year of her age: her maiden sister, *Hester Jager*, of the same place, died in 1713, in the 107th year of her age. They had both of them *relief* from the township of *Bierley* nigh fifty years. *Abridgement of Phil. Trans.* by Jones, vol. ii. p. 2. p. 115.

Dr. *Harvey* in his anatomical account of *T. Parr*, who died in the 153d year of his age, says—that, if he had not changed his diet and air, he might, perhaps, have lived a good while longer. His diet was old cheese, milk, coarse bread, small beer, and whey.

Dr.

Dr. *T. Robinſon* ſays of *H. Jenkins*, the fiſherman, who lived 169 years, that his diet was coarſe and ſour.

Dr. *M. Liſter*, having mentioned ſeveral old perſons of *Craven*, in *Yorkſhire*, ſays—The food of all this mountainous country is exceeding coarſe. *Abr. of Phil. Tranſ.* by Lowthorp, vol. iii. p. 307, *&c.*

Buchanan ſpeaks of a fiſherman in his own time, who married at 100, went out in his little fiſhing boat in the roughest weather at 140, and at laſt did not die of any painful diſtemper, but merely worn out by age. *Rer. Scot. Hiſt.* lib. i. ad fin.

Plutarch mentions our countrymen as, in his time, growing old at 120. To account for this, as he does, from their climate, ſeems leſs rational than to aſcribe it to their way of living, as related by *Diodorus Siculus*, who tells us—that their diet was ſimple, and that they were utter ſtrangers to the delicate fare of the wealthy.

In our ſeveral neighbourhoods we all of us ſee, that they who leaſt conſult their appetite, who leaſt give way to its wantonneſs or voraciouſneſs, attain, generally, to years far exceeding theirs, who deny themſelves nothing they can reliſh, and conveniently procure.

Human life, indeed, being expoſed to ſo many thouſand accidents, its end being haſtened by ſuch a prodigious diverſity of means, there is no care we can take of ourſelves, in any one reſpect, that will be our effectual preſervative; but, allowing for caſualties and difference in conſtitutions, we every where perceive, that the age of thoſe, who neglect the rules of temperance, is of a much ſhorter date than theirs, by whom theſe rules are carefully followed.

And if we attend to our ſtructure, it muſt thence be evident that it cannot be otherwiſe. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 135. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

Sect. IV.

The human body may be conſidered as compoſed of a great variety of tubes, in which their proper fluid is in a perpetual motion. Our health is according to the condition, in which theſe veſſels and this fluid are.

The ruptured, or too relaxed, or too rigid ſtate of the one; and the redundancy or deficiency, the reſolved or viſcid, the aceſcent or the putreſcent ſtate of the other, is a diſorder in our frame. Whether our exceſs be in the quantity or quality of aliment, we muſt ſuffer by it, *in ſome or other of theſe ways.*

By the ſtomach being frequently loaded, that fulneſs of the veſſels enſues, by which the fibres are weakened—the circulation becomes languid—perſpiration is leſſened—obſtructions are formed—the humours become viſcid and ſoon putrid.

In the progreſs to this laſt ſtate, different diſeaſes take place, according to the general ſtrength or weakneſs of the ſolids, or according to the debility of ſome particular organ; according to the conſtitution of the air; according to our reſt or motion; according to the warmth in which we keep, or the cold, to which we expoſe ourſelves, *&c.*

Exceſs may be in the quantity of our food, not only when we eat ſo as to burthen the ſtomach; but, likewiſe, when our meals bear not a juſt proportion to our labour or exerciſe.

We are tempted to exceed in the quantity of our food, by the ſeaſoning of it, or by the variety of it.

The ſtimulus of ſauce ſerves but to excite a falſe appetite—to make us eat much more than we ſhould do, if our diet were quite ſimple.

The effect it the ſame, when our meal is compoſed of ſeveral kinds of food: their different taſtes are ſo many inducements to exceſs, as they are ſo many provocations to eat beyond what will ſatisfy our natural wants.

And thus, though we were never to touch a diſh, which had its reliſh from any the leaſt unwholſome ingredient; though our diet were the plaineſt, and nothing came ever before us, that had any other elegance than from the ſeaſon, in which it was brought to our table, or the place in which it appeared there; we yet might greatly hurt ourſelves; we might be as intemperate, and as ſpeedily deſtroy ourſelves by our intemperance with roaſt and boiled meat, as with fricaſſees and ragouts.

The quality of our aliment may be miſchievous to us, either as univerſally prejudicial to the human *conſtitution*, or as unſuitable to our own;—unſuitable to the weakneſs of our whole frame, or to ſome defect in the formation of a part of it, or to that taint we have in us, from the diſeaſes or vices of our parents.

We may be greatly prejudiced by the kind of our food, in many other ways; and we, ordinarily, are ſo, by not regarding what agrees with the climate, in which we are—what with the country we inhabit—what with the manner of life we lead.

From the great heat that ſpices occaſion, and from the length of time they continue it, we may truly ſay, that their copious and daily uſe in food muſt be injurious to *all* conſtitutions.

So for ſalted meats, the hurt that may be feared from them, when they are our conſtant meals, is eaſily collected, from the irritation they muſt cauſe in their paſſage through the body—from the injury, that muſt hence enſue to its finer membranes—from the numerous acrid particles, that muſt hereby be lodged in the pores of the ſkin, the obſtructions which this muſt produce, and the large quantity of perſpirable matter which will, therefore, be detained in, and, conſequently, greatly foul the blood—from the dreadful ſymptoms, that attend a high degree of the ſcurvy; the relief of which by vegetables, by freſh meat, by liquids fitteſt to remove the effects of a muriatic cauſe, plainly ſhews them to be owing to ſuch a cauſe.

Whatever has the haut-gout may be looked upon as conſiſting of ſuch active particles, as cannot but make our frequent eating of it very dangerous—as muſt render it much fitter to be uſed as phyſic, than as food.

From a mixture of meats, each of them wholſome in its kind, a bad chyle may be formed: and the rule in phyſic is, that an error in the firſt digeſtion will not be mended in the ſecond.

A delicate conſtitution is, ſpeedily, either quite deſtroyed, or irrecoverably diſordered, when the diet is not exactly adapted to it—is not ſuch as leaſt irritates, as leaſt heats, as is moſt eaſily concocted, as ſooneſt paſſes out of the body, and leaves the feweſt impurities behind it there.

The weakneſs, or the wrong formation, of a part of our frame is, generally, a call to the utmoſt care about our food; and as our obſerving this may extend our life, even under either of thoſe circumſtances, as far as we could have hoped it would have been prolonged, if we had been without any ſuch defect; ſo our failure therein may, in a very ſhort time, be fatal to us.

The moſt ſimple aliment will, perhaps, be unable to hinder our feeling, in ſome degree, the bad conſequences of the diſeaſes, or irregularities of our parents: but how far they ſhall affect us, depends, very often, in a great meaſure, upon ourſelves.

They may neither much contract the term, nor much interrupt the comfort, of life, if we will make hunger our ſauce, and, in every meal we eat, regard the diſtempers we inherit; but early, alas! and heavy will our ſufferings be, our years few and full of uneaſineſs, when, without any ſuch regard, our taſte is directed by that of the ſound and athletic—when the ſolicitations of *appetite* lead us to forget the reaſons we have to reſtrain *it*.

In this climate and country, where, for ſo many months in the year, the cuticular diſcharges are ſo ſmall—where the air ſo often, ſo ſuddenly, and to ſo great a degree, varies its equilibrium, and where our veſſels, therefore, are as frequently, as ſuddenly, and as greatly contracted or expanded—where fogs ſo much abound, and ſo much contribute to impair the elaſticity of our fibres—to hinder the proper both ſecretions and excretions—to deſtroy the due texture of the blood, and vitiate our whole habit, it muſt be obvious, what we have to fear, when our aliment hurts us in the ſame way with our air—when the one heightens the diſorder, to which we are expoſed by the other.

An inattention to the nutriment fit for us, when we ſeldom uſe any exerciſe, or, always, very gentle—when our life is ſedentary, either from the buſineſs by which we maintain ourſelves, or from our love of eaſe, or from our literary purſuits, is perhaps as fatal to us, as almoſt any inſtance of wrong conduct, with which we can be chargeable. By high feeding and little or no exerciſe, we are not only expoſed to the moſt dangerous diſeaſes, but we make all diſeaſes dangerous: we make thoſe ſo, which would, otherwiſe, be ſlight and eaſily removed—we do not only ſubject ourſelves to the particular maladies, which have their riſe wholly from luxury, but we render ourſelves more liable to thoſe, which have no connexion with it. We, then, are among the firſt, who are ſeized with the diſtempers, which the conſtitution of the air occaſions—We are moſt apt to receive all thoſe of the infectious kind—We take cold whence we might leaſt fear it; and find its immediate conſequence, a malignant or an inflammatory fever, or ſome other diſeaſe equally to be dreaded.

A writer in phyſic of the firſt rank aſſerts, that our diet is the chief cauſe of all our diſeaſes—that other cauſes only take effect from the diſpoſition of our body, and the ſtate of its humours.

There is, I am perſuaded, much truth in this aſſertion. For, as in countries, where the inhabitants greatly indulge themſelves, few die of old age; ſo where a ſtrict temperance is obſerved, few die but of old age. We find, likewiſe, perſons, as *Socrates* for inſtance,

inſtance, who, by their regular living, have preſerved themſelves from the infection of a diſeaſe, that has made the cruelleſt havock around them. We perceive, alſo, the reſtorers of health uſually attempting its recovery by ſome or other diſcharge, by draining the body in ſome way or other. And if evacuation is the cure of our diſorders, we may juſtly think, that repletion is their moſt general cauſe. But if this may admit of a diſpute, which, I think, it hardly can do; yet is it on all hands agreed—that there are ſeveral diſtempers, to which few are ſubject but for want of ſelf-denial in themſelves, or their anceſtors—that moſt of theſe diſtempers are of the painfulleſt ſort, and that ſome of them are ſuch as we for years lament, without the leaſt hope of recovery, and under an abſolute certainty, that the longer they continue upon us the more grievouſly they will diſtreſs us; the acuteneſs of our ſufferings from them will be conſtantly increaſing.

Dean Bolton.

§ 136. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

Sect. V.

Let me, alſo, conſider intemperance in what we eat, as frequently interrupting the uſe of our nobler faculties; and ſure, at length, greatly to enfeeble them. How long is it, before we are really ourſelves, after our ſtomach has received its *full load!* Under it, our ſenſes are dulled, our memory clouded, heavineſs and ſtupidity poſſeſs us: ſome *hours* muſt paſs, before our vivacity returns, before reaſon can again act with its full vigour. The man is not ſeen to advantage, his real abilities are not to be diſcovered, till the effects of his gluttony are removed, till his conſtitution has thrown off the weight that oppreſſed it.

The hours preceding a plentiful meal, or thoſe, which ſucceed its entire digeſtion, are, we all find, ſuch, in which we are fitteſt to tranſact our affairs, in which all the acts of the underſtanding are beſt exerted.

How ſmall a part of his time is therefore, the luxurious man himſelf! What between the length of his repaſts—the ſpace during which he is, as it were, ſtupified by his exceſs in them—the many hours of *ſleep* that he wants to refreſh, and of *exerciſe* to ſtrengthen him; within how ſmall a compaſs is that portion of his life brought, in which his rational powers are fitly diſplayed!

In the vigour of youth, in the full ſtrength of manhood, an uncontrouled gratification of appetite allows only ſhort intervals of clear apprehenſion, of cloſe attention, and the free uſe of our judgment: but if, either through an uncommonly firm conſtitution, or by ſpending all thoſe hours in exerciſe, which are not paſſed at our tables or in our beds, we are enabled, notwithſtanding ſuch gratification, to reach a more advanced age; what a melancholy ſpectacle do we then frequently afford! our memory, our wit, our ſenſe almoſt wholly deſtroyed—their remains ſcarce allowing a conjecture to be formed thence, what they have been—the ruins of the man hardly furniſhing a trace of his former ornaments.

Moſt of thoſe diſeaſes, which luxury brings upon our bodies are, indeed, a gradual impairing of our intellectual faculties: the mind ſhares the diſorder of its companion, acts as that permits, diſcovers a greater or leſs capacity, according to the other's more or leſs perfect ſtate. And as the body, when dead, is totally unfit to be acted upon by the ſoul; ſo the nearer it is brought to death by our gluttony, the more we increaſe its unfitneſs to diſplay, by how noble a principle it is actuated—what the extent of thoſe abilities is, which the bounty of our infinitely good and powerful Creator has afforded us.

It only remains that I conſider, how ruinous the exceſs I am cenſuring is to our fortune; and to what a mean dependence, to what vile diſhoneſt practices, it often reduces us.

There are few eſtates, that can bear the expence, into which what is called an elegant table will draw us. It is not only the price of what is ſet before us, that we are here to regard, but the waſte that the *miniſters* to our *luxury* occaſion—their rapine—the example they ſet to all, who are concerned in our affairs, and the diſqualification, under which we put ourſelves to look into them.

He who is determined to pleaſe his palate at any price, infects not only thoſe about him with his extravagant turn; but gives them opportunities of defrauding him, which are ſeldom neglected. His houſe is the reſort of the worſt of mankind; for ſuch they always are, whom a well-ſpread table aſſembles; and who, by applauding the profuſeneſs that feeds them, by extolling, as proofs of a refined underſtanding, what are the ſureſt marks of a weak one, or rather of the total want of one, hurry on the ruin, that was, otherwiſe, with too much ſpeed advancing.

But small is their number, whom it concerns to be told, how a *large fortune* may be reduced: how the making *any* must be hindered, is the argument, in which the generality are interested. This hindrance is the sure, the undeniable consequence of giving way to our appetite. I have already observed, what hurt our very capacity often receives from it—to what a degree our intellect is at length impaired by it: I may, further, truly represent it as always indisposing us to that diligence, to that application, without which no science is to be mastered, no art learned, no business well conducted, no valuable accomplishment, of any kind, obtained.

Let us have our support, and seek the increase of our store, from our traffick, or from our labour; it is plain, that he who indulges himself less than we do, as he needs less to maintain him than we do, so he can sell, or can work, cheaper, and must, therefore, make those advantages, which we are not to expect; must by his lesser gains be, at length, enriched, while we, with our larger, shall be in a constant poverty.

A still worse effect of our luxurious turn I reckon those mean and base practices, to which it tempts us. When the plain meal, that our scanty circumstances, after a liberal and expensive education, furnish, cannot content us; and we must either live at another's table, or provide a chargeable entertainment at our own; we descend to the vilest flattery, the most servile complaisance; every generous sentiment is extinguished in us; we soon become fully convinced, that he, who will often eat at another's cost, must be subject to another's humours, must countenance him in his follies—and comply with him in his vices.

Let his favour at length exempt us from so dishonourable an attendance, by furnishing us with the means of having plenty at home: yet what is plenty to the luxurious? His wantonness increases with his income; and, always needy, he is always dependent. Hence no sense of his birth or education, of honour or conscience, is any check upon him; he is the mean drudge, the abandoned tool of his feeder, of whoever will be at the charge of gratifying his palate.

So, if our trade be our maintenance, as no fair gains can answer the expence, which what is called good eating occasions, we are soon led to indirect artifices, to fraudulent dealing, to the most tricking and knavish practices.

In a word, neither our health nor life, neither our credit nor fortune, neither our virtue nor understanding, have any security but from our temperance. The greatest blessings, which are here enjoyed by us, have it for their source.

Hence it is that we have the *fullest* use of our faculties, and the *longest*.

Hence it is, that we fear not to be poor, and are sure to be independent.

Hence disease and pain are removed from us, our decay advances insensibly, and the approaches of death are as gentle as those of sleep.

Hence it is we free ourselves from all temptations to a base or ungenerous action.

Hence it is that our passions are calmed, our lusts subdued, the purity of our hearts preserved, and a virtuous conduct throughout made easy to us.

When it is made so—when by the ease, which we find in the practice of virtue, we become confirmed therein—render it habitual to us; we have then that qualification for happiness in a future state, which, as the best title to it, affords us the best grounds to expect it. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 137. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

Sect. I.

The arguments against drunkenness, which the common reason of mankind suggests, are these—

The contemptible figure which it gives us:

The hindrance it is to any confidence being reposed in us, so far as our secrecy is concerned:

The dangerous advantage, which it affords the crafty and the knavish over us:

The bad effects, which it hath on our health:

The prejudice, which our minds receive from it:

Its *disposing* us to *many crimes*, and *preparing* us for the *greatest*:

The contemptible figure, which drunkenness gives us, is no weak argument for avoiding it.

Every reader has found the *Spartans* mentioned, as inculcating sobriety on their *children*, by exposing to their notice the behaviour of their slaves in a drunken fit. They thought, that were they to apply wholly to the reason of the *youths*, it might be to little purpose: as the force of the arguments, which they used, might not be sufficiently apprehended, or the impression thereof might be soon effaced: but when they made them frequently eye-witnesses of all the madness and absurdities, and at length the perfect sense-

ſenſeleſſneſs, which the immoderate draught occaſioned; the idea of the *vile change* would be ſo fixed in the minds of its beholders, as to render them utterly averſe from its cauſe.

And may we not juſtly conclude it to be from hence, that the offspring of the perſons who are accuſtomed thus to diſguiſe themſelves, often prove remarkably ſober? They avoid, in their *riper years*, their parents' crime, from the deteſtation of it, which they contracted in their *earlier*. As to moſt other vices, their debaſing circumſtances are not fully known to us, till we have attained a maturity of age, nor can be then, till they have been duly attended to: but in our very childhood, at our firſt beholding the effects of drunkenneſs, we are ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, that a reaſonable being ſhould be thus changed—ſhould be induced to make himſelf ſuch an object of contempt and ſcorn. And, indeed, we muſt have the man in the *utmoſt* contempt, whom we hear and ſee in his progreſs to exceſs; at firſt, teazing you with his contentiouſneſs or impertinence—miſtaking your meaning, and hardly knowing his own—then, faultering in his ſpeech—unable to get through an entire ſentence—his hand trembling—his eyes ſwimming—his legs too feeble to ſupport him; till, at length, you only know the human creature by his ſhape.

I cannot but add, that were one of any ſenſe to have a juſt notion of all the ſilly things he ſays or does, of the wretched appearance, which he makes in a *drunken fit*, he could not want a more powerful argument againſt repeating his crime.

But as none of us are inclined to think ill of ourſelves, we none of us will know, how far our vices expoſe us; we allow them excuſes, which they meet not with from any but ourſelves.

This is the caſe of all; it is particularly ſo with the drunken; many of whom their ſhame would undoubtedly reform, could they be brought to conceive, how much they did to be aſhamed of.

Nor is it improbable, that it is this very conſideration, how much drunkenneſs contributes to make a man the contempt of his wife—his children—his ſervants—of all his ſober beholders, which has been the cauſe, that it has never been the reigning vice among a people of any refinement of manners. No, *it* has only prevailed among the rude and ſavage, among thoſe of groſſer underſtandings, and leſs delicacy of ſentiment. Crimes, as there are in all *men*, there muſt be in all *nations*; but the more *civilized* have perceived drunkenneſs to be ſuch an offence againſt common decency, ſuch an abandoning one's ſelf to the ridicule and ſcoffs of the meaneſt, that, in whatever elſe they might tranſgreſs, they would not do it in this particular; but leave a vice of ſuch a nature to the wild and uncultivated—to the ſtupid and undiſtinguiſhing part of mankind—to thoſe, who had no notion of propriety of character, and decency of conduct. How late this vice became the reproach of our countrymen, we find in Mr. *Camden*'s Annals. Under the year 1581, he has this obſervation—"The "*Engliſh*, who hitherto had, of all the "northern nations, ſhewn themſelves the "leaſt addicted to immoderate drinking, "and been commended for their ſobriety, "firſt learned, in theſe wars in the *Nether-* "*lands*, to ſwallow a large quantity of in- "toxicating liquor, and to deſtroy their "own health, by drinking that of others."

Some trace of our antient regard to ſobriety, we may ſeem ſtill to retain, in our uſe of the term *ſot!* which carries with it as great reproach among us, as Οινοβαρης did among the *Greeks*.

There is a ſhort ſtory, in *Reresby*'s Memoirs, very proper to be mentioned under this head.

The Lord Chancellor (*Jefferies*) had now like to have died of a fit of the ſtone; which he virtuouſly brought upon himſelf, by a furious debauch of wine, at Mr. Alderman *Duncomb*'s; where he, the Lord Treaſurer, and others, drank themſelves into that height of frenzy, that, among friends, it was whiſpered, they had ſtripped into their ſhirts; and that, had not an accident prevented them, they had got upon a ſign-poſt, to drink the King's health; which was the ſubject of much deriſion, to ſay no worſe.

Dean Bolton.

§ 138. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

Sect. II.

A ſecond objection to drunkenneſs is, that it hinders any confidence being repoſed in us, ſo far as our ſecrecy is concerned.

Who can truſt the man, that is not maſter of himſelf? Wine, as it leſſens our caution, ſo it prompts us to ſpeak our thoughts without reſerve: when it has ſufficiently inflamed us, all the ſuggeſtions of prudence paſs for the apprehenſions of cowardice; we are regardleſs of conſequences; our foreſight is gone, and our fear with it. Here then the artful perſon properly introducing the

the ſubject, urging us to enter upon it—and, after that, praiſing, or blaming, or contradicting, or queſtioning us, is ſoon able to draw from us whatever information he deſires to obtain.

Our diſcretion never outlaſts our ſobriety. Failings which it moſt concerns us to conceal, and which, when we are ourſelves, we do moſt induſtriouſly conceal, we uſually publiſh, when we have drank to exceſs. The man is then clearly ſeen, with all the ill nature and bad qualities, from which his behaviour, in his cooler hours, had induced his moſt intimate friends to believe him wholly free. We muſt be loſt to reflection, to thought, when we can thus far throw off our diſguiſe. And what is it, but our thought and reflection, that can engage our ſecrecy in any inſtance—that can ever be a proper check upon our diſcourſe—that enables us to diſtinguiſh what we may ſpeak, and on what we ought to be ſilent? Do we ceaſe to be in a condition to hide the deformities in ourſelves, which we moſt wiſh to have concealed? On what point, then, is it likely that we ſhould be reſerved? Whoſe ſecrets can he keep, who ſo foully betrays his own?

It may, *thirdly*, be alledged againſt drunkenneſs, that it gives the crafty and knaviſh the moſt dangerous advantage over us.

This vice puts us into the very circumſtances, in which every one would wiſh us to be, who had a view to impoſe upon us, to over-reach us, or in any way to gain his ends of us. When the repeated draught has diſordered us, it is then, that only by complying with our humour, and joining, to appearance, in our madneſs, we may be deluded into meaſures the moſt prejudicial to us, into ſuch as are our own and our families utter doing. It is then that our purſe is wholly at the mercy of our company; we ſpend—we give—we lend—we loſe. What unhappy marriages have been then concluded! What ruinous conveyances have been then made! How ſecure ſoever we may apprehend ourſelves from impoſitions of ſo very pernicious a nature; yet more or fewer we muſt have to fear from drunkenneſs, as the opportunities, which it gives, will conſtantly be watched by all, who have any deſign upon us: and if we are known frequently to diſorder ourſelves, all in our neighbourhood, or among our acquaintance, who are of any ſeriouſneſs and decency, will be ſure to avoid us, and leave us wholly to thoſe, who find their account in aſſociating with us; who, while they can make us their property, will be, as often as we pleaſe, our companions.

A *fourth* argument againſt drunkenneſs is its bad effects upon our health. Every act of it is a *fever* for a time: and whence have we more reaſon to apprehend *one* of a longer continuance, and of the worſt conſequence? Our blood thus fired, none can be ſure, when the diſorder raiſed in it will be quieted, whether its inflammatory ſtate will admit of a remedy: in ſeveral thouſands it has been found incapable of any; and what has ſo frequently happened to *others*, may juſtly be conſidered as likely to befal *us*. By the ſame abſurd reliance on a good conſtitution, through which *they* were deceived, *we* may be ſo likewiſe.

But ſuppoſing the mere fever fit wearing off with the drunken one; how fatal would it prove to be then ſeized with a diſtemper of the infectious kind, that was at all malignant! This has often been the caſe; and when it has been ſo, the applications of the moſt ſkilful have been entirely vain.

Let our intemperance have nothing inſtantly to dread; for how ſhort a ſpace can it be in ſuch ſecurity? The young debauchee ſoon experiences the iſſue of his miſconduct—ſoon finds his food diſreliſhed, his ſtomach weakened, his ſtrength decayed, his body waſted. In the flower of his youth, he often feels all the infirmities of extreme old age; and when not yet in the middle of human life, is got to the end of his own.

If we have attained to manhood, to our full vigour, before we run into the exceſs, from which I am diſſuading; we may, indeed, poſſibly be many years in breaking a good conſtitution: but then, if a ſudden ſtroke diſpatch us not; if we are not cut off without the leaſt leiſure given us to implore the mercy of heaven; to how much uneaſineſs are we, generally, reſerved—what a variety of painful diſtempers threaten us! All of them there is very little probability we ſhould eſcape; and under which ſoever of them we may labour, we ſhall experience its cure hopeleſs, and its ſeverity the ſaddeſt leſſon, how dear the purchaſe was of our former mirth.

There are, I grant, inſtances, where a long-continued intemperance has not prevented the attainment of a very advanced age, free from diſorders of every kind. But then it is to be conſidered how rare theſe inſtances are; that it is not, perhaps, one in a thouſand, who eſcapes thus; that of thoſe, who do thus eſcape, the far greater part owe their preſervation to hard working, or to an

exercise as fatiguing, as any of the more laborious employments. So that if either our frame be not of an unusual firmness, or we do not labour for our bread, and will not for our health; we cannot be of their number, who have so much as a chance, that they will not shorten their lives by their excess. And when we have this chance, we are to remember, how very little we can promise ourselves from it. We are liable to all the diseases, which, in the ordinary course of things, are connected with intemperance; and we are liable to all those, from which even sobriety exempts not; but in this latter case, we have, by no means, the same to hope with the sober, who are easily recovered of what proves mortal to the intemperate. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 139. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

Sect. III.

To consider, *fifthly*, the unhappy effect of drunkenness upon our minds.

Every time we offend in it, we are first madmen, and then idiots; we first say, and do, a thousand the most ridiculous and extravagant things, and then appear quite void of sense. By annexing these constant inconveniencies to drinking immoderately, it seems the design of a wise Providence to teach us, what we may fear from a habit of it—to give us a foretaste of the miseries, which it will at length bring upon us, not for a few hours alone, but for the whole remainder of our lives. What numbers have, by hard drinking, fallen into an incurable distraction! And who was ever for many years a sot, without destroying the quickness of his apprehension, and the strength of his memory? What mere drivellers have some of the best capacities become, after a long course of excess!

As we drink to raise our spirits, but, by thus raising, we weaken them; so whatever fresh vigour our parts may seem to derive from our wine, it is a vigour which wastes them; which, by being often thus called out, destroys its source, our natural fancy and understanding. 'Tis like a man's spending upon his principal: he may, for a season, make a figure much superior to *his*, who supports himself upon the interest of his fortune; but is sure to be undone, when the other is unhurt.

We meet with, as I have already observed, instances, where an extraordinary happiness of constitution has prevented its entire ruin, even from a course of drunkenness of many years continuance: but I much question, whether there are any instances, that such a course has not been remarkably prejudicial to a good capacity. From all the observations, which we can make on the human frame, it may be fairly supposed, that there are no such instances—that it is not reasonable to think we can be, for many years inflaming our brains, without injuring them—be continually disordering the most delicate parts of our machine, without impairing them. A lively imagination, a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, depend upon parts in our structure, which are much more easily hurt, than such, whose sound state is necessary for the preservation of mere life: and therefore we perceive those several faculties often entirely lost, long before the body drops. The man is very frequently seen to survive himself—to continue a living creature, after he has, for some years, ceased to be a rational one. And to this deplorable state nothing is more likely to bring us, than a habit of drunkenness; as there is no vice, that more immediately affects those organs, by the help of which we apprehend, reason, remember, and perform the like acts.

What, *sixthly*, ought to raise in us the utmost abhorrence of drunkenness is, the consideration of the many crimes, to which it disposes us. He, through whose veins the inflaming potion has spread itself, must be under a greater temptation to lewdness, than you can think him in any other circumstances: and from the little reasoning, of which he is then capable, as to the difference of the two crimes, would hesitate no more at adultery than fornication.

Thus, also, for immoderate anger, contention, scurrility and abuse, acts of violence, and the most injurious treatment of others; they are all offences, into which drunkenness is most apt to betray us; so apt to do it, that you will scarcely find a company drinking to excess, without many provoking speeches and actions passing in it—without more or less strife, before it separates. We even perceive the most gentle and peaceable, the most humane and civilized, when they are sober, no sooner intoxicated, than they put off all those commendable qualities, and assume, as it were, a new nature—a nature as different from their former, as the most untractable and fiercest of the brute kind are, from the most accomplished and amiable of our own.

To some vices drunkenness *disposes* us; and,

Lastly, lays us open to more, and certainly to

to the greateſt. It lays us, indeed, open to *moſt vices*—by the power, which it gives all ſorts of *temptations* over us; and by putting us into a *condition*, in which the *raſh* and *pernicious ſuggeſtions* of others have an eſpecial influence upon us—in which, a profligate companion is enabled to direct us almoſt as he pleaſes.

It gives all ſorts of *temptations* power over us, by diſqualifying us for conſideration; and by extinguiſhing in us all regard to the motives of prudence and caution.

It makes us ready to follow the *raſheſt counſels* of our companions; becauſe, not allowing us to reaſon upon them, and incapacitating us for the government of ourſelves, it, of courſe, leaves us to the guidance of thoſe, with whom we are moſt pleaſed—of thoſe, who give into our exceſſes.

It, certainly, lays us open to the *greateſt* crimes; becauſe, when we are thoroughly heated by the ſpirituous draught, we then like what is daring and extravagant—we are then turned to bold and deſperate undertakings; and that, which is moſt licentious, carries then with it the appearance of an attempt, ſuiting a courageous and undaunted mind. Hence rapes, murthers, acts of the utmoſt inhumanity and barbarity have been *their acts*; who, when ſober, would have deteſted themſelves, if ſuch crimes could have entered their *thoughts*.

It may, perhaps, be of uſe to obſerve here, what cenſure has been paſſed on drunkenneſs by thoſe, who had only the light of reaſon for their guide.

It was the ſaying of one of the wiſer Heathens, That a wiſe man would *drink* wine, but would be ſure never to be made *drunk* by it. Another of them condemns wine, as betraying even the prudent into imprudence. The advice of a third is, avoid drinking company: if you accidentally come into it, leave it before you ceaſe to be ſober; for, when that happens, the mind is like a *chariot*, whoſe driver is thrown off: as *it* is then ſure to be hurried away at random, ſo are *we*, when our reaſon is gone, ſure to be drawn into much guilt. We have one calling drunkenneſs the *ſtudy of madneſs*; another, a *voluntary madneſs*. He who was aſked, how a perſon might be brought to a diſlike of wine? anſwered, by beholding the indecencies of the drunken*.

The

* I have, in the former tract, taken notice of the coarſe fare, which *Homer* provides for his heroes: it may not be amiſs to remark here, from *Athenæus*, what leſſons of ſobriety he furniſhes—what his care is, to diſſuade from drinking to exceſs. This, indeed, may appear deſerving to be more particularly inſiſted upon, ſince from the praiſes which he gives wine he was thought not to have been ſparing in the uſe of it.

The boaſt that *Æneas*, heated by liquor, had made of his willingneſs to fight with *Achilles*, was urged to engage him in a combat, which would have been fatal to him, but that—

> The King of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
> Thro' all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends;
> Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
> And caſts thick darkneſs o'er *Achilles'* eyes.
>
> Iliad, Book XX.

In the Third Book of the *Odyſſey*, the diſcord of the *Greeks*, at a Council called to deliberate about their return, the Poet aſcribes to their drunkenneſs,

> Sour with debauch a reeling tribe they came,
> . . . . . .
> With ireful taunts each other they oppoſe,
> Till in loud tumult all the *Greeks* aroſe.
> Now diff'rent counſels every breaſt divide,
> Each burns with rancour to the adverſe ſide.

In Book the Ninth of the Odyss. *Polyphemus* is repreſented as having his ſight deſtroyed, when he was drunk, by a few of thoſe, whoſe joint force was not, with reſpect to his, that of a child.

> ——————He greedy graſp'd the heavy bowl,
> Thrice drained, and pour'd the deluge on his ſoul.
> . . . . . .
> ——————Then nodding with the fumes of wine,
> Dropt his huge head, and ſnoring lay ſupine.
> . . . . . .
> Then forth the vengeful inſtrument I bring;
> Urg'd by ſome preſent God, they ſwift let fall
> The pointed torment on the viſual ball.

In

The diſcountenance, which drunkenneſs received among the *Romans*, will be hereafter taken notice of.

Among the *Greeks*, by a law of *Solon*, if a chief magiſtrate made himſelf drunk, he was to be put to death. By a law of *Pittacus*, a double puniſhment was inflicted upon ſuch who, when drunk, had committed any other crime. They were thoſe, by whoſe laws he, who drank any greater quantity of wine than was really neceſſary for his health, ſuffered death.

Thus much as to *their* ſentiments on drinking to exceſs, who had only the light of Nature to ſhew them its guilt.

Dean Bolton.

§ 140. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. IV.

Let me in the next place, ſuggeſt ſuch cautions, as ought to be obſerved by him, whoſe deſire it is to avoid drunkenneſs.

Carefully ſhun the company that is addicted to it.

Do not ſit long among thoſe, who are in the progreſs towards exceſs.

If you have often loſt the command of yourſelf, when a certain quantity of liquor has been exceeded, you ſhould be ſure to keep yourſelf always much within that quantity.

Make not ſtrong liquor neceſſary to your refreſhment.

Never apply to it for eaſe, under cares and troubles of any kind.

Know always how to employ yourſelf uſefully, or innocently to amuſe yourſelf, that your time may never be a burden upon you.

In the firſt place, Do not aſſociate with thoſe who are addicted to drunkenneſs. This I lay down as a rule, from which it is ſcarce poſſible to depart, and keep our ſobriety. No man, not the ſteadieſt and wiſeſt of men, is proof againſt a bad example continually before him. By frequently *ſeeing* what is wrong, we, firſt, loſe our abhorrence of it, and, then, are eaſily prevailed with to do it. Where we like our company we are inſenſibly led into their manners. It is natural to think we ſhould endeavour to make ourſelves agreeable to the perſons, with whom we much converſe; and you can never make yourſelf more agreeable to any, at leaſt as a companion, than when you countenance their conduct by imitating it. He who aſſociates with the intemperate, and yet refuſes to join in their exceſſes, will ſoon find, that he is

In Book the Tenth, the ſelf-denial of *Eurylochus* preſerved him from the vile transformation, to which the intemperance of his companions ſubjected them.

Soon in the luſcious feaſt themſelves they loſt,
And drank oblivion of their native coaſt.
Inſtant her circling wand the Goddeſs waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the ſty receives.

In the ſame Book the tragical end of *Elpenor* is thus deſcribed:

——— ——— ——— A vulgar ſoul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careleſs, on a turret's height
With ſleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
The ſudden tumult ſtirr'd him where he lay,
And down he haſten'd, but forgot his way;
Full headlong from the roof the ſleeper fell,
And ſnapp'd the ſpinal joint, and wak'd in Hell.

The drunkenneſs of *Eurytion*, one of the *Centaurs*, is fatal to him, and to the whole race. OD. B. XXI.

The great *Eurytion* when this frenzy ſtung,
Pirithous' roof, with frantic riot rung:
His noſe they ſhorten'd, and his ears they ſlit,
And ſent him ſober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggreſſor firſt.

Antinous, who had reproached *Ulyſſes* as made inſolent by wine, dies himſelf with the intoxicating bowl in his hands. OD. Book XXII.

. . . . . .
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl,
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death.
Full thro' his throat *Ulyſſes'* weapon paſt,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his laſt,

looked

looked upon as condemning their practice; and, therefore, that he has no way of continuing them his friends, but by going into the same irregularity, in which they allow themselves. If his chearfulness, his facetiousness, or wit, endear him to them, and render them unwilling to quit an intercourse with one so qualified to amuse them; all their arts will be tried to corrupt his sobriety: where he lies most open to temptation will be carefully watched; and no method left unattempted, that can appear likely to make him regardless of his duty. But who can reckon himself safe, when so much pains will be used to ensnare him? Whose virtue is secure, amidst the earnest endeavours of his constant companions to undermine it?

Another caution which I have laid down is, Never sit long among those, who are in the progress towards excess. The expediency of this advice will be acknowledged, if we consider how difficult it is to be long upon our guard—how apt we are to forget ourselves, and then to be betrayed into the guilt, against which we had most firmly resolved.

In the eagerness of our own discourse, or in our attention to that of others, or in the pleasure we receive from the good humour of our companions, or in the share we take of their mirth, we may very naturally be supposed unobserving, how much we have drank—how near we are got to the utmost *bounds* of sobriety: these, under the circumstances I have mentioned, may easily be passed by us, without the least suspicion of it—before we are under any apprehension of our danger.

As in disputes, one unadvised expression brings on another, and after a few arguments both sides grow warm, from warmth advance to anger, are by anger spurred on to abuse, and thence, often, go to those extremities, to which they would have thought themselves incapable of proceeding: so is it when we sit long, where what gives the most frequent occasion to disputes is before us—where the *intoxicating draught* is circulating; one invites us to more—our spirits rise—our wariness declines—from chearfulness we pass to noisy mirth—our mirth stops not long short of folly—our folly hurries us to a madness, that we never could have imagined likely to have been our reproach.

If you have often lost the command of yourself, where a certain quantity of liquor hath been exceeded; you should be sure never to approach that quantity—you should confine yourself to what is much short of it. Where we find that a reliance upon our wariness, upon the steadiness and firmness of our *general resolutions*, has deceived us, we should trust *them* no more; we should confide no more in *those precautions*, which have already proved an insufficient check upon us. When I cannot resist a temptation, I have nothing left for my security but to fly it. If I know that I am apt to yield, when I am tempted; the part I have then to act is, to take care that I may not be tempted. Thus only I shew myself in earnest; hereby alone I evidence, that my duty is really my care.

We have experienced, that we cannot withdraw from the company we like, exactly at such a point of time—we have experienced, that we sometimes do not perceive, when we have got to the utmost bounds of temperance—we have unhappily experienced, that when it has been known to us, how small an addition of liquor would disorder us, we then have so far lost the power over ourselves, as not to be able to refrain from what we thus fully knew would be prejudicial to us. In these circumstances, no way remains of securing our sobriety, if we will resort to any place where it is at all hazarded, but either having our stint at once before us, or confining ourselves to that certain number of measured draughts, from whence we are sure we can have nothing to fear. And he, who will not take this method—he who will rest in a general intention of sobriety, when he has seen how often that intention has been in vain, how often he has miscarried, notwithstanding it, can never be considered as truly concerned for his past failings, as having seriously resolved not to repeat them. So far as I omit any due precaution against a crime, into which I know myself apt to be drawn, so far I may justly be regarded as indifferent towards it; and so far all my declarations, of being sorry for and determined to leave it, must be considered as insincere.

§ 141. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

Sect. V.

Never make any quantity of strong liquor *necessary* to your refreshment. What occasions this to be a fit caution is, That if the quantity we cannot be without is, in the beginning, a very moderate one, it will, probably, soon increase, and become, at length, so great as must give us the worst to fear. The reason, why it is thus likely to be increased, is, that a small draught, by the habitual

habitual use of it, will cease to raise our spirits; and therefore, when the design of our drinking is in order to raise them, we shall at length seek to do it by a much larger quantity of liquor, than what was wanted for that purpose at first.

It seems to be, further, proper advice on this subject, That we should never apply to strong liquor for ease under cares or troubles of any kind. From fears, from disappointments, and a variety of uneasinesses, none are exempt. The inconsiderate are impatient for a speedy relief; which, as the spirituous draught affords, they are tempted to seek it from thence.

But how very imprudent they must be, who would by such means quiet their minds, is most evident. For, is any real ground of trouble removed, by not attending to it—by diverting our thoughts from it? In *many cases*, the evil we would remedy by not thinking upon it is, by that very course, made much more distressing, than it otherwise would have been; nay, sometimes, quite remediless. In *all cases*, the less heated our brain is, and the greater calmness we preserve, the fitter we are to help ourselves; the fitter we are to encounter difficulties, to prevent our being involved in them; or, if that cannot be, to extricate ourselves speedily from them.

The ease, which liquor gives, is but that of a dream: when we awake, we are again ourselves; we are in the same situation as before, or, perhaps, in a worse. What then is to be the next step? Soon as the stupifying effects of one draught are gone off, another must be taken; the sure consequence of which is, that such a habit of drinking will be contracted, as we shall vainly endeavour to conquer, though the original inducement to it should no longer subsist. To guard against this, as it is of the utmost importance to all of us, so the only certain way is, by stopping in the very first instance; by never seeking, either under care or pain, relief from what we drink, but from those helps, which reason and religion furnish; the only ones, indeed, to which we can wisely resort in any straits; and which are often found capable of extricating us, when our condition seems the most desperate.

A prudent man should never desert himself. Where his own efforts avail him not, the care of an over-ruling Providence may interpose, and deliver him. But to borrow support against our troubles from liquor, is an entire desertion of ourselves; it is giving up our state, as an undone one—it is abandoning our own discretion, and relinquishing all hopes of the DEITY's assistance.

Lastly, Know always, how you may usefully employ, or innocently amuse yourself. When time is a burden upon us, when we are at a loss how to pass it, our chearfulness of course abates, our spirits flag, we are restless and uneasy: here then we are in the fittest disposition, and under the strongest inducements, to resort to what we know will enliven us, and make our hours glide away insensibly. Besides, when we cannot tell what to do with ourselves, it is natural we should seek for those, who are as idle as ourselves; and when such company meet, it is easy to see what will keep them together; that drinking must be their entertainment, since they are so ill qualified for any other.

Idleness has been not unstly term'd, the parent of all vices; but none it more frequently produces than drunkenness; as no vice can make a greater waste of our time; the chief thing about which the idle are solicitous. On the other hand, he who can profitably busy, or innocently divert himself, has a sure resort in all humours—he has his spirits seldom depressed, or when they are so, he can, without any hazard, recruit them—he is so far from seeking a correspondence with such, as are always in a readiness to engage in schemes of intemperance and riot, that he shuns them; his amusements, quite different from theirs, occasion him to be seldom with them, and secure him from being corrupted by them.

This we may lay down as a most certain truth, that our virtue is never safe, but when we have *proper diversions*. Unbent we sometimes must be; and when we know not how to be so in an innocent way, we soon shall be in a guilty. But if we can find full entertainment in what is free from all reproach, in what neither has any thing criminal in it, nor can lead us into what is criminal; then, indeed, and only then, can we be thought in little danger, and not likely to yield to the bad examples surrounding us.

§ 142. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. VI.

But let me consider what the intemperate say in their excuse.

That any should frequently put themselves into a condition, in which they are incapable of taking the least care of themselves—in which they are quite stupid and helpless—in which, whatever danger threatens them, they can contribute nothing towards its removal—in which they may be drawn into the most shocking crimes—in which all they

hold

hold dear is at the mercy of their companions; the exceſs, I ſay, which cauſes us to be in ſuch a ſituation, none ſeem diſpoſed to defend: but what leads to it, you find numbers thus vindicating or excuſing.

They muſt converſe—They muſt have their hours of chearfulneſs and mirth—When they are diſordered, it happens before they are aware of it—A ſmall quantity of liquor has this unhappy effect upon them—If they will keep up their intereſt, it muſt be by complying with the intemperate humour of their neighbours—Their way of life, their buſineſs, obliges them to drink with ſuch numbers, that it is ſcarcely poſſible they ſhould not be ſometimes guilty of exceſs.

To all which it may be ſaid, that, bad as the world is, we may every where, if we ſeek after them, find thoſe, whoſe company will rather confirm us in our ſobriety, than endanger it. Whatever our rank, ſtation, profeſſion or employment may be, ſuitable companions for us there are; with whom we may be perfectly ſafe, and free from every temptation to exceſs. If theſe are not in all reſpects to our minds, we muſt bear with *them*, as we do with *our condition* in this world; which every prudent perſon makes the beſt of; ſince, let what will be the change in it, ſtill it will be liable to ſome objection, and never, entirely, as he would wiſh it. In both caſes we are to conſider, not how we ſhall rid ourſelves of all inconveniences, but where are likely to be the feweſt: and we ſhould judge *that ſet of acquaintance*, as well as *that ſtate of life*, the moſt eligible, in which we have the leaſt to fear, from which our eaſe and innocence are likely to meet with the feweſt interruptions.

But mirth, you ſay, *muſt ſometimes be conſulted*. Let it be ſo. I would no more diſſuade you from it, than I would from ſeriouſneſs. Each ſhould have its ſeaſon, and its meaſure: and as it would be thought by all very proper advice, with reſpect to ſeriouſneſs, "Let it not proceed to melancholy, "to moroſeneſs, or to cenſorioufneſs;" it is equally fit advice, with regard to mirth, "Let wiſdom accompany it: Let it not "tranſport you to riot or intemperance: "Do not think you can be called merry, "when you are ceaſing to be reaſonable."

Good humour, chearfulneſs, facetiouſneſs, which are the proper ingredients of mirth, do not want to be called out by the repeated draught: it will rather damp them, from the apprehenſion of the diſorder it may ſoon produce. Whenever we depart from, or endanger, our innocence, we are laying a foundation for uneaſineſs and grief; nor can we, in ſuch circumſtances, be *merry*, if we are not void of all *thought* and *reflection:* and this is, undoubtedly, the moſt *melancholy* ſituation, in which we can be conceived, except when we are undergoing the puniſhment of our folly. The joy, the elevation of ſpirits proper to be ſought after by us, is that alone, which can never be a ſubject of remorſe, or which never will embitter more of our hours than it relieves. And when this may be obtained in ſuch a variety of ways, we muſt be loſt to all common prudence, if we will apply to none of them; if we can only find *mirth* in a departure from *ſobriety*.

You are, it ſeems, *overtaken, before you are aware of it*. This may be an allowable excuſe for three or four times, in a man's life; oftener, I think, it cannot be. What you are ſenſible may eaſily happen, and muſt be extremely prejudicial to you, when it does happen, you ſhould be *always aware of*. No one's virtue is any farther his praiſe, than from the care he takes to preſerve it. If he is at no trouble and pains on that account, his innocence has nothing in it, that can entitle him to a reward. If you are truly concerned for a fault, you will neceſſarily keep out of the way of repeating it; and the more frequent your repetitions of it have been, ſo much the greater caution you will uſe for the future.

Many we hear excuſing their drunkenneſs, by the ſmall quantity which occaſions it. A more trifling excuſe for it could not be made. For if you know how *ſmall a quantity* of liquor will have that unhappy effect, you ſhould forbear *that quantity*. It is as much your duty to do ſo, as it is his duty to forbear a greater quantity, who ſuffers the ſame from it, which you do from a leſſer. When you know that it is a crime to be drunk, and know likewiſe what will make you ſo; the more or leſs, which will do this, is nothing to the purpoſe—alters not your guilt. If you will not refrain from two or three draughts, when you are ſure that drunkenneſs will be the conſequence of them; it cannot be thought, that any mere regard to ſobriety keeps you from drinking the largeſt quantity whatſoever. Had ſuch a regard an influence upon you, it would have an equal one; it would keep you from every ſtep, by which your ſobriety could ſuffer.

As to ſupporting an intereſt, promoting a trade, advantageouſly bargaining for ourſelves, by drinking more than is convenient for us; they are, for the moſt part, only the poor evaſions

of the insincere, of those who are willing to lay the blame of their misconduct on any thing, rather than on what alone deserves it —rather than on their bad inclinations.

Civility and courtesy, kind offices, acts of charity and liberality will both raise us more friends, and keep those we have firmer to us, than any quantities of liquor, which we can either distribute or drink: and as for mens trade or their bargains, let them always act fairly—let them, whether they buy or sell, shew that they abhor all tricking and imposition—all little and mean artifices; and I'll stake my life, they shall never have reason to object, that, if they will *always* preserve their *sobriety*, they must lessen their *gains*.

But were it true, that, if we will resolve never to hazard intoxicating ourselves, we must lose our friends, and forego our present advantage; they are inconveniences, which, in such a case, we should chearfully submit to. Some pains must be taken, some difficulties must be here encountered; if we will have any reasonable ground to expect happiness in a future state. Of this even common sense must satisfy us.

Credulous as we are, I think it impossible, that any man in his wits would believe me, if I were to tell him, that he might miss no opportunity of bettering his fortune—that he might remove any evil he had to fear, by whatsoever method he thought proper—that he might throughout follow his inclinations, and gratify his appetites; and yet rest assured, that his death would be but the passage to great and endless joys. I know not, to whom such an assertion would not appear extremely absurd: notwithstanding which, we, certainly, do not act, as if there were any absurdity in it, when we make what is evidently our duty give way to our convenience; and rather consider, how profitable this or that practice is, than how right. That, therefore, sobriety, added to other parts of a virtuous conduct, may entitle us to the so much hoped for reward, we must be sober, under all sorts of discouragements. It rarely, indeed, happens, that we meet with *any*; but to resist the *greatest* must be our resolution, if we will recommend ourselves to the Governor of the universe—if we will hope for his favour.

Dean Bolton.

§ 143. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

Sect. VII.

Thus much with regard to drunkenness, so far as it is committed by intoxicating ourselves—by drinking, 'till our reason is gone: but as there is yet another way, in which we may offend in it, *viz.* by drinking more than is proper for our refreshment; I must on this likewise bestow a few observations.

When we drink more than suffices to recruit our spirits, our passions are heightened, and we cease to be under the influence of that calm temper, which is our only safe counsellor. The next advance beyond refreshment is to that mirth, which both draws many unguarded speeches from us, and carries us to many indiscreet actions—which wastes our time, not barely while we are in the act of drinking, but as it unsettles our heads, and indisposes us to attention, to business—to a close application in any way. Soon as our spirits are raised beyond their just pitch, we are for schemes of diversion and pleasure; we are unfit for serious affairs, and therefore cannot entertain a thought of being employed in them.

Besides, as according to the rise of our spirits, their fall will, afterward, be; it is most probable, that when we find them thus sunk, we shall again resort to what we have experienced the remedy of such a complaint; and thereby be betrayed, if not into the excesses, which deprive us of our reason, yet into such a habit of drinking, as occasions the loss of many precious hours—impairs our health—is a great misapplication of our fortune, and a most ruinous example to our observers. But, indeed, whence is it to be feared, that we shall become downright sots —that we shall contract a habit of drinking to the most disguising excess; whence, I say, is this to be feared, if not from accustoming ourselves to the frequent draughts, which neither our thirst—nor fatigue—nor constitution requires: by frequently using them, our inclination to them is strengthened; till at length we cannot prevail upon ourselves to leave our cup, while we are in a condition to lift it.

These are objections, in which all are concerned, whose refreshment, from what they drink, is not their rule in it; but to men of moderate fortunes, or who are to make their fortunes, other arguments are to be used: these persons are to consider, that even the lesser degree of intemperance, now censured, is generally their utter undoing, through that neglect of their affairs, which is its necessary consequence. When we mind not our own business, whom can we think likely to mind it for us? Very few, certainly, will be met with, *disposed* and *able* to do it; and not to be both, is much the same, as to be neither. While we are passing our time

with our chearful companions, we are not only losing the advantages, which care and industry, either in inspecting our affairs, or pursuing our employment, would have afforded us; but we are actually consuming our fortune—we are habituating ourselves to a most expensive idleness—we are contracting a disinclination to *fatigue* and *confinement*, even when we most become sensible of their necessity, when our affairs must run into the utmost confusion without them. And we, in fact, perceive that, as soon as the scholar, or trader, or artificer, or whoever it is, that has the whole of his maintenance to gain, or has not much to spend, addicts himself only to this lower degree of intemperance—accustoms himself to sit long at his wine, and to exceed that quantity of it which his relief demands, he becomes worthless in a double sense, as deserving nothing, and, if a care greater than his own save him not, as having nothing.

Add to all this, that the very same diseases, which may be apprehended from often intoxicating ourselves, are the usual attendants not only *of frequently drinking* to the full of what we can conveniently bear, but even of doing it in a large quantity. The only difference is, that such diseases come more speedily on us from the former, than the latter cause; and, perhaps, destroy us sooner. But how desireable it is to be long struggling with any of the distempers, which our excesses occasion, they can best determine, who labour under them.

The inconveniences which attend our more freely using the least hurtful of any spirituous liquors have so evidently appeared—have shewn themselves so many and so great, as even to call for a remedy from the law itself; which, therefore, punishes both those, who loiter away their time at their cups, and those, who suffer it to be done in their houses.

A great part of the world, a much greater than all the parts added together, in which the Christian religion is professed, are forbidden all manner of *liquors*, which can cause *drunkenness*; they are not allowed *the smallest quantity of them*; and it would be an offence which would receive the most rigorous chastisement, if they were *known* to use *any*; their lawgiver has, in this particular, been thought to have acted according to the rules of good policy; and the governors of those countries, in which this law is in force, have, from its first reception amongst them, found it of such benefit, as to allow no relaxation of it. I do not mention such a practice as any rule for us: difference of climates makes quite different ways of living necessary: I only mention it as a lesson to us, that, if so great a part of mankind submit to a total abstinence from *wine and strong drink*, we should use them sparingly, with caution and moderation; which is, certainly, necessary to *our* welfare, whatever may be the effect of entirely forbearing them on theirs.

In the most admired of all the western governments, a strict sobriety was required of their women, under the very severest penalties: the punishment of a departure from it was nothing less than capital: and the custom of saluting women, we are told, was introduced in order to discover whether any spirituous liquor had been drank by them.

In this commonwealth the men were prohibited to drink wine 'till they had attained thirty years.

The whole body of soldiery, among this people, had no other draught to enable them to bear the greatest fatigue—to raise their courage, and animate them to encounter the most terrifying difficulties and dangers, but water sharpened with vinegar. And what was the consequence of such strict sobriety, observed by both sexes? What was the consequence of being born of parents so exactly temperate, and of being trained up in a habit of the utmost abstemiousness—What, I say, followed upon this, but the attainment of such a firmness of body and mind—of such an indifference to all the emasculating pleasures—of such vigour and fearlessness, that the people, thus born and educated, soon made all opposition fall before them, experienced no enemy a match for them—were conquerors, wherever they carried their arms.

By these *remarks* on the temperance of the antient *Romans*, I am not for recalling customs so quite the reverse of those, in which we were brought up; but some change in our manners I could heartily wish they might effect: and if not induce us to the same sobriety, which was practised by these heathens, yet to a much greater than is practised by the generality of Christians.

Dean Bolton.

§ 144. *On Pleasure.*

Sect. I.

To the Honourable ——

While you are constantly engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, or in making what you have acquired of use to your fellow-creatures—while information is *your* amusement, and to become wiser is as much your aim,

aim, in all the company you keep, as in all the books you read; may I not juſtly think it matter of aſtoniſhment to you, that ſuch numbers of your ſpecies ſhould be quite unmindful of all rational improvement—ſolely intent on ſchemes of mirth and diverſion—paſſing their lives in a round of ſporting and trifling.

If every age has its madneſs, and one is diſtinguiſhed by its warlike humour, a ſecond by its enthuſiaſm, a third by its party and political rage; the diſtraction of the preſent may truly be pronounced, its turn to pleaſure, ſo ſadly poſſeſſing thoſe of each ſex and of all ages—thoſe of every profeſſion and employment—the ſeveral ranks and orders of men; that they, who are ſtrangers to the ſudden changes in human diſpoſitions, are apt to think, that all ſerioufneſs and application—all the valuable attainments, which are the reward only of our pains, muſt, inevitably, be ſoon loſt among us.

I am not out of hopes, that what thus threatens, in the opinion of ſome, our ſpeedy ruin, and has its very great miſchief denied by none, who give it the leaſt attention, will one day receive as remarkable an oppoſition from your *pen*, as it now does a diſcouragement from your *example*.

Let, in the mean time, a ſincere well-wiſher to his countrymen interpoſe his mean endeavours to ſerve them—offer to their conſideration ſome, perhaps not wholly contemptible, arguments againſt the purſuit, to which they are ſo blameably attached—ſhew them pleaſure in that true light, in which they are unwilling to ſee it—teach them, not that it ſhould be always declined, but that they ſhould never be enſlaved to it—repreſent the dangers, to which it expoſes them, yet point out how far it may be enjoyed with innocence and ſafety.

Every man ſeems to be ſo far free, as he can diſpoſe of himſelf—as he can maintain a due ſubordination in the parts of his frame, uſe the deliberation proper to acquaint him with what is moſt for his advantage, and, according to the reſult thereof, proceed to action. I conſider each hindrance to the knowledge of our true happineſs, or to its purſuit, as, according to its degree, an abridgement of our liberty; and I think that he may be truly ſtiled a ſlave to pleaſure, who follows it, whereſoever directed to it by appetite, paſſion, or fancy. When we liſten to their ſuggeſtions in the choice of good, we allow them an authority, that our Creator never intended they ſhould have; and when their directions in that choice are actually complied with, a lawleſs ſway enſues—the uſe of our nobler faculties becomes obſtructed—our ability to deliberate, as we ought, on our conduct, gradually fails, and to alter it, at length wholly ceaſes.

Our ſenſual and rational parts are almoſt in continual oppoſition: we add to the power of the former, by a thoughtleſs, idle, voluptuous life; and to that of the latter by reflection, induſtry, continence.

As you cannot give way to appetite, but you increaſe its reſtleſſneſs, you multiply its demands, and become leſs able to reſiſt them; ſo the very ſame holds true of every principle that oppoſes reaſon: if capable to influence you in one inſtance, it will more eaſily do it in a ſecond, gaining ground, 'till its dominion over you becomes abſolute.

When the queſtion concerns our angry paſſions, all are ready to acknowledge the danger of not reſtraining them, the terrible ſubjection to which ſuch remiſſneſs expoſes us. Theſe falling more under the general notice, from the apparency of the diſorder, and extent of the miſchief which they occaſion, a better judgment is ordinarily made of them, than of affections leſs tumultuous, leſs dangerous to our aſſociates: but there can be no reaſon imaginable why anger, if leſs carefully watched and reſiſted, ſhould exerciſe, at length, the moſt unhappy tyranny over us, which will not hold as to any paſſion or luſt whatſoever. And as with reſpect to violent reſentment, we are ready to gratify it, whatever it coſts us; ſo let what will be the paſſion or luſt that governs us, no prudential conſiderations are a counterpoiſe for it.

With regard to pleaſure, the fallacy of our reaſoning upon it lies here; we always look upon the enjoyment of it as a ſingle act, as a compliance with our liking in this or that inſtance: the repetition of that indulgence is not ſeen under a dependence on any former, or under the leaſt connexion with any future. That ſuch a purſuit ſhould engage us ſeems to be wholly from our choice; and this choice is thought to be as free, at the ſecond time of our making it as at the firſt, and at the twentieth, as at the ſecond. Inclination is never beheld as poſſible to become conſtraint—is, I mean, never regarded as capable of being indulged, 'till it cannot be reſiſted. No man ever took the road of pleaſure, but he apprehended that he could eaſily leave it: had he conſidered his whole life likely to be paſſed in its windings, the preference of the ways of virtue would have been indiſputable.

But as ſenſual purſuits could not engage ſo many, if ſomething very delightful were not expected in them; it will be proper to ſhew, how unlikely they are to anſwer ſuch an expectation—what there is to diſcourage us from attaching ourſelves to them.

Conſider ſenſual pleaſure under the higheſt poſſible advantages, it will yet be found liable to theſe objections.

Firſt, That its *enjoyment* is fleeting, expires ſoon, extends not beyond a few moments: Our ſpirits ſink inſtantly under it, if in a higher degree; nor are they long without being depreſſed, when it leſs powerfully affects them. A review here affords me no comfort: I have here nothing delightful to expect from Reflection. The gratifications, in which I have allowed myſelf, have made me neither wiſer nor better. The fruit was reliſhed while upon my tongue, but when paſſed thence I ſcarcely retain the idea of its flavour.

How tranſitory our pleaſures are, we cannot but acknowledge, when we conſider, how many we, in different parts of our lives, eagerly purſue, and then wholly decline.

That, which is the high *entertainment* of our infancy, doth not afford us the leaſt, when this ſtate is paſſed: what then delights us much in our youth, is quite taſteleſs to us, as we approach manhood; and our engagements at this period give way to ſome others, as we advance in age.

Nor do our pleaſures thus paſs only with our years, but, really, thoſe which beſt ſuit our time of life, and on the purſuit of which we are moſt intent, muſt be interrupted in order to be enjoyed.

We can no more long bear pleaſure, than we can long endure fatigue; or, rather, what we call pleaſure, after ſome continuance, becomes fatigue.

We want relief in our diverſions, as well as in our moſt ſerious employments.

When *Socrates* had obſerved, "of how "unaccountable a nature that thing is, "which men call Pleaſure, ſince, though it "may appear to be contrary to Pain, as "never being with it in the ſame perſon, "yet they ſo cloſely follow each other, that "they may ſeem linked, as it were, together." He then adds—"If *Æſop* had "attended to this, he would, I think, have "given us a fable, in which the Divinity, "willing to reconcile theſe two enemies, "but yet unable to do it, had, nevertheleſs, "ſo connected them in their extremities, "that where the one comes, the other ſhall "be ſure to ſucceed it."

From the exceſs of joy, how uſual is the tranſition to that of dejection! Laughter, as well as grief, calls for tears to eaſe us under it; and it may be even more dangerous to my life to be immoderately delighted, than to be ſeverely afflicted.

Our pleaſures then ſoon paſs; and, *ſecondly*, their repetition certainly cloys.

As the eaſineſs of poſture and agreeableneſs of place wear off by a very ſhort continuance in either; it is the ſame with any ſenſual gratifications which we can purſue, and with every enjoyment of that kind to which we can apply. What ſo delights our palate, that we ſhould reliſh it, if it were our conſtant food? What juice has nature furniſhed, that, after being a frequent, continues to be a pleaſing, draught? Sounds, how artfully ſo ever blended or ſucceſſive, tire at length the ear; and odours, at firſt the moſt grateful, ſoon either ceaſe to recreate us, or become offenſive to us. The fineſt proſpect gives no entertainment to the eye that has been long accuſtomed to it. The pile, that ſtrikes with admiration each caſual beholder, affords its royal inhabitant no comfort, but what the peaſant has in his cottage.

That love of variety and change, to which none of our kind are ſtrangers, might be a leſſon to us, where our expectations are ill grounded, where they muſt neceſſarily be diſappointed; for if no man ever yet lived, who could ſay of any of the pleaſures of ſenſe—On this I repoſe myſelf—it quite anſwers my hopes from it—my wiſhes rove not beyond it: if none could ever affirm this, it is moſt evident, that we in vain ſearch after permanent delight from any of the objects, with which we are now converſant—that the only difference between the ſatisfactions we purſue, and thoſe we quit, is, that we are already tired of the one, and ſhall ſoon be of the other.

Hear the language of him, who had tried the extent of every ſenſual pleaſure, and muſt have found the uncloying, had any ſuch exiſted, "I ſaid in my heart, Go to now, I "will prove thee with mirth. I gave my"ſelf to wine, I made me great works, I "builded me houſes, I planted me vine"yards, I made me gardens, I planted trees "in them of all kinds of fruit. I made me "pools of water, I amaſſed gold and ſilver. "I had poſſeſſions, above all that were in "*Jeruſalem* before me. I tried what love, "what muſic, what all the delights of the "ſons of men could effect: whatſoever mine "eyes deſired I kept not from them, I with-

held

" held not my heart from any joy. Then " I looked on all my works, on all my pur- " suits, and behold! all was vanity and vex- " ation of spirit."

Tully mentions *Xerxes* as having propoſed a reward to the man, who could make known to him ſome new pleaſure. The monarch of the Eaſt, it ſeems, met with nothing within the bounds of his mighty empire, that could fix his inclinations. The moſt voluptuous people on earth had diſcovered no delight, that their ſovereign could acknowledge otherwiſe than ſuperficial. Happy! had it been a leſſon to their prince, or could it be one to us, where our good ſhould be ſought —what purſuits were likely to bring us bleſſings certain to improve, as well as endure.

§ 145. *On Pleaſure.*

Sect. II.

A *third* diſadvantage enſuing to us from our attachment to the delights, which appetite and fancy purvey, is, that it indiſpoſes us for uſeful inquiries, for every endeavour worthy of our nature, and ſuiting the relations, in which we are placed.

The diſappointment, which the *Perſian* Emperor met with in all his ſchemes of the voluptuous kind, did not put him on applying to thoſe of a different one. Experience ſhewed him his folly, but could not teach him wiſdom—It could not, when it had convinced him of the vanity of his purſuits, induce him to relinquiſh them.

We find a *Solomon*, indeed, diſcovering his error, acknowledging that he had erred, and bearing teſtimony to religion and virtue as alone productive of true happineſs; but where are we to look for another among the votaries to ſenſuality, thus affected, thus changed?

As ſome have obſerved of *courts*, that ſuch, who live in them, are always uneaſy there, yet always unwilling to retreat; the very ſame holds true of the licentious practice, which they too generally countenance: fully convinced of its vanity and folly, we continue to our laſt moments attached to it—averſe from altering the conduct, which we cannot but diſapprove. Our faculties are, indeed, ſo conſtituted, that our capacity for many enjoyments extends not beyond ſuch a period in our being: if we will not quit them, they will us—will depart, whatever our eagerneſs may be for their continuance. But let us not deceive ourſelves: when they are gone as to their ſenſe, they are not as to their power. He who ſays to his youth, eat, drink, and be merry—who thinks of nothing elſe at that ſeaſon, will hanker after delicacies, when he has neither teeth to chew, nor palate to diſtinguiſh them; will want the cup, which he cannot lift; and ſeek for mirth, when he will thereby become the object of it. The habit operates, when none of the inducements for our contracting it remain; and when the days of pleaſure are paſt, thoſe of wiſdom and virtue are not the nearer. Our diſpoſitions do not decay with our ſtrength. The prudence, which ſhould attend grey hairs, doth not neceſſarily come to us with them. The young rake is a laſcivious obſcene wretch, when he owes his warmth to his flannel; delights in the filthy tale, when his hearers are almoſt poiſoned by the breath, with which he utters it; and when leaſt able to offend in act, he does it in deſire.

That the humour for fighting or racing, or whatever inclination governed us in this world, accompanies us to the other, is not an entire fiction of the poet, but aſſuredly, has thus much truth in it, that whatever humour we indulge, it accompanies us to the cloſe of life. There is a time, when our manners are pliant, when the counſels of the ſober operate upon us as ſucceſsfully, as the inſinuations of the corrupt; but when that time is paſſed, our cuſtoms are, daily, working themſelves into our *conſtitution*, and want not many years to become ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from it. God, I am perſuaded, has formed us all with ſuch apprehenſions of what is right, as, if a proper care were taken to preſerve and improve them, would have the happieſt influence upon our practice; but when the ſeaſon for extending this care to them has been neglected, they are in moſt of us greatly impaired, and in ſome appear almoſt wholly loſt.

Let the *underſtanding* remain uninformed, 'till half the age of man is paſt, and what *improvement* is the beſt then likely to make? how irkſome would it ſeem to be put upon any? It is with our will the very ſame; turned for half or three parts of our life to ſloth and wantonneſs, to riot and exceſs, any correction of it, any alteration to the purſuits becoming us, may ſeem quite hopeleſs. While we are devoting ourſelves to pleaſure, we are weakening every principle, whereby virtue can engage us, we are extinguiſhing within us all ſenſe of true deſert—ſubduing conſcience—diveſting ourſelves of ſhame—corrupting our natural notions of good and evil; and ſo indiſpoſing ourſelves for conſideration, that our conſtant

endeavour will be to decline it. Thus when our *follies* are a *burden* to us, their correction seems a greater: and we try what ease may be found by varying, rather than seek any from quitting, them.

Fourthly, The larger our share is of outward enjoyments, and the dearer they are to us; so much the more afflicting our concern will be to *leave* this *scene* of them—so much the greater terror and torment shall we receive from the apprehension, how soon we may be obliged to do it.

Let the man of pleasure colour it the most agreeably, place it in the fairest point of view, this objection will remain in its full strength against him: "You are not master "of the continuance of the good, of which "you boast; and can you avoid thinking "of its removal, or bear the thoughts there-"of, with any calmness and composure?" But what kind of happiness is that, which we are in hourly fears of losing, and which, when lost, is gone for ever?

If I am only here for a few days, the part I ought to act is, certainly, that of a traveller on his journey, making use, indeed, of such conveniences, as the road affords him, but still regarding himself as upon his road—never so incumbring himself that he shall be unwilling to advance, when he knows he must do it—never so diverting himself at any resting place, that it shall be painful to him to depart thence.

When we are accustomed to derive all our comforts from sense, we come to want the very idea of any other: this momentary part of our existence is the full extent we give to our joys; and we have the mortifying reflection continually before us, that their conclusion is nearer every hour we are here, and may possibly take place the very next. Thus each accession of delight will really be but a new source of affliction, become an additional motive for complaint of the short space allowed for its enjoyment.

The mind of man is so disposed to look forward, so fitted to extend its views, that, as much as it is contracted by sensuality, it cannot be fixed thereby to the instant moment: We can never, like the beasts, be so far engrossed by the satisfaction before us, but the thoughts will occur, how often may we hope to repeat it—how many distant hours it is likely to relieve—how much of our duration can it advantage? and the scanty continuance which our most sanguine hopes can assign it, must therefore be in some degree its abatement—must be an ingredient in our draught sure to embitter the many pleasing ones which compound it. And what a wise part are we then acting, when we are taking the brutes portion for ours, and cannot have all the benefits even of that! cannot remove the inconveniences of reason, when we forego its comforts!

These are some of the many disadvantages inseparable from pleasure, and from the expectation of which none of its votaries are exempt. We cannot attach ourselves to any of the delights, which appetite or fancy provides, but we shall be sure to find them quickly passing—when repeated, cloying—indisposing us for worthy pursuits—rendering us averse from quitting the world, and uneasy as often as it occurs to our thoughts, how soon our summons may be to depart.

§ 146. *On Pleasure.*

Sect. III.

But what, you'll say, must all then commence philosophers? Must every gay amusement be banished the world? Must those of each sex and of all ages have their looks ever in form, and their manners under the regulation of the severest wisdom? Has nature given us propensities only to be resisted? Have we ears to distinguish harmony, and are we never to delight them with it? Is the food which our palate best relishes, to be therefore denied it? Can odours recreate our brain, beauty please our eye, and the design of their structure be, that we should exclude all agreeable sensation from either? Are not natural inclinations nature's commands; are they not its declarations whence we may obtain our good, and its injunctions to seek it thence? Is any thing more evident, than that serious applications cannot long be sustained—that we must sink under their weight—that they soon stupify or distract us? The exercise of our intellectual part is the fatigue of our corporeal, and cannot be carried on, but by allowing us intervals of relaxation and mirth. Deny us pleasure, and you unfit us for business; and destroy the man, while you thus seek to perfect him.

A full answer might, I should think, be given to whatever is here alledged, by enlarging on the following observations.

1. Pleasure is only so far censured, as it costs us more than it is worth—as it brings on a degree of uneasiness, for which it doth not compensate.

2. It is granted, that we are licensed to take all that pleasure, which there is no reason

reason for our declining. So much *true pleasure*, or so much pleasure, as is not counterbalanced by any inconveniences attending it, is so much happiness accruing to him who takes it, and a part of that general good, which our Creator designed us.

3. As the inclinations, with which mankind were originally formed, were, certainly, very different from those, which guilt has since propagated; *many restraints* must, therefore, be necessary, which would not have been so, had our primitive rectitude been preserved.

4. Bad education, bad example, increase greatly our natural depravity, before we come to reason at all upon it; and give the appearance of good to many things, which would be seen in a quite different light, under a different education and intercourse.

These particulars let it suffice barely to mention; since, as it is here admitted, that when there is no reason for our declining any pleasure, there is one for our taking it.

I am more especially concerned to shew, when there is a reason, why pleasure should be declined—what those limits are, which ought to be prescribed to our pleasures, and which when any, in themselves the most innocent, pass, they necessarily become immoral and culpable. A minute discussion of this point is not here proposed: such observations only will be made upon it, as appear to be of more general use, and of greatest importance.

What I would, first, consider as rendering any pleasure blameable is,

When it raises our Passions.

As our greatest danger is from them, their regulation claims our constant attention and care. *Human laws* consider them in their effects, but the *divine law* in their aim and intention. To render me obnoxious to men, it is necessary that my impure lust be gratified, or an attempt be made to gratify it; that my anger operate by violence, my covetousness by knavery: but my duty is violated, when my heart is impure, when my rage extends not beyond my looks and my wishes, when I invade my neighbour's property but in desire. The man is guilty the moment his affections become so, the instant that any dishonest thought finds him approving and indulging it.

The enquiry, therefore, what is a fit amusement, should always be preceded by the consideration of what is our disposition. For, it is not greater madness to suppose, that equal quantities of food or liquor may be taken by all with equal temperance, than to assert, that the same pleasure may be used by all with the same innocence. As, in the former case, what barely satisfies the stomach of one, would be a load insupportable to that of another; and the draught, that intoxicates me, may scarcely refresh my companion: so in the latter, an amusement perfectly warrantable to this sort of constitution, will to a different become the most criminal. What liberties are allowable to the calm, that must not be thought of by the choleric! How securely may the cold and phlegmatic roam, where he, who has greater warmth and sensibility, should not approach! What safety attends the contemner of gain, where the most fatal snares await the avaricious! Some less *governable passion* is to be found in them, whose resolution is steadiest, and virtue firmest: upon *that* a constant guard must be kept; by any relaxation, any indulgence, it may be able to gain that strength, which we shall afterwards fruitlessly oppose. When all is quiet and composed within us, the discharge of our duty puts us to little trouble; the performance thereof is not the heavy task, that so many are willing to represent it: but to restore order and peace is a work very different from preserving them, and is often with the utmost difficulty effected. It is with the natural body, as with the politic; rebellion in the members is much easier prevented than quelled; confusion once entered, none can foresee to what lengths it may proceed, or of how wide a ruin it may be productive.

What, likewise, renders any pleasure culpable, is its making a large, or an unseasonable, demand upon our time.

No one is to live to himself, and much less to confine his care to but one, and that the worst, part of himself. Man's proper employment is to cultivate right dispositions in his own breast, and to benefit his species —to perfect himself, and to be of as much use in the world, as his faculties and opportunities will permit. The satisfactions of sense are never to be pursued for their own sake: their enjoyment is none of our end, is not the purpose, for which God created us; amuse, refresh us it may, but when it busies, when it chiefly engages us, we act directly contrary to the design, for which we were formed; making that our *care*, which was only intended to be our *relief*.

Some, destitute of the necessaries, others, of the conveniences of life, are called to labour, to commerce, to literary applica-

tion, in order to obtain them; and any remiſſneſs of theſe perſons, in their reſpective employments or profeſſions, any purſuit inconſiſtent with a due regard to their maintenance, meets ever with the harſheſt cenſure, is univerſally branded, as a failure in common prudence and diſcretion: but what is this animal life, in compariſon with that to which we are raiſed by following the dictates of reaſon and conſcience? How deſpicable may the man continue, when all the affluence to which his wiſhes aſpire, is obtained?

Can it then be ſo indiſcreet a part, to follow *pleaſure*, when we ſhould mind our *fortune?* Do all ſo clearly ſee the blame of this? And may we doubt how guilty that attachment to it is, which lays waſte our underſtanding—which entails on us ignorance and error—which renders us even more uſeleſs than the beings, whom inſtinct alone directs? All capacity for improvement is evidently a call to it. The neglect of our powers is their abuſe; and the ſlight of *them* is that of their giver. Whatever talents we have received, we are to account for: and it is not from revelation alone that we learn this: no moral truth commands more ſtrongly our aſſent, than that the qualifications beſtowed upon us, are afforded us, in order to our cultivating them—to our obtaining from them the advantages they can yield us; and that foregoing ſuch advantages, we become obnoxious to him, who deſigned us them, as we miſapply his gift, and knowingly oppoſe his will. For, the ſureſt token we can have, that any perfections ought to be purſued, is, that they may be attained: our ability to acquire them is the voice of God within us to endeavour after them. And would we but aſk ourſelves the queſtion, Did the Creator raiſe us above the herd, and doth he allow us to have no aims nobler than thoſe of the herd—to make its engagements the whole of ours? we could not poſſibly miſtake in the anſwer. All, who have reaſon given them, know that they may and ought to improve it, ought to cultivate it at ſome ſeaſons, and ever to conform to it.

Greater privileges call us but to more important cares. You are not placed above your fellow-creatures, you have not the leiſure, which they want, that you may be more idle and worthleſs, may devote more of your time to vanity and folly, but that you may become more eminent in the perfections you acquire, and the good you do. He, who has all his hours at command, is to conſider himſelf as favoured with thoſe opportunities to increaſe in wiſdom and virtue, which are vouchſafed to few; if no good effect follows; if having them, he only miſapplies them; his guilt is, according to what his advantage might have been.

The diſpenſations of heaven are not ſo unequal, as that ſome are appointed to the heavieſt toil for their ſupport, and others left to the free, unconſtrained enjoyment of whatever gratifications their fancy ſuggeſts. The diſtinction between us is not that of much buſineſs and none at all; it is not, that I may live as I can, and you as you pleaſe; a different employment conſtitutes it. The mechanic has his part aſſigned him, the ſcholar his, the wealthy and powerful theirs, each has his taſk to perform, his talent to improve,—has barely ſo much time for his pleaſure, as is neceſſary for recruiting himſelf—as is conſiſtent with habitual ſerioufneſs, and may rather qualify than interrupt it.

We are furniſhed with numerous arguments, why the graver occupations ſhould be remitted—why the humour for gaiety and mirth ſhould be allowed its place; and no man in his right mind ever taught the contrary. Let the delights of ſenſe have their ſeaſon, but let them ſtand confined to it; the ſame abſurdity follows the exceſs on either ſide, our never uſing, and our never quitting them.

Be not *over wiſe*, is an excellent rule; but it is a rule full as good, and much more wanted,—That *ſome wiſdom* ſhould be ſought—That dreſs and diverſion ſhould not take up all our hours—That more time ſhould not be ſpent in adorning our perſons, than in improving our minds—That the beautified ſepulchre ſhould not be our exact reſemblance, much ſhew and ornament without, and within nothing but ſtench and rottenneſs—That barely to paſs our time ſhould not be all the account we make of it, but that ſome profit ſhould be conſulted, as well as ſome delight.

§ 147. *On Pleaſure.*

Sect. IV.

Again, no pleaſure can be innocent, from which our health is a ſufferer. You are no more to ſhorten your days, than *with one ſtroke to end them*; and we are ſuicides but in a different way, if wantonneſs and luxury be our gradual deſtruction, or deſpair our inſtant. It is ſelf-murder, to take from our continuance here any part of that term, to which the due care of ourſelves would

would have extended it; and our life, probably falls a more criminal ſacrifice to our voluptuouſneſs, than to our impatience.

When we throw off the load, which Providence has thought fit to lay upon us, we fail greatly in a proper deference to its wiſdom, in a due ſubmiſſion to its will; but then we have to plead, ſufferings too grievous to be ſuſtained—a diſtreſs too mighty to be contended with; a plea, which can by no means juſtify us; yet how preferable to any, that he can alledge, who, in the midſt of all things that can give a reliſh to his being, neglects the preſervation of it—who abuſes the conveniences of life to its waſte, and turns its very comforts to its ruin? Or, could we ſuppoſe our pleaſures diſordering our conſtitution, after a manner not likely to contribute to its decay, they would not even then be exempted from guilt: to preſerve yourſelf ſhould not ſolely be your concern, but to maintain your moſt perfect ſtate: every part and every power of your frame claims your regard; and it is great ingratitude towards him, who gave us our faculties, when we *in any wiſe* obſtruct their free uſe. The proper thankfulneſs to God for our life is to be expreſſed by our care about it; both by keeping it, 'till he pleaſes to require it; and by ſo preſerving it, that it may be fit for all thoſe purpoſes, to which he has appointed it.

Further, the pleaſure is, undoubtedly, criminal, which is not adapted to our fortune—which either impairs it, or hinders an application of *it* to what has the principal claim upon it.

If actions, otherwiſe the moſt commendable, loſe their merit, when they diſqualify us for continuing them—if generoſity changes its name, when it ſuits not our circumſtances; and even alms are culpable, when by beſtowing them we come to want them—if the very beſt uſes, to which we can put our wealth, are not ſo to draw off, as to dry the ſtream; we can by no means ſuppoſe, that our amuſements are not to be limited, as by other conſiderations, ſo by this in particular—the expence which they create: we cannot imagine, that the reſtraints ſhould not lie upon our wantonneſs, which lie upon our beneficence.

Be our poſſeſſions the largeſt, it is but a very ſmall part of them that we have to diſpoſe of as we think fit, on what conduces ſolely to our mirth and diverſion. Great affluence, whatever we may account it, is really but a greater truſt; the means committed to us of a more extenſive proviſion for the neceſſities of our fellow-creatures; and when our maintenance—our convenience—an appearance ſuitable to our rank have been conſulted, all that remains is the claim of others, of our family, our friends, our neighbours, of thoſe who are moſt in need of us, and whom we are moſt obliged to aſſiſt.

In the figure we make, in our attendants, table, habit, there may be a very culpable parſimony; but in the expence which has nothing but ſelf-gratification in view, our thrift can never tranſgreſs: Here our abſtinence is the moſt generous and commendable, as it at once qualifies us to relieve the wants of others, and leſſens our own—as it ſets us above the world, at the time that it enables us to be a bleſſing to it.

There is not a nobler quality to diſtinguiſh us, than that of an indifference to ourſelves—a readineſs to forego our own liking for the eaſe and advantage of our fellow-creatures. And it is but juſtice, indeed, that the conveniences of many ſhould preſcribe to thoſe of one: whatever his fortune may be, as he owes all the ſervice he has from it to the concurrence of numbers, he ought to make it of benefit to them, and by no means to conclude, that what they are not to take from him, they are not to ſhare.

Nor ſhould it be unremarked, that the gratifications, beſt ſuited to nature, are of all the cheapeſt: ſhe, like a wife parent, has not made thoſe things needful to the well-being of any of us, which are prejudicial to the intereſts of the reſt. We have a large field for enjoyment, at little or no charge, and may very allowably exceed the bounds of this; but we ſhould always remember, that the verge of right is the entrance upon wrong—that the indulgence, which goes to the full extent of a lawful expence, approaches too near a criminal one, to be wholly clear from it.

Again, Care ſhould be taken that our pleaſures be in character.

The *ſtation* of ſome, the *profeſſion* of others, and an *advanced age* in all, require that we ſhould decline many pleaſures allowable to thoſe of an inferior rank—of a different profeſſion—of much younger years.

Do your *deciſions* conſtitute the *law*—does your *honour* balance the plebeian's *oath?* How very fitting is it that you ſhould never be ſeen eager on trifles—intent on boyiſh ſports—unbent to the loweſt amuſements of the populace—ſolicitous after gratifications, which may ſhew, that neither

your

your sagacity is greater, nor your scruples fewer than what are found in the very meanest of the community!

Am I set apart to recommend a reasonable and useful life—to represent the world as a scene of vanity and folly, and propose the things above as only proper to engage our affections? how ungraceful a figure do I then make, when I join in all the common amusements—when the world seems to delight *me* full as much as my hearers, and the only difference between us is, that their words and actions correspond, and mine are utterly inconsistent!

Have you attained the years, which extinguish the relish of many enjoyments—which bid you expect the speedy conclusion of the few remaining, and ought to instruct you in the emptiness of all those of the sensual kind? We expect you should leave them to such who can taste them better, and who know them less. The massy vestment ill becomes you, when you sink under its weight; the gay assembly, when your dim eyes cannot distinguish the persons composing it: your feet scarcely support you; attend not, therefore, where the contest is, whose motions are the gracefullest: fly the representation designed to raise the mirth of the spectators, when you can only remind them of their coffins.

Lastly, every pleasure should be avoided, that is an offence to the scrupulous, or a snare to the indiscreet. I ought to have nothing more at heart than my brother's innocence, except my own; and when there are so many ways of entertaining ourselves, which admit of no misconstruction, why should I chuse such, as afford occasion for any?

To be able greatly to benefit our fellow-creatures is the happiness of few, but not to hurt them is in the power of all; and when we cannot do the world much good, we must be very unthinking indeed, if we endeavour not to do it the least possible mischief.

How this action will appear, to what interpretation it is liable, ought to be our consideration in whatever we engage. We are here so much interested in each other's morals, that, if we looked not beyond our present being, it should never be a point indifferent to us, what notions our conduct may propagate, and for what corruptions it may be made the plea: but professing the doctrine of *Christ* as our rule, we can in nothing more directly oppose it, than in taking those liberties, by which the virtue of any is endangered. Which of our pleasures have this pernicious tendency, it will be more proper for my readers to recollect, than for me to describe. To those who are in earnest I have said enough; to the insincere more would be fruitless. What has been said deserves, I think, some consideration, and that it may have a serious one, is the most earnest wish of,

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

§ 148. *A Letter to a young Nobleman, soon after his leaving School.*

Sir,

The obligations I have to your family cannot but make me solicitous for the welfare of every member of it, and for that of yourself in particular, on whom its honours are to descend.

Such instructions and such examples, as it has been your happiness to find, must, necessarily, raise great expectations of you, and will not allow you any praise for a common degree of merit. You will not be thought to have worth, if you have not a distinguished worth, and what may suit the concurrence of so many extraordinary advantages.

In low life, our good or bad qualities are known to few—to those only who are related to us, who converse with, or live near, us. In your station, you are exposed to the notice of a kingdom. The excellencies or defects of a youth of quality make a part of polite conversation—are a topic agreeable to all who have been liberally educated; to all who are not amongst the meanest of the people.

Should I, in any company, begin a character of my friend with the hard name, whom I hope you left well at ——, they would naturally ask me, What relation he bore to the Emperor's minister? When I answered, That I had never heard of his bearing any; that all I knew of him was, his being the son of a *German* merchant, sent into this kingdom for education; I, probably, should be thought impertinent, for introducing such a subject; and I, certainly, should soon be obliged to drop it, or be wholly disregarded, were I unwise enough to continue it.

But if, upon a proper occasion, I mentioned, that I had known the Honourable —— from his infancy, and that I had made such observations on his capacity, his application, his attainments, and his general conduct, as induced me to conclude, he would

would one day be an eminent ornament, and a very great bleſſing, to his country; I ſhould have an hundred queſtions aſked me about him—my narrative would appear of conſequence to all who heard it, and would not fail to engage their attention.

I have, I muſt own, often wondered, that the conſideration of the numbers, who are continually remarking the behaviour of the perſons of rank among us, has had ſo little influence upon them—has not produced a quite different effect from what, alas! we every where ſadly experience.

Negligere quid de ſe quiſque ſentiat, non ſolum arrogantis eſt, ſed etiam omnino diſſoluti. I need not tell you where the remark is: it has, indeed, ſo much obvious truth, that it wants no ſupport from authority. Every generous principle muſt be extinct in him, who knows that it is ſaid of him, or that it juſtly may be ſaid of him—How different is this young man from his noble father! the latter took every courſe that could engage the public eſteem: the former is as induſtrious to forfeit it. The Sire was a pattern of religion, virtue, and every commendable quality: his deſcendant is an impious, ignorant, profligate wretch: raiſed above others, but to have his folly more public—high in his rank, only to extend his infamy.

A thirſt after fame may have its inconveniences, but which are by no means equal to thoſe that attend a contempt of it. Our earneſtneſs in its purſuit may poſſibly ſlacken our purſuit of true deſert; but indifferent we cannot be to reputation, without being ſo to virtue.

In theſe remarks you, Sir, are no farther concerned, than as you muſt, ſometimes, converſe with the perſons to whom they may be applied, and your deteſtation of whom one cannot do too much to increaſe. *Bad examples* may juſtly raiſe our fears even for him, who has been the moſt wiſely educated, and is the moſt happily diſpoſed: no caution againſt them is ſuperfluous: in the place, in which you are at preſent, you will meet with them in all ſhapes.

Under whatever diſadvantages I offer you my advice, I am thus far qualified for giving it, that I have *experienced* ſome of the dangers which will be your trial, and had ſufficient *opportunity* of obſerving others. The obſervations I have made, that are at all likely to be of ſervice to you, either from their own weight, or the hints they may afford for your improving upon them, I cannot conceal from you. What comes from him who wiſhes you ſo well, and ſo much eſteems you, will be ſufficiently recommended by its motives; and may, therefore, poſſibly be read with a partiality in its favour, that ſhall make it of more uſe than it could be of from any intrinſic worth.

But, without farther preface or apology, let me proceed to the points that I think deſerving your more particular conſideration; and begin with what, certainly, ſhould, above all other things, be conſidered—RELIGION. It is, indeed, what every man ſays he has more or leſs conſidered; and by this, every man acknowledges its importance: yet, when we enquire into the conſideration that has been given it, we can hardly perſuade ourſelves, that a point of the leaſt conſequence could be ſo treated. To our examination here we uſually ſit down *reſolved*, how far our *conviction* ſhall extend.

In the purſuit of natural or mathematical knowledge we engage, diſpoſed to take things as we find them—to let our aſſent be directed by the evidence we meet with: but the doctrines of religion each inſpects, not in order to inform himſelf what he ought to believe and practiſe; but to reconcile them with his preſent faith and way of life—with the paſſions he favours—with the habits he has contracted.

And that this is, really, the caſe, is evident, from the little alteration there is in the manners of any, when they know as much of religion as they ever intend to know. You ſee them the ſame perſons as formerly; they are only furniſhed with arguments, or excuſes, they had not before thought of; or with objections to any rules of life differing from thoſe by which they guide themſelves; which objections they often judge the only defence their own practice ſtands in need of.

I am ſure, Sir, that to one of your underſtanding the abſurdity of ſuch a way of proceeding can want no proof; and that your bare attention to it is your ſufficient guard againſt it.

Religion is either wholly founded on the fears or fancies of mankind, or it is, of all matters, the moſt ſerious, the weightieſt, the moſt worthy of our regard. There is no mean. Is it a dream, and no more? Let the human race abandon, then, all pretences to reaſon. What we call ſuch is but the more exquiſite ſenſe of upright, unclad, two-legged brutes; and that is the beſt you can ſay of us. We then are brutes, and ſo much more wretched than other brutes, as deſtined

deſtined to the miſeries they feel not, and deprived of the happineſs they enjoy; by our foreſight anticipating our calamities, by our reflection recalling them.—Our being is without an aim; we can have no purpoſe, no deſign, but what we ourſelves muſt ſooner or later deſpiſe. We are formed, either to drudge for a life, that, upon ſuch a condition, is not worth our preſerving; or to run a circle of enjoyments, the cenſure of *all* which is, that we cannot long be pleaſed with *any one of them*. Diſintereſtedneſs, generoſity, public ſpirit, are idle, empty ſounds; terms, which imply no more, than that we ſhould neglect our own happineſs to promote that of others.

What *Tully* has obſerved on the connexion there is between religion, and the virtues which are the chief ſupport of ſociety, is, I am perſuaded, well known to you.

A proper regard to ſocial duties wholly depends on the influence that religion has upon us. Deſtroy, in mankind, all hopes and fears, reſpecting any future ſtate; you inſtantly let them looſe to all the methods likely to promote their immediate convenience. They, who think they have only the preſent hour to truſt to, will not be with-held, by any refined conſiderations, from doing what appears to them certain to make it paſs with greater ſatisfaction.

Now, methinks, a calm and impartial enquirer could never determine that to be a viſionary ſcheme, the full perſuaſion of the truth of which approves our exiſtence a wiſe deſign—gives order and regularity to our life—places an end in our view, confeſſedly the nobleſt that can engage it—raiſes our nature—exempts us from a ſervitude to our paſſions, equally debaſing and tormenting us—affords us the trueſt enjoyment of ourſelves—puts us on the due improvement of our faculties—corrects our ſelfiſhneſs—calls us to be of uſe to our fellow-creatures, to become public bleſſings—inſpires us with true courage, with ſentiments of real honour and generoſity—inclines us to be ſuch, in every relation, as ſuits the peace and proſperity of ſociety—derives an uniformity to our whole conduct, and makes ſatisfaction its inſeparable attendant—directs us to a courſe of action pleaſing when it employs us, and equally pleaſing when we either look back upon it, or attend to the expectations we entertain from it.

If the ſource of ſo many and ſuch vaſt advantages can be ſuppoſed a dream of the ſuperſtitious, or an invention of the crafty, we may take our leave of certainty; we may ſuppoſe every thing, within and without us, conſpiring to deceive us.

That there ſhould be difficulties in any ſcheme of religion which can be offered us, is no more than what a thorough acquaintance with our limited capacities would induce us to expect, were we ſtrangers to the ſeveral religions that prevailed in the world, and propoſed, upon enquiry into their reſpective merits, to embrace that which came beſt recommended to our belief.

But all objections of difficulties muſt be highly abſurd in either of theſe caſes.——

When the creed you oppoſe, on account of its difficulties, is attended with fewer than that which you would advance in its ſtead; or——

When the whole of the practical doctrines of a religion are ſuch, as, undeniably, contribute to the happineſs of mankind, in whatever ſtate, or under whatſoever relations, you can conſider them.

To reject a religion thus circumſtanced, for ſome points in its ſcheme leſs level to our apprehenſion, appears to me, I confeſs, quite as unreaſonable, as it would be to abſtain from our food, till we could be ſatisfied about the origin, inſertion, and action of the muſcles that enable us to ſwallow it.

I would, in no caſe, have you reſt upon mere authority; yet as authority will have its weight, allow me to take notice, that men of the greateſt penetration, the acuteſt reaſoning, and the moſt ſolid judgment, have been on the ſide of chriſtianity—have expreſſed the firmeſt perſuaſion of its truth.

I cannot forgive myſelf, for having ſo long overlooked Lord *Bacon*'s Philoſophical Works. It was but lately I began to read them; and one part of them I laid down, when I took my pen to write this. The more I know of that extraordinary man, the more I admire him; and cannot but think his underſtanding as much of a ſize beyond that of the reſt of mankind, as *Virgil* makes the ſtature of *Muſæus*, with reſpect to that of the multitude ſurrounding him——

—— —— Medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem ſuſpicit altis.
Æn. L. vi. 667, 8.

or as *Homer* repreſents *Diana*'s height, among the nymphs ſporting with her——

Παντάων δ' ὔπερ ἠγε κάρη ἔχει ἠδὲ μέτωπα.
Od. L. vi. 107.

Throughout his writings there runs a vein of

of piety: you can hardly open them, but you find some or other testimony of the full conviction entertained by him, that christianity had an especial claim to our regard. He, who so clearly saw the defects in every science—saw from whence they proceeded, and had such amazing sagacity, as to discover how they might be remedied, and to point out those very methods, the pursuit of which has been the remedy of many of them——He, who could discern thus much, left it to the witlings of the following age, to discover any weakness in the foundation of religion.

To him and Sir *Isaac Newton* I might add many others, of eminent both natural and acquired endowments, the most unsuspected favourers of the christian religion; but these two, as they may be considered standing at the head of mankind, would really be dishonoured, were we to seek for any weight, from mere authority, to the opinions they had jointly patronized, to the opinion they had maintained, after the strictest enquiry what ground there was for them.

That the grounds of christianity were thus enquired into by them, is certain: for the one appears, by the quotations from the *bible* interspersed throughout his works, to have read *it* with an uncommon care; and it is well known, that the other made *it* his chief study, in the latter part of his life.

It may, indeed, appear very idle, to produce authorities on one side, when there are none who deserve the name of such on the other. Whatever else may have rendered the writers in favour of infidelity remarkable, they, certainly, have not been so for their sagacity, or science—for any superior either natural, or acquired, endowments. And I cannot but think, that he who takes up his pen, in order to deprive the world of the advantages which would accrue to it were the christian religion generally received, shews so wrong a head in the very design of his work, as would leave no room for doubt, how little credit he could gain by the conduct of it.

Is there a just foundation for our assent to the christian doctrine? Nothing should then be more carefully considered by us, or have a more immediate and extensive influence upon our practice.

Shall I be told, that if this were a right consequence, there is a profession, in which quite different persons would be found, than we at present meet with?

I have too many failings myself, to be willing to censure others; and too much love for truth, to attempt an excuse for what admits of none. But let me say, that consequences are not the less true, for their truth being disregarded. Lucian's description of the philosophers of his age is more odious, than can belong to any set of men in our time: and as it was never thought, that the precepts of philosophy ought to be slighted, because they who inculcated, disgraced them; neither can it be any reflection on nobler rules, that they are recommended by persons who do not observe them.

Of this I am as certain as I can be of any thing, That our practice is no infallible test of our principles; and that we may do religion no injury by our speculations, when we do it a great deal by our manners. I should be very unwilling to rely on the strength of my own virtue in so many instances, that it exceedingly mortifies me to reflect on their number: yet, in whichsoever of them I offended, it would not be for want of conviction, how excellent a precept, or precepts, I had transgressed—it would not be because I did not think, that a life throughout agreeable to the commands of the religion I profess, ought to be constantly my care.

How frequently we act contrary to the obligations, which we readily admit ourselves to be under, can scarcely be otherwise than matter of every one's notice; and if none of us infer from those pursuits, which tend to destroy our health, or our understanding, or our reputation, that he, who engages in them, is persuaded that disease, or infamy, or a second childhood, deserves his choice; neither should it be taken for granted, that *he* is not inwardly convinced of the worth of religion, who appears, at some times, very different from what a due regard thereto ought to make him.

Inconsistency is, through the whole compass of our acting, so much our reproach, that it would be great injustice towards us, to charge each defect in our morals, upon corrupt and bad principles. For a proof of the injustice of such a charge, I am confident, none need look beyond themselves. Each will find the complaint of *Medea* in the poet, very proper to be made his own—*I see and approve of what is right, at the same time that I do what is wrong.*

Don't think, that I would justify the faults of any, and much less theirs, who, professing themselves set apart to promote the interests of religion and virtue, and having

having a large revenue assigned them, both that they may be more at leisure for so noble a work, and that their pains in it may be properly recompensed, are, certainly, extremely blameable, not only when they countenance the immoral and irreligious; but even, when they take no care to reform them.

All I aim at, is, That the cause may not suffer by its advocates.—That you may be just to *it*, whatever you may dislike in *them*—That their failures may have the allowance, to which the frailty of human nature is entitled—That you may not, by their *manners*, when worst, be prejudiced against their *Doctrine*; as you would not censure philosophy, for the faults of philosophers.

The prevalency of any practice cannot make it to be either safe, or prudent; and I would fain have your's and mine such, as may alike credit our religion, and understanding: without the great reproach of both, we cannot profess to believe that rule of life, to be from God, which, yet, we model to our passions and interests.

Whether such a particular is my duty, ought to be the *first consideration*; and when it is found so, common sense suggests the *next*—How it may be performed.

But I must not proceed. A letter of two sheets! How can I expect, that you should give it the reading? If you can persuade yourself to do it, from the conviction of the sincere affection towards you, that has drawn me into this length; I promise you, never again to make such a demand on your patience.——I will never again give you so troublesome a proof of my friendship. I have here begun a subject, which I am very desirous to prosecute; and every letter, you may hereafter receive from me upon it, whatever other recommendation it may want, shall, certainly, not be without that of brevity. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 149. *Three Essays on the Employment of Time.*

PREFACE.

The *essays* I here publish, though at first penned for the benefit of some of the author's neighbours in the country, may, it is hoped, from the alterations since made in them, be of more general use. *The subject* of them is, in itself, of the highest importance, and could, therefore, never be unseasonably considered; but the general practice, at present, more especially entitles it to our notice. The principles on which *their argumentative part* proceeds, are denied by none whose conviction it consults. Such as regard the human frame as only in its mechanism excelling that of beasts——such as would deprive man's breast of social affections, exempt him from all apprehensions of a deity, and confine his hopes to his present existence, are not the *persons* whom any thing here said proposes to affect. They are not, I mean, directly applied to in this *work*; but even their benefit *it* may be said consequentially to intend, as *it* would certainly contribute thereto, could *it* properly operate on those whose advantage is its immediate aim.

We have been told, by very good judges of human nature, how engaging virtue would be, if it came under the notice of sense. And what is a right practice, but virtue made, in some measure, the object of our sense? What is a man ever acting reasonably, but, if I may so speak, impersonated virtue——Virtue in a visible shape, brought into view, presenting itself to the sight, and through the sight as much affecting the mind, as it could be affected by any elegance of form, by any of the beauties of colouring or proportion.

The notions most dishonourable to the *deity*, and to the *human species*, are often, I suspect, first taken up, and always, certainly, confirmed by remarking how they act whose speculations express the greatest honour towards *both*.

When the strongest sense of an all-powerful and wise, a most holy and just Governor of the world, is professed by those who shew not the least concern to please him——When reason, choice, civil obligations, a future recompence, have for their advocates such as are governed by humour, passion, appetite; or who deny themselves no present pleasure or advantage, for any thing that an hereafter promises; it naturally leads others, first, to think it of little moment which *side* is taken on these points, and, then, to take *that* which suits the manners of them who, in their declarations, are *its* warmest opposers.

Whereas, were the *apprehensions* that do justice to a superintending providence——an immaterial principle in man——his liberty—his duties in society——his hopes at his dissolution, to be universally evidenced by a suitable practice; the great and manifest advantage arising from them would be capable of suppressing every *doubt* of their truth, would prevent the entrance of any, or would soon remove it.

As, indeed, all that we are capable of knowing

knowing in our preſent ſtate, appears either immediately to regard its wants, or to be connected with what regards them, it is by no means a ſlight confirmation of the truth of a doctrine, that the perſuaſion thereof is of the utmoſt conſequence to our preſent well-being. And thus the great advantages that are in this life derivable from the belief of a future retribution——that are here the proper fruits of ſuch a belief, may be conſidered as evidencing how well it is founded——how reaſonably it is entertained. On this it may be of ſome uſe more largely to inſiſt.

What engagements correſpond to the conviction that the ſtate in which we now are is but the paſſage to a better, is conſidered in the laſt of theſe eſſays: and that, when ſo engaged, we are acting the *part* befitting our nature and our ſituation, ſeems manifeſt both on account of the approbation it has from our calmeſt hours, our moſt ſerious deliberation and freeſt judgment, and likewiſe on account of the teſtimony it receives even from them who act a quite contrary one. What they conform not to, they applaud; they acknowledge their failures to be ſuch; they admire the worth, which they cannot bring themſelves to cultivate.

If we look into the writers who ſuppoſed all the pleaſures of man to be thoſe of his body, and all his views limited to his preſent exiſtence; we find them, in the rule of life they gave, deſerting the neceſſary conſequences of their *ſuppoſition*, and preſcribing a morality utterly inconſiſtent with *it*. Even when they taught that what was good or evil was to be determined by our feeling only——that right or wrong was according to the pleaſure or pain that would enſue to us during the continuance of our preſent frame, ſince after its diſſolution we have nothing to hope or fear; their practical directions were, however, that we ought to be ſtrictly juſt, ſeverely abſtinent, true to our friendſhips, ſteady in the purſuit of honour and virtue, attentive to the public welfare, and willing to part with our lives in its defence.

Such they admitted man ought to be——ſuch they exhorted him to be, and, therefore, when they would allow him to act only upon *motives* utterly incongruous to his being this perſon, it followed either that theſe were wrongly aſſigned, or that a conduct was required from him unſuitable to his nature.

That his obligations were rightly ſtated was on all hands agreed. The miſtake was in the inducements alledged for diſcharging them. Nothing was more improbable than his fulfilling the duties this *ſcheme* appointed him, if he was determined by it in judging of the conſequences of his actions—— what good or hurt they would do him—— what happineſs or miſery would be their reſult.

While the Epicureans admitted juſtice to be preferable to injuſtice——a public ſpirit, to private ſelfiſh views; while they acknowledged it more fitting that we ſhould ſacrifice life to the good of our country, than preſerve it by deſerting the common welfare; they muſt, I think, be regarded as authoriſing a preference of the principles which will make man juſt and public-ſpirited, to thoſe which will diſpoſe him to be unjuſt, and wholly attentive to his own little intereſts.

Let us ſee, then, what will be the practical conſequences of adopting or rejecting the *Epicurean* tenet of our having nothing to hope for beyond the grave.

The value we ſet on life is ſhewn by what we do to preſerve it, and what we ſuffer rather than part with it. We ſupport ourſelves by the hardeſt labour, the ſevereſt drudgery, and we think death a much greater evil, than to ſtruggle for years with diſeaſe and pain, deſpairing of cure, and even of any long intervals of eaſe. Such, ordinarily, is our love of life. And this deſire to keep it cannot but be greatly increaſed, when we are induced to think that once loſt it is ſo for ever. To be without all hope of again enjoying the bleſſing we thus highly prize, muſt naturally diſincline us to hazard it, and indiſpoſe us for what will endanger its continuance. He who is perſuaded that *corporeal pleaſure* is all he has to expect, and that *it* is confined to his preſent exiſtence, muſt, *if he acts agreeably to ſuch a perſuaſion*, be wholly intent on the purſuit of that pleaſure, and dread nothing more than its coming to an end, or being interrupted. Hence, if his term of life would be ſhorter, or any greater diſtreſs would accrue to him by adhering to truth and juſtice, than by departing from them ——if he were to be at preſent more a loſer by aſſiſting his friend, than by forſaking him——if he could promiſe himſelf a larger ſhare of ſenſual gratifications from betraying his country, than from ſerving it faithfully, he would be falſe and unjuſt, he would be perfidious to his friend, and a traitor to his country. All thoſe ſentiments

and

and actions that expreſs an entire attachment to the *delights of ſenſe*, and the ſtrongeſt reluctance to forego *them*, are ſtrictly in character when we look not beyond them ——when we acknowledge not any higher *ſatisfactions*, and behold *theſe* as expiring with us, and ſure never to be again taſted.

Whereas the proſpect of a returning life, and of enjoyments in it far ſuperior to any we now experience, or promiſe ourſelves, has a neceſſary tendency to leſſen our ſolicitude about the exiſtence here appointed us. We cannot well be reconciled to the *loſs* of our being, but are eaſily ſo to its *change*; and death conſidered as only its change, as the paſſage from a leſs to a more deſirable ſtate, will, certainly, have the terror of its appearance much abated. The conviction that there is a greater good in reſerve for us than any pleaſure which earth can afford, and that there is ſomething far more to be feared by us than any pain we can now be made to ſuffer, will, in proportion to its ſtrength, render us indifferent to the delights and conveniences of our abode on earth, and diſpoſe us to qualify ourſelves for obtaining that greater good, and avoiding that ſo much more to be dreaded evil, in theſe *conſiderations* of life and death, of happineſs and miſery, virtue has its proper ſupport. We are by *them* brought to judge rightly of the part becoming us, and to adhere to it immoveably: *they* furniſh ſufficient inducements to avoid falſehood and injuſtice, of whatever immediate advantage we may be thereby deprived——*they* encourage us to ſerve our friends and country with the utmoſt fidelity, notwithſtanding all the inconveniences that can be ſuppoſed to attend it——they are, indeed, proper incitements to prefer the public welfare to our own ſafety, while *they* repreſent to us how much our gain thereby would overbalance our loſs.

Brutes in our end and expectations, how can we be otherwiſe in our purſuits? But if the reaſoning principle in us be an incorruptible one, and its right or wrong application in its embodied ſtate affect the whole of our future exiſtence; we have, in that apprehenſion, the moſt powerful motive to act throughout in conformity to our rational nature, or, which is the ſame thing in other words, never to ſwerve from virtue——to deſpiſe alike danger and pleaſure when ſtanding in competition with our duty.

Thus, when *Socrates*, in *Plato's Phædo*, has proved the immortality of our ſoul, he conſiders it as a neceſſary conſequence of the belief thereof, "That we ſhould be em-
" ployed in the culture of our minds——
" in ſuch care of them as ſhall not only
" regard that term, to which we give the
" name of life, but the whole which fol-
" lows it——in making ourſelves as wiſe
" and good as may be, ſince on it our
" ſafety entirely depends, the ſoul carrying
" hence nothing with it, but its good or
" bad actions, its virtues or vices, and
" theſe conſtituting its happineſs or miſery
" to all eternity."

So, when the elder *Scipio* is introduced by *Tully*, appriſing the younger, "That
" what is called our life, may be more
" properly ſtyled our death——that we
" truly live, when we are freed from the
" fetters of our body;" he proceeds to obſerve, how much it then concerned him
" to be juſt——to promote the public wel-
" fare——to make true glory his aim,
" doing what is right without regard to
" any advantage it will now yield him,
" deſpiſing popular opinion, adhering to
" virtue for its real worth." And the youth thus inſtructed, profeſſes, "That af-
" ter ſuch information into what ſtate he
" is to paſs, he would not be wanting to
" himſelf: unmindful he had not been of
" his anceſtor's worth, but to copy it ſhould
" now be his more eſpecial care, ſince
" encouraged thereto by ſo great a reward."

Lucan, repreſenting the inhabitants of this part of Europe as perſuaded that the ſoul ſurvived the diſſolution of the body, congratulates them, indeed, only on the happineſs they enjoyed in an opinion that freed them from the moſt tormenting of all fears, the dread of death——that made them act with ſo much bravery and intrepidity. But when he admits a contempt of death to be the proper effect of this *opinion*, he muſt be conſidered as allowing it all that practical influence which as naturally reſults from it, as ſuch an indifference to life doth, and has the ſame connexion with it.

If, therefore, the perſuaſion that death renders us utterly inſenſible, be a perſuaſion that unmans us quite——that diſpoſes to a courſe of action moſt unworthy of us—that is extremely prejudicial to ſociety, and tends, in every way, to our own greateſt hurt or debaſement, we may well ſuppoſe it an erroneous one; ſince it is in the higheſt degree improbable, that there ſhould be any truth in a notion the reception of which ſo far operates to the prejudice of mankind—ſo neceſſarily contributes to introduce a general diſorder.

On

On the other hand, if, from the conviction that there is a recompence for us beyond the grave, we derive ſentiments moſt becoming us——if from it the worthieſt actions proceed——if it be the ſource of the greateſt both private and public good——if with it be connected the due diſcharge of our duty in the ſeveral relations in which we are placed——if it alone can lead us to perfect our nature, and can furniſh our ſtate with ſatisfactory enjoyments; there may ſeem ſufficient grounds to conclude that there is ſuch a recompence; the perſuaſion thereof, thus affecting us, may well appear moſt reaſonably entertained.

When all thoſe principles, of whoſe truth we have the greateſt certainty, conduct us to happineſs, it is natural to think that the influence of any principle upon our happineſs ſhould be no improper teſt of its truth.

If there be no ſurer token of a right practice, than its tendency to promote the common good, can we but judge that to be a right opinion, which has undeniably, in an eminent degree, ſuch a tendency?

When the difficulties that, under a general corruption, attend our adherence to virtue, are only to be ſurmounted by the proſpect of a future reward; one knows not how to believe that the proper inducement to our acting a part ſo becoming us——ſo much our praiſe, ſhould be no other than a chimerical view, a romantic and utterly vain expectation.

When error is manifeſtly the cauſe of whatever ill we do or ſuffer, it is extremely improbable, that to an erroneous notion we muſt ſtand indebted for the beſt uſe of life, and its moſt ſolid ſatisfactions.

But it may be aſked——where does this opinion produce theſe boaſted effects? Among them who profeſs it their firmeſt belief that there is a future recompence, how few do we find better men for it——more regular in their manners, or more uſeful to the world, than they would have been without any ſuch perſuaſion?

How far any truth ſhall operate upon us——how far it ſhall influence us, depends upon our application of it, upon our attention to it. Experience furniſhes the utmoſt certainty of a vaſt variety of *particulars* highly intereſting our preſent welfare, which yet we overlook, we give ourſelves little or no concern about, though we thereby make ourſelves the ſevereſt ſufferers; and may be almoſt as ſure as we can be of any thing, that our unconcernedneſs about them muſt be attended with conſequences thus fatal to us. The ſeveral rules which regard the lengthening of life——the preſervation of health——the enjoyment of eaſe, though they carry with them the cleareſt evidence of their importance, how very little weight have they with the generality of mankind——how unheeded are they when oppoſing an eager appetite, a ſtrong inclination! while yet theſe rules are acknowledged to remain as true, as worthy of our notice, as certain in their ſalutary effects when obſerved, as if all that practical regard to which they are entitled, was paid them; and we may be as juſtly thought endowed with a capacity of diſcovering thoſe effects in order to their profiting us, as if they univerſally took place.

What benefit was intended in qualifying us for the diſcernment of any truth, is by no means to be inferred from what *ordinarily enſues* to us when diſcerning it. A juſt inference as to this can only be made from regarding the dictates of reaſon upon ſuch a truth being diſcerned by us; or, what uſe of its diſcernment reaſon directs us to make.

When we are leſs wicked than very bad principles prompt us to be, which is often the caſe; theſe are, nevertheleſs, full as blameable as they would be if we were to act conſiſtently with them. That they are not *purſued*, is, as to them, quite an accidental point; in reaſon and nature they ſhould be; and therefore are fitly chargeable with all the conſequences that acting according to them would produce.

So, on the other hand, though it muſt be confeſſed, that, with the beſt *principles*, our courſe of life is, frequently, very faulty; the objection muſt lye not to the nature or kind of their influence, but to a weakneſs of it, which is *our* crime, and not *their* defects. We will not let them act upon us; as they are qualified to do. Their worth is to be eſtimated by the worth they are ſuited to produce. And it would be full as abſurd, when we will not mind our way, to deny that the light can be of any help to us in ſeeing it; as to deny the ſerviceableneſs of any principle, becauſe we fail in its application.

Nor is it, indeed, only our unhappineſs that we are inattentive to what *the belief of a future recompence* requires from us; religion itſelf, is, alas! every where abuſed to the obſtructing the proper effects of this belief. I mean, that whatever religion is any where profeſſed, ſome or other rite or doctrine of it *does* favour, as in Paganiſm and

mediſm; or *is ſo conſtrued*, as in Judaiſm and Chriſtianity, that *it is made* to favour a departure from the practice which ſuits the perſuaſion of a future reward. The reproach that belonged to the Jews in our Saviour's time, they have, as far as appears, deſerved ever ſince; that by their ſcrupulous regard to the leſſer points of their law, they think they make amends for the groſſeſt neglect of its moſt important precepts. And with reſpect to us Chriſtians *, whence is it, that there is ſo little virtue among us—that we are throughout ſo corrupt, but from taking ſanctuary for our crimes in our very religion,——from perverting its moſt holy inſtitutions and doctrines to be our full ſecurity whatſoever are our vices †?

Thus, we are either of a church in which we can be abſolved of *all* our *ſins*; or we are of the number of the elect, and cannot commit *any*; or the merits of Chriſt atone for our not having the merit even of honeſty and ſincerity; or a right faith makes amends for our moſt corrupt practice ‡.

We have prayers, ſacraments, faſts, that are never thought of to improve us in virtue, but to ſupply the want of it——to quiet our conſciences under the moſt culpable gratification of our luſts.

How the belief of a future recompence ſhould, in reaſon, affect our practice——what its proper and natural influence is, ſolely concerns the preſent argument. It ſeems enough, in the caſe before us, that no one can be conſiſtent with himſelf, but, if he has any hopes of happineſs in another world, his conduct will be regular, becoming, rational: and, that where we find theſe hopes entertained on mature conſideration, juſtly reaſoned upon, duly attended to, there we, certainly, find great purity of morals, a ſtrict regard to the part befitting a reaſonable creature, and every other advantage aſcribed to *them*. If I cannot be allowed to infer from hence that they are well founded, they have ſtill for their ſupport all thoſe arguments in favour of a final retribution, with which I have not at all meddled, nor in the leaſt weakened by any thing I may have leſs pertinently obſerved. The ſubject of the third of the following eſſays led me to the remarks here made; and to me they appear not immaterial. I cannot, indeed, bring myſelf to think but that the hopes which induce me to act moſt agreeably to my Creator's will, he has formed me to entertain; and will not let me be diſappointed in them.

Of one thing I am ſure, that they who ſuffer the perſuaſion of a future happineſs to operate, as it ought, on their practice, conſtantly experience their practice adding ſtrength to their perſuaſion; the better they become by their belief, the more confirmed they become in it. This is a great deal to ſay on its behalf. What weightier recommendation to our aſſent can any *doctrine* have, than that, as *it* tends to improve us in virtue, ſo the more virtuous we are, the more firmly we aſſent to *it*; or, the better judges we are of truth, the fuller aſſurance we have of *its* truth?

§ 150. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE FIRST.

Tunc demum intelliges, quid faciendum tibi, quid vitandum ſit, cum didiceris quid naturæ tuæ debeas.

SEN. EP. 121.

"Amazing! that a creature, ſo warm "in the purſuit of her pleaſures, ſhould "never caſt one thought towards her hap- "pineſs."—A reflection this, made indeed by a comic writer, but not unworthy the moſt ſerious.

To be intent on pleaſure, yet negligent of happineſs, is to be careful for what will eaſe us a few moments of our life, and yet,

* Sir *Iſaac Newton* having obſerved, *That the prophecies concerning Chriſt's firſt coming were for ſetting up the Chriſtian religion*, adds, *which all nations have ſince corrupted*, &c. Obſerv. upon the Proph. of Dan. *&c.* p. 252.

† The *general* and great *defect* in thoſe that profeſs the Chriſtian faith is, that they hope for life eternal, without performing thoſe conditions, whereupon it is promiſed in the Goſpel, namely, repentance and reformation.—They will truſt to a *fruitleſs*, *lifeleſs faith*, or to ſome *penances*, and *ſatisfactions*, and *commutations* made with God, doing what he hath not required inſtead of what he hath commanded. No perſuaſions ſhall prevail to move and excite them to do this, no reaſons, arguments, or demonſtration, no not the expreſs words of God, that it is neceſſary to be done; or to forbear to cenſure them as *Enemies to the Grace of God*, who do with clear and expreſs Scripture ſhew the abſolute neceſſity of it. *Owtram's Sermons*, p. 166, 167.

‡ I heartily wiſh, that by public authority it were ſo ordered, that no man ſhould ever preach or print this doctrine, That Faith alone juſtifies, unleſs he joins this together with it, That univerſal obedience is neceſſary to ſalvation. *Chillingworth's Relig. of Prot.* p. 362.

By our zeal in our opinions we grow cool in our piety and practical duties. *Epiſt. Dedicat. prefixed to the Diſcourſe of Liberty of Prophe.*

without

without any regard to what will distress us for many years of it.

When I study my happiness, I consult the satisfaction of the whole continuance of my being—I endeavour, that throughout it I may suffer as little, and enjoy myself as much, as my nature and situation will admit. Happiness is lasting pleasure; its pursuit is, really, that of pleasure, with as small an allay as possible of pain. We cannot, therefore, provide for our happiness, without taking our share of pleasure; tho', as is every where but too evident, our eagerness after Pleasure may plunge us into the misery we are unable to support.

Nothing, indeed, is more specious than the general term Pleasure. It carries with it the idea of something which must be permitted us by our Maker; since we know not how to suppose him forbidding us to taste what he has disposed us to relish. His having formed us to receive pleasure, is our licence to take it. This I will admit to be true, under proper restrictions.

It is true, that from our nature and constitution we may collect wherein we act agreeably to our Creator's will, and wherein we act contrary to it: but the mischief is, we commonly mistake our nature, we misseal it; we call that it which is but a part of it, or the corruption of it; and we thence make conclusions, by which when we govern our practice, we soon find ourselves in great difficulties and distress.

For instance, we call our passions our nature; then infer, that, in gratifying them, we follow nature; and, being thus convinced that their gratification must be quite lawful, we allow ourselves in it, and are undone by it. Whereas, the body is as much the man, as his passions are his nature; a part of it, indeed, they are, but the lowest part; and which, if more regarded than the higher and nobler, it must be as fatal to us, as to be guided rather by what is agreeable to our appetite, than conducive to our health. Of this more hereafter.

The call of nature being the favourite topic of all the men of pleasure——of all who act the most in contradiction to nature, I will confine the whole of the following essay to the consideration of it, so far as it relates to the employment of our time; and shew how our time should be employed, if we have a just regard to our nature—if what it requires be consulted by us.

That man is the work of a wise agent, is in the clearest manner discovered by the marks of wisdom, that shew themselves in his frame——by the contrivance and skill, that each part of it expresses——by the exact proportion and suitable disposition, that the several parts of it have to each other, and by their respective fitness to promote the well-being of the whole.

When we must thus acknowledge the great wisdom exerted in our structure; when we are so capable of discerning its beauties and advantages, and so fully know their preservation and improvement to depend upon ourselves, upon our own endeavours, care and pains; we cannot possibly be at a loss to discover what our wise Maker must, in this particular, expect from us. The duty of man is as certainly known from his nature——what he ought to do for himself is as fully understood from what he can do, as the uses of any machine are understood by a thorough acquaintance with its powers.

I can no more doubt for what I am intended——what must be required of me, when I see plainly what I am able to effect; than I can question for what purposes a watch or clock is designed, when I am duly apprised how the different parts of it act upon each other, to what they all concur, and to what only.

We want no reasoning to convince us, that a frame so curious as the human, must be made in order to its continuance, as long as the materials composing it will admit; and that we ourselves must give it such continuance: how this is shortened, how it is prolonged, we are likewise all of us fully sensible. There is no man but perceives what will hasten his dissolution, and what will, probably, retard it; by what management of himself he is sure to pass but few years in the world, and by what he is likely to be upheld in it for many. Here then our rule is obvious; these notices afforded us make it so: when we are taught, that the support of our life must be agreeable to him from whom we received it, and that *we* are appointed to give it this support, that it must come from *ourselves*, from what *we* do in order to it; we are at the same time instructed to regard all things contributing to it as enjoined us, and all things detrimental to, and inconsistent with it, as forbidden us; we have it suggested to us, that we are properly employed, when we consult the due preservation of life, and that the engagements are improper, are blameable, that hinder it.

Thus, to spend our time well, we must give our bodies such exercise, such rest, and other refreshments, as their subsistence de-

mands; and we miſ-ſpend it, when we are lazy and ſlothful, when we are leſs ſober, chaſte and temperate; when we proceed to exceſſes of any kind, when we let our paſſions and appetites direct us: every thing in this way tends to haſten our diſſolution; and therefore muſt be criminal, as oppoſing that continuance here, which our very compoſition ſhews our Maker to have deſigned us.

But that our frame ſhould be barely upheld, cannot be all we are to do for it; we muſt preſerve it in its moſt perfect ſtate, in a ſtate in which its ſeveral powers can be beſt exerted.

To take this care about it, is evidently required of us. Any unfitneſs for the functions of life is a partial death. I don't ſee of what we can well be more certain, than that all the health and ſtrength, of which our conſtitution admits, were intended us in it; and they muſt, therefore, be as becoming our concern, as it is to hinder the ruin of our conſtitution: we know not how ſufficiently to lament the loſs of them, even from the advantage of which they are to us in themſelves, not only from their preventing the uneaſineſs, the pains, and the numerous inconveniences with which the ſickly and infirm have to ſtruggle, but likewiſe from the ſatisfaction they give us in our being, from what we feel, when our blood flows regularly, our nerves have their due tone, and our vigour is entire.

Yet theſe are but the leaſt of the benefits we have from them.

We conſiſt of two parts, of two very different parts; the one inert, paſſive, utterly incapable of directing itſelf, barely miniſterial to the other, moved, animated by it. When our body has its full health and ſtrength, the mind is ſo far aſſiſted thereby, that it can bear a cloſer and longer application, our apprehenſion is readier, our imagination is livelier, we can better enlarge our compaſs of thought, we can examine our perceptions more ſtrictly, and compare them more exactly; by which means we are enabled to form a truer judgment of things——to remove more effectually the miſtakes into which we have been led by a wrong education, by paſſion, inattention, cuſtom, example——to have a clearer view of what is beſt for us, of what is moſt for our intereſt, and thence determine ourſelves more readily to its purſuit, and perſiſt therein with greater reſolution and ſteadineſs.

The ſoundneſs of the body can be thus ſerviceable to the *mind*, and when made ſo, may in its turn be as much profited by *it*. The poet's obſervation is no leſs true of them, than it is of nature and art, each wants, each helps the other;

> "Mutually they need each other's aid."
> *Roſcom.*

The mind, when not reſtrained by any thing deficient in its companion, and having from it all the aſſiſtance it is adapted to afford, can with much greater facility prevent that diſcompoſure and trouble, by which our bodily *health* is ever injured, and preſerve in us that quiet and peace, by which *it* is always promoted. Hence we are to conclude, that we ſhould forbear, not only what neceſſarily brings on diſeaſe and decay, but whatever contributes to enfeeble and enervate us; not only what has a direct tendency to haſten our end, but likewiſe what leſſens our activity, what abates of our vigour and ſpirit.—That we ſhould alſo avoid whatever is in any wiſe prejudicial to a due conſideration of things, and a right judgment of them; whatever can hinder the underſtanding from properly informing itſelf, and the will from a ready compliance with its directions. We muſt be intent on ſuch a diſcipline of ourſelves as will procure us the fulleſt uſe of our frame, as will capacitate us to receive from it the whole of the advantage it is capable of yielding us; ſo exerciſing the members of our body, conſulting its conveniences, ſupplying its wants, that it may be the leaſt burthenſome to us, may give us the leaſt uneaſineſs——that none of its motions may, through any fault of ours, be obſtructed, none of its parts injured——that it may be kept in as unimpaired, as athletic a ſtate as our endeavours can procure, and all its functions performed with the utmoſt exactneſs and readineſs; ſo guarding, likewiſe, againſt the impreſſions of ſenſe, and deluſiveneſs of fancy, ſo compoſing our minds, purifying them, diveſting them of all corrupt prejudices, that they may be in a diſpoſition equally favourable to them, and to our bodies—that they may not be betrayed into miſtakes dangerous to the welfare of either ——that they may be in a condition to diſcern what is becoming us, what is fitteſt for us; deſirous of diſcovering it, and preparing to be influenced by it.

We are thus to ſeek our moſt perfect ſtate, ſuch as allows us the freeſt uſe of our ſeveral powers, and a full liberty *for the due application of them*. And the ability thus to apply them, muſt be in order to our doing it,

it, to our receiving from them whatever ſervice they can effect.

As what is corporeal in us is of leaſt excellence and value, our care in general about it, ſhould bear a proportion to the little worth it has in itſelf—ſhould chiefly regard the reference it has to our underſtanding, the aſſiſtance that it may afford our intellectual faculties.

Merely to preſerve our being—to poſſeſs our members entire——to have our ſenſes perfect——to be free from pain——to enjoy health, ſtrength, beauty, are but very low aims for human creatures. The moſt perfect ſtate of animal life can never becomingly engroſs the concern of a rational nature: fitted for much nobler and worthier attainments, we are by that fitneſs for them called to purſue them.

Aſk thoſe of either ſex, who rate higheſt the recommendation of features, complexion, and ſhape——who are moſt intent on adorning their perſons——who ſtudy moſt the accompliſhments of an outward appearance; aſk them, I ſay, which they think their chief endowment, and what it is that does them the higheſt honour? You will find them with one conſent pronouncing it *their reaſon*. With all their folly they will not defend it as ſuch: with their little ſenſe, they will prefer that little to their every other fancied perfection. The fineſt woman in the world would rather make deformity her choice than idiocy, would rather have uglineſs than incapacity her reproach.

Thus, likewiſe, whom do we perceive ſo fond of life, ſo deſirous of reaching its longeſt term, that he would be willing to ſurvive his underſtanding; that he would chuſe to live after he ceaſed to reaſon? The health and eaſe, the vigour and chearfulneſs that are often the lunatic's portion, would not induce the moſt infirm, ſickly, and complaining among us, to wiſh himſelf in his ſtead; to wiſh an exchange of his own diſtempered body, for the other's diſordered mind.

Nor does the mind only claim our chief regard, as it is thus univerſally acknowledged, and as it really is the principal, the moſt excellent, the preſiding part of us, but as our well-being is neceſſarily connected with giving it this preference, with beſtowing the moſt of our care and pains upon it.

What is beſt for the body, what is beſt for the whole man, can only be diſcovered and provided for, by our rational faculties, by them aſſiduouſly cultivated, diligently exerted, and thence ſtrengthened and enlarged.

Our well-being wholly depends upon the ſufficient information of our underſtanding, upon the light in which we ſee things, upon the knowledge we have how far they can profit or hurt us, how the benefit they can be of to us may be derived from them, and how the hurt they can do us may be eſcaped.

If I think that to be good, or that to be evil, which is not ſuch——or if I know not that to be good, or that to be evil, which is really ſuch——or if I think there is more or leſs good, or more or leſs evil in any thing than there really is——or if what, by a proper application, might be made of very great advantage to me, I am ignorant how to make of any, or of as much as it would yield me—or if I am ignorant how to render that very little, or not at all, hurtful to me, which might have its evil either greatly leſſened or wholly avoided: in all theſe inſtances, my well-being muſt of neceſſity be a ſufferer; my ignorance muſt greatly abate of the ſatisfaction of my life, and heighten its uneaſineſs.

No one is prejudiced by his not deſiring what he conceives to be good, by his diſinclination towards it, by his unwillingneſs to embrace it. So far is this from being our caſe, that we are always purſuing it. The ſource of all our motions, the deſign of all our endeavours is to better ourſelves, to remove from us that which is really, or comparatively evil.

What alone hurts us is our miſapprehenſion of good, our miſtakes about, our ignorance of, it. Let us fully underſtand it——have juſt conceptions of it, we then ſhall never deſerve the blame of its being leſs earneſtly ſought after, and therefore unattained by us. The exceſs of our earneſtneſs after it, is, indeed, uſually the occaſion of miſſing it. Our ſolicitude, our eagerneſs and impatience are here ſo great, that they won't allow us time to examine appearances——to diſtinguiſh between them and realities——to weigh what is future againſt what is preſent——to deliberate whether we do not forego a much greater advantage hereafter, by cloſing with that which immediately offers; or ſhall not have it abundantly overbalanced, by its miſchievous conſequences.

We want not to be put on the purſuit of happineſs, but we want very much to have that purſuit rightly directed; and as this muſt be done by the improvement of our rational powers, we can be intereſted in nothing more than in improving them, than in ſuch an application of them, as will contribute moſt to perfect them.

We are so placed, that there are very few of the *objects* surrounding us, which may not be serviceable or hurtful to us; nor is that service to be obtained, or detriment avoided, otherwise than by our acquaintance with *them* and with ourselves: the more exact our knowledge of this kind is, the more we lessen the calamities, and add to the comforts of life: and it certainly must be as much the intention of our Creator, that we should attain the *utmost* good which we are capable of procuring ourselves, as that we should attain *any* for which he has qualified us.

Nor is the benefit arising to us from an enlarged understanding rendered less certain, by the uneasiness that we find to be the share of the studious, the contemplative, and learned —of them whose intellectual attainments we chiefly admire.

The philosopher's observation to his friend on *books*, that it signifies nothing *how many*, but *what* he had, is applicable to the knowledge they communicate: what it is, and not how various, is the thing that concerns us. It may extend to a prodigious number of particulars of no moment, or of very little; and that extent of it gain us all the extravagance of applause, though we have the ignorance of the vulgar, where it must be of the worst consequence.

Crowding our memory is no more improving our understanding, than filling our coffers with pebbles is enriching ourselves *: and what is commonly the name of learning, what usually denominates us *very learned* is, really, no more than our memory heavily and uselessly burthened.

How high is the desert, in the more eastern parts, of him who can but read and write the language of his country? A life spent in the study of *it alone* shall be there judged an exercise of reason most worthy of applause. And are we in these so enlightened regions, in this school of science, as we are apt to fancy it, at all more just to rational improvements? We have, indeed, no encomiums for him who is not at a loss for the meaning of any word that his native tongue furnishes; but he who is well skilled in two or three antient ones, will have the highest applause for that skill, and be considered as among them, who have distinguished themselves, by a right application of their capacities. In this number we, likewise, generally agree to place such as have passed years in only qualifying themselves either to cavil and dispute, or to disguise their ignorance on any subject, or to colour strongly, and command the passions of their hearers. We are equally favourable to them, who busy their minds on discoveries that have no foundation but in fancy and credulity——or whose whole endeavour it has been to learn what this or that man has determined on a point, wherein he was as ill qualified as themselves to make a right determination,——or who amuse themselves with theories, with trifling and vain speculations.

Let a just allowance be made for these, and such like persons, whose reputation for learning is only built on the generality miscalling it, on the prevailing mistakes about it, and who have really hurt their understandings by what is thus falsely esteemed improving them; we shall have proceeded a great way in removing the objection to the pursuit of knowledge, from the little service it is of, to such whose attainments in it we concur in acknowledging and admiring.

When our intellectual pursuits *are* useful, they are often limited to what is of least use. How few of us are prompted to our researches from the consideration of the degree or extent of the good derivable from them? It is humour, fancy, or sordid gain alone, that ordinarily gives rise to the very inquiries which are of advantage to the world; they seldom are made from a regard to their proper worth, from the influence they can have upon our own or others' happiness.

That the better our understanding is informed, the better it can direct us, must be as evident to all, as that we want to be directed by it. The mind of man is as much assisted by knowledge, as his eye by light. Whatever his intellectual powers may be in themselves, they are to him according to his application of them: as the advantage he receives from his sight is according to the use he makes of it. That ignorance of his good which he might, but will not, remove, deprives him of it as certainly as an utter inability to acquaint himself with it.

In what is the improvement of our understandings, we may, indeed, be mistaken as we may in what constitutes our true happiness; but in each case we must be wilfully so, we must be so by refusing to attend, to consider.

Could we by instinct discover our own

* There is nothing almost has done more harm to men dedicated to letters, than giving the name of study to reading, and making a man of great reading to be the same with a man of great knowledge. *Locke of the Conduct of the Understanding.*

good,

good, as the brute distinguishes its good, all concern on our part to increase our discernment might be needless; but the endeavour after this must be in the highest degree necessary, when the more clearly we discern things, the more we are benefited, and the less hurt by them. Where is the man who is not made happier by inquiries that are rightly directed, and when he can say with the poet,

> ——————— The search of truth
> And moral decency hath fill'd my breast;
> Hath every thought and faculty possest?

Of knowledge as distinct from true wisdom, it may be not unjustly observed, that the increase of it is only the increase of sorrow; but of that knowledge, the pursuit of which expresses our wisdom, we may confidently assert, that our satisfaction must advance with it. All will admit it a proof of wisdom, to judge rightly of what is most for our interest, and take such measures as suit it: and as we are qualified for this by our knowledge, by the knowledge of our own nature, and of the properties of the things without us, so far as they can contribute to our better or worse state; in the degree we are thus knowing we can only be wise, determine rightly of what is best, and use the fittest means to procure it. Attainments that serve not to this purpose may be slighted; but for such as are requisite to it, if they principally deserve not *our concern*, I see not what can have any title to it*.

We are, indeed, startled at the very terms of deliberating, weighing, considering, comparing; we have affixed such ideas to them, to make them appear rather hindering the true enjoyment of ourselves than promoting it: but if we would not share the uneasiness that so many of our fellow-creatures lament, we must not adopt their prejudices. In every point of consequence we use more or less consideration; and in all the pleasures that allure, in all the trifles that amuse us, we are still making comparisons, preferring one to the other, pronouncing this less, and that more worthy of our choice. Though none, if the philosopher may be believed, deliberate on the whole of life, all do on the parts of it: and if we fail not to compare and reason upon our *lower* enjoyments, I see not what there can be forbidding in the advice to attend seriously, to examine fairly, and to delay our choice till we have gained the instruction requisite to determine it, when the object thereof is what can be *most* for our ease and satisfaction.

But it is not, perhaps, all exercise of our reason, in a way so well deserving it, that disgusts us; it is *the degree* of application required from us, that we relish not.

1. We know not how to be reconciled to so much trouble about enlarging our discernment, and refining our judgment.

2. We do not see how such a task can suit them whose whole provision for the day is from the labour of it.

3. We find no small part of mankind so easy under their ignorance and mistakes, that they will not advance a step to remove them: and what greater recommendation can there be of any situation, than that they who are in it are entirely satisfied with it?

1. The pains that we are to take in order to an advantage that must infinitely overbalance them, we can have no excuse for omitting: and we are called to no pains for the improvement of our reason, but such as cannot be declined without lessening our happiness—without incurring some evil we should otherwise have escaped, or wanting some good we should otherwise have obtained: whatever has its neglect attended with these consequences, must be expected from us†.

2. That

* Since our faculties plainly discover to us the being of a God, and the knowledge of ourselves, enough to lead us into a full and clear discovery of our duty, and great concernment; it will become us, as rational creatures, to employ those faculties we have, about what they are most adapted to, and follow the direction of nature, where it seems to point us out the way. For 'tis rational to conclude that our proper employment lies in those enquiries, and in that sort of knowledge which is most suited to our natural capacities, and carries in it our greatest interest, the condition of our eternal state. Hence, I think, I may conclude, that morality is the proper science, and business of mankind in general. *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.*

† How men whose plentiful fortunes allow them leisure to improve their understandings, can satisfy themselves with a lazy ignorance, I cannot tell: but methinks they have a low opinion of their souls, who lay out all their incomes in provision for the body, and employ none of it to procure the means and helps of knowledge; who take great care to appear always in a neat and splendid outside, and would think themselves miserable in coarse clothes, or a patched coat, and yet contentedly suffer their minds to appear abroad in a pie-bald livery of coarse patches, and borrowed shreds, such as it has pleased chance or their country taylor (I mean the common opinion of those they have conversed with)

2. That they are to seek knowledge who are to get their bread, might seem a harsh lesson, if the endeavour to inform, hindered that to maintain themselves; if the *knowledge* they were to seek was any other but *of what is best for them*, of what can give them all the happiness creatures so constituted can receive. For *this* every one must have leisure †; it should be judged our chief business; it directs us to that very employment from which we have our support—is carried on with it—assists us in it—gives it every consideration that can make it easy and satisfactory to us. The peasant or mechanic is not advised to spend fewer hours at labour, that he may have more for study, for reading and contemplating—to leave his spade or his tools for a pen or a book. No, the advice to him is, observe what passes, and what good or hurt accompanies or follows it.

Remark what it is that pleases you only for a few moments, and then either brings immediate uneasiness, or lays a foundation for some future.

You find several things of service to you, observe which is of most, which has no sort of inconvenience attending it, or very little in comparison of its advantage; and, if there are none of them without some inconveniences, which has the fewest—which does you good in a higher degree, or for a longer term.

You are continually with those of the same nature with yourself; take notice what is serviceable or prejudicial to them; you may learn from their experience what your own teaches you not. Every day will furnish some or other occurrence that may be a profitable lesson to you, make it such; overlook nothing that affects your well-being; attend chiefly to what concerns it.

Go over frequently in your thoughts the observations you have made on what will more or less benefit you; let them be so deeply imprinted upon your mind, make them so familiar to yourself, that the offer of a less good may never surprise and betray you into the neglect, and, by that means, the loss of a greater.

You are at all times at liberty to consider your own nature, be acquainted with it, see what you can do for yourself, what share of your happiness has no dependance on the things without you; what blessings may be secured to you by your own dispositions.

You necessarily shun evil: don't mistake it; be sure of what is so; be apprised of the degrees of it; be throughly instructed in these, that a desire to escape what you could easily bear, may never occasion you a distress which you would pronounce insupportable. Endeavour to inform yourself what evil you cannot too industriously avoid —what you should readily submit to—what you may change into good.

He, to whose situation terms like these would be unsuitable, must have *reason to* seek, as well as a *livelihood*. Our natural understanding fits all of us for a task like this; nor can it be inconsistent with any the hardest labour to which our support will oblige us.

The whole of this so severe a lesson is this brief one; Do your best for yourself; be as happy as the right use of the abilities God has given you can make you.

3. As for the unconcernedness of so great a part of our species at their ignorance and errors—the entire satisfaction they express under them: with regard to this, let it be considered, that we are no more to judge of good from the practice of numbers, than of truth from their opinions.

They throughly enjoy themselves, you say, with their little knowledge, and many mistakes.

And are any of us in our younger years better pleased than when we are suffered to sport away our time—to pass it without the least controul and instruction? But because we are thus pleased, are we rightly so? Could worse befal us, than to be permitted to continue thus agreeably unrestrained and uninstructed?

The man in a lethargy desires you would

to cloath them in. I will not here mention how unreasonable this is for men that ever think of a future state, and their concernment in it, which no rational man can avoid to do sometimes. *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding*, B. iv. Ch. 20.

† Are the greatest part of mankind, by the necessity of their condition, subjected to unavoidable ignorance in those things which are of greatest importance to them? Have the bulk of mankind no other guide but accident and blind chance, to conduct them to their happiness or misery?—God has furnished men with faculties sufficient to direct them in the way they should take, if they will but seriously employ them that way, when their ordinary vocations allow them the leisure. No man is so wholly taken up with the attendance on the means of living, as to have no spare time to think at all of his soul, and inform himself in matters of Religion. Were men as intent on this, as they are on things of lower concernment, there are none so enslaved to the necessities of life, who might not find many vacancies that might be husbanded to this advantage of their knowledge. *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.*

let

let him doſe on: he apprehends no danger, when you ſee the greateſt: you grieve and vex him, when you attempt to cure him.

Does any one who has more ſenſe than the bulk of his fellow-creatures, wiſh for their dulneſs, that he might ſhare their diverſions—wiſh for their thoughtleſſneſs, that he might join in their mirth?

Could the neglect of our rational faculties be accompanied, throughout our continuance in being, with the ſatisfaction at preſent expreſſed by ſo many under it, this indeed might be ſomething in its favour; but this is by no means the caſe. He who gave us theſe faculties, and the ability to improve them, muſt intend that we ſhould improve them: by fruſtrating his intention, we incur his diſpleaſure; if we incur it, we may juſtly expect, ſooner or later, to feel the effects thereof.

Nor is it to be thought that the neglect of our reaſon is, from the good we hereby forego, its own ſufficient puniſhment, and therefore not likely to expoſe us to any other. We cannot rightly think thus, becauſe of the extenſive miſchief occaſioned by this neglect. It is very far from terminating in ourſelves, from making us the only ſufferers. Were it ſo confined, ſome pretence there might be for conſidering our mere crime as our ample puniſhment. But ſuch it cannot appear, when it does infinite hurt to others—to our neighbourhood—to our friends—to our family—to the whole community of which we are members.

What is enough for myſelf, what I can do without, ſhould be the leaſt of my concern. My duty is to reflect what I can do for others; how I may make myſelf of greateſt uſe. We ſtand all largely indebted to our-fellow-creatures; and, owing them ſo much, if we neglect to qualify ourſelves for ſerving them, we greatly injure them. But as this is not the place for purſuing theſe reflections, I will now only remark, of what deplorable conſequence it is to our children (whoſe title to our endeavours for their benefit, all acknowledge) that the culture of our minds is ſo little our care—that we ſlight the rational improvements, with a capacity for which our Creator has ſo graciouſly favoured us.

Unapprehenſive of the miſchief our offſpring muſt neceſſarily receive from our ſloth, our intemperance, and other criminal gratifications, we impair their frame before it is yet compleated; we entail on them miſery, before we give them life.

Their reaſon ſeems to be watched in its appearance, only that it may be applied to for its ſpeedier corruption. Every thing they are at firſt taught to value, is what they cannot enough deſpiſe; and all the pains that ſhould be taken to keep their minds from vain fears, are employed to introduce them.

The chief of what our memory receives in our childhood, is what our maturer age moſt wiſhes to forget.

While we are ignorant how hurtful it is to be governed by our paſſions, our wiſe directors permit them to govern us, and thereby give them a ſtrength which we afterwards fruitleſsly lament and oppoſe. To ſave our tears, we are to have our will; and, for a few moments of preſent quiet, be condemned to years of diſtreſs. Imaginary evils we are bid to regard as the principal real ones; and what we ſhould moſt avoid, we are, by examples of greateſt weight with us, encouraged to practiſe.

How much indeed both the bodies and minds of children ſuffer from the ill-informed underſtanding of their parents, is ſcarcely to be conceived—what advantages they loſe by it—what miſery they feel: and therefore, as they are the immediate objects of our care—as nature has made them ſuch, and all the prejudice they receive from any failure of ours, from any neglect on our part in qualifying ourſelves to aſſiſt them in the way we ought to do it, is really an injury done them by us; we cannot think, that if we won't endeavour to have juſt notions of things, we are ſufficiently puniſhed by being without them—we can with no probability, ſuppoſe, that, if we are content to be loſers ourſelves, it will be ſatisfaction enough for any diſtreſs that our careleſſneſs or ſupineneſs brings on others, even on them whoſe welfare we ought moſt to conſult.

Of what advantage it is to both ſexes that *the parent*, under whoſe guidance they are in their tender years, ſhould not have confined her thoughts to the recommendations of apparel, furniture, equipage—to the amuſements in faſhion—to the forms of good breeding—to the low topics of female converſation; we have the moſt remarkable inſtances in the family of *Emilia*. She has for many years been the wife of one, whoſe rank is the leaſt part of his merit: made by him the mother of a numerous offſpring, and having from his important and uninterrupted avocations, their education left entirely to her, 'till they were qualified for a more extenſive inſtruction; it was her ſtudy how ſhe might be of the greateſt uſe to them: they were ever under her eye: her attention to forming their manners could be diverted by none of

of the pleaſures, by none of the engagements that claim ſo many of the hours of a woman of quality. She did not awe, but reaſon her children into their duty; they ſhewed themſelves to practiſe it not from conſtraint, but conviction. When they were abſent from her—when they were in company, where they might have been as free as they pleaſed, I have, with aſtoniſhment, obſerved them as much influenced by what their wife mother had adviſed, as they could have been by any thing ſhe would have ſaid had ſhe been then preſent. In her converſation with them ſhe was perpetually inculcating uſeful truths; ſhe talked them into more knowledge, by the time that they were ſix or ſeven years old, than is uſually attained at, perhaps, twice that age.

Let me indulge my imagination, and, by its aid, give a ſample of her inſtructions; firſt, to one of the females of her family, and then, to one of the males. *Leonora*, her eldeſt daughter, has, among her many accompliſhments, great ſkill in painting. When her mother and ſhe ſtood viewing the pictures, that crouded each ſide of the room in which they were, *Emilia* deſired to hear what the pupil of ſo eminent a maſter had to obſerve on the works before them. *Leonora* began; praiſed the bold and animated manner in this piece, the ſoftneſs and delicacy of that. Nothing could be more graceful than the attitude of this figure; the expreſſion in that was ſo happy, the colouring ſo beautiful, that one might truly ſay of it, to make it alive, ſpeech alone is wanted; nor would you think even that wanting, were you to truſt wholly to your eyes. Here ſhe admired the ſkilful diſtribution of light and ſhade: there the perſpective was ſo wonderfully exact, that in the great number of objects preſented to the eye, it could fix on none but what had its proper place, and juſt dimenſions. How free is that drapery? what a variety is there in it, yet how well adjuſted is the whole to the ſeveral figures in the piece? Does not that group extremely pleaſe your ladyſhip? the diſpoſition is quite fine, the aſſociation of the figures admirable; I know not which you could pitch upon to have abſent or altered. *Leonora* purſuing this ſtrain, *Emilia* interrupted her: Have we nothing, child, but exactneſs here? Is every thing before us quite finiſhed and faultleſs? You will be pleaſed, Madam, to reflect on what you have ſo often inculcated, That one would always chuſe to be ſparing in cenſure, and liberal of praiſe—That commendation, freely beſtowed on what deſerves it, credits alike our temper and our underſtanding.

This I would have you never forget. But I'm here a learner; in that light you are now to conſider me; and as your French maſter taught you pronunciation, not only by uſing a right, but by imitating your wrong one; making you by that means more ſenſible where the difference lay; ſo to qualify me for a judge in painting, it will not ſuffice to tell me where the artiſt has ſucceeded, if you obſerve not, likewiſe, where he has miſcarried.

Leonora then proceeded to ſhew where the drawing was incorrect—the attitude ungraceful—the *cuſtume* ill preſerved—the ordonance irregular—the contours harſh—the light too ſtrong—the ſhade too deep; extending her remarks in this way to a great number of pieces in the collection. You have been thus far, interpoſed *Emilia*, my inſtructor, let me now be yours. Suppoſe your own portrait here. In the ſame manner that you would examine it, judge of the original. This *you* ought to do, ſince it will be done by *others*; and the more blemiſhes *you* diſcover, the fewer you will probably leave for *them* to reproach you with. The faults in the picture may be known to him who drew it, and yet be ſuffered to appear, from his inability to correct them; but when you diſcern what is faulty in yourſelf, if you cannot amend, you can, often, conceal it. Here you have the advantage of the painter; in another reſpect he has it greatly of you. Not one in a thouſand is a judge of the *failures* in his performance; and therefore even when *many* may be objected to him, he ſhall paſs, in common eſteem, for an excellent artiſt. But let the woman, unconſcious of her imperfections, be at no pains to remedy or hide them, all who converſe with her are judges of them; when ſhe permits them to be ſeen, they are certain to be cenſured.

You have ſufficiently convinced me, to how many things the painter muſt attend—againſt what various miſtakes he has to guard: each of your criticiſms on him may be a leſſon to yourſelf; every blemiſh or beauty in any part of his works has ſomething correſpondent to it in human life.

The deſign is faulty, not only when the end we propoſe to ourſelves is confeſſedly criminal, but when it is low and mean; when, likewiſe, we let our time paſs at random, without any concern for what reaſon and

and duty require, but as caprice, or humour, or paſſion ſuggeſts.

We offend againſt proportion, when we arrogate to ourſelves the deſert we want, or over-rate what may be allowed us—when we hate not what is really evil; or when our affections are placed on what is not our proper good. You remember the diſſection of a female heart in the *Spectator*; I refer you to it, that I may ſpare my own reflections, on what would furniſh copious matter for no very pleaſing ones.

Your ladyſhip will pardon me for interrupting you; but I can't help thinking, that the head and heart of a beau or country ſquire would furniſh as much folly and corruption, as the head and heart of any woman in the kingdom.

We ſhall never, child, become better by thinking who are worſe than ourſelves. If the charge upon us be juſt, we ſhould conſider how to get clear of it, and not who are liable to one equally reproachful. Were I to bid you waſh your face, would you think yourſelf juſtified in not doing it, becauſe you could ſhew me a woman of rank with a dirtier? But to the purpoſe.

That expreſſion, any failure in which you would, as a judge of painting, treat without mercy, is, in morals, violated by whatever is out of character. All inconſiſtency in practice—in profeſſion and practice; every thing unbecoming your ſex—your education—your capacity—your ſtation, deſerves the ſame cenſure that the pencil meets with, when it errs in expreſſion.

Skill in the diſtribution of light and ſhade, or the *clair-obſcure*, as, I think, the term of art is, I ſhould apprehend reſembled by prudence; which teaches us to ſhew ourſelves in the moſt advantageous point of view—brings forward and brightens our good qualities, but throws back and obſcures our defects—ſuffers nothing to diſtinguiſh itſelf that will be to our diſparagement, nor ſhades any thing that will credit us.

By *ordonnance* is meant, I apprehend, the manner of placing the ſeveral objects in a piece, or the diſpoſition of them with reſpect to the whole compoſure. And what can be fitter for us, than to conſider where we are, and to appear accordingly? The civilities that are leſs decently ſhewn in the church, it would be a great indecorum to neglect in the drawing-room. The freedom that will gain you the hearts of your inferiors, ſhall, if uſed towards thoſe of a higher rank, make you be thought the worſt-bred woman in the world. Let the ſeaſon for it be diſregarded, your chearfulneſs ſhall be offenſive, your gravity ſeem ridiculous—your wit bring your ſenſe into queſtion, and your very friendlieſt interpoſition be thought not ſo much a proof of your affection as of your impertinence. 'Tis the right placing of things that ſhews our diſcretion—that keeps us clear of difficulties—that raiſes our credit—that principally contributes to give any of our deſigns ſucceſs.

To beauty in colouring correſponds, perhaps, good nature improved by good breeding. And, certainly, as the canvas could furniſh no deſign ſo well fancied, no draught ſo correct, but what would yet fail to pleaſe, and would even diſguſt you, were the colours of it ill-united—not ſuſtained by each other—void of their due harmony; ſo both ſenſe and virtue go but a little way in our recommendation, if they appear not to their proper advantage in an eaſineſs of behaviour—in ſoft and gentle manners, and with all the graces of affability, courteſy, and complaiſance. I ſee, by your ſmiling, you are ſatisfied you cannot be accuſed of being a bad colouriſt. Believe me, you have then gained a very material point; and the more concerns you have in the world, the more proofs you will find of its importance. I'll drop this ſubject when I have ſaid to you, That if to make a good picture is ſuch a complicated taſk, requires ſo much attention, ſuch extenſive obſervation—if an error in any of the principal parts of painting ſo offends, takes off ſo greatly from the merit of the piece—if he, who is truly an artiſt, overlooks nothing that would be at all a blemiſh to his performance, and would call each trivial indecorum a fault: think, child, what care about the original ought to equal this for the portrait—of what infinitely greater conſequence it muſt be, to have every thing right within ourſelves, than to give a juſt appearance to the things without us; and how much leſs pardonably any violation of decorum would be charged on your life, than on your pencil.

The moſt finiſhed repreſentation only pleaſes by its correſpondence to what it repreſents, as nature well imitated; and if juſtneſs in mere repreſentation and imitation can have the charms you find in it, you may eaſily conceive the ſtill greater delight that muſt ariſe from beholding the beauties of nature itſelf; ſuch, particularly, as the pencil cannot imitate—the beauties of rational nature,

nature, thoſe which the poſſeſſor gives herſelf—which are of ten thouſand times the moment of any in her outward ſymmetry—which, how highly ſoever they may adorn her, profit her ſtill more; and are not only to her own advantage, but to that of the age in which ſhe lives, and poſſibly, of remoteſt generations.

My concern to ſee you this fair unblemiſhed original makes me ſtrangely unmindful on what topic I am got. There, ſurely, can be no proof wanting, how much a wife and good woman excels any portrait, or any woman, who has but the merit of a portrait, a fine appearance.

In this way *Emilia* takes each opportunity to form the manners of her daughter—to give her throughout juſt and reaſonable ſentiments, and diſpoſe her to the exact diſcharge of her duty in every relation.

Leonora, thus educated, has the fools and the follies of the age in their due contempt—judges wiſely—acts prudently—is ever uſefully or innocently employed—can paſs her evenings very chearfully without a card in her hand—can be perfectly in humour when ſhe is at home, and all her acquaintance at the aſſembly; and ſeems likely to borrow no credit from her family, which ſhe will not fully repay.

We will diſmiſs the daughter, and repreſent *Emilia* parting with her ſon in terms like theſe. I am now to take my leave of you, for one campaign at leaſt. It is the firſt you ever ſerved; let me adviſe, and do you act, as if it would be your laſt: the dangers, to which you will be expoſed, give both of us reaſon to fear it: if it pleaſe God that it ſhould be ſo, may you not be found unprepared, nor I unreſigned! This I am the leſs likely to be, when *you* have had *my* beſt counſel, and *I your* promiſe to reflect upon it. He bowing, and aſſuring her, that whatever ſhe ſhould be pleaſed to ſay to him, it would be carefully remembered; ſhe proceeded—I could never conceive, what induced the ſoldier to think that he might take greater liberties than the reſt of mankind. He is, 'tis true, occaſionally ſubjected to greater hardſhips, and he runs greater hazards; but by a lewd and vicious life, he makes theſe hardſhips abundantly more grievous than they otherwiſe would be—he diſqualifies himſelf to bear them. What would you think of his wits, who, becauſe he is to be much in the cold, ſits, as often as he can, cloſe to the fire? An habitual ſobriety and regularity of manners is, certainly, the beſt preſervative of that vigorous conſtitution, which makes it leaſt uneaſy to endure fatigue and cold, hunger and thirſt.

The dangers to which the ſoldier is expoſed, are ſo far from excuſing his licentiouſneſs, when he has no enemy near him, that they ought to be conſidered as the ſtrongeſt motive to conform himſelf, at all times, to the rules of reaſon and religion. A practice agreeable to them is the beſt ſupport of his ſpirits, and the ſureſt proviſion for his ſafety—It will effectually remove his fears, and can alone encourage his hopes: nothing but it can give him any comfortable expectation, if what threatens him ſhould befal him. He who is ſo much in danger, ought to be properly *armed* againſt it, and this he can never be by reflecting on the women he has corrupted—on his hours of intemperance, or on any other of his extravagancies. You won't, perhaps, allow that he wants the *armour* I would provide him, becauſe he never knows the apprehenſions that require it. But I am conſidering what his apprehenſions ought to be, not what they are. The nature of things will not be altered by our opinion about them.

It is granted, that a ſoldier's life is, frequently, in the utmoſt *hazard*; and the queſtion is not, how a thoughtleſs, ſtupid, abſurd creature, ſhould behave in ſuch a ſituation; but, what ſhould be done in it by a man of prudence and ſenſe? I ſay, he will attend to the value of what he *hazards*—to the conſequence of its loſs; and, if found of very great, he will ſo act, that the loſs thereof may be, if poſſible, ſome or other way made up to him, or accompanied with the feweſt inconveniencies. Inſenſibility of danger is the merit of a bull-dog. True courage ſees danger, but deſpiſes it only from rational motives—from the conſiderations of duty. There can be no virtue in expoſing life, where there is no notion of its value; you are a brave man, when you fully underſtand its worth, and yet in a good cauſe diſregard death.

If, thus to be ready to die is commendable, wholly from the cauſe that makes us ſo, which is, unqueſtionably, the caſe; I don't ſee how ſuch an indifference to life, when honour calls you to riſk it, can conſiſt with paſſing it, at any ſeaſon, immorally and diſſolutely.

Here is a gallant officer who will rather be killed than quit his poſt—than be wanting in the defence of his country! Is not this a fine reſolution in one who, by his

exceſſes,

exceſſes, makes himſelf every day leſs able to ſerve his country; or who ſets an example, which, if followed, would do his country as much miſchief as it could have to fear from its moſt determined enemy?

The inconſiderate and thoughtleſs may laugh at vice—may give ſoft terms to very bad actions, or ſpeak of them, as if they were rather matter of jeſt than abhorrence: but whoever will reflect whence all the miſery of mankind ariſes—what the ſource is of all the evils we lament; he cannot but own, that if any thing ought to make us ſerious—if we ought to deteſt any thing, it ſhould be *that*, from which ſuch terrible effects are derived.

For the very ſame reaſon that we prefer health to ſickneſs—eaſe to pain, we muſt prefer virtue to vice. Moral evil ſeems to me to have a neceſſary connection with natural. According to my notion of things, there is no crime but what creates pain, or has a tendency to create it to others or ourſelves: every criminal is ſuch, by doing ſomething that is directly, or in its conſequences, hurtful to himſelf, or to a fellow-creature.

Is not here a foundation of religion that no objections can affect? Deprive us of it, you deprive us of the only effectual reſtraint from thoſe practices, which are moſt detrimental to the world—you deprive us of virtue, and thereby of all the true happineſs we have here to expect.

To charge religion with the miſchief occaſioned by miſtakes about it, I think full as impertinent, as to decry reaſon for the wrong uſe that has been made of it; or government, for the bad adminiſtration of *every kind of it, in every part of the world*. What ſhall prove to the advantage of mankind, will, *in all caſes*, depend upon themſelves: that which is, confeſſedly, moſt for it, in every inſtance you can think of, you ſee, occaſionally, abuſed; and by that abuſe becoming as hurtful, as it would, otherwiſe, have been beneficial. Controverſy I hate; and to read books of it as ill ſuits my leiſure as my inclination: yet I do not profeſs a religion, the grounds of which I have never conſidered. And upon the very ſame grounds that I am convinced of the truth of religion in general, I am ſo of the truth of chriſtianity. The good of the world is greatly promoted by it. If we would take chriſtianity for our guide throughout, we could not have a better—we could not have a ſurer to all the happineſs of which our preſent ſtate admits. Its ſimplicity may have been diſguiſed—its intention perverted—its doctrines miſrepreſented, and concluſions drawn, ſuiting rather the intereſt or ambition of the expoſitor, than the direction of the text: but when I reſort to the rule itſelf;—when I find it aſſerting, that the whole of my duty is to love God above all things, and my neighbour as myſelf—to live always mindful by whom I am ſent into, and preſerved in, the world, and always diſpoſed to do in it the utmoſt good in my power; I can no more doubt, whether this is the voice of my Creator, than I can doubt, whether it muſt be his will, that, when he has made me a reaſonable creature, I ſhould act like one. But I will drop a topic, on which I am ſure your father muſt have ſufficiently enlarged: I can only ſpeak to it more generally: *difficulties* and *objections* I muſt leave him to obviate; yet thus much confidently affirming, that if you won't adopt an irreligious ſcheme, till you find one clear of them, you will continue as good a chriſtian, as it has been our joint care to make you. I pray God you may do ſo. He that would corrupt your principles, is the enemy you have moſt to fear; an enemy who means you worſe, than any you will draw your ſword againſt.

When you are told, that the ſoldier's religion is his honour, obſerve the practice of them from whom you hear it; you'll ſoon then have proof enough, they mean little more by honour, than what is requiſite to keep or advance their commiſſions—that they are ſtill in their own opinion men of nice honour, though abandoned to the groſſeſt enſuality and exceſs—though chargeable with acts of the foulest perfidy and injuſtice—that the honour by which they govern themſelves differs as widely from what is truly ſuch, as humour from reaſon. True honour is to virtue what good breeding is to good nature, the poliſhing, the refinement of it. And the more you think of chriſtianity, the more firmly you will be perſuaded, that in its precepts *the ſtricteſt rules of honour* are contained. By theſe I, certainly, would have you always guided, and, on that very account, have reminded you of the religion, which not only ſhews you them, but propoſes the reward likelieſt to attach you to them. I have done. Take care of yourſelf. You won't fly danger, don't court it. If the one would bring your courage into queſtion, the other will your ſenſe. The raſh is as ill qualified for command, as the coward. May every

bleſſing

bleſſing attend you! And to ſecure your happineſs, live always attentive to your duty; reverence and obey Him to whom you owe your being, and from whom muſt come whatever good you can hope for in it. Adieu. I can't ſay it would ſufficiently comfort me for your loſs, that you died with honour; but it would infinitely leſs afflict me to hear of you among the dead, than among the profligate.

What has been the iſſue of inſtructions like theſe from both parents? *Scipio*, for ſo we will call the worthy man, from the time he received his commiſſion, has alike diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his courage and conduct. The greateſt dangers have not terrified, the worſt examples have not corrupted him. He has approved himſelf diſdaining by cowardice to keep *life*, and abhorring to ſhorten *it* by exceſs: the bravery with which he has hazarded *it*, is equalled by the prudence with which he paſſes *it*.

§ 151. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE SECOND.

Cum animus, cognitis perceptiſque virtutibus, à corporis obſequio, indulgentiaque diſceſſerit, voluptatemque, ſicut labem aliquam decoris oppreſſerit, omnemque mortis doloriſque timorem effugerit, ſocietatemque caritatis colerit cum ſuis, omneſque naturâ conjunctos, ſuos duxerit, cultumque deorum, & puram religionem ſuſceperit—quid eo, dici aut excogitari poterit beatius? *Tull. de Legibus.*

Among the *Indians* there is an excellent ſet of men, called *Gymnoſophiſts:* theſe I greatly admire, not as ſkilled in propagating the vine——in the arts of grafting or agriculture. They apply not themſelves to till the ground——to ſearch after gold——to break the horſe——to tame the bull——to ſhear or feed ſheep or goats. What is it then that engages them? One thing preferable to all theſe. Wiſdom is the purſuit as well of the old men, the teachers, as of the young, their diſciples? Nor is there any thing among them that I ſo much praiſe, as their averſion to ſloth and idleneſs.

When the tables are ſpread, before the meat is ſet on them, all the youth, aſſembling to their meal, are aſked by their maſters——In what uſeful taſk they have been employed from ſunriſing to that time.—— One repreſents himſelf as having been choſen an arbitrator, and ſucceeded by his prudent management in compoſing a difference—— in making them friends who were at variance. A ſecond had been paying obedience to his parents commands. A third had made ſome diſcovery by his own application, or learned ſomething by another's inſtruction. The reſt give an account of themſelves in the ſame way.

He who has done nothing to deſerve a dinner, is turned out of doors without one.

Dipping into *Apuleius* for my afternoon's amuſement, the foregoing paſſage was the laſt I read, before I fell into a ſlumber, which exhibited to me a vaſt concourſe of the faſhionable people at the court-end of the town, under the examination of a Gymnoſophiſt how they had paſſed their morning. He begun with the men.

Many of them acknowledged, that the morning, properly ſpeaking, was near gone, before their eyes were opened.

Many of them had only riſen to dreſs—— to viſit—to amuſe themſelves at the drawing-room or coffee-houſe.

Some had by riding or walking been conſulting that health at the beginning of the day, which the cloſe of it would wholly paſs in impairing.

Some from the time they had got on their own cloaths, had been engaged in ſeeing others put on theirs——in attending levees——in endeavouring to procure by their importunity, what they had diſqualified themſelves for by their idleneſs.

Some had been early out of their beds, but it was becauſe they could not, from their ill-luck the preceding evening, reſt in them; and when riſen, as they had no ſpirits, they could not reconcile themſelves to any ſort of application.

Some had not had it in their power to do what was of much conſequence; in the former part of the morning, they wanted to ſpeak with their tradeſmen; and in the latter, they could not be denied to their friends.

Others, truly, had been reading, but reading what could make them neither wiſer nor better, what was not worth their remembering, or what they ſhould wiſh to forget.

It grieved me to hear ſo many of eminent rank, both in the ſea and land ſervice, giving an account of themſelves that levelled them with the meaneſt under their command.

Several appeared with an air expreſſing the fulleſt confidence that what they had to ſay for themſelves would be to the philoſopher's entire ſatisfaction. They had been employed as Virtuoſi ſhould be——had been exerciſing their ſkill in the liberal arts, and encouraging the artiſts. Medals, pictures, ſtatues had undergone their examination, and been their purchaſe. They had been inquiring what the literati of *France, Germany*,

many, *Italy* had of late publiſhed; and they had bought what ſuited their reſpective taſtes.

When it appeared, that the compleating a *Roman* ſeries had been their concern, who had never read over, in their own language, a *Latin* hiſtorian——that they who grudged no expence for originals, knew them only by hearſay from their worſt copies——that the very perſons who had paid ſo much for the labour of *Ryſbrack*, upon Sir *Andrew*'s *judgment*, would, if they had followed their *own*, have paid the ſame ſum for that of *Bird*'s——That the book-buyers had not laid out their money on what they ever propoſed to read, but on what they had heard commended, and what they wanted to fit a ſhelf, and fill a library that only ſerved them for a breakfaſt-room; this claſs of men the Sage pronounced the idleſt of all idle people, and doubly blameable, as waſting alike their time and their fortune.

The follies of one ſex had ſo tired the philoſopher, that he would ſuffer no account to be given him of thoſe of the other. It was eaſy for him to gueſs how the females muſt have been employed, where ſuch were the examples in thoſe they were to *honour and obey*.

For a ſhort ſpace there was a general ſilence. The Gymnoſophiſt at length expreſſed himſelf to this effect: You have been repreſented to me as a people who would uſe your own reaſon——who would think for yourſelves——who would freely inquire, form your opinions on evidence, and adopt no man's ſentiments merely becauſe they were his. A character, to which, for ought I can find, you are as ill entitled as, perhaps, moſt nations in the univerſe. The freedom with which great names are oppoſed, and received opinions queſtioned by *ſome* among you, is, probably, no other than what is uſed by *ſome* of every country in which liberal inquiries are purſued. The difference is, *you* ſafely publiſh your ſentiments on every ſubject; to *them* it would be penal to avow any notions that agree not with thoſe of their ſuperiors. But when you thus paſs your days, as if you thought not at all, have you any pretence to freedom of thought? Can they be ſaid to love truth, who ſhun conſideration? When it ſeems your ſtudy to be uſeleſs, to be of no ſervice to others or yourſelf——when you treat your time as a burthen, to be eaſed of which is your whole concern——when that ſituation, thoſe circumſtances of life are accounted the happieſt, which moſt tempt you to be idle and inſignificant; human nature is as much diſhonoured by you, as it is by any of thoſe people, whoſe ſavageneſs or ſuperſtition you have in the greateſt contempt.

Let me not be told, how well you approve your reaſon by your arguments or your ſentiments. The proper uſe of reaſon, is to act reaſonably. When you ſo groſsly fail in this, all the juſt apprehenſions you may entertain, all the right things you may ſay, only prove with what abilities you are formed, and with what guilt you miſapply them.

The Sage here raiſing his arm with his voice, I concluded it adviſeable not to ſtand quite ſo near him. In attempting to remove I awoke, and haſtened to commit to writing a dream that had ſo much truth in it, and therefore expreſſed how ſeaſonable it will be to conſider to what uſe of our time we are directed.

Firſt, by our preſent ſtate and condition;

Secondly, by the relation we bear to each other;

Thirdly, by that in which we ſtand towards the Deity.

If we are raiſed above the brutes——if we are undeniably of a more excellent kind, we muſt be made for a different purpoſe; we cannot have the faculties they want, but in order to a life different from theirs; and when our life is not ſuch——when it is but a round of eating, drinking, and ſleeping, as theirs is——when, by our idleneſs and inattention, we are almoſt on a level with them, both as to all ſenſe of duty and all uſeful knowledge that we poſſeſs, our time muſt have been grievouſly miſemployed; there is no ſurer token of its having been ſo, than that we have done ſo little to advance ourſelves above the herd, when our Creator had vouchſafed us ſo far ſuperior a capacity.

The creatures below us are wholly intent on the pleaſures of ſenſe, becauſe they are capable of no other: but as man is capable of much higher and nobler, he muſt have this privilege, that his purſuits may be accordingly——that his better nature ſhould be better employed.

Were we born only to ſatisfy the appetites we have in common with the brute kind, we ſhould, like it, have no higher principle to direct us——to furniſh us with other delights. All the diſtinction between us that this principle *can* make, was, undoubtedly, intended by our Creator to *be* made; and the leſs any appears, our abuſe of this principle, and conſequently our oppoſition

poſition to our Maker's will, is the more notorious and blameable.

It may ſeem then plain, that there are advantages to be purſued, and a certain degree of excellence to be attained by us, according to the powers that we have, and the creatures below us want. How induſtrious we ſhould be to improve each opportunity for this, we may learn by attending, in the next place, to our *uncertain*, and, at all events, *ſhort* continuance on earth.

We are fully appriſed, that by the pains of a few hours or days no progreſs can be made in any thing, that has the ſlighteſt pretence to commendation. Thoſe accompliſhments, that are confined to our finger's ends, what months, what years of application do they coſt us! And, alas! what trifles are the moſt admired of them, in compariſon of a great number of others for which we are qualified; and which, as they are ſo infinitely preferable to theſe, ought to be ſo much the more earneſtly ſought! When, therefore, the whole term allowed for gaining and uſing them, is thus precarious and ſhort, we can have but a very ſmall portion of it to diſpoſe of as we pleaſe—— to paſs entirely as mere fancy or humour ſuggeſts. If much is to be done in a very ſhort time, the good huſbandry of it muſt be conſulted: and there is no one, who conſiders what we, univerſally, may effect—in how many particulars we may be of ſervice to ourſelves—how much depends upon our endeavours—how neceſſary they are for our attaining what ſhould be moſt valued by us, what is of greateſt conſequence to us; there is, I ſay, no one, who conſiders theſe things, but muſt admit, that we have much to do, and, therefore, that the ſcanty term we have for it ought to be carefully managed—can only by a prudent management ſuffice for the diſpatch of ſuch a taſk.

And our opportunities, for making attainments thus deſirable, ſhould be ſo much the more diligently watched and readily embraced, as they meet with many unavoidable interruptions even in our ſhort life.

How great a part of our time is *neceſſarily* loſt to us——is conſumed by, that ſhorter death, our ſleep! We are really better œconomiſts than ordinary in this inſtance, if only a third part of our life thus paſſes: and on the reſt of it what a large demand is made by our meals——by our juſtifiable recreations——by the forms and civilities, to which a proper correſpondence with our fellow-creatures obliges us? Add to theſe neceſſary deductions, the many caſual ones with which we all, unavoidably, meet, and it will ſoon appear, what an exceeding ſmall part of our ſhort continuance on earth, we have to beſtow on ſuch purpoſes of living, as alone can be of credit to us.

We are further to reflect, that in the ſmall part of our life, in which we can be employed like reaſonable creatures, opportunities, for doing what may be of greateſt moment, do not always ſerve us; and with ſome of them, if loſt, we never again meet.

We depend very much on things without us, and over which we have no ſort of command. There may be an extraordinary advantage derived to us from them; but, if the firſt offer of this be neglected, we may never have a ſecond.

Nor is it only the dependance we have on things without us, that requires us ſo carefully to watch our opportunities; we have a ſtill more awakening call, if poſſible, to this from within ourſelves——from the reſtraints to which the exerciſe of our powers is ſubjected. We cannot uſe theſe when and as we pleaſe——we cannot chuſe the time of life wherein to avail ourſelves of our natural endowments, and to reap all the advantage deſigned us in them.

When we are in our youth, our bodies eaſily receive whatever mien or motion can recommend us: where is the ſound ſo difficult, which our tongue cannot be then taught to expreſs? To what ſpeed may our feet then be brought, and our hands to what dexterity? But if we are advanced to manhood before the forming us in any of theſe ways is attempted, all endeavour after it will then either be quite fruitleſs, or, probably, leſs ſucceſsful than it would have been in our earlier years; and whatever its ſucceſs be, a much greater might have formerly been obtained with half the pains.

The very ſame is it with our underſtanding, with our will and our paſſions. There is a certain ſeaſon when our minds may be enlarged——when a vaſt ſtock of uſeful truths may be acquired—when our paſſions will readily ſubmit to the government of reaſon—when right principles may be ſo fixed in us, as to influence every important action of our future lives: but the ſeaſon for this extends neither to the whole, nor to any conſiderable length of our continuance upon earth; it is limited to a few years of our term; and, if throughout theſe we neglect it, error or ignorance are, according to the ordinary courſe of things, entailed upon us. Our will becomes our law——our luſts gain a ſtrength that we after-

afterwards vainly oppose—wrong inclinations become so confirmed in us, that they defeat all our endeavours to correct them.

II. Let me proceed to consider what directions are furnished us for the employment of our time, by the relation we bear to each other.

Society is manifestly upheld by a circulation of kindness: we are all of us, in some way or other, wanting assistance, and in like manner, qualified to give it. None are in a state of independency on their fellow-creatures. The most slenderly endowed are not a mere burthen on their kind; even they can contribute their share to the common good, and may be to the political body, what those parts of us, in which we least pride ourselves, are to the natural, not greatly indeed its ornaments, but much for its real use.

We learn what are justly our mutual claims, from this mutual dependency: that on its account, as well as for other reasons, our life is not to pass in a round of pleasure or idleness, or according to the suggestions of mere humour and fancy, or in sordid and selfish pursuits.

There can be nothing more evidently my duty than that I should return the kindness I receive——than that, if many are employed in promoting my interest, I should be as intent on furthering theirs.

All men are by nature equal. Their common passions and affections, their common infirmities, their common wants give such constant remembrances of this equality, even to them who are most disposed to forget it, that they cannot, with all their endeavours, render themselves wholly unmindful thereof——they cannot become *insensible*, how unwilling soever they may be to *consider*, that their debt is as large as their demands—that they owe to others, as much as they can reasonably expect from them.

But are all then upon a level—must those distinctions be thrown down, which, being the chief support of the order and peace of society, are such of its happiness; and which nature herself may be judged to appoint, by the very dispositions and abilities with which she forms us; qualifying some for rule, and fitting some for subjection?

That, in many instances, we are all upon a level, none can deny, who regard the materials of our bodies—the diseases and pain to which we are subject—our entrance into the world—the means of preserving us in it—the length of our continuance therein—our passage out of it. But then as it will not follow, that, because we are made of the same materials—are liable to the same accidents and end, we, therefore, are the same throughout; neither is it a just conclusion, that, because we are levelled in our dependence, we should be so in our employments.

Superiority will remain—distinctions will be preserved, though all of us must serve each other, while that service is differently performed.

Superiority has no sort of connection with idleness and uselessness: it may exempt us from the bodily fatigue of our inferiors, from their confinement and hardships—it may entitle some to the deference and submission of those abut them; but it by no means exempts any of us from all attention to the common good, from all endeavours to promote it—by no means does it entitle any of us to live, like so many drones, on the industry of others, to reap all the benefit we can from them, and be of none to them.

The distinctions of prince and subject—noble and vulgar—rich and poor, consist not in this, that the one has a great deal to do, and the other nothing—that the one must be always busied, and the other may be always taking his pleasure, or enjoying his ease. No, in this they consist, that these several persons are differently *busied*—assist each other in different ways.

The sovereign acquaints himself with the true state of his kingdom—directs the execution of its laws—provides for the exact administration of justice—secures the properties of his people—preserves their peace. These are his cares; and that they may be the more assured of success, and have their weight more easily supported, his commands find the readiest obedience—a large revenue is assigned him—the highest honours are paid him. It is not, in any of these instances, the man who is regarded, but the head of the community; and that for the benefit of the community—for the security of its quiet, and the furtherance of its prosperity.

The nobility have it their task, to qualify themselves for executing the more honourable and important offices of the commonwealth, and to execute these offices with diligence and fidelity. The very station, to which they are advanced, is supposed either the recompence of great service done the public, or of the merit of an uncommon capacity to serve it.

The richer members of the state, as they have all the helps that education can give

them—as in their riper age they have all the opportunity they can wish for to improve upon these helps—as their circumstances exempt them from the temptations, to which poverty is exposed; to them is committed the discharge of those offices in the commonwealth, which are next to the highest, and sometimes even of these—they either concur in making laws for the society, or are chiefly concerned in executing them—commerce, arts, science, liberty, virtue, whatever can be for the credit and peace—for the ease and prosperity of a nation, depends on the part they act—on their conduct.

Let them be a supine, indolent race, averse to rational inquiries—to all serious application—let it be their business to divert themselves, to give a loose to fancy and appetite—let all their schemes be those of self-indulgence, and their life a round of vanity and sensuality; sad must be the condition of the nation to which they belong! throughout it must be disorder and confusion—it must have the worst to fear from its more powerful neighbours.

And as, in all countries, *they* who are distinguished by *their* rank or fortune, have *their* post, *their* duty, *their* task for the common good—as to discharge this requires many accomplishments, the attainment of which is, matter of much attention and pains, requires an improved understanding, command of passions, an integrity and resolution, which only can be preserved by an habitual serioufness and reflection—as *they* cannot fail in *their* parts, cannot misemploy *their* leisure, and unfit themselves for, or be negligent in the service appointed *them*, but *their* country must suffer grievously in its most valuable interests; the diligence *they* should use, the little time *they* have to trifle away is evident: it is most evident under what obligations *they* are, not to abandon themselves to merely animal gratifications, and the pleasures of sense—to sloth and inactivity.

Nor is it only from the omission of what *they* ought to perform, that the public will in this case suffer, but from the example *they* set. An insensibility that they are to live to any useful purposes—a thoughtlessness of their having any thing to mind but their humour and liking—a gross carelessness how their days pass, cannot appear amongst those of higher rank, but the infection will spread itself among those of a lower; these will desire to be as lazy and worthless as their superiors—to have the same share of mirth and jollity—to be of as little consequence to the public.

That this will be the case, is as certain, as experience can make any thing. It has been, and is, every where, found, that where they, who have the wealth, and are therefore supposed, though very unreasonably, to have the sense of a nation, treat their time as of no account, only think of making it subservient to their excesses, their vanity, or their sports; the same wrong notions soon spread among their inferiors.

The populace, indeed, cannot be quite so dissolute—they cannot be so immersed in sloth and sensuality, as the richer part of a nation, because their circumstances permit it not: their maintenance must cost them some care and pains, but they will take as little as they can—they will, as far as is in their power, have their fill of what their betters teach them to be the comforts of life, the enjoyments proper for reasonable creatures—they cannot debauch themselves in the more elegant and expensive ways, but they will in those which suit their education and condition—they cannot be wholly useless, but if they make themselves of any service, it shall only be, because they are paid for it, because they cannot be supported without it.

And how can we expect that things should be otherwise? It is not, upon the lowest computation, one in a hundred who forms his manners upon the principles of reason. Example, customary practice govern us. And, as they, who are more especially dependent upon others, have it taught them, from their very infancy, to respect those on whom they depend—to observe them—to be directed by them; no wonder that they should be fond of imitating them, as far as their situation admits; no wonder that they should copy their follies, since *that* they can do most easily, and *that* most suits their natural depravity.

But to him, whose industry is his support, I would observe: he should not think, that, if they, who enjoy the plenty he wants, are prodigal of their time—misemploy it—waste it; *their* abuse of it will at all excuse *his*. He cannot possibly be ignorant how unfitting such a waste of time is—how much good it hinders—how much evil it occasions—and how much a greater sufferer he will be from it, than those who are in more plentiful circumstances.

And let it be considered, by both high and low, rich and poor, that there can be nothing so becoming them, there can be

nothing

nothing that will give them so solid, so lasting a satisfaction, as to be employed in serving mankind—in furthering their happiness. What thought can we entertain more honourable with respect to God himself, than that "his mercy is over all his "works"—that his goodness is continually displaying itself through the whole extent of being—that the unthankful and the evil he not only forbears, but still seeks to awaken to a due acknowledgment of him—to a just sense of their true interest, by persevering in his kindness towards them, by continuing to them the blessings they so ill deserve?

And if the consideration of the universal Creator as thus acting be really that which makes him appear most amiable to us—which affects us with the most profound veneration of him, and chiefly renders it pleasing to us to contemplate his other perfections; what worth do we evidence, how highly do we recommend ourselves, when employed either in qualifying ourselves for doing good, or in doing it,—when we have the common advantage our constant pursuit—when we seek for pleasure in making ourselves of use, and feel happiness in the degree in which we communicate it?

III. What employment of our time the relation in which we stand to God suggests to us, I am next to shew.

Every one who reads this, I may justly suppose sensible that there is a nature superior to his own, and even possessed of the highest excellencies—that to it we owe our existence, owe the endowments, which place us at the head of all the creatures upon earth, owe whatever can make us desire to have our existence continued to us—that by this superior nature *alone*, many of our wants can be supplied—that on it we entirely depend—that from its favour the whole of our increasing happiness can be expected.

From what we thus know of God and ourselves, there must arise certain duties towards him, the performance of which will have its demand on our time. His perfections require our highest veneration; this cannot be exercised or preserved without our serious attention to, and recollection of them. His mercies demand our most humble and grateful acknowledgments; proper acts of thanksgiving are therefore what we should be blameable to omit; they daily become us, and should be made with all the solemnity and fervor, that suit the kindness vouchsafed us, and the majesty of him to whom we address ourselves *. A due sense of our weakness and wants is a constant admonition to us to look up to that Being whose power and goodness are infinite, and to cherish such dispositions as are most likely to recommend us to him: hence it is evident what stress we should lay upon those awful invocations of the divine interposition in our favour, and upon that devout confession of our unworthiness of it, which have a natural tendency to keep the Deity present to our remembrance, and to purify our hearts.

Public acknowledgments of the goodness of God, and application for his blessings, contribute to give a whole community suitable apprehensions of him; and these, if it be my duty to entertain, it is equally my duty to propagate; both as the regard I pay the divine excellencies is hereby fitly expressed, and as the same advantage, that I receive from such apprehensions, will be received by all whom they affect in the same manner with me. Hence it is clearly our duty to join in the public worship—to promote by our regular attendance upon it, a like regularity in others.

These observations will, I hope, be thought sufficient proofs, that, from the relation we bear to God, a certain portion of our time is his claim—ought to be set apart for meditation upon him, for prayer to him, and for such other exercise of our reason as more immediately respects him, and suits our obligations towards him. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 152. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE THIRD.

'Since all things are uncertain, favour 'yourself.' Where have I met with it? Whosoever the advice is, it proceeds upon a supposition absolutely false, That there is

* Never to acknowledge the enjoyments and privileges we have received, and hold, of God, is in effect to *deny* that we received them from him; not to apply to him for a supply of our wants, is to *deny*, either our wants, or his power of helping us. *Religion of Nature delineated*, p. 121.

If I should never pray to God, or worship him at all, such a total omission would be equivalent to this assertion, There is no God, who governs the world, to be adored; which, if there is such a Being, must be contrary t truth. Also *generally* and *notoriously* to neglect this duty, though not always, will favour, if not directly proclaim, the same untruth. For certainly to worship God after this manner, is only to worship him accidentally, which is to declare it a great accident that he is worshipped at all, and this approaches as near as possible to a *total* neglect. Besides, such a sparing and infrequent worshipper of the Deity, betrays such an habitual disregard of him, as will render every religious act insignificant and null. *Ib.* p. 18.

an uncertainty in all things: and were the ſuppoſition true, the inference would be wrong; did we allow, that there was ſuch an uncertainty in all things, it would be wrongly concluded from thence, that we ſhould favour ourſelves.

Firſt, there is not the uncertainty here ſuppoſed. With regard to thoſe things, which call us to thoughts very different from that of *favouring* ourſelves—which ſhould withdraw our attention from our own will, our own liking—which ſuggeſt to us quite other conſiderations than of taking our eaſe, and indulging our appetites—which ſhould make the animal life the leaſt of our concern—which ſhould render us only ſolicitous to purify ourſelves, and be uſeful to our fellow-creatures; with regard to theſe things, I ſay, we have either abſolute certainty, or the higheſt degree of probability.

To have produced ſo much beauty and order, as every where diſcover themſelves, intelligence was not only *requiſite*, but great wiſdom and power. The beneficial effects naturally reſulting from the things thus beautifully formed and orderly diſpoſed, *demonſtrate* the goodneſs, as well as the wiſdom and power of their author.

That the benefits he deſigned, ſhould conſtantly take place, *muſt*, as he is a good being, *be agreeable to his will*; and whatever hinders their taking effect, *muſt be diſagreeable to it.*

We *cannot have a ſurer mark* of what pleaſes him, than its being productive of happineſs; and whatever has miſery accompanying it, *carries with it the cleareſt proof* of its diſpleaſing him.

A virtuous practice greatly furthering the happineſs of mankind, *muſt be pleaſing to their Maker*; a vicious one *muſt diſpleaſe him*, as it neceſſarily obſtructs their happineſs.

If from any accidental indiſpoſition of things, as from the number of the criminal, virtue ſhould *here* miſs its reward, there is *great likelihood* that it will *elſewhere* receive it; and, if vice, by a like accident, ſhould, in particular inſtances, not carry with it thoſe marks of its offending the Governor of the world, which it in moſt caſes bears, there is the *higheſt probability* that it will have its puniſhment in ſome future ſtate. There is that probability in favour of *virtue*, not only from what our reaſonings on the juſtice and goodneſs of God induce us to think *it* has to expect from him, but alſo from the viſible manner in which he ſignifies his approbation of *it*. He has impreſſed a ſenſe of *its* worth on the minds of all mankind—he has made ſatisfaction inſeparable from a conformity to *it*—he has appointed many advantages, in the ordinary courſe of things, *its* attendants; which ſeem concurring *aſſurances*, that to whatſoever diſadvantages *it* may now, occaſionally expoſe us, they will be at length fully recompenſed. And there is the *probability* I have mentioned, that the guilty will not be always without a puniſhment adequate to their crimes, not only from the apprehenſions we may fitly entertain of a juſt Governor of the univerſe; but, alſo, from the manner in which he, to the notice of all men, expreſſes his abhorrence of vice: annexing to *many* crimes immediate inconveniences—giving *others* a very ſhort reſpite from the ſevereſt diſtreſs, the painfulleſt diſeaſes—allowing *none* to have our reaſon and conſcience on their ſide, to be approved by us in our hours of ſeriouſneſs and calm reflection.

Virtue is, *evidently*, preſerved and promoted by frequent conſideration—by diligence and application—by the denial of our appetites—by the reſtraint of our inclinations—by a conſtant watchfulneſs over our paſſions—by cheriſhing in ourſelves ſentiments of humanity and benevolence. Vice is, as *manifeſtly*, produced, and confirmed by inattention—by ſupineneſs and careleſſneſs—by favouring our appetites—by conſulting rather what we are diſpoſed to, than what is beſt for us, rather what inclination, than what reaſon ſuggeſts—by an attachment to the ſatisfaction of the preſent moment, to our immediate profit or convenience—by adopting narrow, ſelfiſh principles.

Thus it will appear, that there is by no means an uncertainty in all things. Moſt certain it is from whence virtue has its ſecurity and improvement. Equally certain is it how we become bad, and how we are made worſe. Virtue has, in the nature of things, a reward of which it cannot be deprived, and vice as ſure a puniſhment. All thoſe accidents which obſtruct either the advantages ſuiting a virtuous practice, or the ſufferings that a vicious one ought to feel, may *fitly* carry our thoughts to ſome future ſtate, when each will have its full deſert from that Being, who has ſo clearly expreſſed as well his approbation of virtue, as his abhorrence of vice; and whoſe goodneſs, wiſdom and power, as they admit of *demonſtration*, ſo *they cannot but be believed* to concur in beſtowing thoſe rewards and puniſhments, which will be moſt for the welfare of the nobleſt part of the creation, the intelligent part of it.

But

But if there were the uncertainty that is not; the right consequence would not be, Favour yourself: it would be, Secure yourself: Provide against the worst. Let your present enjoyments be directed by the influence they may have on your future happiness: consider the whole possible extent of your existence, and forego the satisfaction of a few moments, rather than hazard the loss of a good that may continue for endless ages.

Such seem the proper inferences in this case; and the security of ourselves is very unlikely to be effected by favouring ourselves: the result of this, in a remoter period, may, with the highest degree of probability, be conjectured from what is, every day, experienced.

Bear and forbear, is the lesson for him who merely seeks to give his present life all the comfort in his power. Great inconveniences we cannot even here avoid, but by submitting to lesser.

Freedom from pain is the price of the enjoyments we deny ourselves; and strength of body purchased by the exercise that so severely fatigues it.

To what sleepless nights would he be condemned, whose ease throughout the day was to have no interruption? How little relish should we have of our food, were we to know nothing of the disquiet of hunger? The man who would most taste the gratifications of sense, must be the most sparing in his application to them? *thence it is* they not only are heightened, but continued to us. It seems the condition of our being, that we should have no pleasure *gratis*—that we should pay for each, before or after its enjoyment. To decline whatever we could be less pleased with, is the surest way to increase both the number of our sufferings, and their weight.

What can be more precarious than the continuance of human life? Who in his twentieth year acknowledges not, how uncertain it is whether he shall see his fortieth? Yet no one of common prudence seeks barely to crowd as much satisfaction into his life, as can consist with his reaching that period: there is no prudent man but denies himself many things, in hopes of attaining a much longer term.

We must unusually fail in the love of our children, if we would not pursue their welfare, in the same way by which we judge our own best consulted. But where is the advocate for "Favour yourself, since all "things are uncertain," who, if discretion makes any part of his character, governs himself by that principle in their education —who does not restrain them in a thousand instances? while yet the uneasiness it gives, and the tears it costs them, may probably never find that very small recompence, which must be the utmost he can propose from it. I say, this recompence may, *probably*, never be found; a late eminent mathematician having, upon an exact calculation, observed, that one half of those that are born, are dead in seventeen years time.

Some claim to a public spirit, to a love of their country, we find made by the generality of us, even in this very profligate age. But from him, whose rule it is to favour himself, the public can have nothing to expect. Were this the prevailing principle among us, 'tis obvious how little regard would be shewn to the common welfare.

All of the learned professions would regulate their application, by its subserviency to their maintenance, and think they had nothing so much to study, as how to make their fortune.

Soldier and sailor would have no notion of any honour distinct from their advantage —of any obligation they could be under, when their pay might be safe, to endanger their persons.

The people would judge none so fit to represent them, as they who had been at the greatest expence in corrupting them: and the representatives of the people would see no reason why the whole of what was to be gained should go to their constituents.

In short, nothing but supineness and sloth—an attachment to their ease, and the gratification of their senses—low, unmanly views—pursuits throughout the most selfish and sordid could prevail, among all orders and degrees of men, in any country, where the received doctrine was, *favour yourself*.

Hence certainly is it, that not only the better constituted governments, but even the nations of a less refined policy, have encouraged so much an indifference to the scanty portion of life here allotted us—to the continuance, the ease, the conveniences of it; exciting, by various methods, each member of the community, to have chiefly at heart the public interest—to be ever diligent and active in promoting it—to submit to any difficulties for the service of his country, and to despise death in its defence.

Nor do we, universally, esteem any characters more, than those of the persons who have distinguished themselves by their dis-

intereſtedneſs—by their zeal for the common good—by their ſlighting all private advantages that came in competition with it.

What has been the language of the more generous Heathen, but the very reverſe of Favour thyſelf? *Plato* adviſes his friend *Archytas* to conſider "that we are not born "for ourſelves alone—that our country, "our parents, our friends have their re- "ſpective claims upon us." *Epiſt.* ix. p. 358. vol. 3.

Ariſtotle, in ſettling the true difference between the lawful and culpable love of ourſelves, obſerves, that ſuch love of ourſelves is, undoubtedly, blameable, as induces us to ſeek as large a ſhare as may be, of wealth, honour, and ſenſual pleaſure. He, afterwards, conſiders a life of reaſon and virtue, as the proper life of a man, and pronounces him the true lover of himſelf, who makes ſuch a life his care.

He goes on, "When all are intent on "the practice of what is right, and each "lays himſelf out on the worthieſt actions, "the public welfare will, thereby, be ef- "fectually provided for, and every private "perſon conſult his own greateſt happineſs. "It is moſt truly ſaid of the good man, "that he will ſerve his friends and his "country—will do it, even at the expence "of his life. For, as to wealth, honour, "and all thoſe other goods about which "there is ſo much ſtir in the world, he "will have *no* regard to them, when they "come into competition with the diſcharge "of his duty. He will rather chuſe to live "one year well, than many at random. "He is juſtly thought the good man, who "has nothing ſo much at heart, as how to "act rightly."

To mention another *Greek* writer;

We are born, ſays the excellent emperor *Antoninus*, to aſſiſt each other, l. 2. §. 1. His counſel is, "Whatſoever you do, do "it with a view to your being a good man; "good, not in the ordinary, but in the "ſtrict and proper ſenſe of the word," l. iv. §. 10. "In this delight, in this re- "poſe yourſelf, in paſſing from one uſeful "action to another; ſtill mindful of the "Deity." l. vi. §. 7.

"Whatſoever I do, ſays he, by myſelf, "or the aſſiſtance of others, ought wholly "to be directed by what the common ad- "vantage requires," l. vii. §. 5.

He, elſewhere, cenſures every action of ours, that has no reference either immediately, or more remotely, to the duties of ſocial life, l. ix. §. 23. To deſpiſe, ſays *Tully*, and make no account of pleaſure, life, wealth, in compariſon of the public welfare, is the part of a great and generous mind.—A life of toil and trouble in order to promote, if poſſible, the good of all mankind, would be much more agreeable to nature, than to paſs one's days in ſolitude, not only without any care, but enjoying the greateſt pleaſures, and having every thing could be wanted at command. *De Off.* l. iii. 283, 284.

We are all, according to *Seneca*, members of one great body, Ep. 95. We muſt conſult the happineſs of others, if we would our own. In his treatiſe *of a Happy Life*, mentioning what the man muſt be, who may hope to paſs hence to the abodes of the celeſtial beings; part of his deſcription of him is, "That he lives as if he knew him- "ſelf born for others—conſults in all he "does the approbation of his conſcience— "regulates his every action by conſidering "it as well known to the public, as it is to "himſelf—treats the whole world as his "country—regards the gods as preſent "wherever he is, and as remarking what- "ever he acts and ſpeaks."

True happineſs is, throughout this author's works, conſidered as derived from virtue—from the ſteady purſuit of what is right and our duty.

Theſe reflections will, I hope, appear not improperly introducing the conſideration of the part we have to act as expectants of happineſs in a future ſtate; the ſubject of the following eſſay.

This expectation does not indeed furniſh any employment of our time that would not be comprehended under the heads on which I have already enlarged; but it is the ſtrongeſt poſſible enforcement of what they teach us.

Can I ſuppoſe that beyond the grave there is any happineſs prepared for me, if I live unmindful of the privileges here vouchſafed me—if, when I am placed above the beaſts, I will put myſelf upon a level with them—if that ſpiritual part of me, which makes me a fit ſubject for this happineſs, be neglected, and all my care and pains laid out on my body, on what was earth ſo lately, and muſt ſo ſpeedily be earth again!

Are there certain diſpoſitions which prepare us for, and which, by being perfected, probably conſtitute the happineſs of another life; and may we hope to obtain it, when our purſuits contributed to ſuppreſs theſe diſpoſitions, or when we are wholly regardleſs of cultivating them?

Whatever

Whatever I hope for in a future abode, I ought to think the reward of something here done by me; and when the time for action here is so short, even in its longest continuance—when likewise our opportunities are so few, and so irrecoverably lost, we must conclude it most fitting, in order to the success of our hopes, to embrace the opportunity before us; not to neglect it from a presumption of finding others which perhaps may never come, or, if they do come, may be less favourable to us than the present; but to derive from this every advantage it is capable of yielding us.

Further, if according to the greater or less use of which we make ourselves to our fellow-creatures, we more or less answer the end of our creation, we must conceive this to be a point, our special regard to which will be the necessary consequence of the views we have beyond the grave. The bliss we then promise ourselves cannot be thought a likelier reward of any practice, than of that which aims at the most extensive good; nor can one of common sense think such happiness likely to be our portion, after a life spent as unprofitably, as that of those creatures, the whole of whose satisfactions we all confine to those they at present enjoy—to their present existence. Hence our hopes after death will be perpetually urging us to what we can do most for the good of mankind, and must be a motive to it of the greatest weight.

Thus, likewise, when I contemplate a more desirable state of being, than what I am now granted, awaiting me at my departure hence; as it is impossible that I should not at the same time take into my consideration, to whom I must owe this blessing, from whom it can be received; I must hereby be necessarily led to a great desire of pleasing him from whom it is to come, and therefore to all such application to him, and acknowledgment of his excellencies, as can be supposed due from, and required of me.

To all the several tasks I have mentioned, we are thus particularly directed by attending to the happiness reserved for us; the consideration of it thus strongly enforces their performance.

How far it must in general contribute to the best employment of our time, the following observations may, I hope, fully convince us.

If we survey the things, on the value of which we are universally agreed, we shall perceive few, if any, of them obtained or secured without more or less care on our part, and some of them only the recompence of our painfullest endeavour. The long enjoyment of health is in vain expected, if we wholly decline the fatigue of exercise, and the uneasiness of self-denial. The greatest estate must at length be wasted by him, who will be at no trouble in the management of it, who cannot torment his brains with examining accounts, and regulating the various articles of a large expence. Whose power is so established that the preservation of it costs him not much solicitude—many anxious thoughts; and compels him not to mortify himself in numerous instances? This is the case of them whom *we esteem* the most fortunate of their kind. As to the generality, how difficult do they find the acquisition of the meanest of these advantages? What years of diligence does it cost them to raise but a moderate fortune? Vast numbers we find struggling throughout their lives for a bare support.

The chief blessings of life—the goods most worthy our pursuit, are not only *for the most part*, but *altogether*, the fruits of long and unwearied endeavours after them. Where is the very useful art that can be learned without a close and tedious application—that we can make any tolerable progress in, before many of our days are passed? How much, and what an attentive experience—what repeated observations, and how exact a reasoning upon them, are necessary to form us to any degree of wisdom? duly to regulate our passions—to have them under command—rightly directed, and more or less warm proportionably to the influence their object has upon our happiness, will cost us, as every one is sensible, a watchfulness and care of such continuance, as is submitted to by few even of those, who best know how far it would be overpaid by the good it purchases.

If then we pay so dear for every satisfaction we now enjoy—if there be nothing desirable on earth but what has its price of labour set upon it, and what is most desirable comes to us by the most labour; who in his wits can believe that happiness far exceeding the utmost in our present state, will at length be our portion without any solicitude we need be at about it—without any qualifications we have to acquire in order to it—without any pains we are to take after it? Nothing in Paganism or *Mahommedism*, nothing in *Popery* is so absurd as this supposition.

There is an uniformity in all the proceedings

ceedings of God. As they are all grounded on an unerring wiſdom, they muſt teſtify their correſpondence to *it*, by what they have to *each other*: and ſo we find they do in all caſes wherein we can fathom them. We know not, indeed, *in what way* we are to be made happy in another life; but *with what* our being ſo is connected—*on what* it muſt depend, we are ſufficiently inſtructed. The means of making ourſelves thus happy which are put in our power, plainly teach, that by *their* uſe it muſt be effected. Leſſer goods, derived to us only by our care and induſtry, demonſtrate how we are to ſecure greater. The chief bleſſings, that are now within our reach, being never vouchſafed but to our extraordinary efforts—to our moſt earneſt endeavours to gain them, lead us to the fulleſt conviction, that the ſame muſt be the condition of whatever enjoyments we can promiſe ourſelves after our death—that they will only be the reward of the diligence with which they have been ſought—of the difficulties their purſuit has occaſioned us.

The Atheiſt himſelf—he who having no views beyond this world, gives his luſts their full range in it, acts with abundantly more ſenſe and conſiſtency, than he who, full of the hopes of immortality, yet conſults his humour or his eaſe, his pleaſure or his profit, regardleſs of any underſtanding he has to improve, or any progreſs in virtue he has to make. Nor is there any thing that ſo much confirms the irreligious man in his bad principles, as his obſerving this conduct in them who profeſs to believe a God and another life. He thinks, and, I muſt own, but too juſtly, that it is the ſame thing not to be influenced by ſuch a belief, and not to have it—that it is even much more reaſonable to give up all expectations of future happineſs, than to expect it, and yet do nothing in order to it—do nothing that can appear at all qualifying us for, or entitling us to it: in a word, he rightly thinks that, ſuppoſing there be a God of that perfect juſtice and wiſdom which he is repreſented, he cannot make any difference hereafter between them who have abſolutely denied his juſtice—his wiſdom—nay his very being, and them who, with all their acknowledgments of him and his perfections, would yet never ſacrifice any of their inclinations to him—would not be at any pains to know his will, or, if they did know it, would only ſo far obey it, as it was agreeable to their own.

I hardly can quit this ſubject. So great is the danger—ſo certain, I may ſay, is the miſchief of perſuading ourſelves, that an eternal happineſs will recompence the little we do to ſecure it, that I ſcarcely know when I have ſaid enough to evince what conduct alone it can reward.

As the viſible world is the only univerſal guide to our conjectures on the inviſible, and therein, as I have obſerved, the method of Providence in diſpenſing its bleſſing, is manifeſt to every eye; all thoſe which can moſt engage our wiſhes depending wholly on what we do to obtain them: as, likewiſe, whether we conſider the wiſdom of God, or his truth, or his juſtice, they all concur in teaching us this leſſon, that an ever-continuing felicity can only be prepared for a diſtinguiſhed virtue.

As things, I ſay, are thus, may it not properly be aſked, What can it be that ſo ſtrangely infatuates us—that poſſeſſes us with hopes ſo extravagantly abſurd—that makes a purſuit ſo lazy and remiſs, which ought to be ſo vigorous and uninterrupted? I know not what this poſſibly can be, but, either, the numbers that countenance our practice, or, the reliance we have on the Deity's unbounded goodneſs.

As to the former, how little ſtreſs we ſhould lay on numbers, will be evident from theſe four conſiderations.

Firſt, They, who in every age, are moſt commended for their wiſdom and prudence, never take the multitude for their pattern; but, on the other hand, conſtantly live in a direct oppoſition to its practices, and diſſuade all, to whom they are well-wiſhers, from them.

Secondly, Thoſe follies and vices, which are the reproach of numbers, are not therefore the leſs miſchievous in their conſequences. The increaſing multitudes of the lewd and drunken do not, in any inſtance, occaſion lewdneſs and drunkenneſs to have more favourable circumſtances attending them, either with reſpect to the perſons, or the poſterity of the guilty: and if God be, in no inſtance, more favourable to the vicious in this world, becauſe of their numbers; we have hence too ſad a proof that they have not the leaſt ground to expect he ſhould be ſo in the next.

Thirdly, What we call great numbers, are, probably in reſpect of the whole creation of rational beings, extremely few; perhaps no more than ſome few grains of ſand, in compariſon of thoſe amazing heaps that ſpread the deſarts of the earth, and ſhores of the ocean. Suppoſing, therefore, all offenders among the human kind, puniſhed

nifhed by God according to their deferts; that punifhment might be making examples of a very fmall, of the very fmalleft part of his creatures, for the good of the reft—for preferving innumerable millions—an infinite race in their due obedience.

Fourthly, An eftablifhed order taking place in all the works of God that we are acquainted with; every thing in the natural world being fubjected to certain laws; and in the moral world, good having ftill a tendency to produce good, nor ever failing to do it, unlefs from fome accidental hindrances; and evil, when things are in their proper courfe, producing evil; we have very ftrong reafon to believe, that an unchangeable God—he whofe wifdom uniformly difplays itfelf—has fixed things thus, that thus they will proceed to all eternity; good following from good, evil from evil; with this difference alone, with refpect to us, in another ftate, that all hindrances of the natural confequences of things will there be removed—nothing will prevent the virtuous man's reaping the fruits of his virtue, nor will any thing hinder the whole of the difmal effects of vice from being felt by them, who have here allowed themfelves in it. And, if this be the cafe, than which nothing is more probable, it is then quite clear, that all the hopes of the guilty from their numbers muft be utterly vain—that it would be full as reafonable to think a plague could not be a dangerous diftemper, becaufe it is fo infectious an one; as to think that we fhall be fafe amidft our crimes, becaufe of the multitude that fhare them.

With regard to the goodnefs of God, how groundlefs our reliance muft be upon it, when we act contrary to the ends for which we were made—when we neglect our opportunities, and abufe our capacities, will, I hope, be fufficiently plain to us, if we attend to the following fhort remarks.

1. We afcribe goodnefs to God as a perfection; but nothing can be a perfection in him, which has, morally fpeaking, a neceffary tendency to make his creatures lefs perfect—lefs careful to anfwer the ends of their creation; and this the divine goodnefs would certainly do, if it were indeed fuch as allowed us nothing to fear, though we neglected to ufe rightly the abilities and opportunities afforded us.

2. As God is the Governor of the world—is acknowledged fo by all who own his being; we muft, therefore, confider his goodnefs, as that of a governor, or as conffiftent with, and agreeable to, a wife government: but can this be faid of his goodnefs, if it exempt from all punifhment our wilful and continued difobedience to his laws, and thereby encourage us to difobey them?

3. One attribute or perfection of the Deity cannot clafh with another: his goodnefs, for inftance, with his juftice: but the punifhment of evil is as much a part of juftice, as the rewarding of good. To treat evil, as if it were not evil, can neither be agreeable to juftice or truth; and this would be the cafe—evil would be regarded as if it were not evil, did the goodnefs of God fo favour the wilful offender, that his crimes would never receive their defert.

4. To reftrain evil, to obftruct its progrefs, muft be the care of a good Governor, nay would be the fureft proof of his goodnefs. To punifh, therefore, fuch as act contrary to the law of their nature—contrary to the well-being of fociety, and therein contrary to their own and the common happinefs, is not only a part of juftice, but even of goodnefs itfelf. We could not conffider God as good, had he not properly guarded againft his creatures corrupting themfelves, and againft that corruption extending itfelf: and what are the difcouragements to this, but in the way of punifhment—but by the fufferings the guilty have to fear? The more there are who act in defiance of thefe fufferings, the more neceffary it becomes to inflict them; and offenders can have no reafon to think that the mercy of God will fpare them, when the greateft mercy is fhewn in obviating the mifchief of fuch examples, by treating them according to what they have deferved.

Let us behold the goodnefs of God in this light, and this is that in which we ought to fee it—this is its true reprefentation; and thus feen, it cannot but convince us how impoffible it is that we fhould have any thing to hope after a life unprofitably, vainly fpent—how much fuch a life has neceffarily to fear. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 153. ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I. *Duties that relate to Man, conffidered as an individual—the Paffions—Woman—Conffanguinity, or natural relations—Providence, or the accidental difference in men—the Social Duties—Religion.*

INTRODUCTION.

Bow down your heads unto the duft, O ye inhabitants of earth! be filent and receive

ceive with reverence, inſtruction from on high.

Whereſoever the ſun doth ſhine, whereſoever the wind doth blow, whereſoever there is an ear to hear, and a mind to conceive; there let the precepts of life be made known, let the maxims of truth be honoured and obeyed.

All things proceed from God. His power is unbounded, his wiſdom is from eternity, and his goodneſs endureth for ever.

He ſitteth on his throne in the centre, and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

He toucheth the ſtars with his finger, and they run their courſe rejoicing.

On the wings of the wind he walketh abroad, and performeth his will through all the regions of unlimited ſpace.

Order, and grace, and beauty, ſpring from his hand.

The voice of wiſdom ſpeaketh in all his works; but the human underſtanding comprehendeth it not.

The ſhadow of knowledge paſſeth over the mind of man as a dream; he ſeeth as in the dark; he reaſoneth, and is deceived.

But the wiſdom of God is as the light of heaven; he reaſoneth not; his mind is the fountain of truth.

Juſtice and mercy wait before his throne; benevolence and love enlighten his countenance for ever.

Who is like unto the Lord in glory? Who in power ſhall contend with the Almighty? Hath he any equal in wiſdom? Can any in goodneſs be compared unto him?

He it is, O man! who hath created thee: thy ſtation on earth is fixed by his appointment: the powers of thy mind are the gift of his goodneſs: the wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand.

Hear then his voice, for it is gracious; and he that obeyeth, ſhall eſtabliſh his ſoul in peace.

DUTIES that relate to MAN, conſidered as an INDIVIDUAL.

1. CONSIDERATION.

Commune with thyſelf, O man! and conſider wherefore thou wert made.

Contemplate thy powers, contemplate thy wants and thy connections; ſo ſhalt thou diſcover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed not to ſpeak or act, before thou haſt weighed thy words, and examined the tendency of every ſtep thou ſhalt take; ſo ſhall diſgrace fly far from thee, and in thy houſe ſhall ſhame be a ſtranger; repentance ſhall not viſit thee, nor ſorrow dwell upon thy cheek.

The thoughtleſs man bridleth not his tongue; he ſpeaketh at random, and is entangled in the fooliſhneſs of his own words.

As one that runneth in haſte, and leapeth over a fence, may fall into a pit on the other ſide, which he doth not ſee; ſo is the man that plungeth ſuddenly into any action, before he hath conſidered the conſequences thereof.

Hearken therefore unto the voice of conſideration; her words are the words of wiſdom, and her paths ſhall lead thee to ſafety and truth.

2. MODESTY.

Who art thou, O man! that preſumeſt on thine own wiſdom? or why doſt thou vaunt thyſelf on thine own acquirements?

The firſt ſtep towards being wiſe, is to know that thou art ignorant; and if thou wouldſt not be eſteemed fooliſh in the judgment of others, caſt off the folly of being wiſe in thine own conceit.

As a plain garment beſt adorneth a beautiful woman, ſo a decent behaviour is the greateſt ornament of wiſdom.

The ſpeech of a modeſt man giveth luſtre to truth, and the diffidence of his words abſolveth his error.

He relieth not on his own wiſdom; he weigheth the councils of a friend, and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praiſe, and believeth it not; he is the laſt in diſcovering his own perfections.

Yet as a veil addeth to beauty, ſo are his virtues ſet off by the ſhade which his modeſty caſteth upon them.

But behold the vain man, and obſerve the arrogant: he clotheth himſelf in rich attire; he walketh in the public ſtreet; he caſteth round his eyes, and courteth obſervation.

He toſſeth up his head, and overlooketh the poor; he treateth his inferiors with inſolence, and his ſuperiors in return look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He deſpiſeth the judgment of others; he relieth on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination: his delight is to hear and to ſpeak of himſelf all the day long.

He

He ſwalloweth with greedineſs his own praiſe, and the flatterer in return eateth him up.

3. Application.

Since the days that are paſt are gone for ever, and thoſe that are to come may not come to thee; it behoveth thee, O man! to employ the preſent time, without regretting the loſs of that which is paſt, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This inſtant is thine: the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knoweſt not what it may bring forth.

Whatſoever thou reſolveſt to do, do it quickly. Defer not till the evening what the morning may accompliſh.

Idleneſs is the parent of want and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleaſure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; proſperity and ſucceſs are the induſtrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath riſen to power, that hath clothed himſelf with honour, that is ſpoken of in the city with praiſe, and that ſtandeth before the king in his council? Even he that hath ſhut out idleneſs from his houſe; and hath ſaid unto Sloth, Thou art mine enemy.

He riſeth up early, and lieth down late; he exerciſeth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action, and preſerveth the health of both.

The ſlothful man is a burden to himſelf; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loiter-eth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His days paſs away like the ſhadow of a cloud, and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diſeaſed for want of exerciſe; he wiſheth for action, but hath not power to move; his mind is in darkneſs; his thoughts are confuſed; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application.

He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its ſhell.

His houſe is in diſorder, his ſervants are waſteful and riotous, and he runneth on towards ruin; he ſeeth it with his eyes, he heareth it with his ears, he ſhaketh his head, and wiſheth, but hath no reſolution; till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind, and ſhame and repentance deſcend with him to the grave.

4. Emulation.

If thy ſoul thirſteth for honour, if thy ear hath any pleaſure in the voice of praiſe, raiſe thyſelf from the duſt whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to ſomething that is praiſe-worthy.

The oak that now ſpreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be firſt in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well doing; nevertheleſs, do not envy the merits of another; but improve thine own talents.

Scorn alſo to depreſs thy competitor by any diſhoneſt or unworthy method: ſtrive to raiſe thyſelf above him only by excelling him; ſo ſhall thy conteſt for ſuperiority be crowned with honour, if not with ſucceſs.

By a virtuous emulation, the ſpirit of a man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his courſe.

He riſeth like the palm-tree in ſpite of oppreſſion; and as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he ſoareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the ſun.

The examples of eminent men are in his viſions by night, and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great deſigns, he rejoiceth in the execution thereof, and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterneſs; his tongue ſpitteth venom; the ſucceſs of his neighbour breaketh his reſt.

He ſitteth in his cell repining, and the good that happeneth to another, is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart, and there is no reſt in him.

He feeleth in his own breaſt no love to goodneſs, and therefore believeth his neighbour is like unto himſelf.

He endeavours to depreciate thoſe that excel him, and putteth an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lieth on the watch, and meditates miſchief: but the deteſtation of man purſueth him, he is cruſhed as a ſpider in his own web.

5. Prudence.

Hear the words of Prudence, give heed unto her counſels, and ſtore them in thine heart: her maxims are univerſal, and all the virtues lean upon her: ſhe is the guide and miſtreſs of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue; ſet a guard before thy lips, leſt the words of thine own mouth deſtroy thy peace.

Let

Let him that ſcoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himſelf: whoſoever ſpeaketh of another's failings with pleaſure, ſhall hear of his own with bitterneſs of heart.

Of much ſpeaking cometh repentance, but in ſilence is ſafety.

A talkative man is a nuiſance to ſociety; the ear is ſick of his babbling, the torrent of his words overwhelmeth converſation.

Boaſt not of thyſelf, for it ſhall bring contempt upon thee; neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter jeſt is the poiſon of friendſhip; and he that cannot reſtrain his tongue, ſhall have trouble.

Furniſh thyſelf with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet ſpend not to the utmoſt of what thou canſt afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

Let thine own buſineſs engage thy attention; leave the care of the ſtate to the governors thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expenſive, leſt the pain of purchaſing them exceed the pleaſure thou haſt in their enjoyment.

Neither let proſperity put out the eyes of circumſpection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality; he that too much indulgeth in the ſuperfluities of life, ſhall live to lament the want of its neceſſaries.

From the experience of others, do thou learn wiſdom; and from their failings correct thine own faults.

Truſt no man before thou haſt tried him; yet miſtruſt not without reaſon, it is uncharitable.

But when thou haſt proved a man to be honeſt, lock him up in thine heart as a treaſure! regard him as a jewel of ineſtimable price.

Refuſe the favours of a mercenary man; they will be a ſnare unto thee; thou ſhalt never be quit of the obligation.

Uſe not to-day what to-morrow may want; neither leave that to hazard which foreſight may provide for, or care prevent.

Yet expect not even from Prudence infallible ſucceſs; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wiſe man always ſucceſsful: yet never had a fool a thorough enjoyment; never was a wiſe man wholly unhappy.

6. Fortitude.

Perils, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury, are more or leſs the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of calamity! early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience, that thou mayeſt ſupport, with a becoming reſolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger, and thirſt, through deſarts of ſand, and fainteth not; ſo the fortitude of man ſhall ſuſtain him through all perils.

A noble ſpirit diſdaineth the malice of fortune; his greatneſs of ſoul is not to be caſt down.

He hath not ſuffered his happineſs to depend on her ſmiles, and therefore with her frowns he ſhall not be diſmayed.

As a rock on the ſea-ſhore he ſtandeth firm, and the daſhing of the waves diſturbeth him not.

He raiſeth his head like a tower on a hill, and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

In the inſtant of danger the courage of his heart ſuſtaineth him; and the ſteadineſs of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth into battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the preſſure of misfortunes, his calmneſs alleviates their weight, and his conſtancy ſhall furmount them.

But the daſtardly ſpirit of a timorous man betrayeth him to ſhame.

By ſhrinking under poverty, he ſtoopeth down to meanneſs; and by tamely bearing inſults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is ſhaken with a breath of air, ſo the ſhadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger he is embarraſſed and confounded; in the day of misfortune he ſinketh, and deſpair overwhelmeth his ſoul.

7. Contentment.

Forget not, O man! that thy ſtation on earth is appointed by the wiſdom of the Eternal, who knoweth thy heart, who ſeeth the vanity of all thy wiſhes, and who often, in mercy, denieth thy requeſts.

Yet for all reaſonable deſires, for all honeſt endeavours, his benevolence hath eſtabliſhed, in the nature of things, a probability of ſucceſs.

The uneaſineſs thou feeleſt, the misfortunes thou bewaileſt, behold the root from whence they ſpring! even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own diſtempered fancy.

Murmur not therefore at the diſpenſations of God, but correct thine own heart: neither

ne. ther say within thyself, If I had wealth or power, or leisure, I should be happy; for know, they all bring to their several possessors their peculiar inconveniences.

The poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich, he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power, neither knoweth he the weariſomeneſs of leisure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

But envy not the appearance of happineſs in any man, for thou knoweſt not his ſecret griefs.

To be ſatisfied with a little is the greateſt wiſdom; and he that increaſeth his riches, increaſeth his cares: but a contented mind is a hidden treaſure, and trouble findeth it not.

Yet if thou ſuffereſt not the allurements of fortune to rob thee of juſtice or temperance, or charity, or modeſty, even riches themſelves ſhall not make thee unhappy.

But hence ſhalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath ſet him to run, and happineſs the goal, which none can arrive at till he hath finiſhed his courſe, and received his crown in the manſions of eternity.

8. Temperance.

The neareſt approach thou canſt make to happineſs on this ſide the grave, is to enjoy from heaven underſtanding and health.

Theſe bleſſings if thou poſſeſſeſt, and wouldſt preſerve to old age, avoid the allurements of voluptuouſneſs, and fly from her temptations.

When ſhe ſpreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine ſparkleth in the cup, when ſhe ſmileth upon thee, and perſuadeth thee to be joyful and happy; then is the hour of danger, then let Reaſon ſtand firmly on her guard.

For if thou hearkeneſt unto the words of her adverſary, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which ſhe promiſeth, changeth to madneſs, and her enjoyments lead on to diſeaſes and death.

Look round her board; caſt thine eyes upon her gueſts, and obſerve thoſe who have been allured by her ſmiles, who have liſtened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not ſickly? are they not ſpiritleſs?

Their ſhort hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection. She hath debauched and palled their appetites, that they have no reliſh for their neateſt dainties: her votaries are become her victims; the juſt and natural conſequence which God hath ordained, in the conſtitution of things, for the puniſhment of thoſe who abuſe his gifts.

But who is ſhe that with graceful ſteps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The roſe bluſheth on her cheeks, the ſweetneſs of the morning breatheth from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modeſty, ſparkleth in her eyes, and from the chearfulneſs of her heart ſhe ſingeth as ſhe walks.

Her name is Health; ſhe is the daughter of Exerciſe and Temperance; their ſons inhabit the mountains of the northern regions.

They are brave, active, and lively, and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their ſiſter.

Vigour ſtringeth their nerves, ſtrength dwelleth in their bones, and labour is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repaſts of their mother refreſh them.

To combat the paſſions is their delight; to conquer evil habits their glory.

Their pleaſures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repoſe is ſhort, but ſound and undiſturbed.

Their blood is pure, their minds are ſerene, and the phyſician findeth not the way to their habitations.

But ſafety dwelleth not with the ſons of men, neither is ſecurity found within their gates.

Behold them expoſed to new dangers from without, while a traitor within lurketh to betray them.

Their health, their ſtrength, their beauty and activity, have raiſed deſire in the boſom of laſcivious love.

She ſtandeth in her bower, ſhe courteth their regard, ſhe ſpreadeth her temptations.

Her limbs are ſoft and delicate; her attire is looſe and inviting. Wantonneſs ſpeaketh in her eyes, and on her boſom ſits temptation. She beckoneth them with her finger, ſhe wooeth them with her looks, and by the ſmoothneſs of her tongue, ſhe endeavoureth to deceive.

Ah! fly from her allurements, ſtop thy ears to her enchanting words. If thou meeteſt the languiſhing of her eyes; if thou heareſt the ſoftneſs of her voice; if ſhe caſteth her arms about thee, ſhe bindeth thee in chains for ever.

Shame

Shame followeth, and diſeaſe, and want, and care, and repentance.

Enfeebled by dalliance, with luxury pampered, and ſoftened by ſloth, ſtrength ſhall forſake thy limbs, and health thy conſtitution: thy days ſhall be few, and thoſe inglorious; thy griefs ſhall be many, yet meet with no compaſſion.

The PASSIONS.

1. Hope *and* Fear.

The promiſes of hope are ſweeter than roſes in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart.

Nevertheleſs, let not hope allure, nor fear deter thee from doing that which is right; ſo ſhalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

The terrors even of death are no terrors to the good; he that committeth no evil hath nothing to fear.

In all thy undertakings, let a reaſonable aſſurance animate thy endeavours; if thou deſpaireſt of ſucceſs, thou ſhalt not ſucceed.

Terrify not thy ſoul with vain fears, neither let thy heart ſink within thee from the phantoms of imagination.

From fear proceedeth misfortune; but he that hopeth, helpeth himſelf.

As the oſtrich when purſued, hideth his head, but forgetteth his body; ſo the fears of a coward expoſe him to danger.

If thou believeſt a thing impoſſible, thy deſpondency ſhall make it ſo; but he that perſevereth, ſhall overcome all difficulties.

A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool; but he that is wiſe purſueth it not.

In all thy deſires let reaſon go along with thee, and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability; ſo ſhall ſucceſs attend thy undertakings, thy heart ſhall not be vexed with diſappointment.

2. Joy *and* Grief.

Let not thy mirth be ſo extravagant as to intoxicate thy mind, nor thy ſorrow ſo heavy as to depreſs thy heart. This world affordeth no good ſo tranſporting, nor inflicteth any evil ſo ſevere, as ſhould raiſe thee far above, or ſink thee much beneath, the balance of moderation.

Lo! yonder ſtandeth the houſe of Joy. It is painted on the outſide, and looketh gay; thou mayeſt know it from the continual noiſe of mirth and exultation that iſſueth from it.

The miſtreſs ſtandeth at the door, and calleth aloud to all that paſs by; ſhe ſingeth and ſhouteth, and laugheth without ceaſing.

She inviteth them to go in and taſte the pleaſures of life, which ſhe telleth them are no where to be found but beneath her roof.

But enter not thou into her gate; neither aſſociate thyſelf with thoſe who frequent her houſe.

They call themſelves the ſons of Joy; they laugh and ſeem delighted: but madneſs and folly are in all their doings.

They are linked with miſchief hand in hand, and their ſteps lead down to evil. Dangers beſet them round about, and the pit of deſtruction yawneth beneath their feet.

Look now on the other ſide, and behold, in that vale, overſhadowed with trees, and hid from the ſight of men, the habitation of Sorrow.

Her boſom heaveth with ſighs, her mouth is filled with lamentation; ſhe delighteth to dwell on the ſubject of human miſery.

She looketh on the common accidents of life and weepeth; the weakneſs and wickedneſs of man is the theme of her lips.

All nature to her teemeth with evil, every object ſhe ſeeth is tinged with the gloom of her own mind, and the voice of complaint ſaddeneth her dwelling day and night.

Come not near her cell; her breath is contagious; ſhe will blaſt the fruits, and wither the flowers, that adorn and ſweeten the garden of life.

In avoiding the houſe of Joy, let not thy feet betray thee to the borders of this diſmal manſion; but purſue with care the middle path, which ſhall lead thee by a gentle aſcent to the bower of Tranquillity.

With her dwelleth Peace, with her dwelleth Safety and Contentment. She is chearful but not gay; ſhe is ſerious, but not grave; ſhe vieweth the joys and the ſorrows of life with an equal and ſteady eye.

From hence, as from an eminence, ſhalt thou behold the folly and the miſery of thoſe, who led by the gaiety of their hearts, take up their abode with the companions of Jollity and riotous Mirth; or infected with Gloomineſs and Melancholy, ſpend all their days in complaining of the woes and calamities of human life.

Thou

Thou shalt view them both with pity, and the error of their ways shall keep thy feet from straying.

3. Anger.

As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of nature, or as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth whole cities; so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him. Danger and destruction wait on his hand.

But consider, and forget not thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger; it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall not reproach thee.

Seest thou not that the angry man loseth his understanding? Whilst thou art yet in thy senses, let the wrath of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in a passion. Why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it: avoid therefore all occasions of falling into wrath; or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches, but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbour not revenge in thy breast, it will torment thy heart, and discolour its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive, than to return an injury: he that watches for an opportunity of revenge, lieth in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abateth his heat; and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wrath.

In folly or weakness it always beginneth; but remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without repentance.

On the heels of folly treadeth shame; at the back of anger standeth remorse.

4. Pity.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of spring, as the kindness of summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

He who pitieth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion, deserveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew drops falling from roses on the bosom of the spring.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk, and she imploreth thy assistance with tears of sorrow; O pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity; O how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes!

5. Desire *and* Love.

Beware, young man, beware of the allurements of wantonness, and let not the harlot tempt thee to excess in her delights.

The madness of desire shall defeat its own pursuits; from the blindness of its rage thou shalt rush upon destruction.

Therefore give not up thy heart to her sweet enticements, neither suffer thy soul to be enslaved by her enchanting delusions.

The fountain of health, which must supply the stream of pleasure, shall quickly be dried up, and every spring of joy shall be exhausted.

In the prime of thy life old age shall overtake thee; thy sun shall decline in the morning of thy days.

But when virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven, and the influence of her power it is in vain to resist.

The whiteness of her bosom transcendeth the lily; her smile is more delicious than a garden of roses.

The innocence of her eye is like that of the

the turtle; ſimplicity and truth dwell in her heart.

The kiſſes of her mouth are ſweeter than honey; the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Shut not thy boſom to the tenderneſs of love; the purity of its flame ſhall ennoble thy heart, and ſoften it to receive the faireſt impreſſions.

WOMAN.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the inſtructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth ſink deep in thy heart, ſo ſhall the charms of thy mind add luſtre to the elegance of thy form: and thy beauty, like the roſe it reſembleth, ſhall retain its ſweetneſs when its bloom is withered.

In the ſpring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whiſpereth in thine ear the meaning of their looks: ah! hear with caution their ſeducing words; guard well thy heart, nor liſten to their ſoft perſuaſions.

Remember that thou art made man's reaſonable companion, not the ſlave of his paſſion; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his looſe deſire, but to aſſiſt him in the toils of life, to ſooth him with thy tenderneſs, and recompence his care with ſoft endearments.

Who is ſhe that winneth the heart of man, that ſubdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breaſt?

Lo! yonder ſhe walketh in maiden ſweetneſs, with innocence in her mind, and modeſty on her cheek.

Her hand ſeeketh employment, her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is cloathed with neatneſs, ſhe is fed with temperance; humility and meekneſs are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth muſic, the ſweetneſs of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words, in her anſwers are mildneſs and truth.

Submiſſion and obedience are the leſſons of her life, and peace and happineſs are her reward.

Before her ſteps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye ſpeaketh ſoftneſs and love; but diſcretion with a ſcepter ſitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her preſence, the awe of her virtue keepeth him ſilent.

When ſcandal is buſy, and the fame of her neighbour is toſſed from tongue to tongue: if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of ſilence reſteth on her lip.

Her breaſt is the manſion of goodneſs, and therefore ſhe ſuſpecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that ſhould make her his wife: happy the child that ſhall call her mother.

She preſideth in the houſe, and there is peace; ſhe commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She riſeth in the morning, ſhe conſiders her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper buſineſs.

The care of her family is her whole delight, to that alone ſhe applieth her ſtudy; and elegance with frugality is ſeen in her manſions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her huſband, and he heareth her praiſe with a ſecret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wiſdom: ſhe faſhioneth their manners from the example of her own goodneſs.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth, the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She ſpeaketh, and her ſervants fly; ſhe pointeth, and the thing is done: for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindneſs addeth wings to their feet.

In proſperity ſhe is not puffed up; in adverſity ſhe healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her huſband are alleviated by her counſels, and ſweetened by her endearments: he putteth his heart in her boſom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife; happy the child that calleth her mother.

CONSANGUINITY, *or* Natural Relations.

1. Husband.

Take unto thyſelf a wife, and obey the ordinance of God; take unto thyſelf a wife, and become a faithful member of ſociety.

But examine with care, and fix not ſuddenly. On thy preſent choice depends thy future happineſs.

If much of her time is deſtroyed in dreſs and adornments; if ſhe is enamoured with her own beauty, and delighteth in her own

praiſe;

praiſe; if ſhe laugheth much, and talketh loud; if her foot abideth not in her father's houſe, and her eyes with boldneſs rove on the faces of men: though her beauty were as the ſun in the firmament of heaven, turn thy face from her charms, turn thy feet from her paths, and ſuffer not thy ſoul to be enſnared by the allurements of imagination.

But when thou findeſt ſenſibility of heart, joined with ſoftneſs of manners; an accompliſhed mind, with a form agreeable to thy fancy; take her home to thy houſe; ſhe is worthy to be thy friend, thy companion in life, the wife of thy boſom.

O cheriſh her as a bleſſing ſent thee from heaven. Let the kindneſs of thy behaviour endear thee to her heart.

She is the miſtreſs of thy houſe; treat her therefore with reſpect, that thy ſervants may obey her.

Oppoſe not her inclination without cauſe; ſhe is the partner of thy cares, make her alſo the companion of thy pleaſures.

Reprove her faults with gentleneſs; exact not her obedience with rigour.

Truſt thy ſecrets in her breaſt; her counſels are ſincere, thou ſhalt not be deceived.

Be faithful to her bed; for ſhe is the mother of thy children.

When pain and ſickneſs aſſault her, let thy tenderneſs ſoothe her affliction: a look from thee of pity and love ſhall alleviate her grief, or mitigate her pain, and be of more avail than ten phyſicians.

Conſider the tenderneſs of her ſex, the delicacy of her frame; and be not ſevere to her weakneſs, but remember thine own imperfections.

2. Father.

Conſider thou, who art a parent, the importance of thy truſt: the being thou haſt produced, it is thy duty to ſupport.

Upon thee alſo it dependeth, whether the child of thy boſom ſhall be a bleſſing or a curſe to thyſelf; an uſeful or a worthleſs member to the community.

Prepare him early with inſtruction, and ſeaſon his mind with the maxims of truth.

Watch the bent of his inclination, ſet him right in his youth, and let no evil habit gain ſtrength with his years.

So ſhall he riſe like a cedar on the mountains; his head ſhall be ſeen above the trees of the foreſt.

A wicked ſon is a reproach to his father; but he that doth right is an honour to his grey hairs.

The ſoil is thine own, let it not want cultivation; the ſeed which thou ſoweſt, that alſo ſhalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he ſhall bleſs thee; teach him modeſty and he ſhall not be aſhamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he ſhall receive benefits; teach him charity and he ſhall gain love.

Teach him temperance and he ſhall have health; teach him prudence, and fortune ſhall attend him.

Teach him juſtice, and he ſhall be honoured by the world; teach him ſincerity, and his own heart ſhall not reproach him.

Teach him diligence, and his wealth ſhall increaſe; teach him benevolence, and his mind ſhall be exalted.

Teach him ſcience, and his life ſhall be uſeful; teach him religion, and his death ſhall be happy.

3. Son.

From the creatures of God let man learn wiſdom, and apply to himſelf the inſtruction they give.

Go to the deſert, my ſon; obſerve the young ſtork of the wilderneſs; let him ſpeak to thy heart; he beareth on his wings his aged ſire, he lodgeth him with ſafety, and ſupplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is ſweeter than the incenſe of Perſia offered to the ſun; yea more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian ſpices by the weſtern gales.

Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for ſhe ſuſtained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are ſpoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy eaſe; do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

Forget not thy helpleſs infancy, nor the frowardneſs of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; aſſiſt and ſupport them in the decline of life.

So ſhall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, ſhall repay thy piety with filial love.

4. Brothers.

Ye are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breaſt of one mother hath given you ſuck.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers, that peace and happineſs may dwell in thy father's houſe.

And when ye ſeparate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity; and prefer not a ſtranger to thine own blood.

If thy brother is in adverſity, aſſiſt him; if thy ſiſter is in trouble, forſake her not.

So ſhall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the ſupport of his whole race; and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

PROVIDENCE; *or* the accidental Differences in MEN.

1. WISE *and* IGNORANT.

The gifts of the underſtanding are the treaſures of God; and he appointeth to every one his portion, in what meaſure ſeemeth good unto himſelf.

Hath he endued thee with wiſdom? hath he enlightened thy mind with the knowledge of truth? Communicate it to the ignorant, for their inſtruction; communicate it to the wife, for thine own improvement.

True wiſdom is leſs preſuming than folly. The wiſe man doubteth often, and changeth his mind; the fool is obſtinate, and doubteth not; he knoweth all things but his own ignorance.

The pride of emptineſs is an abomination; and to talk much is the fooliſhneſs of folly. Nevertheleſs, it is the part of wiſdom to bear with patience their impertinence, and to pity their abſurdity.

Yet be not puffed up with thine own conceit, neither boaſt of ſuperior underſtanding; the cleareſt human knowledge is but blindneſs and folly.

The wiſe man feeleth his imperfections, and is humbled; he laboureth in vain for his own approbation: but the fool peepeth in the ſhallow ſtream of his own mind, and is pleaſed with the pebbles which he ſees at the bottom: he bringeth them up and ſheweth them as pearls; and with the applauſe of his brethren delighteth he himſelf.

He boaſteth attainments in things that are of no worth; but where it is a ſhame to be ignorant, there he hath no underſtanding.

Even in the paths of wiſdom he toileth after folly; and ſhame and diſappointment are the reward of his labour.

But the wiſe man cultivates his mind with knowledge: the improvement of arts is his delight, and their utility to the public crowneth him with honour.

Nevertheleſs the attainment of virtue he accounteth as the higheſt learning; and the ſcience of happineſs is the ſtudy of his life.

2. RICH *and* POOR.

The man to whom God hath given riches, and bleſſed with a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favoured, and highly diſtinguiſhed.

He looketh on his wealth with pleaſure, becauſe it affordeth him the means to do good.

He ſeeketh out objects of compaſſion: he enquireth into their wants; he relieveth with judgment, and without oſtentation.

He aſſiſteth and rewardeth merit: he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every uſeful deſign.

He carrieth on great works; his country is enriched, and the labourer is employed; he formeth new ſchemes and the arts receive improvement.

He conſidereth the ſuperfluities of his table as belonging to the poor of his neighbourhood, and he defraudeth them not.

The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune; he rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameleſs.

But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the poſſeſſion thereof:

That grindeth the face of the poor, and conſidereth not the ſweat of their brows.

He thriveth on oppreſſion without feeling; the ruin of his brother diſturbeth him not.

The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk; the cries of the widow are muſic to his ear.

His heart is hardened with the love of wealth; no grief nor diſtreſs can make impreſſion upon it.

But the curſe of iniquity purſueth him: he liveth in continual fear; the anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious deſires of his own ſoul, take vengeance upon him for the calamities he has brought upon others.

O what are the miſeries of poverty, in compariſon with the gnawings of this man's heart.

Let the poor man comfort himſelf, yea, rejoice; for he hath many reaſons.

He ſitteth down to his morſel in peace; his

his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers.

He is not embarraſſed with a train of dependants, nor teaſed with the clamours of ſolicitation.

Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he eſcapeth alſo their diſeaſes.

The bread that he eateth, is it not ſweet to his taſte? the water he drinketh, is it not pleaſant to his thirſt? yea, far more delicious than the richeſt draughts of the luxurious.

His labour preſerveth his health, and procureth him a repoſe, to which the downy bed of ſloth is a ſtranger.

He limiteth his deſires with humility, and the calm of contentment is ſweeter to his ſoul than all the acquirements of wealth and grandeur.

Let not the rich therefore preſume on his riches, nor the poor in his poverty yield to his deſpondence; for the providence of God diſpenſeth happineſs to them both.

3. Masters *and* Servants.

Repine not, O man, at the ſtate of ſervitude: it is the appointment of God, and hath many advantages; it removeth thee from the cares and ſolicitudes of life.

The honour of a ſervant is his fidelity; his higheſt virtues are ſubmiſſion and obedience.

Be patient therefore under the reproofs of thy maſter; and when he rebuketh thee anſwer not again. The ſilence of thy reſignation ſhall not be forgotten.

Be ſtudious of his intereſts, be diligent in his affairs, and faithful to the truſt which he repoſeth in thee.

Thy time and thy labour belong unto him. Defraud him not thereof, for he payeth thee for them.

And thou who art a maſter, be juſt to thy ſervant, if thou expecteſt from him fidelity; and reaſonable in thy commands, if thou expecteſt a ready obedience.

The ſpirit of a man is in him; ſeverity and rigour may create fear, but can never command his love.

Mix kindneſs with reproof, and reaſon with authority: ſo ſhall thy admonitions take place in his heart, and his duty ſhall become his pleaſure.

He ſhall ſerve thee faithfully from the motive of gratitude; he ſhall obey thee chearfully from the principle of love: and fail not thou, in return, to give his diligence and fidelity their proper reward.

4. Magistrates *and* Subjects.

O thou, favourite of heaven, whom the ſons of men, thy equals, have agreed to raiſe to ſovereign power, and ſet as a ruler over themſelves; conſider the ends and importance of their truſt, far more than the dignity and height of thy ſtation.

Thou art cloathed in purple, and ſeated on a throne: the crown of majeſty inveſteth thy temples; the ſceptre of power is placed in thy hand: but not for thyſelf were theſe enſigns given; not meant for thine own, but the good of thy kingdom.

The glory of a king is the welfare of his people; his power and dominion reſteth on the hearts of his ſubjects.

The mind of a great prince is exalted with the grandeur of his ſituation: he revolveth high things, and ſearcheth for buſineſs worthy of his power.

He calleth together the wiſe men of his kingdom, he conſulteth amongſt them with freedom, and heareth the opinions of them all.

He looketh among his people with diſcernment; he diſcovereth the abilities of men, and employeth them according to their merits.

His magiſtrates are juſt, his miniſters are wiſe, and the favourite of his boſom deceiveth him not.

He ſmileth on the arts, and they flouriſh; the ſciences improve beneath the culture of his hand.

With the learned and ingenious he delighteth himſelf; he kindleth in their breaſts emulation, and the glory of his kingdom is exalted by their labours.

The ſpirit of the merchant who extendeth his commerce; the ſkill of the farmer, who enricheth his lands; the ingenuity of the artiſt, the improvement of the ſcholar; all theſe he honoureth with his favour, or rewardeth with his bounty.

He planteth new colonies, he buildeth ſtrong ſhips, he openeth rivers for convenience, he formeth harbours for ſafety; his people abound in riches, and the ſtrength of his kingdom encreaſeth.

He frameth his ſtatutes with equity and wiſdom; his ſubjects enjoy the fruits of their labour, in ſecurity; and their happineſs conſiſts in the obſervance of the law.

He foundeth his judgments on the principles of mercy; but in the puniſhment of offenders he is ſtrict and impartial.

His ears are open to the complaints of his ſubjects; he reſtraineth the hand of their oppreſſors, and delivereth them from their tyranny.

His people therefore look up to him as a father, with reverence and love: they consider him as the guardian of all they enjoy.

Their affection unto him begetteth in his breast a love of the public; the security of their happiness is the object of his care.

No murmurs against him arise in their hearts: the machinations of his enemies endanger not his state.

His subjects are faithful, and firm in his cause; they stand in his defence as a wall of brass; the army of a tyrant flieth before them as chaff before the wind.

Security and peace bless the dwellings of his people; glory and strength encircle his throne for ever.

The SOCIAL DUTIES.

1. Benevolence.

When thou considerest thy wants, when thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge his goodness, O son of humanity! who honoured thee with reason, endued thee with speech, and placed thee in society, to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy cloathing, thy convenience of habitation; thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyments of the comforts and the pleasures of life: all these thou owest to the assistance of others, and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of society.

It is thy duty therefore to be a friend to mankind, as it is thy interest that man should be friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own breast, and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbour.

He openeth not his ear unto slander: the faults and the failings of men give a pain to his heart.

His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out the occasions thereof; in removing the oppressions of another he relieveth himself.

From the largeness of his mind, he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men: and from the generosity of his heart, he endeavoureth to promote it.

2. Justice.

The peace of society dependeth on justice; the happiness of individuals, on the safe enjoyment of all their possessions.

Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation: let the hand of justice lead them aright.

Cast not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbour; let whatever is his property be sacred from thy touch.

Let no temptation allure thee, nor any provocation excite thee, to lift up thy hand to the hazard of his life.

Defame him not in his character; bear no false witness against him.

Corrupt not his servant to cheat or forsake him; and the wife of his bosom, O tempt not to sin.

It will be a grief to his heart, which thou canst not relieve; an injury to his life, which no reparation can atone for.

In thy dealings with men be impartial and just; and do unto them as thou wouldst they should do unto thee.

Be faithful to thy trust, and deceive not the man who relieth upon thee; be assured it is less evil in the sight of God to steal than to betray.

Oppress not the poor, and defraud not of his hire the labouring man.

When thou sellest for gain, hear the whisperings of conscience, and be satisfied with moderation; nor from the ignorance of the buyer make any advantage.

Pay the debts which thou owest, for he who gave thee credit, relied upon thine honour: and to with-hold from him his due, is both mean and unjust.

Finally, O son of society! examine thy heart, call remembrance to thy aid; and if in any of these things thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself, and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power.

3. Charity.

Happy is the man who hath sown in his breast the seeds of benevolence; the produce thereof shall be charity and love.

From the fountain of his heart shall rise rivers of goodness; and the streams shall overflow for the benefit of mankind.

He assisteth the poor in their trouble; he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

He censureth not his neighbour, he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence, neither repeateth he their slanders.

He forgiveth the injuries of men, he wipeth them from his remembrance; revenge and malice have no place in his heart.

For evil he returneth not evil; he hateth not even his enemies, but requiteth their injuſtice with friendly admonition.

The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compaſſion; he endeavoureth to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes, and the pleaſure of ſucceſs rewardeth his labour.

He calmeth the fury, he healeth the quarrels of angry men, and preventeth the miſchiefs of ſtrife and animoſity.

He promoteth in his neighbourhood peace and good-will, and his name is repeated with praiſe and benedictions.

4. Gratitude.

As the branches of a tree return their ſap to the root from whence it aroſe; as a river poureth his ſtreams to the ſea, where his ſpring was ſupplied; ſo the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

He acknowledgeth his obligations with chearfulneſs; he looketh on his benefactor with love and eſteem.

And if to return it be not in his power, he nouriſheth the memory of it in his breaſt with kindneſs, he forgetteth it not all the days of his life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth, fruits, herbage, and flowers: but the heart of the ungrateful is like a deſert of ſand, which ſwalloweth with greedineſs the ſhowers that fall, and burieth them in its boſom, and produceth nothing.

Envy not thy benefactor, neither ſtrive to conceal the benefit he hath conferred; for though the act of generoſity commandeth admiration; yet the humility of gratitude toucheth the heart, and is amiable in the ſight both of God and man.

But receive not a favour from the hands of the proud: to the ſelfiſh and avaricious have no obligation: the vanity of pride ſhall expoſe thee to ſhame, the greedineſs of avarice ſhall never be ſatisfied.

5. Sincerity.

O thou who art enamoured with the beauties of Truth, and haſt fixed thy heart on the ſimplicity of her charms, hold faſt thy fidelity unto her, and forſake her not; the conſtancy of thy virtue ſhall crown thee with honour.

The tongue of the ſincere is rooted in his heart: hypocriſy and deceit have no place in his words.

He bluſheth at falſehood, and is confounded: but in ſpeaking the truth he hath a ſteady eye.

He ſupporteth as a man the dignity of his character; to the arts of hypocriſy he ſcorneth to ſtoop.

He is conſiſtent with himſelf; he is never embarraſſed; he hath courage enough for truth, but to lie he is afraid.

He is far above the meanneſs of diſſimulation; the words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart.

Yet with prudence and caution he openeth his lips; he ſtudieth what is right, and ſpeaketh with diſcretion.

He adviſeth with friendſhip, he reproveth with freedom: and whatſoever he promiſeth ſhall ſurely be performed.

But the heart of the hypocrite is hid in his breaſt; he maſketh his words in the ſemblance of truth, while the buſineſs of his life is only to deceive.

He laugheth in ſorrow, he weepeth in joy; and the words of his mouth have no interpretation.

He worketh in the dark as a mole, and fancieth he is ſafe; but he blundereth into light, and is betrayed and expoſed, with his dirt on his head.

He paſſeth his days with perpetual conſtraint; his tongue and his heart are for ever at variance.

He laboureth for the character of a righteous man; and huggeth himſelf in the thoughts of his cunning.

O fool, fool! the pains which thou takeſt to hide what thou art, are more than would make thee what thou wouldſt ſeem; and the children of wiſdom ſhall mock at thy cunning, when, in the midſt of ſecurity, thy diſguiſe is ſtripped off, and the finger of deriſion ſhall point thee to ſcorn.

RELIGION.

There is but one God, the author, the creator, the governor of the world, almighty, eternal, and incomprehenſible.

The ſun is not God, though his nobleſt image. He enliveneth the world with his brightneſs, his warmth giveth life to the products of the earth; admire him as the creature, the inſtrument of God; but worſhip him not.

To the One who is ſupreme, moſt wiſe and beneficent, and to him alone, belong worſhip, adoration, thankſgiving, and praiſe!

Who hath ſtretched forth the heavens with

his hand, who hath described with his finger the courses of the stars.

Who setteth bounds to the ocean, that it cannot pass; and saith unto the stormy winds, Be still.

Who shaketh the earth, and the nations tremble; who darteth his lightnings, and the wicked are dismayed.

Who calleth forth worlds by the word of his mouth; who smiteth with his arm, and they sink into nothing.

" O reverence the Majesty of the Omni-
" potent; and tempt not his anger, lest
" thou be destroyed!"

The providence of God is over all his works; he ruleth and directeth with infinite wisdom.

He hath instituted laws for the government of the world; he hath wonderfully varied in them his beings; and each, by his nature, conformeth to his will.

In the depths of his mind he revolveth all knowledge; the secrets of futurity lie open before him.

The thoughts of thy heart are naked to his view; he knoweth thy determinations before they are made.

With respect to his prescience, there is nothing contingent; with respect to his providence there is nothing accidental.

Wonderful he is in all his ways; his counsels are inscrutable; the manner of his knowledge transcendeth thy conception.

" Pay therefore to his wisdom all honour
" and veneration; and bow down thyself
" in humble and submissive obedience to
" his supreme direction."

The Lord is gracious and beneficent; he hath created the world in mercy and love.

His goodness is conspicuous in all his works; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

The creatures of his hand declare his goodness, and all their enjoyments speak his praise; he clotheth them with beauty, he supporteth them with food, he preserveth them with pleasure from generation to generation.

If we lift up our eyes to the heavens, his glory shineth forth; if we cast them down upon the earth, it is full of his goodness; the hills and the vallies rejoice and sing; fields, rivers, and woods resound his praise.

But thee, O man, he hath distinguished with peculiar favour; and exalted thy station above all creatures.

He hath endued thee with reason, to maintain thy dominion: he hath fitted thee with language, to improve by society; and exalted thy mind with the powers of meditation to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

And in the laws he hath ordained as the rule of thy life, so kindly hath he suited thy duty to thy nature, that obedience to his precepts is happiness to thyself.

" O praise his goodness with songs of
" thanksgiving, and meditate in silence,
" on the wonders of his love; let thy heart
" overflow with gratitude and acknowledg-
" ment; let the language of thy lips speak
" praise and adoration; let the actions of
" thy life shew thy love to his law."

The Lord is just and righteous, and will judge the earth with equity and truth.

Hath he established his laws in goodness and mercy, and shall he not punish the transgressors thereof?

O think not, bold man! because thy punishment is delayed, that the arm of the Lord is weakened; neither flatter thyself with hopes that he winketh at thy doings.

His eye pierceth the secrets of every heart, and he remembereth them for ever; he respecteth not the persons or the stations of men.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wife and the ignorant, when the soul hath shaken off the cumbrous shackles of this mortal life, shall equally receive from the sentence of God a just and everlasting retribution, according to their works.

Then shall the wicked tremble and be afraid; but the heart of the righteous shall rejoice in his judgments.

" O fear the Lord, therefore, all the
" days of thy life, and walk in the paths
" which he hath opened before thee. Let
" prudence admonish thee, let temperance
" restrain, let justice guide thy hand, bene-
" volence warm thy heart, and gratitude
" to heaven inspire thee with devotion.
" These shall give thee happiness in thy
" present state, and bring thee to the man-
" sions of eternal felicity, in the paradise
" of God."

This is the true Economy of Human Life.

ECONOMY of HUMAN LIFE.

Part II. *Man considered in the general—Considered in regard to his infirmities and their effects—The advantages he may acquire over his fellow creatures—Natural accidents.*

MAN considered in the General.

1. *Of*

1. *Of the* Human Frame *and* Structure.

Weak and ignorant as thou art, O man! humble as thou oughteſt to be, O child of the duſt! wouldſt thou raiſe thy thoughts to infinite wiſdom? wouldſt thou ſee Omnipotence diſplayed before thee? contemplate thine own frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made: praiſe therefore thy Creator with awe, and rejoice before him with reverence.

Wherefore of all creatures art thou only erect, but that thou ſhouldſt behold his works! wherefore art thou to behold, but that thou mayſt admire them! wherefore to admire, but that thou mayſt adore their and thy Creator!

Wherefore is conſciouſneſs repoſed in thee alone? and whence is it derived to thee?

It is not in fleſh to think; it is not in bones to reaſon. The lion knoweth not that worms ſhall eat him; the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for ſlaughter.

Something is added to thee unlike to what thou ſeeſt: ſomething informs thy clay, higher than all that is the object of thy ſenſes. Behold, what is it?

Thy body remaineth perfect after it is fled, therefore it is no part of it; it is immaterial, therefore it is eternal: it is free to act, therefore it is accountable for its actions.

Knoweth the aſs the uſe of food, becauſe his teeth mow down the herbage? or ſtandeth the crocodile erect although his backbone is as ſtraight as thine?

God formed thee as he had formed theſe: after them all wert thou created: ſuperiority and command were given thee over all, and of his own breath did he communicate to thee thy principle of knowledge.

Know thyſelf then the pride of his creation, the link uniting divinity and matter; behold a part of God himſelf within thee; remember thine own dignity, nor dare to deſcend to evil or meanneſs.

Who planted terror in the tail of the ſerpent? who clothed the neck of the horſe with thunder? even he who hath inſtructed thee to cruſh the one under thy feet, and to tame the other to thy purpoſes.

Of the Use *of the* Senses.

Vaunt not of the body, becauſe it was firſt formed; nor of thy brain, becauſe therein thy ſoul reſideth. Is not the maſter of the houſe more honourable than its walls?

The ground muſt be prepared before corn be planted; the potter muſt build his furnace before he can make his porcelane.

As the breath of Heaven fayeth unto the waters of the deep, This way ſhall thy billows roll, and no other; thus high and no higher, ſhall they raiſe their fury; ſo let thy ſpirit, O man, actuate and direct thy fleſh; ſo let it repreſs its wildneſs.

Thy ſoul is the monarch of thy frame; ſuffer not its ſubjects to rebel againſt it.

Thy body is as the globe of the earth, thy bones the pillars that ſuſtain it on its baſis.

As the ocean giveth riſe to ſprings, whoſe waters return again into its boſom through the rivers, ſo runneth thy life from thy heart outwards, and ſo runneth it into its place again.

Do not both retain their courſe for ever? Behold, the ſame God ordaineth them.

Is not thy noſe the channel to perfumes? thy mouth the path to delicacies? Yet know thou that perfumes long ſmelt become offenſive, that delicacies deſtroy the appetite they flatter.

Are not thine eyes the centinels that watch for thee? yet how often are they unable to diſtinguiſh truth from error?

Keep thy ſoul in moderation, teach thy ſpirit to be attentive to its good; ſo ſhall theſe its miniſters be always open to the conveyances of truth.

Thine hand is it not a miracle? is there in the creation aught like unto it? wherefore was it given thee, but that thou mighteſt ſtretch it out to the aſſiſtance of thy brother?

Why of all things living art thou alone made capable of bluſhing? the world ſhall read thy ſhame upon thy face: therefore do nothing ſhameful.

Fear and diſmay, why rob they the countenance of its ruddy ſplendor? Avoid guilt, and thou ſhalt know that fear is beneath thee; that diſmay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thee alone ſpeak ſhadows in the viſions of thy pillow? Reverence them; for know, that dreams are from on high.

Thou man alone canſt ſpeak. Wonder at thy glorious prerogative; and pay to him who gave it thee a rational and welcome praiſe, teaching thy children wiſdom, inſtructing the offspring of thy loins in piety.

3. *The* Soul *of* Man, *its* Origin *and* Affections.

The bleſſings, O man! of thy external part, are health, vigour, and proportion. The greateſt of theſe is health. What

health is to the body, even that is honesty to the soul.

That thou hast a soul, is of all knowledge the most certain, of all truths the most plain unto thee. Be meek, be grateful for it. Seek not to know it gratefully: it is inscrutable.

Thinking, understanding, reasoning, willing, call not these the soul! They are its actions, but they are not its essence.

Raise it not too high, that thou be not despised. Be not thou like unto those who fall by climbing; neither debase it to the sense of brutes; nor be thou like unto the horse and the mule, in whom there is no understanding.

Search it by its faculties; know it by its virtues. They are more in number than the hairs of thy head; the stars of heaven are not to be counted with them.

Think not with Arabia, that one soul is parted among all men; neither believe thou with the sons of Egypt, that every man hath many: know, that as thy heart, so also thy soul is one.

Doth not the sun harden the clay? doth it not also soften the wax? As it is one sun that worketh both, even so it is one soul that willeth contraries.

As the moon retaineth her nature though darkness spread itself before her face as a curtain, so the soul remaineth perfect even in the bosom of a fool.

She is immortal; she is unchangeable; she is alike in all. Health calleth her forth to shew her loveliness, and application anointeth her with the oil of wisdom.

Although she shall live after thee, think not she was born before thee. She was concreated with thy flesh, and formed with thy brain.

Justice could not give her to thee exalted by virtues, nor mercy deliver her to thee deformed by vices. These must be thine, and thou must answer for them.

Suppose not death can shield thee from examination; think not corruption can hide thee from inquiry. He who formed thee of thou knowest not what, can he not raise thee to thou knowest not what again?

Perceiveth not the cock the hour of midnight? Exalteth he not his voice, to tell thee it is morning? Knoweth not the dog the footsteps of his master? and flieth not the wounded goat unto the herb that healeth him? Yet when these die, their spirit returneth to the dust: thine alone surviveth.

Envy not to these their senses, because quicker than thine own. Learn that the advantage lieth not in possessing good things, but in the knowing to use them.

Hadst thou the ear of a stag, or were thine eye as strong and piercing as the eagle's; didst thou equal the hounds in smell, or could the ape resign to thee his taste, or the tortoise her feeling; yet without reason, what would they avail thee? Perish not all these like their kindred?

Hath any one of them the gift of speech? Can any say unto thee, Therefore did I so?

The lips of the wise are as the doors of a cabinet; no sooner are they opened, but treasures are poured out before thee.

Like unto trees of gold arranged in beds of silver, are wise sentences uttered in due season.

Canst thou think too greatly of thy soul? or can too much be said in its praise? It is the image of him who gave it.

Remember thou its dignity for ever; forget not how great a talent is committed to thy charge.

Whatsoever may do good may also do harm. Beware that thou direct her course to virtue.

Think not that thou canst lose her in the crowd; suppose not that thou canst bury her in thy closet. Action is her delight, and she will not be withheld from it.

Her motion is perpetual; her attempts are universal; her agility is not to be suppressed. Is it at the uttermost parts of the earth? she will have it: Is it beyond the region of the stars, yet will her eye discover it.

Inquiry is her delight. As one who traverseth the burning sands in search of water, so is the soul that searcheth after knowledge.

Guard her, for she is rash; restrain her, for she is irregular; correct her, for she is outrageous; more supple is she than water, more flexible than wax, more yielding than air. Is there aught can bind her?

As a sword in the hand of a madman, even so is the soul to him who wanteth discretion.

The end of her search is truth; her means to discover it are reason and experience. But are not these weak, uncertain and fallacious? How then shall she attain unto it?

General opinion is no proof of truth, for the generality of men are ignorant.

Perceivest thou of thyself, the knowledge of him who created thee, the sense of the worship thou owest unto him? are not these plain before thy face? And behold! what is there more that man needeth to know?

Of

Of the PERIOD *and* USES *of* HUMAN LIFE.

As the eye of morning to the lark, as the ſhade of evening to the owl, as honey to the bee, or as the carcaſe to the vulture; even ſuch is life unto the heart of man.

Though bright, it dazzleth not; though obſcure, it diſpleaſeth not; though ſweet, it cloyeth not; though corrupt, it forbiddeth not; yet who is he that knoweth its true value?

Learn to eſteem life as it ought; then art thou near the pinnacle of wiſdom.

Think not with the fool, that nothing is more valuable: nor believe with the pretended wiſe, that thou oughteſt to contemn it. Love it not for itſelf, but for the good it may be of to others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee, neither can mines of diamonds purchaſe back the moment thou haſt now loſt of it. Employ the ſucceeding ones in virtue.

Say not, that it were beſt not to have been born; or if born, that it had been beſt to die early: neither dare thou to aſk of thy Creator, Where had been the evil that I had not exiſted? Good is in thy power; the want of good is evil; and if the queſtion be juſt, lo! it condemneth thee.

Would the fiſh ſwallow the bait if he knew the hook was hidden therein? would the lion enter the toils if he ſaw they were prepared for him? ſo neither were the ſoul to periſh with this clay, would man wiſh to live; neither would a merciful God have created him: know hence thou ſhalt live afterward.

As the bird is incloſed in the cage before he ſeeth it, yet teareth not his fleſh againſt its ſides; ſo neither labour thou vainly to run from the ſtate thou art in; but know it is allotted thee, and be content with it.

Though its ways are uneven, yet are they not all painful. Accommodate thyſelf to all; and where there is leaſt appearance of evil, ſuſpect the greateſt danger.

When thy bed is ſtraw, thou ſleepeſt in ſecurity; but when thou ſtretcheth thyſelf on roſes, beware of the thorns.

A good death is better than an evil life: ſtrive therefore to live as long as thou oughteſt, not as long as thou canſt. While thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preſerve it.

Complain not with the fool, of the ſhortneſs of thy time: remember that with thy days, thy cares are ſhortened.

Take from the period of thy life the uſeleſs parts of it, and what remaineth? Take off the time of thine infancy, the ſecond infancy of age, thy ſleep, thy thoughtleſs hours, thy days of ſickneſs: and even at the fulneſs of years, how few ſeaſons haſt thou truly numbered!

He who gave thee life as a bleſſing, ſhortened it to make it more ſo. To what end would longer life have ſerved thee? Wiſheſt thou to have had an opportunity of more vices? As to the good, will not he who limited thy ſpan, be ſatisfied with the fruits of it?

To what end, O child of ſorrow! wouldſt thou live longer? to breathe, to eat, to ſee the world? All this thou haſt done often already. Too frequent repetition, is it not tireſome? or is it not ſuperfluous?

Wouldſt thou improve thy wiſdom and thy virtue? Alas! what art thou to know? or who is it that ſhall teach thee? Badly thou employeſt the little that thou haſt, dare not, therefore, to complain that more is not given thee.

Repine not at the want of knowledge; it muſt periſh with thee in the grave. Be honeſt here, thou ſhalt be wiſe hereafter.

Say not unto the crow, why numbereſt thou ſeven times the age of thy lord? or to the fawn, why are thine eyes to ſee my offſpring to an hundredth generation? Are theſe to be compared with thee in the abuſe of life? are they riotous? are they cruel? are they ungrateful? Learn from them rather, that innocence of life and ſimplicity of manners are the paths to a good old age.

Knoweſt thou to employ life better than theſe? then leſs of it may ſuffice thee.

Man who dares enſlave the world when he knows he can enjoy his tyranny but a moment, what would he not aim at if he were immortal?

Enough haſt thou of life, but thou regardeſt it not: thou art not in want of it, O man! but thou art prodigal: thou throweſt it lightly away, as if thou hadſt more than enough; and yet thou repineſt that it is not gathered again unto thee?

Know that it is not abundance which maketh rich, but economy.

The wiſe continueth to live from his firſt period; the fool is always beginning.

Labour not after riches firſt, and think thou afterwards wilt enjoy them. He who neglecteth the preſent moment, throweth away all he hath. As the arrow paſſeth through the heart, while the warrior knew not that it was coming; ſo ſhall his life be taken away before he knoweth that he hath it.

What

What then is life, that man ſhould deſire it? what breathing, that he ſhould covet it?

Is it not a ſcene of deluſion, a ſeries of miſadventures, a purſuit of evils linked on all ſides together? In the beginning it is ignorance, pain is in its middle, and its end is ſorrow.

As one wave puſheth on another till both are involved in that behind them, even ſo ſucceedeth evil to evil in the life of man; the greater and the preſent ſwallow up the leſſer and the paſt. Our terrors are real evils; our expectations look forward into improbabilities.

Fools, to dread as mortals, and to deſire as if immortal!

What part of life is it that we would wiſh to remain with us? Is it youth? can we be in love with outrage, licentiouſneſs, and temerity? Is it age? then we are fond of infirmities.

It is ſaid, grey hairs are revered, and in length of days is honour. Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth; and without it age plants more wrinkles in the ſoul than on the forehead.

Is age reſpected becauſe it hateth riot? What juſtice is in this, when it is not age that deſpiſeth pleaſure, but pleaſure that deſpiſeth age.

Be virtuous while thou art young, ſo ſhall thine age be honoured.

MAN conſidered in regard to his Infirmities, and their Effects.

1. Vanity.

Inconſtancy is powerful in the heart of man; intemperance ſwayeth it whither it will; deſpair engroſſeth much of it; and fear proclaimeth, Behold, I ſit unrivalled therein! but vanity is beyond them all.

Weep not therefore at the calamities of the human ſtate; rather laugh at its follies. In the hands of the man addicted to vanity, life is but the ſhadow of a dream.

The hero, the moſt renowned of human characters, what is he but the bubble of this weakneſs! the public is unſtable and ungrateful; why ſhould the man of wiſdom endanger himſelf for fools?

The man who neglecteth his preſent concerns, to revolve how he will behave when greater, feedeth himſelf with wind, while his bread is eaten by another.

Act as becometh thee in thy preſent ſtation; and in more exalted ones thy face ſhall not be aſhamed.

What blindeth the eye, or what hideth the heart of a man from himſelf like vanity? Lo! when thou ſeeſt not thyſelf, then others diſcover thee moſt plainly.

As the tulip that is gaudy without ſmell, conſpicuous without uſe; ſo is the man who ſetteth himſelf up on high, and hath not merit.

The heart of the vain is troubled while it ſeemeth content; his cares are greater than his pleaſures.

His ſolicitude cannot reſt with his bones; the grave is not deep enough to hide it; he extendeth his thoughts beyond his being: he beſpeaketh praiſe to be paid when he is gone: but whoſo promiſeth it, deceiveth him.

As the man that engageth his wife to remain in widowhood, that ſhe diſturb not his ſoul; ſo is he who expecteth that praiſe ſhall reach his ears beneath the earth, or cheriſh his heart in its ſhroud.

Do well while thou liveſt; but regard not what is ſaid of it. Content thyſelf with deſerving praiſe, and thy poſterity ſhall rejoice in hearing it.

As the butterfly, who ſeeth not her own colours; as the jeſſamine, which feeleth not the ſcent it caſteth around: ſo is the man who appeareth gay, and biddeth others to take note of it.

To what purpoſe, ſaith he, is my veſture of gold? to what end are my tables filled with dainties, if no eye gaze upon them? if the world know it not? Give thy raiment to the naked, and thy food unto the hungry; ſo ſhalt thou be praiſed, and feel that thou deſerveſt it.

Why beſtoweſt thou on every man the flattery of unmeaning words! Thou knoweſt when returned thee, thou regardeſt it not. He knoweth he lieth unto thee; yet he knoweth thou wilt thank him for it. Speak in ſincerity, and thou ſhalt hear with inſtruction.

The vain delighteth to ſpeak of himſelf; but he ſeeth not that others like not to hear him.

If he have done any thing worth praiſe, if he poſſeſs that which is worthy admiration, his joy is to proclaim it, his pride is to hear it reported. The deſire of ſuch a man defeateth itſelf. Men ſay not, Behold, he hath done it: or, See, he poſſeſſeth it: but, mark how proud he is of it!

The heart of man cannot attend at once to many things. He who fixeth his ſoul on ſhew, loſeth reality. He purſueth bubbles which break in their flight, while he treads

treads to earth what would do him honour.

2. Inconstancy.

Nature urgeth thee to inconſtancy, O man! therefore guard thyſelf at all times againſt it.

Thou art from the womb of thy mother various and wavering. From the loins of thy father inheriteſt thou inſtability; how then ſhalt thou be firm?

Thoſe who gave thee a body, furniſhed it with weakneſs; but he who gave thee a ſoul, armed thee with reſolution. Employ it, and thou art wiſe; be wiſe, and thou art happy.

Let him who doeth well, beware how he boaſteth of it; for rarely it is of his own will.

Is it not the event of an impulſe from without, born of uncertainty, enforced by accident, dependent on ſomewhat elſe? To theſe men, and to accident, is due the praiſe.

Beware of irreſolution in the intent of thy actions, beware of inſtability in the execution; ſo ſhalt thou triumph over two great failings of thy nature.

What reproacheth reaſon more than to act contrarieties? What can ſuppreſs the tendencies to theſe, but firmneſs of mind?

The inconſtant feeleth that he changeth, but he knoweth not why; he ſeeth that he eſcapeth from himſelf, but he perceiveth not how. Be thou incapable of change in that which is right, and men will rely upon thee.

Eſtabliſh unto thyſelf principles of action, and ſee that thou ever act according to them.

Firſt know that thy principles are juſt, and then be thou inflexible in the path of them.

So ſhall thy paſſions have no rule over thee; ſo ſhall thy conſtancy enſure thee the good thou poſſeſſeſt, and drive from thy door misfortune. Anxiety and diſappointment ſhall be ſtrangers to thy gates.

Suſpect not evil in any one, until thou ſeeſt it: when thou ſeeſt it, forget it not.

Whoſo hath been an enemy, cannot be a friend; for man mendeth not of his faults.

How ſhould his actions be right who hath no rule of life? Nothing can be juſt which proceedeth not from reaſon.

The inconſtant hath no peace in his ſoul; neither can any be at eaſe whom he concerneth himſelf with.

His life is unequal; his motions are irregular; his ſoul changeth with the weather.

To-day he loveth thee, to-morrow thou art deteſted by him: and why? himſelf knoweth not wherefore he loved, or wherefore he now hateth.

To-day he is the tyrant; to-morrow thy ſervant is leſs humble: and why? he who is arrogant without power, will be ſervile where there is no ſubjection.

To-day he is profuſe, to-morrow he grudgeth unto his mouth that which it ſhould eat. Thus it is with him who knoweth not moderation.

Who ſhall ſay of the cameleon, he is black, when the moment after, the verdure of the graſs overſpreadeth him!

Who ſhall ſay of the inconſtant, he is joyful, when his next breath ſhall be ſpent in ſighing?

What is the life of ſuch a man but the phantom of a dream? In the morning he riſeth happy, at noon he is on the rack: this hour he is a god, the next below a worm: one moment he laugheth, the next he weepeth; he now willeth, in an inſtant he willeth not, and in another he knoweth not whether he willeth or no.

Yet neither eaſe or pain have fixed themſelves on him; neither is he waxed greater, or become leſs; neither hath he had cauſe for laughter, nor reaſon for his ſorrow: therefore ſhall none of them abide with him.

The happineſs of the inconſtant is as a palace built on the ſurface of the ſand: the blowing of the wind carrieth away its foundation: what wonder then that it falleth?

But what exalted form is this, that hitherwards directs its even, its uninterrupted courſe? whoſe foot is on the earth, whoſe head is above the clouds?

On his brow ſitteth majeſty; ſteadineſs is in his port; and in his heart reigneth tranquillity.

Though obſtacles appear in the way, he deigneth not to look down upon them; though heaven and earth oppoſe his paſſage, he proceedeth.

The mountains ſink beneath his tread; the waters of the ocean are dried up under the ſole of his foot.

The tyger throweth herſelf acroſs his way in vain; the ſpots of the leopard glow againſt him unregarded.

He marcheth through the embattled legions; with his hand he putteth aſide the terrors of death.

Storms roar againſt his ſhoulders, but are not

not able to ſhake them; the thunder burſteth over his head in vain; the lightning ſerveth but to ſhew the glories of his countenance.

His name is Resolution! He cometh from the utmoſt parts of the earth; he ſeeth happineſs afar off before him; his eye diſcovereth her temple beyond the limits of the pole.

He walketh up to it, he entereth boldly, and he remaineth there for ever.

Eſtabliſh thy heart, O man! in that which is right; and then know the greateſt of human praiſe is to be immutable.

3. Weakness.

Vain and inconſtant as thou art, O child of imperfection! how canſt thou but be weak? Is not inconſtancy connected with frailty? Can there be vanity without infirmity? avoid the danger of the one, and thou ſhalt eſcape the miſchiefs of the other.

Wherein art thou moſt weak? in that wherein thou ſeemeſt moſt ſtrong; in that wherein moſt thou glorieſt: even in poſſeſſing the things which thou haſt: in uſing the good that is about thee.

Are not thy deſires alſo frail? or knoweſt thou even what it is thou wouldeſt wiſh? When thou haſt obtained what moſt thou ſoughteſt after, behold it contenteth thee not.

Wherefore loſeth the pleaſure that is before thee its reliſh? and why appeareth that which is yet to come the ſweeter? Becauſe thou art wearied with the good of this, becauſe thou knoweſt not the evil of that which is not with thee. Know that to be content is to be happy.

Couldeſt thou chuſe for thyſelf, would thy Creator lay before thee all that thine heart could aſk for? would happineſs then remain with thee? or would joy dwell always in thy gates?

Alas! thy weakneſs forbiddeth it; thy infirmity declareth againſt it. Variety is to thee in the place of pleaſure; but that which permanently delighteth muſt be permanent.

When it is gone, thou repenteſt the loſs of it, though, while it was with thee, thou deſpiſedſt it.

That which ſucceedeth it, hath no more pleaſure for thee; and thou afterwards quarrelleſt with thyſelf for preferring it; behold the only circumſtance in which thou erreſt not!

Is there any thing in which thy weakneſs appeareth more than in deſiring things? It is in the poſſeſſing, and in the uſing them.

Good things ceaſe to be good in our enjoyment of them. What nature meant pure ſweets, are ſources of bitterneſs to us; from our delights ariſe pain; from our joys, ſorrow.

Be moderate in the enjoyment, and it ſhall remain in thy poſſeſſion; let thy joy be founded on reaſon; and to its end ſhall ſorrow be a ſtranger.

The delights of love are uſhered in by ſighs, and they terminate in languiſhment and dejection. The object thou burneſt for, naufeates with fatiety; and no ſooner haſt thou poſſeſſed it, but thou art weary of its preſence.

Join eſteem to thy admiration, unite friendſhip with thy love; ſo ſhalt thou find in the end, content ſo abſolute, that it ſurpaſſeth raptures, tranquillity more worth than ecſtacy.

God hath given thee no good without its admixture of evil; but he hath given thee alſo the means of throwing off the evil from it.

As joy is not without the alloy of pain, ſo neither is ſorrow without its portion of pleaſure. Joy and grief, though unlike, are united. Our own choice only can give them us entire.

Melancholy itſelf often giveth delight, and the extremity of joy is mingled with tears.

The beſt things in the hands of a fool may be turned to his deſtruction; and out of the worſt the wiſe will find the means of good.

So blended is weakneſs in thy nature, O man! that thou haſt not ſtrength either to be good, or to be evil entirely. Rejoice that thou canſt not excel in evil, and let the good that is within thy reach content thee.

The virtues are allotted to various ſtations. Seek not after impoſſibilities, nor grieve that thou canſt not poſſeſs them at all.

Wouldſt thou at once have the liberality of the rich, and the contentment of the poor? or ſhall the wife of thy boſom be deſpiſed, becauſe ſhe ſheweth not the virtues of the widow?

If thy father ſink before thee in the diviſions of thy country, can at once thy juſtice deſtroy him, and thy duty ſave his life!

If thou beholdeſt thy brother in the agonies of a ſlow death, is it not mercy to put a period to his life; and is it not alſo death to be his murderer?

Truth is but one; thy doubts are of thine own raiſing. He who made virtues what they

they are, planted also in thee a knowledge of their pre-eminence. Act as thy soul dictates to thee, and the end shall be always right.

4. *Of the* Insufficiency *of* Knowledge.

If there is any thing lovely, if there is any thing desirable, if there is any thing within the reach of man that is worthy of praise, is it not knowledge? and yet who is he that attaineth unto it?

The statesman proclaimeth that he hath it; the ruler of the people claimeth the praise of it; but findeth the subject that he possesseth it?

Evil is not requisite to man; neither can vice be necessary to be tolerated: yet how many evils are permitted by the connivance of the laws? how many crimes committed by the decrees of the council?

But be wise, O ruler! and learn, O thou that art to command the nations! One crime authorised by thee, is worse than the escape of ten from punishment.

When thy people are numerous, when thy sons increase about thy table; sendest thou them not out to slay the innocent, and to fall before the sword of him whom they have not offended?

If the object of thy desires demandeth the lives of a thousand, sayest thou not, I will have it? Surely thou forgettest that he who created thee, created also these; and that their blood is as rich as thine.

Sayest thou, that justice cannot be executed without wrong! surely thine own words condemn thee.

Thou who flatterest with false hopes the criminal, that he may confess his guilt; art not thou unto him a criminal? or is thy guilt the less, because he cannot punish it?

When thou commandest to the torture him who is but suspected of ill, darest thou to remember, that thou mayest rack the innocent?

Is thy purpose answered by the event? is thy soul satisfied with his confession? Pain will enforce him to say what is not, as easy as what is; and anguish hath caused innocence to accuse herself.

That thou mayest not kill him without cause, thou dost worse than kill him: that thou mayest prove if he be guilty, thou destroyest him innocent.

O blindness to all truth! O insufficiency of the wisdom of the wise! know when thy judge shall bid thee account for this, thou shalt wish ten thousand guilty to have gone free, rather than one innocent then to stand forth against thee.

Insufficient as thou art to the maintenance of justice, how shalt thou arrive at the knowledge of truth? how shalt thou ascend to the footstep of her throne?

As the owl is blinded by the radiance of the sun, so shall the brightness of her countenance dazzle thee in thy approaches.

If thou wouldst mount up into her throne, first bow thyself at her footstool: If thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her, first inform thyself of thine own ignorance.

More worth is she than pearls, therefore seek her carefully; the emerald, and the sapphire, and the ruby, are as dirt beneath her feet; therefore pursue her manfully.

The way to her is labour; attention is the pilot that must conduct thee into her ports. But weary not in the way; for when thou art arrived at her, the toil shall be to thee for pleasure.

Say not unto thyself, Behold, truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it; dissimulation raiseth friends, and I will follow it. Are not the enemies made by truth, better than the friends obtained by flattery?

Naturally doth man desire the truth, yet when it is before him, he will not apprehend it; and if it force itself upon him, is he not offended at it?

The fault is not in truth, for that is amiable; but the weakness of man beareth not its splendour.

Wouldst thou see thine own insufficiency more plainly? view thyself at thy devotions! To what end was religion instituted, but to teach thee thine infirmities, to remind thee of thy weakness, to shew thee that from heaven alone thou art to hope for good?

Doth it not remind thee that thou art dust! doth it not tell thee that thou art ashes? And behold repentance is not built on frailty.

When thou giveſt an oath, when thou sweareſt thou wilt not deceive; behold it spreadeth shame upon thy face, and upon the face of him that receiveth it. Learn to be just, and repentance may be forgotten; learn to be honest, and oaths are unnecessary.

The shorter follies are, the better: say not therefore to thyself, I will not play the fool by halves.

He that heareth his own faults with patience, shall reprove another with boldness.

He that giveth a denial with reason, shall suffer a repulse with moderation.

If

If thou art ſuſpected, anſwer with freedom: whom ſhould ſuſpicion affright, except the guilty?

The tender of heart is turned from his purpoſe by ſupplications, the proud is rendered more obſtinate by entreaty, the ſenſe of thine inſufficiency commanded thee to hear; but to be juſt, thou muſt hear without thy paſſions.

5. Misery.

Feeble and inſufficient as thou art, O man, in good; frail and inconſtant, as thou art in pleaſure; yet there is a thing in which thou art ſtrong and unſhaken. Its name is Miſery.

It is the character of thy being, the prerogative of thy nature; in thy breaſt alone it reſideth; without thee there is nothing of it. And behold, what is its ſource, but thine own paſſions?

He who gave thee theſe, gave thee alſo reaſon to ſubdue them; exert it, and thou ſhalt trample them under thy feet.

Thine entrance into the world, is it not ſhameful? thy deſtruction is it not glorious? Lo! men adorn the inſtruments of death with gold and gems, and wear them above their garments.

He who begetteth a man, hideth his face; but he who killeth a thouſand is honoured.

Know thou, notwithſtanding, that in this is error. Cuſtom cannot alter the nature of truth; neither can the opinion of men deſtroy juſtice; the glory and the ſhame are miſplaced.

There is but one way for man to be produced: there are a thouſand by which he may be deſtroyed.

There is no praiſe, or honour, to him who giveth being to another; but triumphs and empire are the rewards of murder.

Yet he who hath many children, hath as many bleſſings; and he who hath taken away the life of another, ſhall not enjoy his own.

While the ſavage curſeth the birth of his ſon, and bleſſeth the death of his father, doth he not call himſelf a monſter?

Enough of evil is allotted unto man; but he maketh it more while he lamenteth it.

The greateſt of all human ills is ſorrow; too much of this thou art born unto; add not unto it by thy own perverſeneſs.

Grief is natural to thee, and is always about thee; pleaſure is a ſtranger, and viſiteth thee but by times: uſe well thy reaſon, and ſorrow ſhall be caſt behind thee; be prudent, and the viſits of joy ſhall remain long with thee.

Every part of thy frame is capable of ſorrow; but few and narrow are the paths that lead to delight.

Pleaſures can be admitted only ſimply; but pains ruſh in a thouſand at a time.

As the blaze of ſtraw fadeth as ſoon as it is kindled, ſo paſſeth away the brightneſs of joy, and thou knoweſt not what is become of it.

Sorrow is frequent; pleaſure is rare: pain cometh of itſelf; delight muſt be purchaſed: grief is unmixed; but joy wanteth not its allay of bitterneſs.

As the ſoundeſt health is leſs perceived than the ſlighteſt malady, ſo the higheſt joy toucheth us leſs deep than the ſmalleſt ſorrow.

We are in love with anguiſh; we often fly from pleaſure; when we purchaſe it, coſteth it not more than it is worth?

Reflection is the buſineſs of man: a ſenſe of his ſtate is his firſt duty; but who remembreth himſelf in joy? Is it not in mercy then that ſorrow is allotted unto us?

Man foreſeeth the evil that is to come; he remembereth it when it is paſt: he conſidereth not that the thought of affliction woundeth deeper than the affliction itſelf. Think not of thy pain, but when it is upon thee, and thou ſhalt avoid what moſt would hurt thee.

He who weepeth before he needeth, weepeth more than he needeth: and why, but that he loveth weeping?

The ſtag weepeth not till the ſpear is lifted up againſt him; nor do the tears of the beaver fall, till the hound is ready to ſeize him: man anticipateth death, by the apprehenſions of it; and the fear is greater miſery than the event itſelf.

Be always prepared to give an account of thine actions; and the beſt death is that which is leaſt premeditated.

6. *Of* Judgment.

The greateſt bounties given to man, are judgment and will; happy is he who miſapplieth them not.

As the torrent that rolleth down the mountains, deſtroyeth all that is borne away by it; ſo doth common opinion overwhelm reaſon in him who ſubmitteth to it, without ſaying, What is thy foundation?

See that what thou receiveſt as truth be not the ſhadow of it; what thou acknowledgeſt as convincing, is often but plauſible. Be firm, be conſtant, determine for thyſelf; ſo

so shalt thou be answerable only for thine own weakness.

Say not that the event proveth the wisdom of the action: remember man is not above the reach of accidents.

Condemn not the judgment of another, because it differeth from thine own; may not even both be in an error?

When thou esteemest a man for his titles, and contemnest the stranger because he wanteth them, judgest thou not of the camel by its bridle?

Think not thou art revenged of thine enemy when thou slayest him: thou puttest him beyond thy reach, thou givest him quiet, and thou takest from thyself all means of hurting him.

Was thy mother incontinent, and grieveth it thee to be told of it? Is frailty in thy wife, and art thou pained at the reproach of it? He who despiseth thee for it, condemneth himself. Art thou answerable for the vices of another?

Disregard not a jewel, because thou possessest it; neither enhance thou the value of a thing, because it is another's: possession to the wife addeth to the price of it.

Honour not thy wife the less, because she is in thy power; and despise him that hath said, Would thou love her less? marry her! What hath put her into thy power, but her confidence in thy virtue? shouldst thou love her the less for being more obliged to her!

If thou wert just in thy courtship of her, though thou neglectest her while thou hast her, yet shall her loss be bitter to thy soul.

He who thinketh another blest, only because he possesseth her; if he be not wiser than thee, at least he is more happy.

Weigh not the loss thy friend hath suffered by the tears he sheddeth for it, the greatest griefs are above these expressions of them.

Esteem not an action because it is done with noise and pomp; the noblest soul is that which doth great things, and is not moved in the doing them.

Fame astonisheth the ear of him who heareth it; but tranquillity rejoiceth the heart that is possessed of it.

Attribute not the good actions of another to bad causes: thou canst not know his heart; but the world will know by this, that thine is full of envy.

There is not in hypocrisy more vice than folly; to be honest is as easy as to seem so.

Be more ready to acknowledge a benefit than to revenge an injury; so shalt thou have more benefits than injuries done unto thee.

Be more ready to love than to hate; so shalt thou be loved by more than hate thee.

Be willing to commend, and be slow to censure; so shall praise be upon thy virtues, and the eye of enmity shall be blind to thy imperfections.

When thou dost good, do it because it is good; not because men esteem it: when thou avoidest evil, fly it because it is evil; not because men speak against it: be honest for love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so; he that doth it without principle, is wavering.

Wish rather to be reproved by the wise, than to be applauded by him who hath no understanding; when they tell thee of a fault, they suppose thou canst improve; the other, when he praiseth thee, thinketh thee like unto himself.

Accept not an office for which thou art not qualified, lest he who knoweth more of it despise thee.

Instruct not another in that wherein thyself art ignorant; when he seeth it, he will upbraid thee.

Expect not a friendship with him who hath injured thee; he who suffereth the wrong, may forgive it; but he who doth it, never will be well with him.

Lay not too great obligations on him thou wishest thy friend; behold! the sense of them will drive him from thee: a little benefit gaineth friendship; a great one maketh an enemy.

Nevertheless, ingratitude is not in the nature of man; neither is his anger irreconcileable: he hateth to be put in mind of a debt he cannot pay; he is ashamed in the presence of him whom he hath injured.

Repine not at the good of a stranger, neither rejoice thou in the evil that befalleth thine enemy: wishest thou that others should do thus to thee?

Wouldst thou enjoy the good-will of all men, let thine own benevolence be universal. If thou obtainest it not by this, no other means could give it thee: and know, though thou hast it not, thou hast the greater pleasure of having merited it.

7. Presumption.

Pride and meanness seem incompatible; but man reconcileth contrarieties: he is at once the most miserable and the most arrogant of all creatures.

Presumption is the bane of reason; it is the

the nurſe of error; yet it is congenial with reaſon in us.

Who is there that judgeth not either too highly of himſelf, or thinketh too meanly of others.

Our Creator himſelf eſcapeth not our preſumption: how then ſhall we be ſafe from one another?

What is the origin of ſuperſtition? and whence ariſeth falſe worſhip? From our preſuming to reaſon about what is above our reach, to comprehend what is incomprehenſible.

Limited and weak as our underſtandings are, we employ not even their little forces as we ought. We ſoar not high enough in our approaches to God's greatneſs; we give not wing enough to our ideas, when we enter into the adoration of divinity.

Man who fears to breathe a whiſper againſt his earthly ſovereign, trembles not to arraign the diſpenſations of his God; he forgetteth his majeſty, and rejudgeth his judgments.

He who dareth not repeat the name of his prince without honour, yet bluſheth not to call that of his Creator to be witneſs to a lie.

He who would hear the ſentence of the magiſtrate with ſilence, yet dareth to plead with the Eternal; he attempteth to ſooth him with intreaties, to flatter him with promiſes, to agree with him upon conditions; nay, to brave and murmur at him if his requeſt is not granted.

Why art thou unpuniſhed, O man! in thy impiety, but that this is not thy day of retribution.

Be not like unto thoſe who fight with the thunder; neither dare thou to deny thy Creator thy prayers, becauſe he chaſtiſeth thee. Thy madneſs in this is on thine own head; thy impiety hurteth no one but thyſelf.

Why boaſteth man that he is the favourite of his Maker, yet neglecteth to pay his thanks, and his adorations for it? How ſuiteth ſuch a life with a belief ſo haughty?

Man, who is truly but a mote in the wide expanſe, believeth the whole earth and heaven to be created for him: he thinketh the whole frame of nature hath intereſt in his well-being.

As the fool, while the images tremble on the boſom of the water, thinketh that trees, towns, and the wide horizon, are dancing to do him pleaſure; ſo man, while nature performs her deſtined courſe, believes that all her motions are but to entertain his eye.

While he courts the rays of the ſun to warm him, he ſuppoſeth it made only to be of uſe to him; while he traceth the moon in her nightly path, he believeth that ſhe was created to do him pleaſure.

Fool to thine own pride! be humble! know thou art not the cauſe why the world holdeth its courſe; for thee are not made the viciſſitudes of ſummer and winter.

No change would follow if thy whole race exiſted not; thou art but one among millions that are bleſſed in it.

Exalt not thyſelf to the heavens; for, lo, the angels are above thee: nor diſdain thy fellow-inhabitants of the earth, though they are inferior to thee. Are they not the work of the ſame hand?

Thou who art happy by the mercy of thy Creator, how dareſt thou in wantonneſs put others of his creatures to torture? Beware that cruelty return not upon thee.

Serve they not all the ſame univerſal Maſter with thee? Hath he not appointed unto each its laws? Hath he not care of their preſervation? and dareſt thou to infringe it?

Set not thy judgment above that of all the earth; neither condemn as falſehood what agreeth not with thine own apprehenſion. Who gave thee the power of determining for others? or who took from the world the right of choice?

How many things have been rejected, which are now received as truths? How many now received as truths, ſhall in their turn be deſpiſed? Of what then can man be certain?

Do the good that thou knoweſt, and happineſs ſhall be unto thee. Virtue is more thy buſineſs here than wiſdom.

Truth and falſehood, have they not the ſame appearance in what we underſtand not? what then but our preſumption can determine between them?

We eaſily believe what is above our comprehenſion: or we are proud to pretend it, that it may appear we underſtand it. Is not this folly and arrogance?

Who is it that affirms moſt boldly? who is it that holds his opinion moſt obſtinately? Even he who hath moſt ignorance: for he alſo hath moſt pride.

Every man, when he layeth hold of an opinion, deſireth to remain in it; but moſt of all he who hath moſt preſumption. He contenteth not himſelf to betray his own ſoul; but he will impoſe on others to believe in it alſo.

Say

Say not that truth is eſtabliſhed by years, or that in a multitude of believers there is certainty.

One human propoſition hath as much authority as another, if reaſon maketh not the difference.

Of the AFFECTIONS *of* MAN, *which are hurtful to himſelf and others.*

1. Covetousness.

Riches are not worthy a ſtrong attention; therefore an earneſt care of obtaining them is unjuſtifiable.

The deſire of what man calleth good, the joy he taketh in poſſeſſing it, is grounded only in opinion. Form not thy opinion from the vulgar; examine the worth of things thyſelf, and thou ſhalt not be covetous.

An immoderate deſire of riches is a poiſon lodged in the ſoul. It contaminates and deſtroys every thing that was good in it. It is no ſooner rooted there, than all virtue, all honeſty, all natural affection, fly before the face of it.

The covetous would ſell his children for gold; his parent might die ere he would open his coffer; nay, he conſidereth not himſelf in reſpect of it. In the ſearch of happineſs he maketh himſelf unhappy.

As the man who ſelleth his houſe to purchaſe ornaments for the embelliſhment of it, even ſo is he who giveth up peace in the ſearch of riches, in hope that he may be happy in enjoying them.

Where covetouſneſs reigneth, know that the ſoul is poor. Whoſo accounteth riches the principal good of man, will throw away all other goods in the purſuit of them.

Whoſo feareth poverty as the greateſt evil of his nature, will purchaſe to himſelf all other evils in the avoiding of it.

Thou fool, is not virtue more worth than riches? is not guilt more baſe than poverty? Enough for his neceſſities is in the power of every man; be content with it, and thy happineſs ſhall ſmile at the ſorrows of him who heapeth up more.

Nature hath hid gold beneath the earth, as if unworthy to be ſeen; ſilver hath ſhe placed where thou trampleſt it under thy feet. Meaneth ſhe not by this to inform thee, that gold is not worthy thy regard, that ſilver is beneath thy notice?

Covetouſneſs burieth under the ground millions of wretches; theſe dig for their hard maſters what returneth the injury; what maketh them more miſerable than their ſlaves.

The earth is barren of good things where ſhe hoardeth up treaſure: where gold is in her bowels, there no herb groweth.

As the horſe findeth not there his graſs, nor the mule his provender: as the fields of corn laugh not on the ſides of the hills; as the olive holdeth not forth there her fruits, nor the vine her cluſters; even ſo no good dwelleth in the breaſt of him whoſe heart broodeth over his treaſure.

Riches are ſervants to the wiſe; but they are tyrants over the ſoul of the fool.

The covetous ſerveth his gold; it ſerveth not him. He poſſeſſeth his wealth as the ſick doth a fever; it burneth and tortureth him, and will not quit him until death.

Hath not gold deſtroyed the virtue of millions? Did it ever add to the goodneſs of any?

Is it not moſt abundant with the worſt of men? wherefore then ſhouldſt thou deſire to be diſtinguiſhed by poſſeſſing it?

Have not the wiſeſt been thoſe who have had leaſt of it? and is not wiſdom happineſs?

Have not the worſt of thy ſpecies poſſeſſed the greateſt portions of it? and hath not their end been miſerable?

Poverty wanteth many things; but covetouſneſs denieth itſelf all.

The covetous can be good to no man; but he is to none ſo cruel as to himſelf.

If thou art induſtrious to procure gold, be generous in the diſpoſal of it. Man never is ſo happy as when he giveth happineſs to another.

2. Profusion.

If there be a vice greater than the hoarding up of riches, it is the employing them to uſeleſs purpoſes.

He that prodigally laviſheth that which he hath to ſpare, robbeth the poor of what nature giveth them a right unto.

He who ſquandereth away his treaſure, refuſeth the means to do good: he denieth himſelf the practice of virtues whoſe reward is in their hand, whoſe end is no other than his own happineſs.

It is more difficult to be well with riches, than to be at eaſe under the want of them. Man governeth himſelf much eaſier in poverty than in abundance.

Poverty requireth but one virtue, patience, to ſupport it; the rich, if he have not charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is guilty.

The poor hath only the good of his own ſtate committed unto him; the rich is intruſted with the welfare of thouſands.

He that giveth away his treaſure wiſely, giveth away his plagues: he that retaineth their increaſe, heapeth up ſorrows.

Refuſe not unto the ſtranger that which he wanteth; deny not unto thy brother even that which thou wanteſt thyſelf.

Know there is more delight in being without what thou haſt given, than in poſſeſſing millions which thou knoweſt not the uſe of.

3. Revenge.

The root of revenge is in the weakneſs of the ſoul: the moſt abject and timorous are the moſt addicted to it.

Who torture thoſe they hate, but cowards? who murder thoſe they rob but women?

The feeling an injury muſt be previous to the revenging it; but the noble mind diſdaineth to ſay, It hurts me.

If the injury is not below thy notice, he that doth it unto thee, in that, maketh himſelf ſo: wouldſt thou enter the liſts with thine inferior?

Diſdain the man who attempteth to wrong thee; condemn him who would give thee diſquiet.

In this thou not only preſerveſt thine own peace, but thou inflicteſt all the puniſhment of revenge, without ſtopping to employ it againſt him.

As the tempeſt and the thunder affect not the ſun or the ſtars, but ſpend their fury on ſtones and trees below; ſo injuries aſcend not to the ſouls of the great, but waſte themſelves on ſuch as are thoſe who offer them.

Poorneſs of ſpirit will actuate revenge; greatneſs of ſoul deſpiſeth the offence: nay, it doth good unto him who intended to have diſturbed it.

Why ſeekeſt thou vengeance, O man! with what purpoſe is it that thou purſueſt it? Thinkeſt thou to pain thine adverſary by it? Know that thyſelf feeleſt its greateſt torments.

Revenge gnaweth the heart of him who is infected with it, while he againſt whom it is intended, remaineth eaſy.

It is unjuſt in the anguiſh it inflicts; therefore nature intended it not for thee: needeth he who is injured more pain? or ought he to add force to the affliction which another has caſt upon him?

The man who meditateth revenge is not content with the miſchief he hath received; he addeth to his anguiſh the puniſhment due unto another: while he whom he ſeeketh to hurt goeth his way laughing; he maketh himſelf merry at this addition to his miſery.

Revenge is painful in the intent, and it is dangerous in the execution: ſeldom doth the axe fall where he who lifted it up intended; and lo, he remembereth not that it muſt recoil againſt him.

While the revengeful ſeeketh his enemy's hurt, he oftentimes procureth his own deſtruction: while he aimeth at one of the eyes of his adverſary, lo, he putteth out both his own.

If he attain not his end, he lamenteth it; if he ſucceed, he repenteth of it: the fear of juſtice taketh away the peace of his own ſoul; the care to hide him from it, deſtroyeth that of his friend.

Can the death of thine adverſary ſatiate thy hatred? can the ſetting him at reſt reſtore thy peace?

Wouldſt thou make him ſorry for his offence, conquer him and ſpare him: in death he owneth not thy ſuperiority; nor feeleth he more the power of thy wrath.

In revenge there ſhould be a triumph of the avenger; and he who hath injured him, ſhould feel his diſpleaſure; he ſhould ſuffer pain from it, and ſhould repent him of the cauſe.

This is the revenge inſpired from anger; but that which makes thee great is contempt.

Murder for an injury ariſeth only from cowardice: he who inflicteth it, feareth that the enemy may live and avenge himſelf.

Death endeth the quarrel; but it reſtoreth not the reputation: killing is an act of caution, not of courage; it may be ſafe, but it is not honourable.

There is nothing ſo eaſy as to revenge an offence; but nothing is ſo honourable as to pardon it.

The greateſt victory man can obtain, is over himſelf; he that diſdaineth to feel an injury, retorteth it upon him who offereth it.

When thou meditateſt revenge, thou confeſſeſt that thou feeleſt the wrong: when thou complaineſt, thou acknowledgeſt thyſelf hurt by it; meaneſt thou to add this triumph to the pride of thine enemy?

That cannot be an injury which is not felt; how then can he who deſpiſeth it revenge it?

If thou think it diſhonourable to bear an offence,

offence, more is in thy power; thou mayeſt conquer it.

Good offices will make a man aſhamed to be thine enemy: greatneſs of ſoul will terrify him from the thought of hurting thee.

The greater the wrong, the more glory there is in pardoning it; and by how much more juſtifiable would be revenge, by ſo much the more honour is in clemency.

Haſt thou a right to be a judge in thine own cauſe; to be a party in the act, and yet to pronounce ſentence on it? Before thou condemneſt, let another ſay it is juſt.

The revengeful is feared, and therefore he is hated; but he that is endued with clemency, is adored: the praiſe of his actions remaineth for ever; and the love of the world attendeth him.

4. Cruelty, Hatred, *and* Envy.

Revenge is deteſtable: what then is cruelty? Lo, it poſſeſſeth the miſchiefs of the other; but it wanteth even the pretence of its provocations.

Men diſown it as not of their nature; they are aſhamed of it as a ſtranger to their hearts: do they not call it inhumanity?

Whence then is her origin? unto what that is human oweth ſhe her exiſtence? Her father is Fear; and behold Diſmay, is it not her mother?

The hero lifteth his ſword againſt the enemy that reſiſteth; but no ſooner doth he ſubmit, than he is ſatisfied.

It is not in honour to trample on the object that feareth; it is not in virtue to inſult what is beneath it: ſubdue the inſolent, and ſpare the humble; and thou art at the height of victory.

He who wanteth virtue to arrive at this end, he who hath not courage to aſcend thus into it; lo, he ſupplieth the place of conqueſt by murder, of ſovereignty by ſlaughter.

He who feareth all, ſtriketh at all: why are tyrants cruel, but becauſe they live in terror?

Civil wars are the moſt bloody, becauſe thoſe who fight in them are cowards: conſpirators are murderers, becauſe in death there is ſilence. Is it not fear that telleth them they may be betrayed?

The cur will tear the carcaſe, though he dared not look it in the face while living: the hound that hunteth it to the death, mangleth it not afterwards.

That thou mayeſt not be cruel, ſet thyſelf too high for hatred; that thou mayeſt not be inhuman, place thyſelf above the reach of envy.

Every man may be viewed in two lights; in one he will be troubleſome, in the other leſs offenſive: chuſe to ſee him in that in which he leaſt hurteth thee; then ſhalt thou not do hurt unto him.

What is there that a man may not turn unto his good? In that which offendeth us moſt, there is more ground for complaint than hatred. Man would be reconciled to him of whom he complaineth: whom murdereth he, but him whom he hateth?

If thou art prevented of a benefit, fly not into rage: the loſs of thy reaſon is the want of a greater.

Becauſe thou art robbed of thy cloak, wouldſt thou ſtrip thyſelf of thy coat alſo?

When thou enviеſt the man who poſſeſſeth honours; when his titles and his greatneſs raiſe thy indignation; ſeek to know whence they came unto him; enquire by what means he was poſſeſſed of them, and thine envy will be turned into pity.

If the ſame fortune were offered unto thee at the ſame price, be aſſured, if thou wert wiſe, thou wouldſt refuſe it.

What is the pay for titles, but flattery? how doth man purchaſe power, but by being a ſlave to him who giveth it?

Wouldſt thou loſe thine own liberty, to be able to take away that of another? or canſt thou envy him who doth ſo?

Man purchaſeth nothing of his ſuperiors but for a price; and that price is it not more than the value? Wouldſt thou pervert the cuſtoms of the world? wouldſt thou have the purchaſe and the price alſo?

As thou canſt not envy what thou wouldſt not accept, diſdain this cauſe of hatred; and drive from thy ſoul this occaſion of the parent of cruelty.

If thou poſſeſſeſt honour, canſt thou envy that which is obtained at the expence of it? If thou knoweſt the value of virtue, pitieſt thou not thoſe who have bartered it ſo meanly?

When thou haſt taught thyſelf to bear the ſeeming good of men without repining, thou wilt hear of their real happineſs with pleaſure.

If thou ſeeſt good things fall to one who deſerveth them, thou wilt rejoice in it: for virtue is happy in the proſperity of the virtuous.

He who rejoiceth in the happineſs of another, increaſeth by it his own.

5. Heaviness *of* Heart.

The ſoul of the cheerful forceth a ſmile upon the face of affliction; but the deſpon-

dence of the ſad deadeneth even the brightneſs of joy.

What is the ſource of ſadneſs, but a feebleneſs of the ſoul? what giveth it power but the want of ſpirit? Rouſe thyſelf to the combat, and ſhe quitteth the field before thou ſtrikeſt.

Sadneſs is an enemy to thy race, therefore drive her from thy heart; ſhe poiſoneth the ſweets of thy life, therefore ſuffer her not to enter thy dwelling.

She raiſeth the loſs of a ſtraw to the deſtruction of thy fortune. While ſhe vexeth thy ſoul about trifles, ſhe robbeth thee of thine attendance to the things of conſequence: behold, ſhe but propheſieth what ſhe ſeemeth to relate unto thee.

She ſpreadeth drowſineſs as a veil over thy virtues: ſhe hideth them from thoſe who would honour thee in beholding them; ſhe entangleth and keepeth them down, while ſhe maketh it moſt neceſſary for thee to exert them.

Lo, ſhe oppreſſeth thee with evil; and ſhe tieth down thine hands, when they would throw the load from off thee.

If thou wouldſt avoid what is baſe, if thou wouldſt diſdain what is cowardly, if thou wouldſt drive from thy heart what is unjuſt, ſuffer not ſadneſs to lay hold upon it.

Suffer it not to cover itſelf with the face of piety; let it not deceive thee with a ſhew of wiſdom. Religion payeth honour to thy Maker; let it not be clouded with melancholy. Wiſdom maketh thee happy; know then, that ſorrow in her ſight is as a ſtranger.

For what ſhould man be ſorrowful; but for afflictions? Why ſhould his heart give up joy, when the cauſes of it are not removed from him? Is not this being miſerable for the ſake of miſery?

As the mourner who looketh ſad becauſe he is hired to do ſo, who weepeth becauſe his tears are paid for; ſuch is the man who ſuffereth his heart to be ſad, not becauſe he ſuffereth ought, but becauſe he is gloomy.

It is not the occaſion that produceth the ſorrow; for, behold, the ſame thing ſhall be to another rejoicing.

Aſk men if their ſadneſs maketh things better, and they will confeſs to thee that it is folly; nay, they will praiſe him who beareth his ills with patience, who maketh head againſt misfortune with courage. Applauſe ſhould be followed by imitation.

Sadneſs is againſt nature, for it troubleth her motions: lo, it rendereth diſtorted whatſoever nature hath made amiable.

As the oak falleth before the tempeſt, and raiſeth not its head again; ſo boweth the heart of man to the force of ſadneſs, and returneth unto his ſtrength no more.

As the ſnow melteth upon the mountains, from the rain that trickleth down their ſides, even ſo is beauty waſhed from off the cheek by tears; and neither the one nor the other reſtoreth itſelf again.

As the pearl is diſſolved by the vinegar, which ſeemeth at firſt only to obſcure its ſurface; ſo is thy happineſs, O man! ſwallowed up by heavineſs of heart, though at firſt it ſeemeth only to cover it as with its ſhadow.

Behold ſadneſs in the public ſtreets; caſt thine eye upon her in the places of reſort; avoideth ſhe not every one? and doth not every one fly from her preſence?

See how ſhe droopeth her head, like the flower whoſe root is cut aſunder! ſee how ſhe ſixeth her eyes upon the earth! ſee how they ſerve her to no purpoſe but for weeping!

Is there in her mouth diſcourſe? is there in her heart the love of ſociety? is there in her ſoul, reaſon? Aſk her the cauſe, ſhe knoweth it not; enquire the occaſion, and behold there is none.

Yet doth her ſtrength fail her: lo, at length ſhe ſinketh into the grave; and no one ſaith, What is become of her?

Haſt thou underſtanding, and ſeeſt thou not this! haſt thou piety, and perceiveſt thou not thine error?

God created thee in mercy; had he not intended thee to be happy, his beneficence would not have called thee into exiſtence; how dareſt thou then to fly in the face of Majeſty?

Whilſt thou art moſt happy with innocence, thou doſt him moſt honour; and what is thy diſcontent but murmuring againſt him?

Created he not all things liable to changes, and dareſt thou to weep at their changing?

If we know the law of nature, wherefore do we complain of it? if we are ignorant of it, what ſhall we accuſe but our blindneſs to what every moment giveth us proof of?

Know that it is not thou that art to give laws to the world; thy part is to ſubmit to them as thou findeſt them. If they diſtreſs thee, thy lamentation but addeth to thy torment.

Be not deceived with fair pretences, nor ſuppoſe that ſorrow healeth misfortune. It is a poiſon under the colour of a remedy: while it pretendeth to draw the arrow from

from thy breaſt, lo, it plungeth it into thine heart.

While ſadneſs ſeparateth thee from thy friends, doth it not ſay, Thou art unfit for converſation? while ſhe driveth thee into corners, doth ſhe not proclaim that ſhe is aſhamed of herſelf?

It is not in thy nature to meet the arrows of ill fortune unhurt; nor doth reaſon require it of thee: it is thy duty to bear misfortune like a man; but thou muſt firſt alſo feel it like one.

Tears may drop from thine eyes, though virtue falleth not from thine heart: be thou careful only that there is cauſe, and that they flow not too abundantly.

The greatneſs of the affliction is not to be reckoned from the number of tears. The greateſt griefs are above theſe teſtimonies, as the greateſt joys are beyond utterance.

What is there that weakeneth the ſoul like grief? what depreſſeth it like ſadneſs?

Is the ſorrowful prepared for noble enterpriſes? or armeth he himſelf in the cauſe of virtue?

Subject not thyſelf to ills, where there are in return no advantages: neither ſacrifice thou the means of good unto that which is in itſelf an evil.

Of the ADVANTAGES MAN *may acquire over his Fellow-Creatures.*

1. Nobility *and* Honour.

Nobility reſideth not but in the ſoul; nor is there true honour except in virtue.

The favour of princes may be bought by vice; rank and titles may be purchaſed for money: but theſe are not true honour.

Crimes cannot exalt the man, who commits them, to real glory; neither can gold make men noble.

When titles are the reward of virtue, when the man is ſet on high who hath ſerved his country; he who beſtoweth the honours hath glory, like as he who receiveth them; and the world is benefited by it.

Wouldſt thou wiſh to be raiſed, and men know not for what? or wouldſt thou that they ſhould ſay, Why is this?

When the virtues of the hero deſcend to his children, his titles accompany them well; but when he who poſſeſſeth them is unlike him who deſerved them, lo, do they not call him degenerate?

Hereditary honour is accounted the moſt noble; but reaſon ſpeaketh in the cauſe of him who hath acquired it.

He who, meritleſs himſelf, appealeth to the actions of his anceſtors for his greatneſs, is like the thief who claimeth protection by flying to the pagod.

What good is it to the blind, that his parents could ſee? what benefit is it to the dumb, that his grandfather was eloquent? even ſo, what is it to the mean, that their predeceſſors were noble?

A mind diſpoſed to virtue, maketh great the poſſeſſor: and without titles it will raiſe him above the vulgar.

He will acquire honour while others receive it; and will he not ſay unto them, Such were the men whom ye glory in being derived from?

As the ſhadow waiteth on the ſubſtance, even ſo true honour attendeth upon virtue.

Say not that honour is the child of boldneſs, nor believe thou that the hazard of life alone can pay the price of it: it is not to the action that it is due, but to the manner of performing it.

All are not called to the guiding the helm of ſtate; neither are there armies to be commanded by every one: do well in that which is committed to thy charge, and praiſe ſhall remain unto thee.

Say not that difficulties are neceſſary to be conquered, or that labour and danger muſt be in the way of renown. The woman who is chaſte, is ſhe not praiſed? the man who is honeſt, deſerveth he not to be honoured?

The thirſt of fame is violent; the deſire of honour is powerful; and he who gave them to us, gave them for great purpoſes.

When deſperate actions are neceſſary to the public, when our lives are to be expoſed for the good of our country, what can add force to virtue, but ambition?

It is not the receiving honour that delighteth the noble mind; its pride is the deſerving it.

Is it not better men ſhould ſay, Why hath not this man a ſtatue? than that they ſhould aſk, Why he hath one?

The ambitious will always be firſt in the croud; he preſſeth forward, he looketh not behind him. More anguiſh is it to his ſoul, to ſee one before him, than joy to leave thouſands at a diſtance.

The root of ambition is in every man; but it riſeth not in all: fear keepeth it down in ſome; in many it is ſuppreſſed by modeſty.

It is the inner garment of the ſoul; the

firſt thing put on by it with the fleſh, and the laſt it layeth down at its ſeparation from it.

It is an honour to thy nature when worthily employed; when thou directeſt it to wrong purpoſes, it ſhameth and deſtroyeth thee.

In the breaſt of the traitor ambition is covered; hypocriſy hideth its face under her mantle; and cool diſſimulation furniſheth it with ſmooth words; but in the end men ſhall ſee what it is.

The ſerpent loſeth not his ſting though benumbed with the froſt, the tooth of the viper is not broken though the cold cloſeth his mouth: take pity on his ſtate, and he will ſhew thee his ſpirit; warm him in thy boſom, and he will requite thee with death.

He that is truly virtuous, loveth virtue for herſelf; he diſdaineth the applauſe which ambition aimeth after.

How pitiable were the ſtate of virtue, if ſhe could not be happy but from another's praiſe? ſhe is too noble to ſeek recompenſe, and no more will, than can be rewarded.

The higher the ſun ariſeth, the leſs ſhadow doth he make; even ſo the greater is the virtue, the leſs doth it covet praiſe; yet cannot it avoid its reward in honours.

Glory, like a ſhadow, flieth him who purſueth it; but it followeth at the heels of him who would fly from it: if thou courteſt it without merit, thou ſhalt never attain unto it; if thou deſerveſt it, though thou hideſt thyſelf, it will never forſake thee.

Purſue that which is honourable; do that which is right; and the applauſe of thine own conſcience will be more joy to thee, than the ſhouts of millions who know not that thou deſerveſt them.

2. Science *and* Learning.

The nobleſt employment of the mind of man, is the ſtudy of the works of his Creator.

To him whom the ſcience of nature delighteth, every object bringeth a proof of his God; every thing that proveth it giveth cauſe of adoration.

His mind is lifted up to heaven every moment; his life is one continued act of devotion.

Caſteth he his eye towards the clouds, findeth he not the heavens full of his wonders? Looketh he down to the earth, doth not the worm proclaim to him, Leſs than omnipotence could not have formed me?

While the planets perform their courſes; while the ſun remaineth in his place; while the comet wandereth through the liquid air, and returneth to its deſtined road again; who but thy God, O man! could have formed them? what but infinite wiſdom could have appointed them their laws?

Behold how awful their ſplendor! yet do they not diminiſh: lo, how rapid their motions! yet one runneth not in the way of another.

Look down upon the earth, and ſee her produce; examine her bowels, and behold what they contain: hath not wiſdom and power ordained the whole?

Who biddeth the graſs to ſpring up? who watereth it at its due ſeaſons? Behold the ox croppeth it; the horſe and the ſheep, feed they not upon it? Who is he that provideth it for them?

Who giveth increaſe to the corn that thou ſoweſt? who returneth it to thee a thouſand fold?

Who ripeneth for thee the olive in its time? and the grape, though thou knoweſt not the cauſe of it?

Can the meaneſt fly create itſelf; or wert thou ought leſs than God, couldſt thou have faſhioned it?

The beaſts feel that they exiſt, but they wonder not at it; they rejoice in their life, but they know not that it ſhall end: each performeth its courſe in ſucceſſion; nor is there a loſs of one ſpecies in a thouſand generations.

Thou who ſeeſt the whole as admirable as its parts, canſt thou better employ thine eye, than in tracing out thy Creator's greatneſs in them; thy mind, than in examining their wonders?

Power and mercy are diſplayed in their formation; juſtice and goodneſs ſhine forth in the proviſion that is made for them; all are happy in their ſeveral ways; nor envieth one the other.

What is the ſtudy of words compared with this? In what ſcience is knowledge, but in the ſtudy of nature?

When thou haſt adored the fabric, enquire into its uſe; for know the earth produceth nothing but may be of good to thee. Are not food and raiment, and the remedies for thy diſeaſes, all derived from this ſource alone?

Who is wiſe then, but he that knoweth it? who hath underſtanding, but he that contemplateth it? For the reſt, whatever ſcience hath moſt utility, whatever knowledge hath leaſt vanity, prefer theſe unto the others; and profit from them for the ſake of thy neighbour.

To live, and to die; to command, and to obey;

obey; to do, and to ſuffer; are not theſe all that thou haſt farther to care about? Morality ſhall teach thee theſe; the Economy of Life ſhall lay them before thee.

Behold, they are written in thine heart, and thou needeſt only to be reminded of them: they are eaſy of conception; be attentive, and thou ſhalt retain them.

All other ſciences are vain, all other knowledge is boaſt; lo, it is not neceſſary or beneficial to man; nor doth it make him more good, or more honeſt.

Piety to thy God, and benevolence to thy fellow creatures, are they not thy great duties? What ſhall teach thee the one, like the ſtudy of his works? what ſhall inform thee of the other, like underſtanding thy dependencies?

Of NATURAL ACCIDENTS.

1. Prosperity *and* Adversity.

Let not proſperity elate thine heart above meaſure; neither depreſs thy ſoul unto the grave, becauſe fortune beareth hard againſt thee.

Her ſmiles are not ſtable, therefore build not thy confidence upon them; her frowns endure not for ever, therefore let hope teach thee patience.

To bear adverſity well, is difficult; but to be temperate in proſperity, is the height of wiſdom.

Good and ill are the teſts by which thou art to know thy conſtancy; nor is there ought elſe that can tell thee the powers of thine own ſoul: be therefore upon the watch when they are upon thee.

Behold proſperity, how ſweetly ſhe flattereth thee; how inſenſibly ſhe robbeth thee of thy ſtrength and thy vigour?

Though thou haſt been conſtant in ill fortune, though thou haſt been invincible in diſtreſs; yet by her thou art conquered: not knowing that thy ſtrength returneth not again; and yet that thou again mayſt need it.

Affliction moveth our enemies to pity: ſucceſs and happineſs cauſe even our friends to envy.

Adverſity is the ſeed of well-doing: it is the nurſe of heroiſm and boldneſs; who that hath enough, will endanger himſelf to have more? who that is at eaſe, will ſet his life on the hazard?

True virtue will act under all circumſtances; but men ſee moſt of its effects when accidents concur with it.

In adverſity man ſeeth himſelf abandoned by others; he findeth that all his hopes are centered within himſelf; he rouſeth his ſoul, he encountereth his difficulties, and they yield before him.

In proſperity he fancieth himſelf ſafe; he thinketh he is beloved of all that ſmile about his table; he groweth careleſs and remiſs; he ſeeth not the danger that is before him; he truſteth to others, and in the end they deceive him.

Every man can adviſe his own ſoul in diſtreſs; but proſperity blindeth the truth.

Better is the ſorrow that leadeth to contentment, than the joy that rendereth man unable to endure diſtreſs, and after plungeth himſelf into it.

Our paſſions dictate to us in all our extremes: moderation is the effect of wiſdom.

Be upright in thy whole life; be content in all its changes: ſo ſhalt thou make thy profit out of all occurrences; ſo ſhall every thing that happeneth unto thee be the ſource of praiſe.

The wiſe maketh every thing the means of advantage; and with the ſame countenance beholdeth he all the faces of fortune: he governeth the good, he conquereth the evil: he is unmoved in all.

Preſume not in proſperity, neither deſpair in adverſity: court not dangers, nor meanly fly from before them: dare to deſpiſe whatever will not remain with thee.

Let not adverſity tear off the wings of hope; neither let proſperity obſcure the light of prudence.

He who deſpaireth of the end, ſhall never attain unto it; and he who ſeeth not the pit, ſhall periſh therein.

He who calleth proſperity his good; who hath ſaid unto her, With thee will I eſtabliſh my happineſs; lo! he anchoreth his veſſel in a bed of ſand, which the return of the tide waſheth away.

As the water that paſſeth from the mountains, kiſſeth, in its way to the ocean, every field that bordereth the rivers; as it tarrieth not in any place; even ſo fortune viſiteth the ſons of men; her motion is inceſſant, ſhe will not ſtay; ſhe is unſtable as the winds, how then wilt thou hold her? When ſhe kiſſeth thee, thou art bleſſed; behold, as thou turneſt to thank her, ſhe is gone unto another.

2. Pain *and* Sickness.

The ſickneſs of the body affecteth even the ſoul; the one cannot be in health without the other.

Pain is of all ills that which is moſt felt; and it is that which from nature hath the feweſt remedies.

When thy conſtancy faileth thee, call in thy reaſon; when thy patience quitteth thee, call in thy hope.

To ſuffer, is a neceſſity entailed upon thy nature; wouldſt thou that miracles ſhould protect thee from it? or ſhalt thou repine, becauſe it happeneth unto thee, when ſo, it happeneth unto all?

It is injuſtice to expect exemption from that thou wert born unto; ſubmit with modeſty to the laws of thy condition.

Wouldſt thou ſay to the ſeaſons, Paſs not on, leſt I grow old? is it not better to ſuffer well that which thou canſt not avoid?

Pain that endureth long, is moderate; bluſh therefore to complain of it: that which is violent, is ſhort: behold thou ſeeſt the end of it.

The body was created to be ſubſervient to the ſoul; while thou afflicteſt the ſoul for its pains, behold thou ſetteſt that above it.

As the wiſe afflicteth not himſelf, becauſe a thorn teareth his garment; ſo the patient grieveth not his ſoul, becauſe that which covereth it is injured.

3. Death.

As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchymiſt; ſo is death the teſt of our lives, the eſſay which ſheweth the ſtandard of all our actions.

Wouldſt thou judge of a life, examine the period of it; the end crowneth the attempt: and where diſſimulation is no more, there truth appeareth.

He hath not ſpent his life ill, who knoweth to die well; neither can he have loſt all his time, who employeth the laſt portion of it to his honour.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought; neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

He that conſidereth he is to die, is content while he liveth: he who ſtriveth to forget it, hath no pleaſure in any thing; his joy appeareth to him a jewel which he expecteth every moment he ſhall loſe.

Wouldſt thou learn to die nobly? let thy vices die before thee. Happy is he who endeth the buſineſs of his life before his death; who, when the hour of it cometh, hath nothing to do but to die; who wiſheth not delay, becauſe he hath no longer uſe for time.

Avoid not death, for it is a weakneſs; fear it not, for thou underſtandeſt not what it is: all that thou certainly knoweſt, is, that it putteth an end to thy ſorrows.

Think not the longeſt life the happieſt; that which is beſt employed, doth man the moſt honour; himſelf ſhall rejoice after death in the advantages of it.

This is the complete Economy of Human Life.

CATECHETICAL LECTURES.

§ 154. *Introduction to the Catechiſm.*

The Catechiſm begins with a recital of our baptiſmal vow, as a kind of preface to the whole. It then lays down the great chriſtian principle of faith; and leaving all myſterious inquiries, in which this ſubject is involved, it paſſes on to the rules of practice. Having briefly recited theſe, it concludes with a ſimple, and very intelligible explanation of baptiſm, and the Lord's Supper.

The catechiſm then begins very properly, with a recital of our baptiſmal vow, as the beſt preface to that belief, and thoſe rules of practice, in which that vow engaged us.—But before we examine the vow itſelf, two appendages of it require explanation—the uſe of ſponſors—and the addition of a name.

With regard to the ſponſor, the church probably imitates the appointment of the legal guardian, making the beſt proviſion it can for the pious education of orphans, and deſerted children. The temporal and the ſpiritual guardian may equally betray their truſt: both are culpable: both accountable: but ſurely the latter breaks the more ſacred engagement.

As to promiſing and vowing in the name of another (which ſeems to carry ſo harſh a ſound) the ſponſor only engages for the child, as any one would engage for another, in a matter which is manifeſtly for his advantage: and on a ſuppoſition, that the child hereafter will ſee it to be ſo—that is, he promiſes, as he takes it for granted, the child itſelf would have promiſed, if it had been able.

With regard to the name, it is no part of the ſacrament; nor pretends to ſcriptural authority. It reſts merely on ancient uſage. A cuſtom had generally obtained, of giving a new name, upon adopting a new member into a family. We find it common among the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews; nay, we read that even God himſelf, when he received Abram into covenant, giving an early ſanction to this uſage, changed his name

to

to Abraham. In imitation of this common practice, the old chriſtians gave baptiſmal names to their children, which were intended to point out their heavenly adoption, as their ſurnames diſtinguiſhed their temporal alliance.

From conſidering the uſe of ſponſors, and of the name in baptiſm, we proceed next to the vow itſelf, which is thus expreſſed, "My "godfathers did promiſe three things in my "name: 1ſt, That I ſhould renounce the "devil, and all his works, the pomps and "vanities of this wicked world, and all the "ſinful luſts of the fleſh. 2dly, That I "ſhould believe all the articles of the "chriſtian faith; and 3dly, That I ſhould "keep God's holy will, and command-"ments, and walk in the ſame all the days "of my life."

Firſt then, we promiſe to "renounce "the devil, and all his works, the pomps "and vanities of this wicked world, and "all the ſinful luſts of the fleſh." "The "devil, the world, and the fleſh," is a comprehenſive mode of expreſſing every ſpecies of ſin, however diſtinguiſhed; and from whatever ſource derived: all which we not only engage to renounce as far as we are able; but alſo to take pains in tracing the labyrinths of our own hearts; and in removing the gloſſes of ſelf-deceit. Without this, all renunciation of ſin is pretence.

Being thus injoined to renounce our groſs, habitual ſins, and thoſe bad inclinations, which lead us into them; we are required next to "believe all the articles "of the "chriſtian faith." This is a natural progreſſion. When we are thoroughly convinced of the malignity of ſin, we in courſe wiſh to avoid the ill conſequences of it; and are prepared to give a fair hearing to the evidence of religion. There is a cloſe connection between vice and infidelity. They mutually ſupport each other. The ſame connection ſubſiſts between a well-diſpoſed mind, and the truths of religion: and faith perhaps is not ſo involuntary an act, as many of our modern philoſophers would perſuade us.

After "believing the articles of the chriſ-"tian faith," we are laſtly injoined to keep "God's holy will and commandments." Here too is the ſame natural progreſſion. As the renunciation of ſin prepares the way for faith ſo does faith, lead directly to obedience. They ſeem related to each other, as the mean and the end. "The end of the "commandment," ſaith the apoſtle, "is "charity, out of a pure heart, and good "conſcience, and faith unfeigned." Faith (which is the act of believing upon rational evidence) is the great fountain, from which all chriſtian virtues ſpring. No man will obey a law, till he hath informed himſelf whether it be properly authorized: or, in other words, till he believe in the juriſdiction that enacted it.—If our faith in Chriſt doth not lead us to obey him; it is what the ſcriptures call a dead faith, in oppoſition to a ſaving one.

To this inſeparable connection between faith and obedience, St. Paul's doctrine may be objected, where he ſeems to lay the whole ſtreſs on faith, in oppoſition to works*.—But it is plain, that St. Paul's argument requires him to mean by faith, the whole ſyſtem of the chriſtian religion (which is indeed the meaning of the word in many other parts of ſcripture); and by works, which he ſets in oppoſition to it, the moral law. So that in fact, the apoſtle's argument relates not to the preſent queſtion; but tends only to eſtabliſh the ſuperiority of chriſtianity. The moral law, argues the apoſtle, which claimed on the righteouſneſs of works, makes no proviſion for the deficiencies of man. Chriſtianity alone, by opening a door of mercy, gave him hopes of that ſalvation, which the other could not pretend to give.

Upon renouncing ſin, believing the articles of the chriſtian faith, and keeping God's holy commandments, as far as ſinful man can keep them, we are intitled by promiſe to all the privileges of the goſpel. We "become "members of Chriſt, children of God, and "inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." We are redeemed through the merits of Chriſt; pardoned through the mercies of God; and rewarded with a bleſſed immortality.

This account of our baptiſmal vow concludes with a queſtion, leading us to acknowledge the neceſſity of obſerving this vow; and to declare our belief, that our only hope of keeping it reſts upon the aſſiſtance of God.

Gilpin.

§ 155. *On the Creed—the Belief of God.*

The creed begins with a profeſſion of our belief in "God the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth."

The being of a God is one of thoſe truths, which ſcarce require proof. A proof ſeems rather an injury, as it ſuppoſes doubt. However, as young minds, though not ſceptical, are uninformed, it may not be impro-

* See Rom. iii. 28. and indeed great part of the epiſtle.

per to select out of the variety of arguments, which evince this great truth, two or three of the most simple.

The existence of a Deity, we prove from the light of nature. For his attributes, at least in any perfection, we must look into scripture.

A few plain and simple arguments drawn from the creation of the world—the preservation of it—and the general consent of mankind, strike us with more conviction, than all the subtilties of metaphysical deduction.

We prove the being of a God first from the creation of the world.

The world must have been produced either by design, or by chance. No other mode of origin can be supposed. Let us see then with which of these characters it is impressed.

The characteristic of the works of design, is a relation of parts, in order to produce an end—The characteristic of the works of chance is just the reverse.—When we see stones, answering each other, laid in the form of a regular building, we immediately say, they were put together by design: but when we see them thrown about in a disorderly heap, we say as confidently, they have been thrown so by chance.

Now, in the world, and all its appendages, there is plainly this appearance of design. One part relates to another; and the whole together produces an end. The sun, for instance, is connected with the earth, by warming it into a proper heat, for the production of its fruits; and furnishing it with rain and dew. The earth again is connected with all the vegetables which it produces, by providing them with proper soils, and juices for their nourishment. These again are connected with animals, by supplying them with food. And the whole together produces the great end of sustaining the lives of innumerable creatures.

Nor is design shewn only in the grand fabric of the world, and all its relative appendages: it is equally shewn in every part. It is seen in every animal, adapted in all its peculiarities to its proper mode of life. It is seen in every vegetable, furnished with parts exactly suited to its situation. In the least, as well as in the greatest of nature's productions, it is every where apparent. The little creeper upon the wall, extending its tenacious fibres, draws nourishment from the crannies of the stones; and flourishes where no other plant could live.

If then the world, and every part of it, are thus marked with the characters of design, there can be no difficulty in acknowledging the author of such design—of such amazing contrivance and variety, to be a being of infinite wisdom and power. We call a man ingenious, who makes even a common globe, with all the parts of the earth delineated upon it. What shall we say then of the author of the great original itself, in all its grandeur, and furnished with all its various inhabitants?

The argument drawn from the preservation of the world, is indeed rather the last argument advanced a step farther.

If chance could be supposed to produce a regular form, yet it is certainly beyond the highest degree of credulity, to suppose, it could continue this regularity for any time. But we find it has been continued: we find, that near 6000 years have made no change in the order and harmony of the world. The sun's action upon the earth hath ever been regular. The production of trees, plants, and herbs, hath ever been uniform. Every seed produces now the same fruit it ever did. Every species of animal life is still the same. Could chance continue this regular arrangement? Could any thing continue it, but the hand of an omnipotent God!

Lastly, we see this great truth, the being of a God, witnessed by the general consent of mankind. This general consent must arise either from tradition, or it must be the result of men's own reasoning. Upon either supposition, it is an argument equally strong. If the first supposition be allowed, it will be difficult to assign any source of this tradition, but God himself. If the second, it can scarce be supposed that all mankind, in different parts of the world, should agree in the belief of a thing, which never existed. For though doubts have arisen concerning this general belief, yet it is now pretty well ascertained, from the accounts of travellers, that no nation hath yet been discovered, among whom some traces of religious worship have not been found.

Be it so, says the objector; yet still we find single persons, even in civilized countries, and some of them men of enlarged capacities, who have not only had their doubts on this subject; but have proclaimed aloud their disbelief of a divine being.

We answer, that it is more than probable, no man's infidelity on this head was ever thoroughly settled. Bad men, rather endeavour to convince themselves, than are really convinced.—But even on a supposition, that a few such persons could be found, what

what is their teſtimony againſt ſo great a majority, as the reſt of mankind? The light of the ſun is univerſally acknowledged, though it happens, that, now and then, a man may be born blind.

But ſince, it ſeems, there are difficulties in ſuppoſing a divine creator, and preſerver of the world, what ſyſtem of things does the atheiſt ſuppoſe attended with fewer? He ſees the world produced before him. He ſees it hath been created; and is preſerved. Some account of this matter muſt be given. If ours diſpleaſe him; let us have his.

The experiment hath been tried. We have had many atheiſtical creeds: none of which hath ſtood the teſt of being handed down with any degree of credit into future times.

The atheiſt's great argument indeed againſt a Deity, is levelled at the apparent injuſtice of his government. It was an objection of ancient date; and might have had its weight in heathen times: but it is one of the bleſſings, which attends chriſtianity, that it ſatisfies all our doubts on this head; and gives us a rational and eaſy ſolution of this poignant objection. What if we obſerve an inaccurate diſtribution of the things of this world? What if virtue be depreſſed, and vice triumphant? It is nothing, ſays the voice of religion, to him, who believes this life to be an inconſiderable part of his being; a point only in the expanſe of eternity: who believes he is ſent into this world, merely to prepare himſelf for a better. This world, he knows, is intended neither for reward, nor puniſhment. Happineſs unqueſtionably attends virtue even here, and miſery, vice: but it is not the happineſs of a ſplendid ſtation, but of a peaceful mind; nor is it the miſery of low circumſtances, but of a guilty conſcience. The things of this world are not, in their own nature, connected either with happineſs or miſery. Attended ſometimes by one, and ſometimes by the other, they are merely the means of trial. One man is tempted with riches, and another with poverty; but God intends neither an elevated, nor a depreſſed ſituation as the ultimate completion of his will.

Beſides, if worldly proſperity even was the indication of God's favour, yet good men may have failings and imprudencies enough about them to deſerve misfortune; and bad men virtues, which may deſerve ſucceſs. Why ſhould imprudence, though joined with virtue, partake of its reward? Or the generous purpoſe ſhare in the puniſhment, though connected with vice?

Thus then we ſee the being of a God is the univerſal creed of nature. But though nature could inveſtigate the ſimple truth, ſhe could not preſerve it from error. Nature merely takes her notions from what ſhe ſees, and what ſhe hears, and hath ever moulded her gods in the likeneſs of things in heaven, and things on earth. Hence every part of the creation, animate and inanimate, hath, by turns, been an object of worſhip. And even the moſt refined nations, we know, had groſs conceptions on this head. The wiſeſt of them indeed, by obſerving the wonders of creation, could clothe the Deity with wiſdom and power: but they could go no farther. The virtues of their heroes afforded them the higheſt ideas of perfection: and with theſe they arrayed their gods; mixing alſo with their virtues, ſuch vices, as are found in the characters of the beſt of men.

For juſt notions of the Deity, we muſt have recourſe then to revelation alone. Revelation removes all theſe abſurdities. It diſpels the clouds of ignorance; and unveils the divine majeſty, as far as it can be the object of human contemplation. The lax notions of libertiniſm, on one hand, which make the Deity an inobſervant governor; and the gloomy ideas of ſuperſtition, on the other, which ſuppoſe him to be a dark malignant being, are equally expoſed. Here we are informed of the omniſcience and omnipreſence of God. Here we learn, that his wiſdom and power are equalled by his goodneſs; and that his mercy is over all his works. In ſhort, we learn from revelation, that we are in the hands of a being, whoſe knowledge we cannot evade, and whoſe power we cannot reſiſt; who is merciful, and good to all his creatures; and will be ever ready to aſſiſt and reward thoſe, who endeavour to conform themſelves to his will: but whoſe juſtice, at the ſame time, accompanying his mercy, will puniſh the bold and careleſs ſinner in proportion to his guilt.

Gilpin.

§ 156. *On the Creed continued—the Belief of Jeſus Chriſt.*

After profeſſing our belief in God, the creed proceeds with a profeſſion of our belief "in Jeſus Chriſt, his ſon, our Lord."

A perſon celebrated as Jeſus Chriſt was, we may ſuppoſe, would naturally find a place in the profane hiſtory of his times. It may not be amiſs, therefore, to introduce the evidence we are about to collect, with the

the teſtimony of ſome of the more eminent of the heathen writers, who have mentioned him. They will at leaſt inform us, that ſuch a perſon lived at the time we aſſert; and that he was the author of a new religion.—I ſhall quote only Suetonius, Tacitus, and Pliny.

Suetonius* tells us, that "the emperor Claudius drove all the Jews from Rome, who, at the inſtigation of one Chriſt, were continually making diſturbances."

Tacitus †, ſpeaking of the perſecution of chriſtians, tells us, "that the author of that name was Chriſt, who was put to death by Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius."

Pliny's ‡ teſtimony is more large. It is contained in a letter, written to the emperor Trajan, deſiring his inſtructions with regard to chriſtians. He blames their obſtinacy in refuſing to ſacrifice to the Roman deities—but from their own confeſſion can draw nothing, but that they aſſemble, on a certain day, before ſun-riſe—that they pay divine honours to Chriſt as a God—that they bind themſelves by a ſacrament not to ſteal, nor to commit adultery, nor to deceive—and that, after the performance of theſe rites, they join in one common meal. Nay, he examined, he ſays, two of them by torture: yet ſtill he finds nothing obnoxious in their behaviour, except their abſurd ſuperſtitions. He thinks, however, the matter ſhould be inquired into: for chriſtianity had brought religion into great diſuſe. The markets were crowded with victims; and ſcarce a purchaſer came near them.

Theſe writers afford us ſufficient teſtimony, that Jeſus Chriſt lived at the time we aſſert; and that he was the author of a new religion. They had opportunities of being well informed; could have no intereſt in falſifying; were no converts to the new ſect; but talk of Chriſt, only as they would of any ſingular perſon, whom they had occaſion to mention. Their teſtimony therefore is beyond cavil.

Let us now proceed a ſtep farther, and examine the ſcripture evidence of Chriſt, which proves not only his exiſtence; but that he is our Lord, or the Meſſiah—and not only that he was the author of a new religion; but that this religion is true.

Upon examining the grand ſcripture evidence on this head, we find the greateſt ſtreſs laid upon miracles and prophecies: both of which are direct appeals to God, by a claim to ſupernatural power. And though both theſe modes of evidence are calculated as well for us who live in remoter times, as for thoſe who lived in the earlieſt; yet the evidence from miracles ſeems more particularly addreſſed to them; as that from prophecy is to us. They were the eye-witneſſes of the miracles of the goſpel, of which we have only the evidence at ſecond-hand. Whereas prophecy is a mode of evidence, which increaſes through every age. The early chriſtians had it in part; but to us this amazing web is ſtill more unfolded; and more of its wonderful texture diſplayed.—Let us examine each in its order.

Among the eye-witneſſes of the goſpel miracles, were many learned men, as well as unlearned. The former had opportunity and abilities to examine the works before them; to trace out fraud, if any ſuch were latent; and did unqueſtionably receive them with all that circumſpection which was due to ſuch wonderful exhibitions, before they embraced the chriſtian faith: while the moſt ignorant ſpectator was a competent judge of matter of fact; and many of our Saviour's miracles were ſuch as could not poſſibly, from the nature of the facts themſelves, be coloured with fraud.

It had a ſtrange ſound to the prejudices of mankind, that a crucified malefactor was the Saviour of the world; and we cannot ſuppoſe, that any man, much leſs that a multitude of men, would embrace ſuch a belief without clear conviction: eſpecially as no worldly advantage lay on the ſide of this belief; and the convert even renounced the world, and embraced a life of perſecution.—Let us conſider the ſingle miracle of Chriſt's reſurrection. Jeſus had frequently mentioned it before his death; and the thing was ſo far in general credited, that the ſepulchre was ſealed, and an armed guard appointed to watch it. We may well ſuppoſe, therefore, that his favourers would naturally upon this occaſion, reaſon thus: "Jeſus hath now put his pretenſions upon a fair iſſue. He hath told us, he will ariſe from the dead on the third day:—here then let us ſuſpend our judgment, and wait the reſult. Three days will determine whether he be an impoſtor, or the real Meſſiah."—It is very natural to ſuppoſe, that the favourers of Jeſus would reaſon, after his death, in a manner like this: and it is beyond credibility, that any of them would have continued his diſciples, had they found

* In vita Claud. Cæſ. † Lib. 15. ‡ Lib. 10.

him

him falſifying in this point. But we know they did continue his diſciples after this. We know alſo, that many proſelytes, convinced by this very event, embraced the chriſtian religion.—We have all the reaſon in the world therefore to believe, that they were fully ſatisfied. His miracles were to them a ſufficient proof of his pretenſions. All candid men would have acquieſced, as they did; and in their belief we have a very ſtrong foundation for our own.

Again, with regard to prophecy, we obſerve, that the writers of the Old Teſtament ſeem, in various parts, to characterize ſome extraordinary perſon, who was in proceſs of time to make his appearance in the world. The marks are peculiar, and can neither be miſtaken nor miſapplied. "He was to be born of a virgin—he was to turn the hearts of the diſobedient to the wiſdom of the juſt—though dignified with the characters of a prince, he was to be a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief—though deſcribed to be without ſin, he was to be numbered with tranſgreſſors—his hands and his feet were to be pierced—he was to be made an offering for ſin—and was never to ſee corruption."—Theſe prophecies were publiſhed many hundred years before the birth of Chriſt; and had been all along in the hands, not only of the Jews, but of all men of letters. The Old Teſtament had been early tranſlated into the Greek language; and received into the politeſt libraries of thoſe times.

With theſe ideas, let us open the New Teſtament, and it is obvious that no picture can be more like its original, than theſe prophecies of Chriſt in one Teſtament, are to his hiſtory in the other. Here we ſee that extraordinary virgin-birth unravelled.—Here we ſee a life ſpent in turning the hearts of the diſobedient to the wiſdom of the juſt—Here we find the prince of his people, a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief.——Here we ſee the Lord of righteouſneſs numbered with tranſgreſſors—we ſee his hands and his feet pierced—we ſee him made an offering for ſin—and we ſee realized that extraordinary idea of death without corruption.

It were an eaſy matter to carry this compariſon through a more minute detail of circumſtances: but I mean only to trace the outlines of this great reſemblance. To compleat the picture would be a copious work.

Beſides theſe predictions, which related immediately to the life and death of Chriſt; there were many others, which deſerve notice. Among theſe the two great leading prophecies were thoſe of the calling of the Gentiles, and of the diſperſion of the Jews.

The calling of the Gentiles was one of the earlieſt prophecies of the Old Teſtament. The Jews were diſtinguiſhed in appearance, as the favourite people of God; and they were ſufficiently elated upon that diſtinction. But if they had attended cloſely to their prophets, they might have diſcovered, that all the prophecies, which deſcribed the happy ſtate of the church, had evidently a more diſtant proſpect, than to them. Thoſe early promiſes, in particular, which were repeated to the patriarchs, were not merely confined to their poſterity; but included "all the nations of the earth *."—And when the later prophets, as the great event approached, ſpoke a plainer, and a more intelligible language, the whole nation might have underſtood, as Simeon, and ſome of the wiſeſt and moſt intelligible of them did underſtand, that "a light was ſprung up to lighten the Gentiles."

The prophecy of the diſperſion of the Jewiſh nation is alſo very antient, being attributed by Moſes to the patriarch Jacob. "The ſceptre ſhall not depart from Judah, until Shiloh come." Whatever may be the preciſe meaning of the word 'ſceptre' in the original; and though it may not perhaps properly ſignify that idea of regal power, which it conveys to our ears; yet it certainly means ſome badge of authority, that implies a formed and ſettled government. And as to the word 'Shiloh,' all commentators, jewiſh as well as chriſtian, explain it to mean the Meſſiah—The ſenſe therefore of the prophecy is plainly this—that the Jews ſhould continue in the form of a ſociety, till the time of the Meſſiah. Accordingly we find that, ſoon after Chriſt's death, the ſceptre did depart from Judah: the Jews loſt all form of a political ſociety; and are a ſingular inſtance of a people, ſcattered over the whole earth, preſerved to this day ſeparate from all other people, and yet without a ſettlement any where.

Our Saviour's prophecy of the growth of his church, is likewiſe among the more remarkable predictions. He told his diſciples, that "his religion was like a grain of muſtard-ſeed, which was the leaſt of all ſeeds; but when it grew up, it ſhould become a great tree, and the fowls of the air ſhould lodge in the branches of it." He told them

* See Gen. xii. 3. xviii. 18. xxii. 18. xxvi. 4.

alſo,

alſo, that "the gates of hell ſhould never prevail againſt it."

The Jewiſh religion was continually enforced by the idea of a jealous God, watching over it, and threatening judgments from heaven upon every tranſgreſſion. The divine authority was ſtamped openly upon it. The people trembled, and worſhipped.

When the impoſtor Mahomet ſet up for a reformer, he could not indeed enforce his religion by divine judgments; but he did it by temporal. He drew his ſword, and held it to the breaſts of his oppoſers; while he promiſed to the obedient a full gratification of their paſſions.

But in the chriſtian religion, nothing of this kind appeared. No temporal judgments threatened on one hand: no ſenſual indulgences allured on the other. A few deſponding ignorant mechanics, the diſciples of a perſon crucified as a common malefactor, were all the parade, with which this religion was uſhered into the world; and all the human aſſiſtance which it had to boaſt. ——And yet this religion, which oppoſed the ſtrongeſt prejudices, and was oppoſed by the greateſt princes, made its way in a few years, from a remote corner, through the whole Roman empire.——Thus was our Saviour's prophecy, in oppoſition to all human calculation, exactly fulfilled. The leaſt of all ſeeds became a ſpreading tree; and a church was eſtabliſhed, which could not be deſtroyed by all the powers of hell.

But although the church of Chriſt could not be deſtroyed, it was corrupted; and in a courſe of years fell from its genuine purity. This corrupt ſtate of it—the deluſions of popery—the efforts of reformation, and various other circumſtances relating to it, are not unreaſonably ſuppoſed to be held forth, in the prophetic parts of the New Teſtament.

But I forbear to dwell upon prophecies, which are not obvious enough to carry general conviction; though many of them have been well explained by thoſe *, who are verſed in the hiſtories to which they allude. Future times will, in all probability, reflect a ſtronger light upon them. Some of the great prophecies, which we have juſt conſidered, ſhone but with a feeble ray, during the times they were fulfilling, though they now ſtrike us in ſo forcible a manner.

Gilpin.

§ 157. *The Creed continued—Conception and Birth of Chriſt, &c.*

We have now ſhewn upon what foundation we believe the ſecond article of our creed; let us next conſider the remaining articles—the hiſtory of Chriſt, as delivered in ſcripture, and the benefits which he procured for us—the aſſiſtance of the Holy Spirit—the remiſſion of our ſins—and everlaſting life.

Firſt, then, we believe that Chriſt was "conceived of the Holy Ghoſt, and born of the virgin Mary." The manner of this miraculous conception we inquire not into. It is a point not only beyond the limits of human inquiry; but to us at leaſt a point very unimportant. We believe juſt the Scripture-account of it, and aſſure ourſelves, that if it had concerned us, it would have been more plainly revealed.—One thing, however, we may obſerve on this head, that nothing is ſaid in Scripture of paying divine honours to the virgin Mary. Thoſe rites are totally of popiſh origin.

We farther believe, that Chriſt "ſuffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; and that he deſcended into hell,"——that is, we declare our belief of the Scripture-account of the circumſtances and the reality of Chriſt's death.

To make an action clear, it is neceſſary, firſt, to eſtabliſh its date. This is uſually done by ranging it under the magiſtrate who then preſided, the time of whoſe government is always regiſtered in ſome public record.—Thus we believe that Chriſt's death happened when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea. We believe alſo, with regard to the manner of his death, that he was crucified; that he died as really as any mortal ever did; and that he was buried in the tomb of Joſeph of Arimathea †.

The "deſcent into hell" is undoubtedly a more obſcure expreſſion than might be wiſhed in a creed, and was not indeed added till many ages after the creed was firſt compoſed ‡. But as creeds are human compoſitions, we believe this, and every other difficulty, only as conſiſtent with Scripture.

* See Biſhop Newton's Diſſertations; and Biſhop Hurd's ſermons on prophecy.

† Iſaiah foretold he ſhould "make his grave with the rich." And St. Matthew tells us, that οἰκίας γενομένης, ἦλθεν ἀνθρώπῳ πλουσίῳ. Matt. xxvii. 57. Iſaiah liii. 9.

‡ See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iii. c. 3.

Now

Now the ſenſe which ſeems moſt agreeable to Scripture, is, that his ſoul remained till his reſurrection in that place (whatever that place is) where the ſpirits of the bleſſed reſt: and the expreſſion ſeems to have been added, only that we may the more ſtrongly expreſs our belief of the reality of his death. This we do, when we expreſs our belief of the ſeparation of his ſoul and body. "He was buried,"—and "deſcended into hell." The firſt expreſſion relates to his body, which was laid in the grave; the ſecond to his ſoul, which paſſed into the place of departed ſpirits.

We farther believe, that "on the third day he roſe again from the dead." The reſurrection of Chriſt from the dead is a point of the utmoſt importance to chriſtians. On the certainty of Chriſt's reſurrection depend all hopes of our own. On this article, therefore, we ſhall be more large.

And, in the firſt place, what is there in it that need ſhock our reaſon? It was a wonderful event: but is not nature full of wonderful events? When we ſeriouſly weigh the matter, is it leſs ſtrange, that a grain of corn thrown into the ground ſhould die, and riſe again with new vegetation, than that a human body, in the ſame circumſtances, ſhould aſſume new life? The commonneſs of the former makes it familiar to us, but not in any degree leſs unaccountable. Are we at all more acquainted with the manner in which grain germinates, than with the manner in which a body is raiſed from the dead? And is it not obviouſly ſtriking, that the ſame power which can effect the one, may effect the other alſo?—But analogy, though it tend to convince, is no proof. Let us proceed then to matter of fact.

That the body was dead, and ſafely lodged in the tomb, and afterwards conveyed out of it, was agreed on, both by thoſe who oppoſed, and by thoſe who favoured the reſurrection. In the circumſtances of the latter fact, they differ widely.

The diſciples tell their ſtory—a very plain and ſimple one—that, ſcarce expecting the event, notwithſtanding their maſter had himſelf foretold it, they were ſurpriſed with an account that the body was gone—that they found afterwards, to their great aſtoniſhment, that their maſter was again alive—that they had been ſeveral times with him; and appealed for the truth of what they ſaid to great numbers, who, as well as themſelves, had ſeen him after his reſurrection.

The chief prieſts, on the other ſide, declared the whole to be a forgery; aſſerting, that the plain matter of fact was, the diſciples came by night, and ſtole the body away, while the ſoldiers ſlept.

Such a tale, unſupported by evidence, would be liſtened to in no court of juſtice. It has not even the air of probability. Can it be ſuppoſed, that the diſciples, who had fled with terror when they might have reſcued their maſter's life; would venture, in the face of an armed guard, to carry off his dead body?—Or is it more probable, that they found the whole guard aſleep; when we know, that the vigilance of centinels is ſecured by the ſtricteſt diſcipline?—Beſides, what advantage could ariſe from ſuch an attempt? If they miſcarried, it was certain ruin, both to them and their cauſe. If they ſucceeded, it is difficult to ſay what uſe they could make of their ſucceſs. Unleſs they could have produced their dead body alive, the ſecond error would be worſe than the firſt. Their maſter's prophecy of his own reſurrection was an unhappy circumſtance; yet ſtill it was wrapped in a veil of obſcurity. But if his diſciples endeavoured to prove its completion, it was their buſineſs to look well to the event. A detection would be ſuch a comment upon their maſter's text, as would never be forgotten.—When a cauſe depends on falſehood, every body knows, the leſs it is moved the better.

This was the caſe of the other ſide. Obſcurity there was wanted. If the chief prieſts had any proof, why did they not produce it? Why were not the diſciples taken up, and examined upon the fact? They never abſconded. Why were they not judicially tried? Why was not the trial made public? and why were not authentic memorials of the fraud handed down to poſterity; as authentic memorials were of the fact, recorded at the very time, and place, where it happened? Chriſtianity never wanted enemies to propagate its diſparagement.—But nothing of this kind was done. No proof was attempted—except indeed the teſtimony of men aſleep. The diſciples were never queſtioned upon the fact; and the chief prieſts reſted ſatisfied with ſpreading an inconſiſtent rumour among the people, impreſſed merely by their own authority.

Whatever records of heathen origin remain, evince the truth of the reſurrection. One is very remarkable. Pontius Pilate ſent the emperor Tiberius a relation of the death and reſurrection of Chriſt; which were

were recorded at Rome, as usual, among other provincial matters. This intelligence made so great an impression, it seems, upon the emperor, that he referred it to the senate, whether Jesus Christ of Judea should not be taken into the number of the Roman gods?—Our belief of this fact is chiefly founded upon the testimony of Justin Martyr, and Tertullian, two learned heathens, in the age succeeding Christ, who became christians from this very evidence, among others, in favour of christianity. In their apologies *, still extant, one of which was made to the senate of Rome, the other to a Roman governor, they both appeal to these records of Pontius Pilate, as then generally known; which we cannot conceive such able apologists would have done, if no such records had ever existed †.

Having seen what was of old objected to the resurrection of Christ, it may be proper also to see the objections of modern disbelievers.

And, first, we have the stale objection, that nothing is more common among the propagators of every new religion, than to delude their ignorant proselytes with idle stories. What a variety of inconsistent tales did the votaries of heathenism believe! What absurdities are adopted into the Mahometan creed! To what strange facts do the vulgar papists give credit! And can we suppose better of the resurrection of Christ, than that it was one of those pious frauds, intended merely to impose upon the people, and advance the credit of the new sect?

This is just as easily said, as that his disciples stole him away, while the guard slept. Both are assertions without proof.

Others have objected Christ's partial discovery of himself, after his resurrection. If he had boldly shewn himself to the chief priests; or publickly to all the people; we might have had a more rational foundation for our belief. But as he had only for his witnesses, upon this occasion, a few of his chosen companions, the thing has certainly a more secret appearance than might be wished.

This insinuation is founded upon a passage in the acts of the apostles, in which it is said, that "God shewed him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God." The question is, what is meant by witnesses chosen before of God? Certainly nothing more than persons expressly, and by particular designation, intended to be the witnesses of this event. Others might see him if they pleased; but these were not the people, to whom God shewed him openly: this particular designation was confined to the "chosen witnesses."—And is there any thing more in this, than we see daily in all legal proceedings? Does not every body wish to have the fact, about which he is concerned, authenticated by indubitable records; or by living testimony, if it can be had? Do we not procure the hands of witnesses, appointed to this purpose, in all our deeds and writings?—Let us not, however, answer the objection by an arbitrary explanation of the text; but let us compare this explanation with the matter of fact.

On the morning of the resurrection, the apostles, who ran to the sepulchre to make themselves acquainted with what they had heard, received a message from their master, injoining them to meet him in Galilee. It does not appear, that this message was conveyed with any secrecy: it is rather probable it was not; and that the disciples told it to as many as they met. The women, it is expressly said, told it "to the eleven, and all the rest." Who the rest were, does not appear: but it is plain, from the sequel, that the thing was generally known; and that as many as chose either to satisfy their faith, or gratify their curiosity, repaired for that purpose to Galilee. And thus we find St. Peter making a distinction between the voluntary and the chosen witnesses—between those "who had companied with the apostles all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them, from his baptism till his ascension, and those who "were ordained to be the witnesses of his resurrection ‡."

* Just. Mart. Apol. ad Anton. P.—Tertull. Apol. cap. 15.

† The acts of Pilate, as they are called, are often treated with contempt; for no reason, that I know. I never met with any thing against them of more authority than a sneer. Probable they certainly were; and a bare probability, when nothing opposes it, has its weight. But here the probability is strengthened by no small degree of positive evidence; which, if the reader wishes to see collected in one point of view, I refer him to the article of "Christ's suffering under Pontius Pilate," in Bishop Pearson's exposition of the Creed.

Among other authorities, that of the learned commentator on Eusebius, is worth remarking: "Fuere genuina Pilati acta; ad quæ provocabant primi christiani, tanquam ad certissima fidei monumenta."

‡ Acts i. 21.

St.

St. Paul goes farther, and in expreſs words tells us, that Chriſt was ſeen * "after his reſurrection of above five hundred brethren at once:" and it is probable, from the expreſſion, "at once," that he was ſeen, at different times, by many more.

If then Chriſt thus appeared in Galilee to as many as choſe to ſee him; or even if he appeared only to five hundred people, of whom St. Paul tells us the greateſt part were ſtill alive, when he wrote this epiſtle, there can ſurely be no reaſonable cauſe of offence at his appearing, beſides theſe, to a few of his choſen companions, who attended by expreſs appointment, as perſons deſigned to record the event.

In fact, if the ſame method be purſued in this inquiry, which is uſual in all others, the evidence of theſe choſen companions is all that is neceſſary. Here are twelve men produced (in general three or four men are thought ſufficient) on whoſe evidence the fact depends. Are they competent witneſſes? Have they thoſe marks about them, which characteriſe men of integrity? Can they be challenged on any one ground of rational exception? If not, their evidence is as ſtrictly legal, as full, and as ſatisfactory, as any reaſonable man can require. ——But in this great cauſe, we ſee the evidence is carried ſtill farther. Here are five hundred perſons waiting without, ready to add their teſtimony, if any one ſhould require it, to what has already been more than legally proved. So that the argument even addreſſes itſelf to that abſurd diſtinction, which we often find in the cavils of infidelity, between *rem certam*, and *rem certiſſimam*.

Upon the whole, then, we may affirm boldly, that this great event of the reſurrection of Chriſt is founded upon evidence equal to the importance of it. If we expect ſtill more, our anſwer is upon record: "If ye believe not Moſes and the prophets," God's ordinary means of ſalvation, "neither will ye be perſuaded, though one roſe from the dead."—There muſt be bounds in all human evidence; and he who will believe nothing, unleſs he have every poſſible mode of proof, muſt be an infidel in almoſt every tranſaction of life. With ſuch perſons there is no reaſoning. They who are not ſatisfied, becauſe Chriſt did not appear in open parade at Jeruſalem; would farther have aſked, if he had appeared in the manner they expected, why did he not appear to every nation upon earth? Or, perhaps, why he did not ſhew himſelf to every individual?

To theſe objections may be added a ſcruple, taken from a paſſage of Scripture, in which it is ſaid, that "Chriſt ſhould lie three days and three nights in the heart of the earth:" whereas, in fact, he only lay two nights, one whole day, and a part of two others.

But no figure in ſpeech is more common than that of putting a part for the whole. In the Hebrew language perhaps this licence is more admiſſible, than in any other. A day and a night complete one whole day: and as our Saviour lay in the ground a part of every one of theſe three portions of time, he might be ſaid, by an eaſy liberty of ſpeech, to have lain the whole. *Gilpin.*

§ 158. *Creed continued.—Chriſt's Aſcenſion.—Belief in the Holy Ghoſt.*

We believe farther, that Chriſt "aſcended into heaven, and ſitteth on the right hand of God."

Chriſt's aſcenſion into heaven reſts on the ſame kind of proof, as his reſurrection. Both of them are events, which the apoſtles were "ordained to witneſs." But though their teſtimony in this caſe, as well as in the reſurrection, is certainly the moſt legal, and authentic proof, and fully ſufficient for any reaſonable man; yet this does not exclude the voluntary teſtimony of others. It is evident, that the apoſtles were not the ſole eye-witneſſes of this event: for when St. Peter called together the firſt aſſembly of the church to chuſe a ſucceſſor to Judas Iſcariot, he tells them, they muſt neceſſarily chuſe one, out of thoſe men, who had been witneſſes of all that Chriſt did, from his baptiſm "till his aſcenſion:" and we find, there were in that meeting an hundred and twenty perſons †, thus qualified.

Be it however as it will, if this article ſhould reſt on a leſs formal proof, than the reſurrection, it is of no great conſequence: for if the reſurrection be fully proved, nobody can well deny the aſcenſion. If the teſtimony of the evangeliſts be allowed to prove the one; their word may be taken to eſtabliſh the other.

With regard to "the right hand of God," it is a ſcriptural expreſſion uſed merely in conformity to our groſs conceptions; and is not intended to imply any

* 1 Cor. xv.

† See Acts i. 15.

 diſtinction

distinction of parts, but merely the idea of pre-eminence.

We believe farther, that "Christ shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

This article contains the most serious truth, that ever was revealed to mankind. In part it was an article of the heathen creed. To unenlightened nature it seemed probable, that, as we had reason given us for a guide, we should hereafter be accountable for its abuse: and the poets, who were the prophets of early days, and durst deliver those truths under the veil of fable, which the philosopher kept more to himself, give us many traits of the popular belief on this subject*. But the gospel alone threw a full light upon this awful truth.

In examining this great article, the curiosity of human nature, ever delighting to explore unbeaten regions, hath often been tempted, beyond its limits, into fruitless inquiries; scrutinizing the time of this event; and settling, with vain precision, the circumstances of it. All curiosity of this kind is idle at least, if not presumptuous. When the Almighty hath thrown a veil over any part of his dispensation, it is the folly of man to endeavour to draw it aside.

Let us then leave all fruitless inquiries about this great event; and employ our thoughts chiefly upon such circumstances of it as most concern us.—Let us animate our hopes with the soothing reflection, that we have our sentence, in a manner, in our own power,—that the same gracious gospel, which directs our lives, shall direct the judgment we receive,—that the same gracious person shall be our judge, who died for our sins—and that his goodness, we are assured, will still operate towards us; and make the kindest allowances for all our infirmities.

But lest our hopes should be too buoyant, let us consider, on the other hand, what an awful detail against us will then appear. The subject of that grand enquiry will be all our transgressions of known duty—all our omissions of knowing better—our secret intentions—our indulged evil thoughts—the bad motives, which often accompany our most plausible actions—and, we are told, even our idle words.—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Then shall it be known, whether we have answered the great ends of life?—Whether we have made this world subservient to a better?—Whether we have prepared ourselves for a state of happiness in heaven, by endeavouring to communicate happiness to our fellow-creatures upon earth? Whether we have restrained our appetites, and passions; and reduced them within the bounds of reason and religion? Or, whether we have given ourselves up to pleasure, gain, or ambition; and formed such attachments to this world, as fit us for nothing else; and leave us no hopes either of gaining, or of enjoying a better? It will be happy for us, if on all these heads of inquiry, we can answer without dismay.—Worldly distinctions, we know, will then be of no avail. The proudest of them will be then confounded. "Naked came we into the world; and naked must we return." We can carry nothing beyond the grave, but our virtues, and our vices.

I shall conclude what hath been said on the last judgment with a collection of passages on this head from Scripture; where only our ideas of it can be obtained. And though most of these passages are figurative; yet as figures are intended to illustrate realities, and are indeed the only illustrations of which this subject is capable, we may take it for granted, that these figurative expressions are intended to convey a just idea of the truth.—With a view to make the more impression upon you, I shall place these passages in a regular series, though collected from various parts.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with his holy angels—The trumpet shall sound; and all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and come forth—Then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and all nations shall be gathered before him—the books shall be opened; and men shall be judged according to their works.—They who have sinned without law, shall perish, (that is, be judged) without law; and they who have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law.—Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.—Then shall he say to them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you. And to them on his left, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.—Then shall the righteous shine forth in the presence of their Father; while the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.—What manner of persons ought we then to be in all holy conversation, and godliness? looking for, and hastening unto, the day of our Lord; when the heavens being on fire,

* See particularly the 6th Book of Virgil's Æn.

ſhall be diſſolved, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat.—Wherefore, beloved, ſeeing that we look for ſuch things, let us be diligent, that we may be found of him in peace, without ſpot, and blameleſs; that each of us may receive that bleſſed ſentence, "Well done, thou good and faithful ſervant: thou haſt been faithful over a little, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We believe, farther, in "the Holy Ghoſt;" that is, we believe every thing which the Scriptures tell us of the Holy Spirit of God.—We inquire not into the nature of its union with the Godhead. We take it for granted, that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt, have ſome kind of union, and ſome kind of diſtinction; becauſe both this union and this diſtinction are plainly pointed out in Scripture; but how they exiſt we enquire not; concluding here, as in other points of difficulty, that if a clearer information had been neceſſary, it would have been afforded.

With regard to the operations of the Holy Spirit of God, (beſides which, little more on this head is revealed) we believe, that it directed the apoſtles, and enabled them to propagate the goſpel—and that it will aſſiſt all good men in the conſcientious diſcharge of a pious life.

The Scripture doctrine, with regard to the aſſiſtance we receive from the Holy Spirit of God (which is the moſt eſſential part of this article) is briefly this:

Our beſt endeavours are inſufficient. We are unprofitable ſervants, after all; and cannot pleaſe God, unleſs ſanctified, and aſſiſted by his Holy Spirit. Hence the life of a good man hath been ſometimes called a ſtanding miracle; ſomething beyond the common courſe of nature. To attain any degree of goodneſs, we muſt be ſupernaturally aſſiſted.

At the ſame time, we are aſſured of this aſſiſtance, if we ſtrive to obtain it by fervent prayer, and a pious life. If we truſt in ourſelves, we ſhall fail. If we truſt in God, without doing all we can ourſelves, we ſhall fail likewiſe. And if we continue obſtinate in our perverſeneſs, we may at length totally incapacitate ourſelves from being the temples of the Holy Ghoſt.

And indeed what is there in all this, which common life does not daily illuſtrate? Is any thing more common, than for the intellect of one man to aſſiſt that of another? Is not the whole ſcheme of education an infuſion of knowledge and virtue not our own? Is it not evident too, that nothing of this kind can be communicated without application on the part of the learner? Are not the efforts of the teacher in a manner neceſſarily proportioned to this application? If the learner becomes languid in his purſuits, are not the endeavours of the teacher of courſe diſcouraged? And will they not at length wholly fail, if it be found in the end they anſwer no purpoſe?—In a manner analogous to this, the Holy Spirit of God co-operates with the endeavours of man. Our endeavours are neceſſary to obtain God's aſſiſtance: and the more earneſtly theſe endeavours are exerted, the meaſure of this grace will of courſe be greater.

But, on the other hand, if theſe endeavours languiſh, the aſſiſtance of Heaven will leſſen in proportion; and if we behave with obſtinate perverſeneſs, it will by degrees wholly fail. It will not always ſtrive with man; but will leave him a melancholy prey to his own vicious inclinations.

As to the manner, in which this ſpiritual aſſiſtance is conveyed, we make no inquiry. We can as little comprehend it, as we can the action of our ſouls upon our bodies. We are ſenſible, that our ſouls do act upon our bodies; and it is a belief equally conſonant to reaſon, that the divine influence may act upon our ſouls. The advocate for natural religion need not be reminded, that among the heathens a divine influence was a received opinion. The prieſts of every oracle were ſuppoſed to be inſpired by their gods; and the heroes of antiquity were univerſally believed to act under the influence of a ſupernatural aſſiſtance; by which it was conceived they performed actions beyond human power.—This ſhews, at leaſt, that there is nothing in this doctrine repugnant to reaſon. *Gilpin.*

§ 159. *Creed continued.—The Holy Catholic Church. &c.*

We believe, farther, in the "holy catholic church," and the "communion of ſaints."

"I believe in the holy catholic church," is certainly a very obſcure expreſſion to a proteſtant; as it is very capable of a popiſh conſtruction, implying our truſt in the infallibility of the church; whereas we attribute infallibility to no church upon earth. The moſt obvious ſenſe, therefore, in which it can be conſidered as a proteſtant article of our belief, is this, that we call no particular ſociety of chriſtians a holy catholic church; but believe, that all true and ſincere chriſtians, of whatever communion, or

particular opinion, ſhall be the objects of God's mercy. The patriarchal covenant was confined to a few. The Jewiſh church ſtood alſo on a very narrow baſis. But the chriſtian church, we believe, is truly catholic: its gracious offers are made to all mankind; and God, through Chriſt, will take out of every nation ſuch as ſhall be ſaved.

The "communion of ſaints," is an expreſſion equally obſcure: and whatever might have been the original meaning of it, it certainly does not reſolve itſelf into a very obvious one to us. If we ſay we mean by it, that good chriſtians living together on earth, ſhould exerciſe all offices of charity among themſelves, no one will contradict the article; but many perhaps may aſk, Why is it made an article of faith? It relates not ſo much to faith, as to practice: and the ten commandments might juſt as well be introduced as articles of our belief.

To this I can only ſuggeſt, that it may have a place among the articles of our creed, as a teſt of our enlarged ideas of chriſtianity, and as oppoſed to the narrow-mindedneſs of ſome chriſtians, who harbour very uncharitable opinions againſt all who are not of their own church; and ſcruple not to ſhew their opinions by uncharitable actions. The papiſts, particularly, deny ſalvation to any but thoſe of their own communion, and perſecute thoſe of other perſuaſions where they have the power.—In oppoſition to this, we profeſs our belief of the great chriſtian law of charity. We believe we ought to think charitably of good chriſtians of all denominations; and ought to practiſe a free and unreſtrained communion of charitable offices towards them.

In this light the ſecond part of the article depends upon the firſt. By the "holy catholic church," we mean all ſincere chriſtians, of whatever church, or peculiarity of opinion; and by "the communion of ſaints," a kind and charitable behaviour towards them.

Though it is probable this was not the original meaning of the article, yet as the reformers of the liturgy did not think it proper to make an alteration, we are led to ſeek ſuch a ſenſe as appears moſt conſiſtent with ſcripture.—We are aſſured, that this article, as well as the "deſcent into hell," is not of the ſame antiquity as the reſt of the creed *.

We profeſs our belief farther in the "forgiveneſs of ſins."—The Scripture-doctrine of ſin, and of the guilt, which ariſes from it, is this:

Man was originally created in a ſtate of innocence, yet liable to fall. Had he perſevered in his obedience, he might have enjoyed that happineſs, which is the conſequence of perfect virtue. But when this happy ſtate was loſt, his paſſions and appetites became diſordered, and prone to evil. Since that time we have all been, more or leſs, involved in ſin, and are all therefore, in the Scripture-language, "under the curſe;" that is, we are naturally in a ſtate of unpardoned guilt.

In this mournful exigence, what was to be done? In a ſtate of nature, it is true, we might be ſorry for our ſins. Nature too might dictate repentance. But ſorrow and repentance, though they may put us on our guard, for the future, can make no atonement for ſins already committed. A reſolution to run no more into debt may make us cautious; but can never diſcharge a debt already contracted †.

In this diſtreſs of nature, Jeſus Chriſt came into the world. He threw a light upon the gloom that ſurrounded us.—He ſhewed us, that in this world we were loſt—that the law of nature could not ſave us—that the tenor of that law was perfect obedience, with which we could not comply—but that God—through his mediation, offered us a method of regaining happineſs—that he came to make that atonement for us, which we could not make for ourſelves—and to redeem us from that guilt, which would otherwiſe overwhelm us—that faith and obedience were, on our parts, the conditions required in this gracious covenant—and that God promiſed us, on his, the pardon of our ſins, and everlaſting life—that we were firſt therefore to be made holy through the goſpel of Chriſt, and then we might expect ſalvation through his death:

* See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iv. chap. 3.

† Thus Mr. Jenyns expreſſes the ſame thing: "The puniſhment of vice is a debt due to juſtice, "which cannot be remitted without compenſation: repentance can be no compenſation. It may "change a wicked man's diſpoſitions, and prevent his offending for the future; but can lay no claim "to pardon for what is paſt. If any one by profligacy and extravagance contracts a debt, repentance "may make him wiſer, and hinder him from running into farther diſtreſſes, but can never pay off his "old bonds, for which he muſt be ever accountable, unleſs they are diſcharged by himſelf, or ſome "other in his ſtead."

View of the Intern. Evid. p. 112.

"Us,

" Us, who were dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, would he quicken. Chriſt would redeem us from the curſe of the law. By grace we ſhould be ſaved through faith; and that not of ourſelves: it was the gift of God. Not of works, leſt any man ſhould boaſt."

Gilpin.

§ 160. *Creed continued.—Reſurrection of the Body.*

We believe farther " in the reſurrection of the body."—This article preſumes our belief in the immortality of the ſoul.

What that principle of life is, which we call the ſoul; how it is diſtinguiſhed from mere animal life; how it is connected with the body; and in what ſtate it ſubſiſts, when its bodily functions ceaſe; are among thoſe indiſſoluble queſtions, with which nature every where abounds. But notwithſtanding the difficulties, which attend the diſcuſſion of theſe queſtions, the truth itſelf hath in all ages of the world been the popular creed. Men believed their ſouls were immortal from their own feelings, ſo impreſſed with an expectation of immortality—from obſerving the progreſſive ſtate of the ſoul, capable, even after the body had attained its full ſtrength, of ſtill higher improvements both in knowledge, and in habits of virtue—from the analogy of all nature, dying and reviving in every part—from their ſituation here, ſo apparently incomplete in itſelf; and from a variety of other topics, which the reaſon of man was able to ſuggeſt.—But though nature could obſcurely ſuggeſt this great truth; yet Chriſtianity alone threw a clear light upon it, and impreſſed it with a full degree of conviction upon our minds.

But the article before us proceeds a ſtep farther. It not only implies the immortality of the ſoul; but aſſerts the reſurrection of the body.—Nor was this doctrine wholly new to nature. In its conceptions of a future life, we always find the ſoul in an imbodied ſtate. It was airy indeed, and bloodleſs; but ſtill it had the parts of a human body, and could perform all its operations.

In theſe particulars the Scripture does not gratify our curioſity. From various paſſages we are led to believe, that the body ſhall certainly riſe again: but in what manner, or of what ſubſtance, we pretend not to examine. We learn " that it is ſown in corruption, and raiſed in incorruption; that it is ſown in diſhonour, and raiſed in glory; that it is ſown a natural body, and raiſed a ſpiritual body:" from all which we gather, that whatever ſameneſs our bodies may have, they will hereafter take a more ſpiritualized nature; and will not be ſubject to thoſe infirmities, to which they were ſubject on earth. Farther on this head, it behoves us not to inquire.

Inſtead, therefore, of entering into any metaphyſical diſquiſitions of identity, or any other curious points in which this deep ſubject might engage us, all which, as they are founded upon uncertainty, muſt end in doubt, it is better to draw this doctrine, as well as all others, into practical uſe: and the uſe we ought to make of it is, to pay that regard to our bodies, which is due to them—not vainly to adorn—not luxuriouſly to pamper them; but to keep them as much as poſſible from the pollutions of the world; and to lay them down in the grave undefiled, there to be ſealed up in expectation of a bleſſed reſurrection.

Laſtly, we believe " in the life everlaſting:" in which article we expreſs our faith in the eternity of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments.

This article is nearly related to the laſt, and is involved in the ſame obſcurity. In what the reward of the virtuous will conſiſt, after death, our reaſon gives us no information. Conjecture indeed it will, in a matter which ſo nearly concerns us; and it hath conjectured in all ages: but information it hath none, except from the word of God; and even there, our limited capacities can receive it only in general and figurative expreſſions. We are told, " there will then reign fulneſs of joy, and pleaſures for evermore—that the righteous ſhall have an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away—where they ſhall ſhine forth, as the ſun, in the preſence of their father—where error, and ſin, and miſery ſhall be no more—where ſhall be aſſembled an innumerable company of angels, the general aſſembly of the church, the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect—that they ſhall neither hunger nor thirſt any more—that all tears ſhall be wiped from their eyes—that there ſhall be neither death, nor ſorrow, nor pain."

From theſe, and ſuch expreſſions as theſe, though we cannot collect the entire nature of a future ſtate of happineſs, yet we can eaſily gather a few circumſtances, which muſt of courſe attend it; as, that it will be very great—that it will laſt for ever—that it will be of a nature entirely different from the happineſs of this world—that, as in this world, our paſſions and appetites prevail; in the next, reaſon and virtue will

have the ſuperiority—" hunger and thirſt, tears and ſorrow," we read, " will be no more"—that is, all uneaſy paſſions and appetites will then be annihilated—all vain fears will be then removed—all anxious and intruding cares—and we ſhall feel ourſelves compleat and perfect; and our happineſs, not dependent, as here, upon a thouſand precarious circumſtances, both within and without ourſelves, but conſiſtent, uniform, and ſtable.

On the other hand, we pretend not to inquire in what the puniſhment of the wicked conſiſts. In the Scripture we find many expreſſions, from which we gather, that it will be very great. It is there called, " an everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels—where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched—where ſhall be weeping, and gnaſhing of teeth—where the wicked ſhall drink of the wrath of God, poured without mixture into the cup of his indignation—where they ſhall have no reſt, neither by day nor night."

Though it becomes us certainly to put our interpretations with the greateſt caution and humility upon ſuch paſſages as theſe; yet " the worm that never dieth," and " the fire that is never quenched," are ſtrong expreſſions, and hardly to be evaded by any refinements of verbal criticiſm. Let the deiſt bravely argue down his fears, by demonſtrating the abſurdity of conſuming a ſpirit in material fire. Let him fully explain the nature of future puniſhment; and convince us, that where it cannot reform, it muſt be unjuſt.—But let us, with more modeſty, lay our hands humbly upon our breaſts, confeſs our ignorance; revere the appointments of God, whatever they may be; and prepare to meet them with holy hope, and trembling joy, and awful ſubmiſſion to his righteous will.

To the unenlightened heathen the eternity of future puniſhments appeared no ſuch unreaſonable doctrine. Their ſtate of the damned was of eternal duration. A vulture for ever tore thoſe entrails, which were for ever renewed *.

Of one thing, however, we may be well aſſured (which may ſet us entirely at reſt in all our enquiries on this deep ſubject), that every thing will, in the end, be right—that a juſt and merciful God muſt act agreeably to juſtice and mercy—and that the firſt of theſe attributes will moſt aſſuredly be tempered with the latter.

From the doctrine of future rewards and puniſhments, the great and moſt convincing practical truth which ariſes, is, that we cannot exert too much pains in qualifying ourſelves for the happineſs of a future world. As this happineſs will laſt for ever, how beneficial will be the exchange—this world, " which is but for a moment, for that everlaſting weight of glory which fadeth not away!"

Vice, on the other hand, receives the greateſt diſcouragement from this doctrine, as every ſin we commit in this world may be conſidered as an addition to an everlaſting account in the next. *Gilpin.*

§ 61. *On the Ten Commandments.*

Having conſidered the articles of our faith, we proceed to the rules of our practice. Theſe, we know, are of ſuch importance, that, let our faith be what it will, unleſs it influence our lives, it is of no value. At the ſame time, if it be what it ought to be, it will certainly have this influence.

On this head, the ten commandments are firſt placed before us; from which the compoſers of the catechiſm, as well as many other divines, have drawn a compleat ſyſtem of chriſtian duties. But this is perhaps rather too much †. Both Moſes, in the law, and Chriſt in the goſpel, ſeem to have inlarged greatly on morals: and each of them, eſpecially the latter, to have added many practical rules, which do not obviouſly fall under any of the commandments.

* ——Roſtroque immanis vultur obunco
Immortale jecur tundens, fœcundaque pœnis
Viſcera.—————— Æn. vi. 596.
————Sedet, æternumque ſedebit
Infelix Theſeus.—————— Ib. 616.

† In the fourth volume of Biſhop Warburton's commentary on Pope's works, in the ſecond ſatire of Dr. Donne, are theſe lines:

Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no canoniſt can tell
In which commandment's large contents they dwell.

" The original," ſays the biſhop, " is more humorous.

In which commandment's large receipt they dwell;

" as if the ten commandments were ſo wide, as to ſtand ready to receive every thing, which either " the law of nature, or the goſpel commands. A juſt ridicule on thoſe practical commentators, as " they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within them."

But

But though we cannot call the decalogue a compleat rule of duty, we accept it with the utmoſt reverence, as the firſt great written law that ever God communicated to man. We conſider it as an eternal monument, inſcribed by the finger of God himſelf, with a few ſtrong, indelible characters; not defining the minutiæ of morals; but injoining thoſe great duties only, which have the moſt particular influence upon the happineſs of ſociety; and prohibiting thoſe enormous crimes, which are the greateſt ſources of its diſtreſs.

The ten commandments are divided into two parts, from their being originally written upon two tables. From hence one table is ſuppoſed to contain our duty to God; the other our duty to man. But this ſeems to be an unauthorized diviſion; and hath a tendency to a verbal miſtake; as if ſome duties were owing to God; and others to man: whereas in fact we know that all duties are equally owing to God.—However, if we avoid this miſconception, the diviſion into our duty to God, and our duty to man, may be a convenient one.—The four firſt commandments are contained in the firſt table: the remaining ſix in the ſecond.

At the head of them ſtands a prohibition to acknowledge more than one God.

The ſecond commandment bears a near relation to the firſt. The former forbids polytheiſm; the latter idolatry: and with this belief, and practice, which generally accompanied each other, all the nations of the earth were tainted, when theſe commandments were given: eſpecially thoſe nations, by whom the Jews were ſurrounded.

The third commandment injoins reverence to God's name. This is a ſtrong religious reſtraint in private life; and as a ſolemn oath is the ſtricteſt obligation among men, nothing can be of greater ſervice to ſociety, than to hold it in general reſpect.

The fourth commands the obſervance of the ſabbath; as one of the beſt means of preſerving a ſenſe of God, and of religion in the minds of men.

The ſecond table begins with injoining obedience to parents; a duty in a peculiar manner adapted to the Jewiſh ſtate, before any regular government was erected. The temporal promiſe, which guards it, and which can relate only to the Jews, may either mean a promiſe of long life to each individual, who obſerved the precept: or, of ſtability to the whole nation upon the general obſervance of it: which is perhaps a better interpretation.

The five next commandments are prohibitions of the moſt capital crimes, which pollute the heart of man, and injure the peace of ſociety.

The firſt of them forbids murder, which is the greateſt injury that one man can do another; as of all crimes the damage in this is the moſt irreparable.

The ſeventh commandment forbids adultery. The black infidelity, and injury which accompany this crime; the confuſion in families, which often ſucceeds it; and the general tendency it hath to deſtroy all the domeſtic happineſs of ſociety, ſtain it with a very high degree of guilt.

The ſecurity of our property is the object of the eighth commandment.

The ſecurity of our characters is the object of the ninth.

The tenth reſtrains us not only from the actual commiſſion of ſin; but from thoſe bad inclinations, which give it birth.

After the commandments follows a commentary upon them, intitled, "our duty to God," and "our duty to our neighbour;" the latter of which might more properly be intitled, "Our duty to our neighbour and ourſelves."—Theſe ſeem intended as an explanation of the commandments upon Chriſtian principles; with the addition of other duties, which do not properly fall under any of them. On theſe we ſhall be more large.

The firſt part of our duty to God, is, "to believe in him;" which is the foundation of all religion, and therefore offers itſelf firſt to our conſideration. But this great point hath been already conſidered.

The next branch of our duty to God, is to fear him. The fear of God is impreſſed equally upon the righteous man, and the ſinner. But the fear of the ſinner conſiſts only in the dread of puniſhment. It is the neceſſary conſequence of guilt; and is not that fear, which we conſider as a duty. The fear of God here meant, conſiſts in that reverential awe, that conſtant apprehenſion of his preſence, which ſecures us from offending him.—When we are before our ſuperiors, we naturally feel a reſpect, which prevents our doing any thing indecent in their ſight. Such (only in a higher degree) ſhould be our reverence of God, in whoſe ſight, we know, we always ſtand. If a ſenſe of the divine preſence hath ſuch an influence over us, as to check the bad tendency of our thoughts, words, and actions; we may properly be

ſaid to be impreſſed with the fear of God.—If not, we neglect one of the beſt means of checking vice, which the whole circle of religious reſtraint affords.

Some people go a ſtep farther; and ſay, that as every degree of light behaviour, though ſhort of an indecency, is improper before our ſuperiors; ſo is it likewiſe in the preſence of Almighty God, who is ſo much ſuperior to every thing that can be called great on earth.

But this is the language of ſuperſtition. Mirth, within the bounds of innocence, cannot be offenſive to God. He is offended only with vice. Vice, in the loweſt degree, is hateful to him: but a formal ſet behaviour can be neceſſary only to preſerve human diſtinctions.

The next duty to God is that of love, which is founded upon his goodneſs to his creatures. Even this world, mixed as it is with evil, it exhibits various marks of the goodneſs of the Deity. Moſt men indeed place their affections too much upon it, and rate it at too high a value: but in the opinion even of wiſe men, it deſerves ſome eſtimation. The acquiſition of knowledge, in all its branches; the intercourſe of ſociety; the contemplation of the wonderful works of God, and all the beauteous ſcenes of nature; nay, even the low inclinations of animal life, when indulged with ſobriety and moderation, furniſh various modes of pleaſure and enjoyment.

Let this world however go for little. In contemplating a future life, the enjoyments of this are loſt. It is in the contemplation of futurity, that the chriſtian views the goodneſs of God in the fulleſt light. When he ſees the Deity engaging himſelf by covenant to make our ſhort abode here a preparation for our eternal happineſs hereafter—when he is aſſured that this happineſs is not only eternal, but of the pureſt and moſt perfect kind—when he ſees God, as a father, opening all his ſtores of love and kindneſs, to bring back to himſelf a race of creatures fallen from their original perfection, and totally loſt through their own folly, perverſeneſs, and wickedneſs; then it is that the evils of life ſeem as atoms in the ſunbeam; the divine nature appears overflowing with goodneſs to mankind, and calls forth every exertion of our gratitude and love.

That the enjoyments of a future ſtate, in whatever thoſe enjoyments conſiſt, are the gift of God, is ſufficiently obvious: but with regard to the government of this world, there is often among men a ſort of infidelity, which aſcribes all events to their own prudence and induſtry. Things appear to run in a ſtated courſe; and the finger of God, which acts unſeen, is never ſuppoſed.

And, no doubt, our own induſtry and prudence have a great ſhare in procuring for us the bleſſings of life. God hath annexed them as the reward of ſuch exertions. But can we ſuppoſe, that ſuch exertions will be of any ſervice to us, unleſs the providence of God throw opportunities in our way? All the means of worldly happineſs are ſurely no other than the means of his government. Moſes ſaw among the Jews a kind of infidelity like this, when he forbad the people to ſay in their hearts, "My power, and the might of my hands hath gotten me this wealth:" whereas, he adds, they ought to remember, "That it is the Lord who giveth power to get wealth."

Others again have objected to the goodneſs of God, his permiſſion of evil. A good God, ſay they, would have prevented it; and have placed his creatures in a ſituation beyond the diſtreſſes of life.

With regard to man, there ſeems to be no great difficulty in this matter. It is enough, ſurely, that God has put the means of comfort in our power. In the natural world, he hath given us remedies againſt hunger, cold, and diſeaſe; and in the moral world, againſt the miſchief of ſin. Even death itſelf, the laſt great evil, he hath ſhewn us how we may change into the moſt conſummate bleſſing. A ſtate of trial, therefore, and a future world, ſeem eaſily to ſet things to rights on this head.

The miſery of the brute creation is indeed more unaccountable. But have we not the modeſty to ſuppoſe, that this difficulty may be owing to our ignorance? And that on the ſtrength of what we know of the wiſdom of God, we may venture to truſt him for thoſe parts which we cannot comprehend?

One truth, after all, is very apparent, that if we ſhould argue ourſelves into atheiſm, by the untractableneſs of theſe ſubjects, we ſhould be ſo far from getting rid of our difficulties, that, if we reaſon juſtly, ten thouſand greater would ariſe, either from conſidering the world under no ruler, or under one of our own imagining.

There remains one farther conſideration with regard to the love of God, and that is, the meaſure of it. We are told we ought to love him "with all our heart, with all our ſoul, and with all our ſtrength."

Theſe

Theſe are ſtrong expreſſions, and ſeem to imply a greater warmth of affection, than many people may perhaps find they can exert. The affections of ſome are naturally cool, and little excited by any objects. The guilty perſon, is he, whoſe affections are warm in every thing but religion.—The obvious meaning therefore of the expreſſion is, that whether our affections are cool or warm, we ſhould make God our chief good—that we ſhould ſet our affections more upon him, than upon any thing elſe—and that, for his ſake, and for the ſake of his laws, we ſhould be ready to reſign every thing we have, and even life itſelf. So that the words ſeem nearly of the ſame import with thoſe of the apoſtle, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." *Gilpin.*

§ 162. *Worſhip and Honour of God.*

Our next duty to God is, to worſhip him, to give him thanks, to put our whole truſt in him, and to call upon him.

Since the obſervance of the ſabbath is founded upon many wiſe and juſt reaſons, what have they to anſwer for, who not only neglect this inſtitution themſelves, but bring it by their example into contempt with others? I ſpeak not to thoſe who make it a day of common diverſion; who, laying aſide all decency, and breaking through all civil and religious regulations, ſpend it in the moſt licentious amuſements: ſuch people are paſt all reproof: but I ſpeak to thoſe, who in other things profeſs themſelves to be ſerious people; and, one might hope, would act right, when they were convinced what was ſo.

But our prayers, whether in public, or in private, are only an idle parade, unleſs we put our truſt in God.

By putting our truſt in God, is meant depending upon him, as our happineſs, and our refuge.

Human nature is always endeavouring either to remove pain; or, if eaſe be obtained, to acquire happineſs. And thoſe things are certainly the moſt eligible, which in theſe reſpects are the moſt effectual. The world, it is true, makes us flattering promiſes: but who can ſay that it will keep them? We conſiſt of two parts, a body, and a ſoul. Both of theſe want the means of happineſs, as well as the removal of evil. But the world cannot even afford them to the body. Its means of happineſs, to thoſe who depend upon them as ſuch, are, in a thouſand inſtances, unſatisfying. Even, at beſt, they will fail us in the end. While pain, diſeaſes, and death, ſhew us, that the world can afford no refuge againſt bodily diſtreſs. And if it cannot afford the means of happineſs, and of ſecurity, to the body, how much leſs can we ſuppoſe it able to afford them to the ſoul?

Nothing then, we ſee, in this world, is a ſufficient foundation for truſt: nor indeed can any thing be but Almighty God, who affords us the only means of happineſs, and is our only real refuge in diſtreſs. On him, the more we truſt, the greater we ſhall feel our ſecurity; and that man who has, on juſt religious motives, confirmed in himſelf this truſt, wants nothing elſe to ſecure his happineſs. The world may wear what aſpect it will: it is not on it that he depends. As far as prudence goes, he endeavours to avoid the evils of life; but when they fall to his ſhare (as ſooner or later we muſt all ſhare them) he reſigns himſelf into the hands of that God who made him, and who knows beſt how to diſpoſe of him. On him he thoroughly depends, and with him he has a conſtant intercourſe by prayer; truſting, that whatever happens is agreeable to that juſt government, which God has eſtabliſhed; and that, of conſequence, it muſt be beſt.

We are injoined next "to honour God's holy name."

The name of God is accompanied with ſuch ideas of greatneſs and reverence, that it ſhould never paſs our lips without ſuggeſting thoſe ideas. Indeed it ſhould never be mentioned, but with a kind of awful heſitation, and on the moſt ſolemn occaſions; either in ſerious diſcourſe, or, when we invoke God in prayer, or when we ſwear by his name.

In this laſt light we are here particularly injoined to honour the name of God. A ſolemn oath is an appeal to God himſelf; and is intitled to our utmoſt reſpect, were it only in a political light; as in all human concerns it is the ſtrongeſt teſt of veracity; and has been approved as ſuch by the wiſdom of all nations.

Some religioniſts have diſapproved the uſe of oaths, under the idea of prophaneneſs. The language of the ſacred writers conveys a different idea. One of them ſays, "An oath for confirmation is an end of all ſtrife:" another, "I take God for record upon my ſoul:" and a third, "God is my witneſs."

To the uſe of oaths, others have objected, that they are nugatory. The good man will ſpeak the truth without an oath; and the

the bad man cannot be held by one. And this would be true, if mankind were divided into good and bad: but as they are generally of a mixed character, we may well ſuppoſe, that many would venture a ſimple falſehood, who would yet be ſtartled at the idea of perjury *.

As an oath therefore taken in a ſolemn manner, and on a proper occaſion, may be conſidered as one of the higheſt acts of religion; ſo perjury, or falſe ſwearing, is certainly one of the higheſt acts of impiety; and the greateſt diſhonour we can poſſibly ſhew to the name of God. It is, in effect, either denying our belief in a God, or his power to puniſh. Other crimes wiſh to eſcape the notice of Heaven; this is daring the Almighty to his face.

After perjury, the name of God is moſt diſhonoured by the horrid practice of curſing. Its effects in ſociety, it is true, are not ſo miſchievous as thoſe of perjury; nor is it ſo deliberate an act: but yet it conveys a ſtill more horrid idea. Indeed if there be one wicked practice more peculiarly diabolical, than another, it is this: for no employment can be conceived more ſuitable to infernal ſpirits, than that of ſpending their rage and impotence in curſes, and execrations. If this ſhocking vice were not ſo dreadfully familiar to our ears, it could not fail to ſtrike us with the utmoſt horror.

We next conſider common ſwearing; a ſin ſo univerſally practiſed, that one would imagine ſome great advantage, in the way either of pleaſure or profit, attended it. The wages of iniquity afford ſome temptation: but to commit ſin without any wages, is a ſtrange ſpecies of infatuation.—May we then aſk the common ſwearer, what the advantages are, which ariſe from this practice?

It will be difficult to point out one.—Perhaps it may be ſaid, that it adds ſtrength to an affirmation. But if a man commonly ſtrengthen his affirmations in this way, we may venture to aſſert, that the practice will tend rather to leſſen, than confirm his credit. It ſhews plainly what he himſelf thinks of his own veracity. We never prop a building, till it becomes ruinous.

Some forward youth may think, that an oath adds an air and ſpirit to his diſcourſe; that it is manly and important; and gives him conſequence. We may whiſper one ſecret in his ear, which he may be aſſured is a truth—Theſe airs of manlineſs give him conſequence with thoſe only, whoſe commendation is diſgrace: others he only convinces, at how early an age he wiſhes to be thought profligate.

Perhaps he may imagine, that an oath gives force and terror to his threatenings—In this he may be right; and the more horribly wicked he grows, the greater object of terror he may make himſelf. On this plan, the devil affords him a complete pattern for imitation.

Paltry as theſe apologies are, I ſhould ſuppoſe, the practice of common ſwearing has little more to ſay for itſelf.—Thoſe however, who can argue in favour of this ſin, I ſhould fear, there is little chance to reclaim.—But it is probable, that the greater part of ſuch as are addicted to it, act rather from habit, than principle. To deter ſuch perſons from indulging ſo pernicious a habit, and to ſhew them, that it is worth their while to be at ſome pains to conquer it, let us now ſee what arguments may be produced on the other ſide.

In the firſt place, common ſwearing leads to perjury. He who is addicted to ſwear on every trifling occaſion, cannot but often, I had almoſt ſaid unavoidably, give the ſanction of an oath to an untruth. And though I ſhould hope ſuch perjury is not a ſin of ſo heinous a nature, as what, in judicial matters, is called wilful and corrupt; yet it is certainly ſtained with a very great degree of guilt.

But ſecondly, common ſwearing is a large ſtride towards wilful and corrupt perjury, inaſmuch as it makes a ſolemn oath to be received with leſs reverence. If nobody dared to take an oath, but on proper occaſions, an oath would be received with reſpect; but when we are accuſtomed to hear ſwearing the common language of our ſtreets, it is no wonder that people make light of oaths on every occaſion; and that judicial, commercial, and official oaths, are all treated with ſo much indifference.

Thirdly, common ſwearing may be conſidered as an act of great irreverence to God; and as ſuch, implying alſo a great indifference to religion. If it would diſgrace a chief magiſtrate to ſuffer appeals on every trifling, or ludicrous occaſion; we may at leaſt think it as diſreſpectful to the Almighty.—If we loſe our reverence for God, it is impoſſible we can retain it for his laws. You ſcarce remember a common ſwearer,

* They who attend our courts of juſtice, often ſee inſtances among the common people of their aſſerting roundly what they will either refuſe to ſwear; or, when ſworn, will not aſſert.

who

who was in other reſpects an exact chriſtian.

But, above all, we ſhould be deterred from common ſwearing by the poſitive command of our Saviour, which is founded unqueſtionably upon the wickedneſs of the practice: "You have heard," ſaith Chriſt, "that it "hath been ſaid by them of old time, thou ſhalt not forſwear thyſelf: but I ſay unto you, ſwear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, neither by the earth, for it is his footſtool: but let your communication" (that is, your ordinary converſation) "be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatſoever is more than theſe cometh of evil."—St. James alſo, with great emphaſis preſſing his maſter's words, ſays, "Above all things, my brethren, ſwear not; neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea, be yea, and your nay, nay, leſt you fall into condemnation."

I ſhall juſt add, before I conclude this ſubject, that two things are to be avoided, which are very nearly allied to ſwearing.

The firſt is, the uſe of light exclamations, and invocations upon God, on every trivial occaſion. We cannot have much reverence for God himſelf, when we treat his name in ſo familiar a manner; and may aſſure ourſelves, that we are indulging a practice, which muſt weaken impreſſions, that ought to be preſerved as ſtrong as poſſible.

Secondly, ſuch light expreſſions, and wanton phraſes, as ſound like ſwearing are to be avoided; and are often therefore indulged by ſilly people, for the ſake of the ſound; who think (if they think at all) that they add to their diſcourſe the ſpirit of ſwearing without the guilt of it. Such people had better lay aſide, together with ſwearing, every appearance of it. Theſe appearances may both offend, and miſlead others; and with regard to themſelves, may end in realities. At leaſt, they ſhew an inclination to ſwearing: and an inclination to vice indulged, is really vice. *Gilpin.*

§ 163. *Honour due to God's Word—what it is to ſerve God truly, &c.*

As we are injoined to honour God's holy name, ſo are we injoined alſo "to honour his holy word."

By God's holy word we mean, the Old Teſtament and the New.

The books of the Old Teſtament open with the earlieſt accounts of time, earlier than any human records reach; and yet, in many inſtances, they are ſtrengthened by human records. The heathen mythology is often grounded upon remnants of the ſacred ſtory, and many of the Bible events are recorded, however imperfectly, in prophane hiſtory. The very face of nature bears witneſs to the deluge.

In the hiſtory of the patriarchs is exhibited a moſt beautiful picture of the ſimplicity of ancient manners; and of genuine nature unadorned indeed by ſcience, but impreſſed ſtrongly with a ſenſe of religion. This gives an air of greatneſs and dignity to all the ſentiments and actions of theſe exalted characters.

The patriarchal hiſtory is followed by the Jewiſh. Here we have the principal events of that peculiar nation, which lived under a theocracy, and was ſet apart to preſerve and propagate * the knowledge of the true God through thoſe ages of ignorance antecedent to Chriſt. Here too we find thoſe types, and repreſentations, which the apoſtle to the Hebrews calls the ſhadows of good things to come.

To thoſe books, which contain the legiſlation and hiſtory of the Jews, ſucceed the prophetic writings. As the time of the promiſe drew ſtill nearer, the notices of its approach became ſtronger. The kingdom of the Meſſiah, which was but obſcurely ſhadowed by the ceremonies of the Jewiſh law, was marked in ſtronger lines by the prophets, and proclaimed in a more intelligible language. The office of the Meſſiah, his miniſtry, his life, his actions, his death, and his reſurrection, are all very diſtinctly held out. It is true, the Jews, explaining the warm figures of the prophetic language too literally, and applying to a temporal dominion thoſe expreſſions, which were intended only as deſcriptive of a ſpiritual, were offended at the meanneſs of Chriſt's appearance on earth; and would not own him for that Meſſiah, whom their prophets had foretold; though theſe very prophets, when they uſed a leſs figurative language, had deſcribed him, as he really was, a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief.

To theſe books are added ſeveral others, poetical and moral, which adminiſter much inſtruction, and matter of meditation to devout minds.

The New Teſtament contains firſt the ſimple hiſtory of Chriſt, as recorded in the four goſpels. In this hiſtory alſo are delivered thoſe excellent inſtructions, which our

* See the ſubject very learnedly treated in one of the firſt chapters of Jenkins's Reaſonableneſs of Chriſtianity.

Saviour

Saviour occaſionally gave his diſciples; the precepts and the example blended together.

To the goſpels ſucceeds an account of the lives and actions of ſome of the principal apoſtles; together with the early ſtate of the chriſtian church.

The epiſtles of ſeveral of the apoſtles, particularly of St. Paul, to ſome of the new eſtabliſhed churches, make another part. Our Saviour had promiſed to endow his diſciples with power from on high to complete the great work of publiſhing the goſpel: and in the epiſtles that work is completed. The truths and doctrines of the chriſtian religion are here ſtill more unfolded, and inforced: as the great ſcheme of our redemption was now finiſhed by the death of Chriſt.

The ſacred volume is concluded with the revelations of St. John; which are ſuppoſed to contain a prophetic deſcription of the future ſtate of the church. Some of theſe prophecies, it is thought on very good grounds, are already fulfilled; and others, which now as ſublime deſcriptions only, amuſe the imagination, will probably, in the future ages of the church, be the objects of the underſtanding alſo.

The laſt part of our duty to God is, "to ſerve him truly all the days of our life."

"To ſerve God truly all the days of our life," implies two things: firſt, the mode of this ſervice; and ſecondly, the term of it.

Firſt, we muſt ſerve God truly. We muſt not reſt ſatisfied with the outward action; but muſt take care that every action be founded on a proper motive. It is the motive alone that makes an action acceptable to God. The hypocrite "may faſt twice in the week, and give alms of all that he poſſeſſes:" nay, he may faſt the whole week, if he be able, and give all he has in alms; but if his faſts and his alms are intended as matter of oſtentation only, neither the one, nor the other, is that true ſervice which God requires. God requires the heart: he requires that an earneſt deſire of acting agreeably to his will, ſhould be the general ſpring of our actions; and this will give even an indifferent action a value in his ſight.

As we are injoined to ſerve God truly, ſo are we injoined to ſerve him "all the days of our life." As far as human frailties will permit, we ſhould perſevere in a conſtant tenor of obedience. That lax behaviour, which inſtead of making a ſteady progreſs, is continually relapſing into former errors, and running the ſame round of ſinning and repenting, is rather the life of an irreſolute ſinner, than of a pious chriſtian. Human errors, and frailties, we know, God will not treat with too ſevere an eye; but he who, in the general tenor of his life, does not keep advancing towards chriſtian perfection; but ſuffers himſelf, at intervals, entirely to loſe ſight of his calling, cannot be really ſerious in his profeſſion: he is at a great diſtance from ſerving God truly all the days of his life; and has no ſcriptural ground to hope much from the mercy of God.

That man, whether placed in high eſtate, or low, has reached the ſummit of human happineſs, who is truly ſerious in the ſervice of his great Maſter. The things of this world may engage, but cannot engroſs, his attention; its ſorrows and its joys may affect, but cannot diſconcert him. No man, he knows, can faithfully ſerve two maſters. He hath hired himſelf to one—that great Maſter, whoſe commands he reveres, whoſe favour he ſeeks, whoſe diſpleaſure alone is the real object of his fears; and whoſe rewards alone are the real objects of his hope. Every thing elſe is trivial in his ſight. The world may ſooth; or it may threaten him: he perſeveres ſteadily in the ſervice of his God; and in that perſeverance feels his happineſs every day the more eſtabliſhed. *Gilpin.*

§ 164. *Duties owing to particular perſons—duty of children to parents—reſpect and obedience—in what the former conſiſts—in what the latter—ſuccouring a parent—brotherly affection—obedience to law—founded on the advantages of ſociety.*

From the two grand principles of "loving our neighbour as ourſelves; and of doing to others, as we would have them do to us," which regulate our ſocial intercourſe in general, we proceed to thoſe more confined duties, which ariſe from particular relations, connections, and ſtations in life.

Among theſe, we are firſt taught, as indeed the order of nature directs, to conſider the great duty of children to parents.

The two points to be inſiſted on, are reſpect and obedience. Both theſe ſhould naturally ſpring from love; to which parents have the higheſt claim. And indeed parents, in general, behave to their children, in a manner both to deſerve and to obtain their love.

But if the kindneſs of the parent be not ſuch as to work upon the affections of the child, yet ſtill the parent has a title to reſpect and obedience, on the principle of duty; a principle, which the voice of nature dictates; which reaſon inculcates; which human laws,

laws, and human customs, all join to inforce; and which the word of God ſtrictly commands.

The child will ſhew reſpect to his parent, by treating him, at all times, with deference. He will conſult his parents' inclination, and ſhew a readineſs, in a thouſand nameleſs trifles, to conform himſelf to it. He will never peeviſhly contradict his parents; and when he offers a contrary opinion, he will offer it modeſtly. Reſpect will teach him alſo, not only to put the beſt colouring upon the infirmities of his parent; but even if thoſe infirmities be great, it will ſoften and ſcreen them, as much as poſſible, from the public eye.

Obedience goes a ſtep further, and ſuppoſes a poſitive command. In things unlawful indeed, the parental authority cannot bind: but this is a caſe that rarely happens. The great danger is on the other ſide, that children, through obſtinacy or ſullenneſs, ſhould refuſe their parents' lawful commands; to the obſervance of all which, however inconvenient to themſelves, they are tied by various motives; and above all, by the command of God, who in his ſacred denunciations againſt ſin, ranks diſobedience to parents among the worſt *.

They are farther bound, not only to obey the commands of their parents; but to obey them chearfully. He does but half his duty, who does it not from his heart.

There remains ſtill a third part of filial duty, which peculiarly belongs to children, when grown up. This the catechiſm calls ſuccouring or adminiſtering to the neceſſities of the parent; either in the way of managing his affairs, when he is leſs able to manage them himſelf; or in ſupplying his wants, ſhould he need aſſiſtance in that way. And this the child ſhould do, on the united principles of love, duty, and gratitude. The hypocritical Jew would ſometimes evade this duty, by dedicating to ſacred uſes what ſhould have been expended in aſſiſting his parent. Our Saviour ſharply rebukes this perverſion of duty; and gives him to underſtand, that no pretence of ſerving God can cover the neglect of aſſiſting a parent. And if no pretence of ſerving God can do it, ſurely every other pretence muſt ſtill be more unnatural.

Under this head alſo we may conſider that attention, and love, which are due to other relations, eſpecially that mutual affection which ſhould ſubſiſt between brothers. The name of brother expreſſes the higheſt degree of tenderneſs; and is generally uſed in ſcripture, as a term of peculiar endearment, to call men to the practice of ſocial virtue. It reminds them of every kindneſs, which man can ſhew to man. If then we ought to treat all mankind with the affection of brothers, in what light muſt they appear, who being really ſuch, are ever at variance with each other; continually doing ſpiteful actions, and ſhewing, upon every occaſion, not only a want of brotherly kindneſs, but even of common regard?

The next part of our duty is "to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him."

By the "king, and all that are put in authority under him," is meant the various parts of the government we live under, of which the king is the head: and the meaning of the precept is, that we ought to live in dutiful ſubmiſſion to legal authority.

Government and ſociety are united. We cannot have one without the other; and we ſubmit to the inconveniences, for the ſake of the advantages.

The end of ſociety is mutual ſafety and convenience. Without it, even ſafety could in no degree be obtained: the good would become a prey to the bad; nay, the very human ſpecies to the beaſts of the field.

Still leſs could we obtain the conveniences of life; which cannot be had without the labour of many. If every man depended upon himſelf for what he enjoyed, how deſtitute would be the ſituation of human affairs!

But even ſafety and convenience are not the only fruits of ſociety. Man, living merely by himſelf, would be an ignorant unpoliſhed ſavage. It is the intercourſe of ſociety which cultivates the human mind. One man's knowledge and experience is built upon another's; and ſo the great edifice of ſcience and poliſhed life is reared.

To enjoy theſe advantages, therefore, men joined in ſociety; and hence it became neceſſary, that government ſhould be eſtabliſhed. Magiſtrates were created; laws made; taxes ſubmitted to; and every one, inſtead of righting himſelf (except in mere ſelf-defence) is injoined to appeal to the laws he lives under, as the beſt ſecurity of his life and property. *Gilpin.*

§ 165. *Duty to our teachers and inſtructors—ariſing from the great importance of knowledge and religion—and the great neceſſity of gaining habits of attention, and of virtue, in*

* Rom. i. 30.

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our youth—analogy of youth and manhood to this world and the next.

We are next injoined "to ſubmit ourſelves to all our governors, teachers, ſpiritual paſtors, and maſters." Here another ſpecies of government is pointed out. The laws of ſociety are meant to govern our riper years: the inſtructions of our teachers, ſpiritual paſtors, and maſters, are meant to guide our youth.

By our "teachers, ſpiritual paſtors, and maſters," are meant all thoſe who have the care of our education, and of our inſtruction in religion; whom we are to obey, and liſten to, with humility and attention, as the means of our advancement in knowledge and religion. The inſtructions we receive from them are unqueſtionably ſubject to our own judgment in future life; for by his own judgment every man muſt ſtand or fall. But, during our youth, it is highly proper for us to pay a dutiful ſubmiſſion to their inſtructions, as we cannot yet be ſuppoſed to have formed any judgment of our own. At that early age it ſhould be our endeavour to acquire knowledge; and afterwards unprejudiced to form our opinions.

The duty which young people owe to their inſtructors, cannot be ſhewn better, than in the effect which the inſtructions they receive have upon them. They would do well, therefore, to conſider the advantages of an early attention to theſe two things, both of great importance, knowledge and religion.

The great uſe of knowledge in all its various branches (to which the learned languages are generally conſidered as an introduction) is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance; and to give it juſter, and more enlarged conceptions, than are the mere growth of rude nature. By reading, you add the experience of others to your own. It is the improvement of the mind chiefly, that makes the difference between man and man; and gives one man a real ſuperiority over another.

Beſides, the mind muſt be employed. The lower orders of men have their attention much ingroſſed by thoſe employments, in which the neceſſities of life engage them: and it is happy that they have. Labour ſtands in the room of education; and fills up thoſe vacancies of mind, which, in a ſtate of idleneſs, would be ingroſſed by vice. And if they, who have more leiſure, do not ſubſtitute ſomething in the room of this, their minds alſo will become the prey of vice; and the more ſo, as they have the means to indulge it more in their power. A vacant mind is exactly that houſe mentioned in the goſpel, which the devil found empty. In he entered; and taking with him ſeven other ſpirits more wicked than himſelf, they took poſſeſſion. It is an undoubted truth, that one vice indulged, introduces others; and that each ſucceeding vice becomes more depraved—If then the mind muſt be employed, what can fill up its vacuities more rationally than the acquiſition of knowledge? Let us therefore thank God for the opportunities he hath afforded us; and not turn into a curſe thoſe means of leiſure, which might become ſo great a bleſſing.

But however neceſſary to us knowledge may be, religion, we know, is infinitely more ſo. The one adorns a man, and gives him, it is true, ſuperiority, and rank in life: but the other is abſolutely eſſential to his happineſs.

In the midſt of youth, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleaſing ſcene; it engages our deſires; and in a degree ſatisfies them alſo. But it is wiſdom to conſider, that a time will come, when youth, health, and fortune, will all fail us; and if diſappointment and vexation do not ſour our taſte for pleaſure, at leaſt ſickneſs and infirmities will deſtroy it. In theſe gloomy ſeaſons, and above all, at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, where ſhall we fly, if we expect no refuge in another? Without holy hope in God, and reſignation to his will, and truſt in him for deliverance, what is there that can ſecure us againſt the evils of life?

The great utility therefore of knowledge and religion being thus apparent, it is highly incumbent upon us to pay a ſtudious attention to them in our youth. If we do not, it is more than probable that we ſhall never do it: that we ſhall grow old in ignorance, by neglecting the one; and old in vice by neglecting the other.

For improvement in knowledge, youth is certainly the fitteſt ſeaſon. The mind is then ready to receive any impreſſion. It is free from all that care and attention which, in riper age, the affairs of life bring with them. The memory too is then ſtronger and better able to acquire the rudiments of knowledge; and as the mind is then void of ideas, it is more ſuited to thoſe parts of learning which are converſant in words. Beſides, there is ſometimes in youth a modeſty and ductility, which in advanced years, if thoſe years eſpecially have been left a prey

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to ignorance, become self-sufficiency and prejudice; and these effectually bar up all the inlets to knowledge.—But, above all, unless habits of attention and application are early gained, we shall scarce acquire them afterwards.—The inconsiderate youth seldom reflects upon this; nor knows his loss, till he knows also that it cannot be retrieved.

Nor is youth more the season to acquire knowledge, than to form religious habits. It is a great point to get habit on the side of virtue. It will make every thing smooth and easy. The earliest principles are generally the most lasting; and those of a religious cast are seldom wholly lost. Though the temptations of the world may, now and then, draw the well-principled youth aside; yet his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may overcome the worse, and bring on a reformation. Whereas he, who has suffered habits of vice to get possession of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a sense of religion. In a common course of things it can rarely happen. Some calamity must rouse him. He must be awakened by a storm, or sleep for ever.—How much better is it then to make that easy to us, which we know is best! And to form those habits now, which hereafter we shall wish we had formed!

There are, who would restrain youth from imbibing any religious principles, till they can judge for themselves; lest they should imbibe prejudice for truth. But why should not the same caution be used in science also; and the minds of youth left void of all impressions? The experiment, I fear, in both cases would be dangerous. If the mind were left uncultivated during so long a period, though nothing else should find entrance, vice certainly would: and it would make the larger shoots, as the soil would be vacant. A boy had better receive knowledge and religion mixed with error, than none at all. For when the mind is set a thinking, it may deposit its prejudices by degrees, and get right at last: but in a state of stagnation it will infallibly become foul.

To conclude, our youth bears the same proportion to our more advanced life, as this world does to the next. In this life we must form and cultivate those habits of virtue, which must qualify us for a better state. If we neglect them here, and contract habits of an opposite kind, instead of gaining that exalted state, which is promised to our improvement, we shall of course sink into that state, which is adapted to the habits we have formed.

Exactly thus is youth introductory to manhood: to which it is, properly speaking, a state of preparation. During this season we must qualify ourselves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit, which has in youth been planted. If we have sauntered away our youth, we must expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early possession of us, they will probably increase as we advance in life; and make us a burden to ourselves, and useless to society. If again, we suffer ourselves to be misled by vicious inclinations, they will daily get new strength, and end in dissolute lives. But if we cultivate our minds in our youth, attain habits of attention and industry, of virtue and sobriety, we shall find ourselves well prepared to act our future parts in life; and what above all things ought to be our care, by gaining this command over ourselves, we shall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to resist every new temptation, as it arises. *Gilpin.*

§ 166. *Behaviour to Superiors.*

We are next injoined "to order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters."

By our betters are meant they who are in a superior station of life to our own; and by "ordering ourselves lowly and reverently towards them," is meant paying them that respect which is due to their station.

The word 'betters' indeed includes two kinds of persons, to whom our respect is due—those who have a natural claim to it; and those who have an acquired one; that is, a claim arising from some particular situation in life.

Among the first, are all our superior relations; not only parents, but all other relations, who are in a line above us. All these have a natural claim to our respect.—There is a respect also due from youth to age; which is always becoming, and tends to keep youth within the bounds of modesty.

To others, respect is due from those particular stations which arise from society and government. Fear God, says the text; and it adds, "honour the king."

It is due also from many other situations in life. Employments, honours, and even wealth, will exact it; and all may justly exact it, in a proper degree.

But it may here perhaps be enquired, why God should permit this latter distinction among men? That some should have more authority than others, we can easily see, is absolutely necessary in government; but among

among men, who are all born equal, why ſhould the goods of life be diſtributed in ſo unequal a proportion?

To this inquiry, it may be anſwered, that, in the firſt place, we ſee nothing in this, but what is common in all the works of God. A gradation is every where obſervable. Beauty, ſtrength, ſwiftneſs, and other qualities, are varied through the creation in numberleſs degrees. In the ſame manner likewiſe are varied the gifts of fortune, as they are called. Why therefore ſhould one man's being richer than another ſurprize us more than his being ſtronger than another, or more prudent?

Though we can but very inadequately trace the wiſdom of God in his works, yet very wiſe reaſons appear for this variety in the gifts of fortune. It ſeems neceſſary both in a civil, and in a moral light.

In a civil light, it is the neceſſary accompaniment of various employments; on which depend all the advantages of ſociety. Like the ſtones of a regular building, ſome muſt range higher, and ſome lower; ſome muſt ſupport, and others be ſupported; ſome will form the ſtrength of the building, and others its ornament; but all unite in producing one regular and proportioned whole. If then different employments are neceſſary, of courſe different degrees of wealth, honour, and conſequence, muſt follow; a variety of diſtinctions and obligations; in ſhort, different ranks, and a ſubordination, muſt take place.

Again, in a moral light, the diſproportion of wealth, and other worldly adjuncts, gives a range to the more extenſive exerciſe of virtue. Some virtues could but faintly exiſt upon the plan of an equality. If ſome did not abound, there were little room for temperance: if ſome did not ſuffer need, there were as little for patience. Other virtues again could hardly exiſt at all. Who could practiſe generoſity, where there was no object of it? Who humility, where all ambitious deſires were excluded?

Since then Providence, in ſcattering theſe various gifts, propoſes ultimately the good of man, it is our duty to acquieſce in this order, and "to behave ourſelves lowly and reverently" (not with ſervility, but with a decent reſpect) "to all our ſuperiors."

Before I conclude this ſubject, it may be proper to obſerve, in vindication of the ways of Providence, that we are not to ſuppoſe happineſs and miſery neceſſarily connected with riches and poverty. Each condition hath its particular ſources both of pleaſure and pain, unknown to the other. Thoſe in elevated ſtations have a thouſand latent pangs, of which their inferiors have no idea; while their inferiors again have as many pleaſures, which the others cannot taſte. I ſpeak only of ſuch modes of happineſs or miſery as ariſe immediately from different ſtations. Of miſery, indeed, from a variety of other cauſes, all men of every ſtation are equal heirs; either when God lays his hand upon us in ſickneſs, or misfortune; or when, by our own follies and vices, we become the miniſters of our own diſtreſs.

Who then would build his happineſs upon an elevated ſtation? Or who would envy the poſſeſſion of ſuch happineſs in another? We know not with what various diſtreſſes that ſtation, which is the object of our envy, may be attended.—Beſides, as we are accountable for all we poſſeſs, it may be happy for us that we poſſeſs ſo little. The means of happineſs, as far as ſtation can procure them, are commonly in our own power, if we are not wanting to ourſelves.

Let each of us then do his duty in that ſtation which Providence has aſſigned him; ever remembering, that the next world will ſoon deſtroy all earthly diſtinctions.—One diſtinction only will remain among the ſons of men at that time—the diſtinction between good and bad; and this diſtinction it is worth all our pains and all our ambition to acquire.

Gilpin.

§ 167. *Againſt wronging our neighbour by injurious words.*

We are next inſtructed "to hurt nobody by word or deed—to be true and juſt in all our dealings—to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts—to keep our hands from picking and ſtealing—our tongues from evil ſpeaking, lying, and ſlandering."

The duties comprehended in theſe words are a little tranſpoſed. What ſhould claſs under one head is brought under another. "To hurt nobody by word or deed," is the general propoſition. The under parts ſhould follow: Firſt, "to keep the tongue from evil ſpeaking, lying, and ſlandering;" which is, "to hurt nobody by word." Secondly, "to be true and juſt in all our dealings;" and "to keep our hands from picking and ſtealing;" which is, "to hurt nobody by deed." As to the injunction, "to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts," it belongs properly to neither of theſe heads; but is a diſtinct one by itſelf. The duties being thus ſeparated, I ſhall proceed to explain them.

And, firſt, of injuring our neighbour by our

our "words." This may be done, we find, in three ways; by "evil-ſpeaking, by lying, and by ſlandering."

By "evil-ſpeaking" is meant ſpeaking ill of our neighbour; but upon a ſuppoſition, that this ill is the truth. In ſome circumſtances it is certainly right to ſpeak ill of our neighbour; as when we are called upon in a court of juſtice to give our evidence; or, when we can ſet any one right in his opinion of a perſon, in whom he is about to put an improper confidence. Nor can there be any harm in ſpeaking of a bad action, which has been determined in a court of juſtice, or is otherwiſe become notorious.

But on the other hand, it is highly diſallowable to ſpeak wantonly of the characters of others from common fame; becauſe, in a thouſand inſtances, we find that ſtories, which have no better foundation, are miſrepreſented. They are perhaps only half-told—they have been heard through the medium of malice or envy—ſome favourable circumſtance hath been omitted—ſome foreign circumſtance hath been added—ſome trifling circumſtance hath been exaggerated—the motive, the provocation, or perhaps the reparation, hath been concealed—in ſhort, the repreſentation of the fact is, ſome way or other, totally different from the fact itſelf.

But even, when we have the beſt evidence of a bad action, with all its circumſtances before us, we ſurely indulge a very ill-natured pleaſure in ſpreading the ſhame of an offending brother. We can do no good; and we may do harm: we may weaken his good reſolutions by expoſing him: we may harden him againſt the world. Perhaps it may be his firſt bad action. Perhaps nobody is privy to it but ourſelves. Let us give him at leaſt one trial. Let us not caſt the firſt ſtone. Which of our lives could ſtand ſo ſtrict a ſcrutiny? He only who is without ſin himſelf can have any excuſe for treating his brother with ſeverity.

Let us next conſider "lying;" which is an intention to deceive by falſehood in our words.—To warn us againſt lying, we ſhould do well to conſider the folly, the meanneſs, and the wickedneſs of it.

The folly of lying conſiſts in its defeating its own purpoſe. A habit of lying is generally in the end detected; and, after detection, the lyar, inſtead of deceiving, will not even be believed when he happens to ſpeak the truth. Nay, every ſingle lye is attended with ſuch a variety of circumſtances, which lead to a detection, that it is often diſcovered. The uſe generally made of a lye, is to cover a fault; but as the end is ſeldom anſwered, we only aggravate what we wiſh to conceal. In point even of prudence, an honeſt confeſſion would ſerve us better.

The meanneſs of lying ariſes from the cowardice which it implies. We dare not boldly and nobly ſpeak the truth; but have recourſe to low ſubterfuges, which always argue a ſordid and diſingenuous mind. Hence it is, that in the faſhionable world, the word lyar is always conſidered as a term of peculiar reproach.

The wickedneſs of lying conſiſts in its perverting one of the greateſt bleſſings of God, the uſe of ſpeech, in making that a miſchief to mankind, which was intended for a benefit. Truth is the great bond of ſociety. Falſehood, of courſe, tends to its diſſolution. If one man may lye, why not another? And if there is no mutual truſt among men, there is an end of all intercourſe and dealing.

An equivocation is nearly related to a lye. It is an intention to deceive under words of a double meaning, or words which, literally ſpeaking, are true; and is equally criminal with the moſt downright breach of truth. When St. Peter aſked Sapphira (in the 5th chapter of the Acts) "whether her huſband had ſold the land for ſo much?" She anſwered, he had: and literally ſhe ſpoke the truth; for he had ſold it for that ſum, included in a larger. But having an intention to deceive, we find the apoſtle conſidered the equivocation as a lye.

In ſhort, it is the intention to deceive, which is criminal: the mode of deception, like the vehicle in which poiſon is conveyed, is of no conſequence. A nod, or a ſign, may convey a lye as effectually as the moſt deceitful language.

Under the head of lying may be mentioned a breach of promiſe. While a reſolution remains in our own breaſts, it is ſubject to our own review: but when we make another perſon a party with us, an engagement is made; and every engagement, though only of the lighteſt kind, ſhould be punctually obſerved. If we have added to this engagement a ſolemn promiſe, the obligation is ſo much the ſtronger: and he who does not think himſelf bound by ſuch an obligation, has no pretenſions to the character of an honeſt man. A breach of promiſe is ſtill worſe than a lye. A lye is ſimply a breach of truth; but a breach of promiſe is a breach both of truth and truſt.

Forgetfulneſs is a weak excuſe: it only

ſhews how little we are affected by ſo ſolemn an engagement. Should we forget to call for a ſum of money, of which we were in want, at an appointed time? Or do we think a ſolemn promiſe of leſs value than a ſum of money?

Having conſidered evil ſpeaking and lying, let us next conſider ſlandering. By ſlandering, we mean, injuring our neighbour's character by falſehood. Here we ſtill riſe higher in the ſcale of injurious words. Slandering our neighbour is the greateſt injury, which words can do him; and is, therefore, worſe than either evil-ſpeaking or lying. The miſchief of this ſin depends on the value of our characters. All men, unleſs they be paſt feeling, deſire naturally to be thought well of by their fellow-creatures: a good character is one of the principal means of being ſerviceable either to ourſelves or others; and among numbers, the very bread they eat depends upon it. What aggravated injury, therefore, do we bring upon every man, whoſe name we ſlander? And, what is ſtill worſe, the injury is irreparable. If you defraud a man, reſtore what you took, and the injury is repaired. But, if you ſlander him, it is not in your power to ſhut up all the ears, and all the mouths, to which your tale may have acceſs. The evil ſpreads, like the winged ſeeds of ſome noxious plants, which ſcatter miſchief on a breath of air, and diſperſe it on every ſide, and beyond prevention.

Before we conclude this ſubject, it may juſt be mentioned, that a ſlander may be ſpread, as a lye may be told, in various ways. We may do it by an inſinuation, as well as in a direct manner; we may ſpread it in a ſecret; or propagate it under the colour of friendſhip.

I may add alſo, that it is a ſpecies of ſlander, and often a very malignant one, to leſſen the merits or exaggerate the failings of others; as it is likewiſe to omit defending a miſrepreſented character, or to let others bear the blame of our offences. *Gilpin.*

§ 168. *Againſt wronging our Neighbour by injurious Actions.*

Having thus conſidered injurious words, let us next conſider injurious actions. On this head we are injoined "to keep our hands from picking and ſtealing, and to be true and juſt in all our dealings."

As to theft, it is a crime of ſo odious and vile a nature, that one would imagine no perſon, who hath had the leaſt tincture of a virtuous education, even though driven to neceſſity, could be led into it.—I ſhall not, therefore, enter into a diſſuaſive from this crime; but go on with the explanation of the other part of the injunction, and ſee what it is to be true and juſt in all our dealings.

Juſtice is even ſtill more, if poſſible, the ſupport of ſociety, than truth: inaſmuch as a man may be more injurious by his actions, than by his words. It is for this reaſon, that the whole force of human law is bent to reſtrain injuſtice; and the happineſs of every ſociety will increaſe in proportion to this reſtraint.

We very much err, however, if we ſuppoſe, that every thing within the bounds of law is juſtice. The law was intended only for bad men; and it is impoſſible to make the meſhes of it ſo ſtrait, but that many very great enormities will eſcape. The well-meaning man, therefore, knowing that the law was not made for him, conſults a better guide—his own conſcience, informed by religion. And, indeed, the great difference between the good and the bad man conſiſts in this: the good man will do nothing, but what his conſcience will allow; the bad man will do any thing which the law cannot reach.

It would, indeed, be endleſs to deſcribe the various ways, in which a man may be diſhoneſt within the limits of law. They are as various as our intercourſe with mankind. Some of the moſt obvious of them I ſhall curſorily mention.

In matters of commerce the knave has many opportunities. The different qualities of the ſame commodity—the different modes of adulteration—the ſpecious arts of vending—the frequent ignorance in purchaſing; and a variety of other circumſtances, open an endleſs field to the ingenuity of fraud. The honeſt fair dealer, in the mean time, has only one rule, which is, that all arts, however common in buſineſs, which are intended to deceive, are utterly unlawful. It may be added, upon this head, that if any one, conſcious of having been a tranſgreſſor, is deſirous of repairing his fault, reſtitution is by all means neceſſary: till that be done, he continues in a courſe of injuſtice.

Again, in matters of contract, a man has many opportunities of being diſhoneſt within the bounds of law. He may be ſtrict in obſerving the letter of an agreement, when the equitable meaning requires a laxer interpretation, when it ſerves his purpoſe; and at the loop-hole of ſome ambiguous expreſſion exclude the literal meaning, though it be undoubtedly the true one.

The

The ſame iniquity appears in with-holding from another his juſt right; or in putting him to expence in recovering it. The movements of the law are ſlow; and in many caſes cannot be otherwiſe; but he who takes the advantage of this to injure his neighbour, proves himſelf an undoubted knave.

It is a ſpecies of the ſame kind of injuſtice to withhold a debt, when we have ability to pay; or to run into debt, when we have not that ability. The former can proceed only from a bad diſpoſition; the latter, from ſuffering our deſires to exceed our ſtation. Some are excuſed, on this head, as men of generous principles, which they cannot confine. But what is their generoſity? They aſſiſt one man by injuring another. And what good ariſes to ſociety from hence? Such perſons cannot act on principle; and we need not heſitate to rank them with thoſe, who run into debt to gratify their own ſelfiſh inclinations. One man deſires the elegancies of life; another deſires what he thinks an equal good, the reputation of generoſity.

Oppreſſion is another ſpecies of injuſtice; by which, in a thouſand ways, under the cover of law, we may take the advantage of the ſuperiority of our power, either to cruſh an inferior, or humble him to our deſigns.

Ingratitude is another. A loan, we know, claims a legal return. And is the obligation leſs, if, inſtead of a loan, you receive a kindneſs? The law, indeed, ſays nothing on this point of immorality; but an honeſt conſcience will be very loud in the condemnation of it.

We may be unjuſt alſo in our reſentment; by carrying it beyond what reaſon and religion preſcribe.

But it would be endleſs to deſcribe the various ways, in which injuſtice diſcovers itſelf. In truth, almoſt every omiſſion of duty may be reſolved into injuſtice.

The next precept is, "to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts."

The malice and hatred of our hearts ariſe, in the firſt place, from injurious treatment; and ſurely no man, when he is injured, can at firſt help feeling that he is ſo. But Chriſtianity requires, that we ſhould ſubdue theſe feelings, as ſoon as poſſible; "and not ſuffer the ſun to go down upon our wrath." Various are the paſſages of ſcripture, which inculcate the forgiveneſs of injuries. Indeed, no point is more laboured than this; and with reaſon, becauſe no temper is more productive of evil, both to ourſelves and others, than a malicious one. The ſenſations of a mind burning with revenge are beyond deſcription; and as we are at theſe ſeaſons very unable to judge cooly, and of courſe liable to carry our reſentment too far, the conſequence is, that, in our rage, we may do a thouſand things, which can never be atoned for, and of which we may repent as long as we live.

Beſides, one act draws on another; and retaliation keeps the quarrel alive. The goſpel, therefore, ever gracious and kind to man, in all its precepts enjoins us to check all thoſe violent emotions, and to leave our cauſe in the hands of God. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, ſaith the Lord;" and he who, in oppoſition to this precept, takes vengeance into his own hands, and cheriſhes the malice and hatred of his heart, may aſſure himſelf that he has not yet learned to be a Chriſtian. Theſe precepts, perhaps, may not entirely agree with modern principles of honour: but let the man of honour ſee to that. The maxims of the world cannot change the truth of the goſpel.

Nay, even in recovering our juſt right, or in purſuing a criminal to juſtice, we ſhould take care that it be not done in the ſpirit of retaliation and revenge. If theſe be our motives, though we make the law our inſtrument, we are equally guilty.

But beſides injurious treatment, the malice and hatred of our hearts have often another ſource, and that is envy: and thus in the litany; "envy, malice, and hatred," are all joined together with great propriety. The emotions of envy are generally cooler, and leſs violent, than thoſe which ariſe from the reſentment of injury; ſo that envy is ſeldom ſo miſchievous in its effects as revenge: but with regard to ourſelves, it is altogether as bad, and full as deſtructive of the ſpirit of chriſtianity. What is the religion of that man, who inſtead of thanking Heaven for the bleſſings he receives, is fretting himſelf continually with a diſagreeable compariſon between himſelf and ſome other? He cannot enjoy what he has, becauſe another has more wealth, a fairer fame, or perhaps more merit, than himſelf. He is miſerable, becauſe others are happy.

But to omit the wickedneſs of envy, how abſurd and fooliſh is it, in a world where we muſt neceſſarily expect much real miſery, to be perniciouſly inventive in producing it!

Beſides, what ignorance! We ſee only the glaring outſide of things. Under all

that envied glare, many unſeen diſtreſſes may lurk, from which our ſtation may be free: for our merciful Creator ſeems to have beſtowed happineſs, as far as ſtation is concerned, with great equality among all his creatures.

In concluſion, therefore, let it be the great object of our attention, and the ſubject of our prayers, to rid our minds of all this curſed intruſion of evil thoughts—whether they proceed from malice, or from an envious temper. Let all our malicious thoughts ſoften into charity and benevolence; and let us "forgive one another, as God, for Chriſt's ſake, has forgiven us." As for our envious thoughts, as far as they relate to externals, let them ſubſide in humility, acquieſcence, and ſubmiſſion to the will of God. And when we are tempted to envy the good qualities of others, let us ſpurn ſo baſe a conception, and change it into a generous emulation—into an endeavour to raiſe ourſelves to an equality with our rival, not to depreſs him to a level with us.

Gilpin.

§ 169. *Duties to ourſelves.*

Thus far the duties we have conſidered come moſt properly under the head of thoſe which we owe to our neighbour; what follows, relates rather to ourſelves. On this head, we are inſtructed "to keep our bodies in temperance, ſoberneſs, and chaſtity."

Though our ſouls ſhould be our great concern, yet, as they are nearly connected with our bodies, and as the impurity of the one contaminates the other, a great degree of moral attention is, of courſe, due to our bodies alſo.

As our firſt ſtation is in this world, to which our bodies particularly belong, they are formed with ſuch appetites as are requiſite to our commodious living in it; and the rule given us is, "to uſe the world ſo as not to abuſe it." St. Paul, by a beautiful alluſion, calls our bodies the "temples of the Holy Ghoſt:" by which he means to impreſs us with a ſtrong idea of their dignity; and to deter us from debaſing, by low pleaſures, what ſhould be the ſeat of ſo much purity. To youth theſe cautions are above meaſure neceſſary, becauſe their paſſions and appetites are ſtrong; their reaſon and judgment weak. They are prone to pleaſure, and void of reflection. How, therefore, theſe young adventurers in life may beſt ſteer their courſe, and uſe this ſinful world ſo as not to abuſe it, is a conſideration well worth their attention. Let us then ſee under what regulations their appetites ſhould be reſtrained.

By keeping our bodies in temperance is meant avoiding exceſs in eating, with regard both to the quantity and quality of our food. We ſhould neither eat more than our ſtomachs can well bear; nor be nice and delicate in our eating.

To preſerve the body in health is the end of eating; and they who regulate themſelves merely by this end, who eat without choice or diſtinction, paying no regard to the pleaſure of eating, obſerve perhaps the beſt rule of temperance. They go rather indeed beyond temperance, and may be called abſtemious. A man may be temperate, and yet allow himſelf a little more indulgence. Great care, however, is here neceſſary; and the more, as perhaps no preciſe rule can be affixed, after we have paſſed the firſt great limit, and let the palate looſe among variety *. Our own diſcretion muſt be our guide, which ſhould be conſtantly kept awake by conſidering the many bad conſequences which attend a breach of temperance.—Young men, in the full vigour of health, do not conſider theſe things; but as age comes on, and different maladies begin to appear, they may perhaps repent they did not a little earlier practiſe the rules of temperance.

In a moral and religious light, the conſequences of intemperance are ſtill worſe. To enjoy a comfortable meal, when it comes before us, is allowable: but he who ſuffers his mind to dwell upon the pleaſures of eating, and makes them the employment of his thoughts, has at leaſt opened one ſource of mental corruption †.

* ——————Nam variæ res,
Ut noceant homini, credas memor illius eſcæ,
Quæ ſimplex olim tibi ſederit. At ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita.—— Hor.

† ——————Corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulum auræ. Hor. Sat.

After

After all, he who would moſt perfectly enjoy the pleaſures of the table, ſuch as they are, muſt look for them within the rules of temperance. The palate, accuſtomed to ſatiety, hath loſt its tone; and the greateſt ſenſualiſts have been brought to confeſs, that the coarſeſt fare, with an appetite kept in order by temperance, affords a more delicious repaſt, than the moſt luxurious meal without it.

As temperance relates chiefly to eating, ſoberneſs or ſobriety relates properly to drinking. And here the ſame obſervations recur. The ſtricteſt, and perhaps the beſt rule, is merely to ſatisfy the end of drinking. But if a little more indulgence be taken, it ought to be taken with the greateſt circumſpection.

With regard to youth indeed, I ſhould be inclined to great ſtrictneſs on this head. In eating, if they eat of proper and ſimple food, they cannot eaſily err. Their growing limbs, and ſtrong exerciſe, require larger ſupplies than full-grown bodies, which muſt be kept in order by a more rigid temperance. But if more indulgence be allowed them in eating, leſs, ſurely, ſhould in drinking. With ſtrong liquors of every kind they have nothing to do; and if they ſhould totally abſtain on this head, it were ſo much the better. The languor which attends age*, requires perhaps, now and then, ſome aids; but the ſpirits of youth want no recruits: a little reſt is ſufficient.

As to the bad conſequences derived from exceſſive drinking, beſides filling the blood with bloated and vicious humours, and debauching the purity of the mind, as in the caſe of intemperate eating, it is attended with this peculiar evil, the loſs of our ſenſes. Hence follow frequent inconveniences and mortifications. We expoſe our follies—we betray our ſecrets—we are often impoſed upon—we quarrel with our friends—we lay ourſelves open to our enemies; and, in ſhort, make ourſelves the objects of contempt, and the topics of ridicule to all our acquaintance.—Nor is it only the act of intoxication which deprives us of our reaſon during the prevalence of it; the habit of drunkenneſs ſoon beſots and impairs the underſtanding, and renders us at all times leſs fit for the offices of life.

We are next injoined "to keep our bodies in chaſtity," "Flee youthful luſts," ſays the apoſtle, "which war againſt the ſoul." And there is ſurely nothing which carries on a war againſt the ſoul more ſucceſsfully. Wherever we have a catalogue in ſcripture (and we have many ſuch catalogues) of thoſe ſins which in a peculiar manner debauch the mind, theſe youthful luſts have always, under ſome denomination, a place among them.——To keep ourſelves free from all contagion of this kind, let us endeavour to preſerve a purity in our thoughts—our words—and our actions.

Firſt, let us preſerve a purity in our thoughts. Theſe dark receſſes, which the eye of the world cannot reach, are the receptacles of theſe youthful luſts. Here they find their firſt encouragement. The entrance of ſuch impure ideas perhaps we cannot always prevent. We may always however prevent cheriſhing them; we may always prevent their making an impreſſion upon us: the devil may be caſt out as ſoon as diſcovered.

Let us always keep in mind, that even into theſe dark abodes the eye of Heaven can penetrate: that every thought of our hearts is open to that God, before whom we muſt one day ſtand; and that however ſecretly we may indulge theſe impure ideas, at the great day of account they will certainly appear in an awful detail againſt us.

Let us remember again, that if our bodies be the temples of the Holy Ghoſt, our minds are the very ſanctuaries of thoſe temples: and if there be any weight in the apoſtle's argument againſt polluting our bodies, it urges with double force againſt polluting our minds.

But, above all other conſiderations, it behoves us moſt to keep our thoughts pure, becauſe they are the fountains from which our words and actions flow. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh." Obſcene words and actions are only bad thoughts matured, and ſpring as naturally from them as the plant from its ſeed. It is the ſame vicious depravity carried a ſtep farther; and only ſhews a more confirmed and a more miſchievous degree of guilt. While we keep our impurities in our thoughts, they debauch only ourſelves: bad enough, it is true. But when we proceed to words and actions, we let our impurities looſe: we ſpread the contagion, and become the corrupters of others.

* —— —— —— Ubive
Accedant anni, et tractari mollius ætas
Imbecilla volet. Hor. Sat.

Let it be our firſt care, therefore, to keep our thoughts pure. If we do this, our words and actions will be pure of courſe. And that we may be the better enabled to do it, let us uſe ſuch helps as reaſon and religion preſcribe. Let us avoid all company, and all books, that have a tendency to corrupt our minds; and every thing that can inflame our paſſions. He who allows himſelf in theſe things, holds a parley with vice; which will infallibly debauch him in the end, if he do not take the alarm in time, and break off ſuch dalliance.

One thing ought to be our particular care, and that is, never to be unemployed. Ingenious amuſements are of great uſe in filling up the vacuities of our time. Idle we ſhould never be. A vacant mind is an invitation to vice. *Gilpin.*

§ 170. *On coveting and deſiring other men's goods.*

We are forbidden, next, "to covet, or deſire other men's goods."

There are two great paths of vice, into which bad men commonly ſtrike; that of unlawful pleaſure, and that of unlawful gain.—The path of unlawful pleaſure we have juſt examined; and have ſeen the danger of obeying the headſtrong impulſe of our appetites.—We have conſidered alſo an immoderate love of gain, and have ſeen diſhoneſty and fraud in a variety of ſhapes. But we have yet viewed them only as they relate to ſociety. We have viewed only the outward action. The rule before us, "We muſt not covet, nor deſire other men's goods," comes a ſtep nearer home, and conſiders the motive which governs the action.

Covetouſneſs, or the love of money, is called in ſcripture "the root of all evil;" and it is called ſo for two reaſons; becauſe it makes us wicked, and becauſe it makes us miſerable.

Firſt, it makes us wicked. When it once gets poſſeſſion of the heart, it will let no good principle flouriſh near it. Moſt vices have their fits; and when the violence of the paſſion is ſpent, there is ſome interval of calm. The vicious appetite cannot always run riot. It is fatigued at leaſt by its own impetuoſity: and it is poſſible, that in this moment of tranquillity, a whiſper from virtue may be heard. But in avarice, there is rarely intermiſſion. It hangs like a dead weight upon the ſoul, always pulling it to earth. We might as well expect to ſee a plant grow upon a flint, as a virtue in the heart of a miſer.

It makes us miſerable as well as wicked. The cares and the fears of avarice are proverbial; and it muſt needs be, that he, who depends for happineſs on what is liable to a thouſand accidents, muſt of courſe feel as many diſtreſſes, and almoſt as many diſappointments. The good man depends for happineſs on ſomething more permanent; and if his worldly affairs go ill, his great dependance is ſtill left*. But as wealth is the god which the covetous man worſhips (for "covetouſneſs," we are told, "is idolatry,") a diſappointment here is a diſappointment indeed. Be he ever ſo proſperous, his wealth cannot ſecure him againſt the evils of mortality; againſt that time, when he muſt give up all he values; when his bargains of advantage will be over, and nothing left but tears and deſpair.

But even a deſiring frame of mind, though it be not carried to ſuch a length, is always productive of miſery. It cannot be otherwiſe. While we ſuffer ourſelves to be continually in queſt of what we have not, it is impoſſible that we ſhould be happy with what we have. In a word, to abridge our wants as much as poſſible, not to increaſe them, is the trueſt happineſs.

We are much miſtaken, however, if we think the man who hoards up his money is the only covetous man. The prodigal, though he differ in his end, may be as avaricious in his means†. The former denies himſelf every comfort; the latter graſps at every pleaſure. Both characters are equally bad in different extremes. The miſer is more deteſtable in the eyes of the world, becauſe he enters into none of its joys; but it is a queſtion, which is more wretched in himſelf, or more pernicious to ſociety.

As covetouſneſs is eſteemed the vice of age, every appearance of it among young perſons ought particularly to be diſcouraged; becauſe if it gets ground at this early period, nobody can tell how far it may not afterwards proceed. And yet, on the other ſide, there may be great danger of encouraging the oppoſite extreme. As it is certainly right, under proper reſtrictions, both to ſave our money, and to ſpend it, it

* Sæviat, atque novos moveat fortuna tumultus;
Quantum hinc imminuet?———— Hor. Sat.

† Alieni appetens, ſui profuſus. Sal. de Catal.

would

would be highly uſeful to fix the due bounds on each ſide. But nothing is more difficult than to raiſe theſe nice limits between extremes. Every man's caſe, in a thouſand circumſtances, differs from his neighbour's: and as no rule can be fixed for all, every man of courſe, in theſe diſquiſitions, muſt be left to his own conſcience. We are indeed very ready to give our opinions how others ought to act. We can adjuſt with great nicety what is proper for them to do; and point out their miſtakes with much preciſion; while nothing is neceſſary to us, but to act as properly as we can ourſelves; obſerving as juſt a mean as poſſible between prodigality and avarice; and applying, in all our difficulties, to the word of God, where theſe great landmarks of morality are the moſt accurately fixed.

We have now taken a view of what is prohibited in our commerce with mankind: let us next ſee what is enjoined. (We are ſtill proceeding with thoſe duties which we owe to ourſelves). Inſtead of ſpending our fortune therefore in unlawful pleaſure, or increaſing it by unlawful gain; we are required "to learn, and labour truly (that is honeſtly) to get our own living, and to do our duty in that ſtate of life, unto which it ſhall pleaſe God to call us."—Theſe words will be ſufficiently explained by conſidering, firſt, that we all have ſome ſtation in life—ſome particular duties to diſcharge; and ſecondly, in what manner we ought to diſcharge them.

Firſt, that man was not born to be idle, may be inferred from the active ſpirit that appears in every part of nature. Every thing is alive; every thing contributes to the general good: even the very inanimate parts of the creation, plants, ſtones, metals, cannot be called totally inactive, but bear their part likewiſe in the general uſefulneſs. If then every part, even of inanimate nature, be thus employed, ſurely we cannot ſuppoſe it was the intention of the Almighty Father, that man, who is the moſt capable of employing himſelf properly, ſhould be the only creature without employment.

Again, that man was born for active life, is plain from the neceſſity of labour. If it had not been neceſſary, God would not originally have impoſed it. But without it, the body would become enervated, and the mind corrupted. Idleneſs, therefore, is juſtly eſteemed the origin both of diſeaſe and vice. So that if labour and employment, either of body or mind, had no uſe, but what reſpected ourſelves, they would be highly proper: but they have farther uſe.

The neceſſity of them is plain, from the want that all men have of the aſſiſtance of others. If ſo, this aſſiſtance ſhould be mutual; every man ſhould contribute his part. We have already ſeen, that it is proper there ſhould be different ſtations in the world—that ſome ſhould be placed high in life, and others low. The loweſt, we know, cannot be exempt from labour; and the higheſt ought not: though their labour, according to their ſtation, will be of a different kind. Some, we ſee, "muſt labour (as the catechiſm phraſes it) to get their own living; and others ſhould do their duty in that ſtate of life, whatever that ſtate is, unto which it hath pleaſed God to call them." All are aſſiſted: all ſhould aſſiſt. God diſtributes, we read, various talents among men; to ſome he gives five talents, to others two, and to others one: but it is expected, we find, that notwithſtanding this inequality, each ſhould employ the talent that is given to the beſt advantage: and he who received five talents was under the ſame obligation of improving them, as he who had received only one: and would, if he had hid his talents in the earth, have been puniſhed, in proportion to the abuſe. Every man, even in the higheſt ſtation, may find a proper employment, both for his time and fortune, if he pleaſe: and he may aſſure himſelf that God, by placing him in that ſtation, never meant to exempt him from the common obligations of ſociety, and give him a licence to ſpend his life in eaſe and pleaſure. God meant aſſuredly, that he ſhould bear his part in the general commerce of life—that he ſhould conſider himſelf not as an individual, but as a member of the community; the intereſts of which he is under an obligation to ſupport with all his power;—and that his elevated ſtation gives him no other pre-eminence than that of being the more extenſively uſeful.

Having thus ſeen, that we have all ſome ſtation in life to ſupport—ſome particular duties to diſcharge; let us now ſee in what manner we ought to diſcharge them.

We have an eaſy rule given us in ſcripture on this head; that all our duties in life ſhould be performed "as to the Lord, and not unto man:" that is, we ſhould conſider our ſtations in life as truſts repoſed in us by our Maker; and as ſuch ſhould diſcharge the duties of them. What, though no worldly truſt be repoſed? What, though we are accountable to nobody upon earth? Can

we therefore suppose ourselves in reality less accountable? Can we suppose that God, for no reason that we can divine, has singled us out, and given us a large porportion of the things of this world (while others around us are in need) for no other purpose than to squander it away upon ourselves? To God undoubtedly we are accountable for every blessing we enjoy. What mean, in scripture, the talents given, and the use assigned; but the conscientious discharge of the duties of life, according to the advantages, with which they are attended?

It matters not whether these advantages be an inheritance, or an acquisition: still they are the gift of God. Agreeably to their rank in life, it is true, all men should live: human distinctions require it; and in doing this properly, every one around will be benefited. Utility should be considered in all our expences. Even the very amusements of a man of fortune should be founded in it.

In short, it is the constant injunction of scripture, in whatever station we are placed, to consider ourselves as God's servants, and as acting immediately under his eye, not expecting our reward among men, but from our great Master who is in heaven. This sanctifies, in a manner, all our actions: it places the little difficulties of our station in the light of God's appointments; and turns the most common duties of life into acts of religion. *Gilpin.*

§ 171. *On the Sacrament of Baptism.*

The sacrament of baptism is next considered; in which, if we consider the inward grace, we shall see how aptly the sign represents it.—The inward grace, or thing signified, we are told, is "a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness:" by which is meant that great renovation of nature, that purity of heart, which the christian religion is intended to produce. And surely there cannot be a more significant sign of this than water, on account of its cleansing nature. As water refreshes the body, and purifies it from all contracted filth; it aptly represents that renovation of nature, which cleanses the soul from the impurities of sin. Water indeed, among the ancients, was more adapted to the thing signified, than it is at present among us. They used immersion in baptising: so that the child being dipped into the water, and raised out again, baptism with them was more significant of a new birth unto righteousness. But though we, in these colder climates, think immersion an unsafe practice; yet the original meaning is still supposed.

It is next asked, What is required of those who are baptised? To this we answer, "Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and faith, whereby they stedfastly believe the promises of God, made to them in that sacrament."

The primitive church was extremely strict on this head. In those times, before christianity was established, when adults offered themselves to baptism, no one was admitted, till he had given a very satisfactory evidence of his repentance; and till, on good grounds, he could profess his faith in Christ: and it was afterwards expected from him, that he should prove his faith and repentance, by a regular obedience during the future part of his life.

If faith and repentance are expected at baptism; it is a very natural question, Why then are infants baptised, when, by reason of their tender age, they can give no evidence of either?

Whether infants should be admitted to baptism, or whether that sacrament should be deferred till years of discretion; is a question in the christian church, which hath been agitated with some animosity. Our church by no means looks upon baptism as necessary to the infant's salvation*. No man acquainted with the spirit of christianity can conceive, that God will leave the salvation of so many innocent souls in the hands of others. But the practice is considered as founded upon the usage of the earliest times: and the church observing, that circumcision was the introductory rite to the Jewish covenant; and that baptism was intended to succeed circumcision; it naturally supposes, that baptism should be administered to infants, as circumcision was. The church, however, in this case, hath provided sponsors, who make a profession of obedience in the child's name. But the nature and office of this proxy hath been already examined, under the head of our baptismal vow. *Gilpin.*

§ 172. *On the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.*

The first question is an enquiry into the

* The catechism asserts, the sacraments to be only generally necessary to salvation, excepting particular cases. Where the use of them is intentionally rejected, it is certainly criminal.—The Quakers indeed reject them on principle: but though we may wonder both at their logic and divinity, we should be sorry to include them in an anathema.

original

original of the inſtitution: " Why was the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper ordained?"

It was ordained, we are informed,—" for the continual remembrance of the ſacrifice of the death of Chriſt; and of the benefits which we receive thereby."

In examining a ſacrament in general, we have already ſeen, that both baptiſm, and the Lord's ſupper, were originally inſtituted as the " means of receiving the grace of God; and as pledges to aſſure us thereof."

But beſides theſe primary ends, they have each a ſecondary one; in repreſenting the two moſt important truths of religion; which gives them more force and influence. Baptiſm, we have ſeen, repreſents that renovation of our ſinful nature, which the goſpel was intended to introduce: and the peculiar end, which the Lord's ſupper had in view, was the ſacrifice of the death of Chriſt; with all the benefits which ariſe from it—the remiſſion of our ſins—and the reconciliation of the world to God. " This do," ſaid our Saviour, (alluding to the paſſover, which the Lord's ſupper was deſigned to ſuperſede) not as hitherto, in memory of your deliverance from Egypt; but in memory of that greater deliverance, of which the other was only a type: " Do it in remembrance of me."

The outward part, or ſign of the Lord's ſupper, is " bread and wine"—the things ſignified are the " body and blood of Chriſt." —In examining the ſacrament of baptiſm, I endeavoured to ſhew, how very apt a ſymbol water is in that ceremony. Bread and wine alſo are ſymbols equally apt in repreſenting the body and blood of Chriſt: and in the uſe of theſe particular ſymbols, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that our Saviour had an eye to the Jewiſh paſſover; in which it was a cuſtom to drink wine, and to eat bread. He might have inſtituted any other apt ſymbols for the ſame purpoſe; but it was his uſual practice, through the whole ſyſtem of his inſtitution, to make it, in every part, as familiar as poſſible: and for this reaſon he ſeems to have choſen ſuch ſymbols as were then in uſe; that he might give as little offence as poſſible in a matter of indifference.

As our Saviour, in the inſtitution of his ſupper, ordered both the bread and the wine to be received; it is certainly a great error in papiſts, to deny the cup to the laity. They ſay, indeed, that, as both fleſh and blood are united in the ſubſtance of the human body; ſo are they in the ſacramental bread; which, according to them, is changed, or, as they phraſe it, tranſubſtantiated into the real body of Chriſt. If they have no other reaſon, why do they adminiſter wine to the clergy? The clergy might participate equally of both in the bread.—But the plain truth is, they are deſirous, by this invention, to add an air of myſtery to the ſacrament, and a ſuperſtitious reverence to the prieſt, as if he, being endowed with ſome peculiar holineſs, might be allowed the uſe of both.

There is a difficulty in this part of the catechiſm, which ſhould not be paſſed over. We are told, that " the body and blood of Chriſt are verily and indeed taken, and received by the faithful in the Lord's ſupper." This expreſſion ſounds very like the popiſh doctrine, juſt mentioned, of tranſubſtantiation. The true ſenſe of the words undoubtedly is, that the faithful believer only, verily and indeed receives the benefit of the ſacrament; but the expreſſion muſt be allowed to be inaccurate, as it is capable of an interpretation ſo entirely oppoſite to that which the church of England hath always profeſſed.—I would not willingly ſuppoſe, as ſome have done, that the compilers of the catechiſm meant to manage the affair of tranſubſtantiation with the papiſts. It is one thing to ſhew a liberality of ſentiment in matters of indifference; and another to ſpeak timidly and ambiguouſly, where eſſentials are concerned.

It is next aſked, What benefits we receive from the Lord's ſupper? To which it is anſwered, " The ſtrengthening and refreſhing of our ſouls by the body and blood of Chriſt, as our bodies are by the bread and wine." As our bodies are ſtrengthened and refreſhed, in a natural way, by bread and wine; ſo ſhould our ſouls be, in a ſpiritual way, by a devout commemoration of the paſſion of Chriſt. By gratefully remembering what he ſuffered for us, we ſhould be excited to a greater abhorrence of ſin, which was the cauſe of his ſufferings. Every time we partake of this ſacrament, like faithful ſoldiers, we take a freſh oath to our leader; and ſhould be animated anew, by his example, to perſevere in the ſpiritual conflict in which, under him, we are engaged.

It is laſtly aſked, " What is required of them who come to the Lord's ſupper?" To which we anſwer, " That we ſhould examine ourſelves, whether we repent us truly of our former ſins—ſtedfaſtly purpoſing to lead a new life—have a lively faith in God's mercy

mercy through Chriſt—with a thankful remembrance of his death; and to be in charity with all men."

That pious frame of mind is here, in very few words, pointed out, which a chriſtian ought to cheriſh and cultivate in himſelf at all times; but eſpecially, upon the performance of any ſolemn act of religion. Very little indeed is ſaid in ſcripture, of any particular frame of mind, which ſhould accompany the performance of this duty; but it may eaſily be inferred from the nature of the duty itſelf.

In the firſt place, "we ſhould repent us truly of our former ſins; ſtedfaſtly purpoſing to lead a new life." He who performs a religious exerciſe, without being earneſt in this point; adds only a phariſaical hypocriſy to his other ſins. Unleſs he ſeriouſly reſolve to lead a good life, he had better be all of a piece; and not pretend, by receiving the ſacrament, to a piety which he does not feel.

Theſe "ſtedfaſt purpoſes of leading a new life," form a very becoming exerciſe to chriſtians. The lives even of the beſt of men afford only a mortifying retroſpect. Though they may have conquered ſome of their worſt propenſities; yet the triumphs of ſin over them, at the various periods of their lives, will always be remembered with ſorrow; and may always be remembered with advantage; keeping them on their guard for the future, and ſtrengthening them more and more in all their good reſolutions of obedience.—And when can theſe meditations ariſe more properly, than when we are performing a rite, inſtituted on purpoſe to commemorate the great atonement for ſin?

To our repentance, and reſolutions of obedience, we are required to add "a lively faith in God's mercy through Chriſt; with a thankful remembrance of his death." We ſhould impreſs ourſelves with the deepeſt ſenſe of humility—totally rejecting every idea of our own merit—hoping for God's favour only through the merits of our great Redeemer—and with hearts full of gratitude, truſting only to his all-ſufficient ſacrifice.

Laſtly, we are required, at the celebration of this great rite, to be "in charity with all men." It commemorates the greateſt inſtance of love that can be conceived; and ſhould therefore raiſe in us correſpondent affections. It ſhould excite in us that conſtant flow of benevolence, in which the ſpirit of religion conſiſts; and without which indeed we can have no religion at all. Love is the very diſtinguiſhing badge of chriſtianity: "By this," ſaid our great Maſter, "ſhall all men know that ye are my diſciples."

One ſpecies of charity ſhould, at this time, never be forgotten; and that is, the forgiveneſs of others. No acceptable gift can be offered at this altar, but in the ſpirit of reconciliation.—Hence it was, that the ancient chriſtians inſtituted, at the celebration of the Lord's ſupper, what they called love-feaſts. They thought, they could not give a better inſtance of their being in perfect charity with each other, than by joining all ranks together in one common meal.—By degrees, indeed, this well-meant cuſtom degenerated; and it may not be amiſs to obſerve here, that the paſſages* in which theſe enormities are rebuked, have been variouſly miſconſtrued; and have frightened many well meaning perſons from the ſacrament. Whereas what the apoſtle here ſays, hath no other relation to this rite, than as it was attended by a particular abuſe in receiving it; and as this is a mode of abuſe which doth not now exiſt, the apoſtle's reproof ſeems not to affect the chriſtians of this age.

What the primary, and what the ſecondary ends in the two ſacraments were, I have endeavoured to explain. But there might be others.

God might intend them as trials of our faith. The divine truths of the goſpel ſpeak for themſelves: but the performance of a poſitive duty reſts only on faith.

Theſe inſtitutions are alſo ſtrong arguments for the truth of chriſtianity. We trace the obſervance of them into the very earlieſt times of the goſpel. We can trace no other origin than what the ſcriptures give us. Theſe rites therefore greatly tend to corroborate the ſcriptures.

God alſo, who knows what is in man, might condeſcend ſo far to his weakneſs, as to give him theſe external badges of religion, to keep the ſpirit of it more alive. And it is indeed probable, that nothing has contributed more than theſe ceremonies to preſerve a ſenſe of religion among mankind. It is a melancholy proof of this, that no contentions in the chriſtian church have been more violent, nor carried on with more acrimony, and unchriſtian zeal, than the contentions about baptiſm and the Lord's ſupper; as if the very eſſence of religion conſiſted in this

* See 1 Cor. xi.

or

or that mode of observing these rites.—But this is the abuse of them.

Let us be better taught: let us receive these sacraments, for the gracious purposes for which our Lord injoined them, with gratitude, and with reverence. But let us not lay a greater stress upon them than our Lord intended. Heaven, we doubt not, may be gained, when there have been the means of receiving neither the one sacrament nor the other. But unless our affections are right, and our lives answerable to them, we can never please God, though we perform the externals of religion with ever so much exactness. We may err in our notions about the sacraments: the world has long been divided on these subjects; and a gracious God, it may be hoped, will pardon our errors. But in matters of practice we have no apology for error. The great lines of our duty are drawn so strong, that a deviation here is not error, but guilt.

Let us then, to conclude from the whole, make it our principal care to purify our hearts in the sight of God. Let us beseech him to increase the influence of his Holy Spirit within us, that our faith may be of that kind "which worketh by love;" that all our affections, and from them our actions, may flow in a steady course of obedience; that each day may correct the last by a sincere repentance of our mistakes in life; and that we may continue gradually to approach nearer the idea of christian perfection. Let us do this, disclaiming, after all, any merits of our own; and not trusting in outward observances; but trusting in the merits of Christ to make up our deficiencies; and we need not fear our acceptance with God. *Gilpin.*

§ 173. On CONFIRMATION.

Acts viii. 17.

Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.

The history, to which these words belong, is this. Philip the deacon, ordained at the same time with St. Stephen, had converted and baptized the people of Samaria; which the apostles at Jerusalem hearing, sent down to them Peter and John, two of their own body; who, by prayer, accompanied with imposition of hands, obtained for them a greater degree than they had yet received, of the sacred influences of the Divine Spirit, which undoubtedly was done on their signifying in some manner, so as to be understood, their adherence to the engagement into which they had entered at their baptism.

From this and the like instances of the practice of the apostles, is derived, what bishops, their successors, though every way beyond comparison inferior to them, have practised ever since, and which we now call confirmation. Preaching was common to all ranks of ministers: baptizing was performed usually by the lower rank: but, perhaps to maintain a due subordination, it was reserved to the highest, by prayer and laying on of hands to communicate further measures of the Holy Ghost. It was indeed peculiar to the apostles, that on their intercession his extraordinary and miraculous gifts were bestowed: which continued in the church no longer, than the need of them did; nor can we suppose, that all were partakers of them. But unquestionably by their petitions they procured, for every sincere convert, a much more valuable, though less remarkable blessing, of universal and perpetual necessity, his ordinary and saving graces.

For these therefore, after their example, trusting that God will have regard, not to our unworthiness, but to the purposes of mercy which he hath appointed us to serve, we intercede now, when persons take upon themselves the vow of their baptism. For this good end being now come amongst you, though I doubt not but your ministers have given you proper instructions on the occasion; yet I am desirous of adding somewhat further, which may not only acquaint more fully those, who are especially concerned, with the nature of what they are about to do, but remind you all of the obligations which christianity lays upon you. And I cannot perform it better, than by explaining to you the office of confirmation, to which you may turn in your prayer-books, where it stands immediately after the catechism.

There you will see, in the first place, a preface, directed to be read; in which notice is given, that *for the more edifying of such as receive confirmation*, it shall be administered to none but those, *who can answer to the questions of the catechism* preceding: that so *children* may *come to years of* some *discretion*, and *learn what* the *promise* made for them *in baptism* was, before they are called upon to *ratify and confirm it before the church with their own consent*, and to engage *that they will evermore observe it.*

Prayers

Prayers may be offered up for infants with very good effect. Promises may be made in their name by such as are authorised to act for them; especially when the things promised are for their interest, and will be their duty; which is the case of those in baptism. But no persons ought to make promises for themselves, till they reasonably well understand the nature of them, and are capable of forming serious purposes. Therefore, in the present case, being able to say the words of the catechism, is by no means enough, without a competent general knowledge of their meaning, and intention of behaving as it requires them; which doubtless they are supposed to have at the same time. And if they have not, making a profession of it, is declaring with their mouths what they feel not in their hearts at the instant, and will much less reflect upon afterwards: it is hoping to please God by the empty outward performance of a religious rite, from which if they had been withheld till they were duly qualified, their souls might have been affected, and their conduct influenced by it, as long as they lived.

Therefore I hope and beg, that neither ministers nor parents will be too eager for bringing children very early to confirmation: but first teach them carefully to know their duty sufficiently, and resolve upon the practice of it heartily: then introduce them to this ordinance: which they shall not fail to have opportunities of attending in their neighbourhood, from time to time, so long as God continues my life and strength.

But as there are some too young for confirmation, some also may be thought too old; especially, if they have received the holy sacrament without it. Now there are not indeed all the same reasons for the confirmation of such, as of others: nor hath the church, I believe, determined any thing about their case, as it might be thought unlikely to happen. But still, since it doth happen too frequently, that persons were not able, or have neglected, to apply for this purpose; so whenever they apply, as by doing it they express a desire to *fulfil all righteousness* *; and may certainly receive benefit, both from the profession and the prayers, appointed in the office; my judgment is, that they should not be rejected, but encouraged.

Only I must intreat you to observe, that when you take thus on yourselves the engagement of leading a christian life, you are to take it once for all; and no more to think of ever being confirmed a second time, than of being baptized a second time.

After directing, Who are to be confirmed, the office goes on to direct, How they are to be confirmed. And here, the bishop is to begin with asking every one of those who offer themselves, whether they *do, in the presence of God and of the Congregation, renew in their own Persons the solemn vow of their baptism; acknowledging themselves bound to believe and to perform all those things, which their god-fathers and god-mothers then undertook for them.* On which, they are each of them to answer, with an audible voice, *I do.*

Now the things promised in our name, were, to renounce whatever God hath forbidden, to believe what He hath taught, and to practise what He hath commanded. Nobody can promise for infants absolutely, that they shall do these things; but only, that they shall be instructed and admonished to do them; and, it is hoped, not in vain. This instruction and admonition, parents are obliged by nature to give; and if they do it effectually, god-fathers and god-mothers have no further concern, than to be heartily glad of it. But if the former fail, the latter must supply the failure, as far as they have opportunity of doing it with any reasonable prospect of success. For they were intended, not to release the parents from the care of their children, which nothing can; but for a double security, in a case of such importance.

If nothing at all had been promised in our names, we had still been bound, as soon as we were capable of it, to believe in God, and obey him. But we are more early and more firmly bound, as not only this hath been promised for us, but care hath been taken to make us sensible of our obligation to perform it: which obligation therefore, persons are called upon, in the question under consideration, to ratify and confirm. And great cause have they to answer that they do. For doing it is a duty, on which their eternal felicity peculiarly depends: as a little attention to what I am about to say will clearly shew you.

Our first parents, even while they were innocent, had no title to happiness, or to existence, but from God's notification of his good pleasure: which being conditional, when they fell, they lost it; and derived to us a corrupt and mortal nature, intitled to

* Matth. iii. 15.

to nothing; as both the diſeaſes and the poverty of anceſtors often deſcend to their diſtant poſterity. This bad condition we fail not, from our firſt uſe of reaſon, to make worſe, in a greater or leſs degree, by actual tranſgreſſions: and ſo perſonally deſerve the diſpleaſure, inſtead of favour, of him who made us. Yet we may hope, that, as he is good, he will, on our repentance, forgive us. But then, as he is alſo juſt and wiſe, and the ruler of the world; we could never know with certainty, of ourſelves, what his juſtice and wiſdom, and the honour of his government, might require of him with reſpect to ſinners: whether he would pardon greater offences at all; and whether he would reward thoſe, whom he might be pleaſed not to puniſh. But moſt happily the revelation of his holy word hath cleared up all theſe doubts of unaſſiſted reaſon: and offered to the worſt of ſinners, on the condition of faith in Chriſt, added to repentance, and productive of good works (for all which he is ready to enable us) a covenant of pardon for ſins paſt, aſſiſtance againſt ſin for the future, and eternal life in return for a ſincere, though imperfect, and totally undeſerving obedience.

The method of entering into this covenant is, being baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt: that is, into the acknowledgment of the myſterious union and joint authority of theſe three; and of the diſtinct offices, which they have undertaken for our ſalvation: together with a faithful engagement of paying ſuitable regard to each of them. In this appointment of baptiſm, the waſhing with water aptly ſignifies, both our promiſe to preſerve ourſelves, with the beſt care we can, pure from the defilement of ſin, and God's promiſe to conſider us as free from the guilt of it. Baptiſm then, through his mercy, ſecures infants from the bad conſequences of Adam's tranſgreſſion, giving them a new title to the immortality which he loſt. It alſo ſecures, to perſons grown up, the intire forgiveneſs of their own tranſgreſſions, on the terms juſt mentioned. But then, in order to receive theſe benefits, we muſt lay our claim to the covenant, which conveys them: we muſt ratify, as ſoon as we are able, what was promiſed in our name by others before we were able; and done for us then, only on preſumption that we would make it our own deed afterwards. For if we neglect, and appear to renounce our part of the covenant, we have plainly not the leaſt right to God's performing his: but we remain in our ſins, and *Chriſt ſhall profit us nothing**."

You ſee then of what unſpeakable importance it is, that we take on ourſelves the vow of our baptiſm. And it is very fit and uſeful, that we ſhould take it in ſuch form and manner as the office preſcribes. It is fit, that when perſons have been properly inſtructed, by the care of their parents, friends, and miniſters, they ſhould with joyful gratitude acknowledge them to have faithfully performed that kindeſt duty. It is fit, that before they are admitted by the church of Chriſt to the holy communion, they ſhould give public aſſurance to the church of their chriſtian belief, and chriſtian purpoſes. This may alſo be extremely uſeful to themſelves. For conſider: young perſons are juſt entering into a world of temptations, with no experience, and little knowledge to guard them; and much youthful raſhneſs to expoſe them. The authority of others over them is beginning to leſſen, their own paſſions to increaſe, *evil communication* to have great opportunities of *corrupting good manners* †: and ſtrong impreſſions, of one kind or another, will be made on them very ſoon. What can then be more neceſſary, or more likely to preſerve their innocence, than to form the moſt deliberate reſolutions of acting right; and to declare them in a manner, thus adapted to move them at the time, and be remembered by them afterwards: in the preſence of God, of a number of his miniſters, and of a large congregation of his people, aſſembled with more than ordinary ſolemnity for that very purpoſe?

But then you, that are to be confirmed, muſt either do your own part, or the whole of this preparation will be utterly thrown away upon you. If you make the anſwer, which is directed, without ſincerity, it is lying to God: if you make it without attention, it is trifling with him. Watch over your hearts therefore, and let them go along with your lips. The two ſhort words, *I do*, are ſoon ſaid: but they comprehend much in them. Whoever uſes them on this occaſion, faith in effect as follows: "*I do* "heartily renounce all the temptations of "the devil; all the unlawful pleaſures, "profits, and honours of the world; all the "immoral gratifications of the fleſh. *I* "*do* ſincerely believe, and will conſtantly "profeſs, all the articles of the chriſtian

* Gal. v. 2. † 1 Cor. xv. 33.

" faith. *I do* firmly resolve to keep all " God's commandments all the days of my " life; to love and honour him; to pray to " him and praise him daily in private; to " attend conscientiously on the public wor- " ship and instruction, which he hath ap- " pointed; to approach his holy table, as " soon as I can qualify myself for doing it " worthily; to submit to his blessed will " meekly and patiently in all things; to " set him ever before my eyes, and ac- " knowledge him in all my ways. *I do* " further resolve, in the whole course of " my behaviour amongst my fellow-crea- " tures, to *do justly, love mercy* *, speak " truth, be diligent and useful in my sta- " tion, dutiful to my superiors, condescend- " ing to those beneath me, friendly to my " equals; careful, through all the relations " of life, to act as the nature of them re- " quires, and conduct myself so to all men " as I should think it reasonable that they " should do to me in the like case. Fur- " ther yet: *I do* resolve, in the govern- " ment of myself, to be modest, sober, " temperate, mild, humble, contented; to " restrain every passion and appetite within " due bounds; and to set my heart chiefly, " not on the sensual enjoyments of this " transitory world, but the spiritual happi- " ness of the future endless one. Lastly, *I* " *do* resolve, whenever I fail in any of these " duties, as I am sensible I have, and must " fear I shall, to confess it before God with " unfeigned concern, to apply for his pro- " mised pardon in the name of his blessed " Son, to beg the promised assistance of his " Holy Spirit; and in that strength, not " my own, to strive against my faults, and " watch over my steps with redoubled " care."

Observe then: it is not gloominess and melancholy, that religion calls you to: it is not useless austerity, and abstinence from things lawful and safe: it is not extravagant flights and raptures: it is not unmeaning or unedifying forms and ceremonies: much less is it bitterness against those who differ from you. But the fore-mentioned unquestionable substantial duties are the things to which you bind yourselves, when you pronounce the awful words, *I do*. Utter them then with the truest seriousness: and say to yourselves, each of you, afterwards, as Moses did to the Jews, *Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God, to walk in his ways and keep his statutes, and to hearken to his voice: and the Lord hath avouched thee this day to be his; that thou shouldst keep all his commandments, and be holy unto the Lord thy God, as he hath spoken* †. It is a certain truth, call it therefore often to mind, and fix it in your souls, that if breaking a solemn promise to men be a sin; breaking that which you make thus deliberately to God, would be unspeakably a greater sin.

But let us now proceed to the next part of the office: in which, after persons have confirmed and ratified the vow of their baptism, prayers are offered up, that God would confirm and strengthen them in their good purpose; upon both which accounts this appointment is called confirmation.

Scripture teaches, and sad experience proves, that of *ourselves we can do nothing; are not sufficient* ‡ for the discharge of our duty, without God's continual aid: by which he can certainly influence our minds, without hurting our natural freedom of will, and even without our perceiving it: for we can influence our fellow-creatures so. Nor is it any injustice in him to require of us what exceeds our ability, since he is ready to supply the want of it. Indeed, on the contrary, as this method of treating us is excellently fitted both to keep us humble, and yet to give us courage, using it is evidently worthy of God. But then, as none can have reason to expect his help, but those who earnestly desire it, so he hath promised to *give the holy spirit* only *to them that ask him* §. And to unite christians more in love to each other, and incline them more to assemble for public worship, our blessed Redeemer hath especially promised, that *where two or three* of them *are gathered together in his name, he will be in the midst of them* ‖. And further still, to promote a due regard in his people to their teachers and rulers, the sacred writings ascribe a peculiar efficacy to their praying over those who are committed to their charge. Even under the Jewish dispensation, the family of Aaron were told, that *them the Lord had separated to minister unto him, and to bless in the name of the Lord* ¶: *and they shall put my name*, saith God, *upon the children of Israel, and I will bless them* **. No wonder then, if under the christian dispensation we read, but just before the text, that the apostles, *when they were come down to* Samaria, *prayed for the* new-baptized converts, *that they might*

* Mic. vi. 8. † Deut. xxvi. 17, 18, 19. ‡ John xv. 5. 2 Cor. iii. 5.
§ Luke xi. 13. ‖ Matth. xviii. 20. ¶ Deut. x. 8, xxi. 5. ** Numb. vi. 27.

receive the Holy Ghoſt; and in the text, that they did receive it accordingly.

Therefore, purſuant to theſe great authorities, here is, on the preſent occaſion, a number of young diſciples, about to run the ſame common race, met together to pray for themſelves and one another: here is a number of elder chriſtians, who have experienced the dangers of life, met to pray for thoſe who are juſt entering into them: here are alſo God's miniſters, purpoſely come, to intercede with him in their behalf: and ſurely we may hope, their joint and fervent petitions will avail, and be effectual.

They begin, as they ought, with acknowledging, and in ſcripture words, that *our help is in the name of the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth**: *it is not in man to direct his own ſteps*†; but his Creator only can preſerve him. Then we go on to pronounce *the name of the Lord bleſſed, henceforth world without end*, for his readineſs to beſtow upon us the grace which we want. And laſtly, in confidence of his goodneſs, we intreat him to *hear our prayers, and let our cry come unto him*‡.

After theſe preparatory ejaculations, and the uſual admonition to be attentive, *Let us pray*; comes a longer act of devotion, which firſt commemorates God's mercy already beſtowed, then petitions for an increaſe of it.

The commemoration ſets forth, that he *hath regenerated theſe his ſervants by water and the Holy Ghoſt*: that is, intitled them by baptiſm to the enlivening influences of the ſpirit, and ſo, as it were, begotten them again into a ſtate, inexpreſſibly happier than their natural one; a covenant-ſtate, in which God will conſider them, whilſt they keep their engagements, with peculiar love, as his dear children. It follows, that he *hath given unto them forgiveneſs of all their ſins*; meaning, that he hath given them aſſurance of it, on the gracious terms of the goſpel. But that every one of them hath actually received it by complying with thoſe terms ſince he ſinned laſt, though we may charitably hope, we cannot preſume to affirm: nor were theſe words intended to affirm it; as the known doctrine of the church of England fully proves. And therefore let no one miſunderſtand this expreſſion in the office, which hath parallel ones in the New Teſtament §, ſo as either to cenſure it, or delude himſelf with a fatal imagination, that any thing ſaid over him can poſſibly convey to him a pardon of ſins, for which he is not truly penitent. We only acknowledge, with due thankfulneſs, that God hath done his part: but which of the congregation have done theirs, their own conſciences muſt tell them.

After this commemoration, we go on to requeſt for the perſons before us, that God would *ſtrengthen them* againſt all temptation, and ſupport them under all affliction, by *the Holy Ghoſt the comforter, and daily increaſe in them his manifold gifts of grace*: which gifts we proceed to enumerate in ſeven particulars, taken from the prophet Iſaiah ‖; by whom they are aſcribed to our bleſſed Redeemer; but as *the ſame mind* ought to *be in us which was in Chriſt Jeſus* ¶, a petition for them was uſed, in the office of confirmation, 1400 years ago, if not ſooner. The ſeparate meaning of each of the ſeven, it is neither eaſy nor needful to determine with certainty. For indeed, if no more was deſigned, than to expreſs very fully and ſtrongly, by various words of nearly the ſame import, a pious and moral temper of mind; this is a manner of ſpeaking both common and emphatical. But each of them may be taken in a diſtinct ſenſe of its own. And thus we may beg for theſe our fellow-chriſtians, *a ſpirit of wiſdom*, to aim at the right end, the ſalvation of their ſouls; and *of underſtanding*, to purſue it by right means: *of counſel*, to form good purpoſes; and of *ghoſtly* or ſpiritual *ſtrength*, to execute them: *of* uſeful *knowledge* in the doctrines of religion; *and true godlineſs*, diſpoſing them to a proper uſe of it. But chiefly, though laſtly, we pray that they may be *filled with the Spirit of God's holy fear*; with that reverence of him, as the greateſt, and pureſt, and beſt of beings, the rightful proprietor and juſt judge of all, which will effectually excite them to whatever they are concerned to believe or do. For *the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wiſdom***.

Having concluded this prayer for them all in general, the biſhop implores the divine protection and grace for each one, or each pair of them, in particular: that as he is already God's profeſſed *child* and *ſervant*, by the recognition which he hath juſt made of his baptiſmal covenant, ſo *he may continue his for ever*, by faithfully keeping it: *and*, far from decaying, *daily increaſe in his Holy Spirit*, that is, in the fruits of the Spirit, piety and

* Pſal. cxxiv. 8. † Jer. x, 23. ‡ Pſal. cii. 11. § Eph. i. 7. Col. i. 14.
‖ Iſai. xi. 2. ¶ Phil. ii. 5. ** Pſal. cxi. 10.

virtue,

virtue, *more and more:* making greater and quicker advances in them, as life goes on, *until he come to* that decisive hour, when his portion shall be unchangeable *in God's everlasting kingdom.*

And, along with the utterance of these solemn words, he lays his hand on each of their heads: a ceremony used from the earliest ages by religious persons, when they prayed for God's blessing on any one; used by our Saviour, who, when *children were brought to him, that he should put his hands on them, and pray, and bless them, was much displeased** with those who forbad it; used by the apostles, after converts were baptized, as the text plainly shews; reckoned in the epistle to the Hebrews among *the foundations* of the christian profession †; constantly practised, and highly esteemed in the church from that time to this; and so far from being a popish ceremony, that the papists administer confirmation by other ceremonies of their own devising, and have laid aside this primitive one; which therefore our church very prudently restored. And the custom of it is approved, as apostolical, both by Luther and Calvin, and several of their followers, though they rashly abolished it, as having been abused ‡. But I am credibly informed, that at Geneva it hath lately been restored.

The laying on of the hand naturally expresses good will and good wishes in the person who doth it: and in the present case is further intended, as you will find in one of the following prayers, to *certify those*, to whom it is done, *of God's favour and gracious goodness towards them:* of which goodness they will continually feel the effects, provided, which must always be understood, that they preserve their title to his care by a proper care of themselves. This, it must be owned, is a truth: and we may as innocently signify it by this sign as by any other, or as by any words to the same purpose. Further efficacy we do not ascribe to it: nor would have you look on bishops as having or claiming a power, in any case, to confer blessings arbitrarily on whom they please; but only as petitioning God for that blessing from above which he alone can give; yet we justly hope, will give the rather for the prayers of those whom he hath placed over his people, unless your own unworthiness prove an impediment. Not that you are to expect, on the performance of this good office, any sudden and sensible change in your hearts, giving you, all at once, a remarkable strength or comfort in piety, which you never felt before. But you may reasonably promise yourselves, from going through it with a proper disposition, greater measures, when real occasion requires them, of such divine assistance as will be needful for your support and orderly growth in every virtue of a christian life.

And now, the imposition of hands being finished, the bishop and congregation mutually recommend each other to God, and return to such joint and public devotions as are suitable to the solemnity. The first of these is the Lord's Prayer: a form seasonable always, but peculiarly now; as every petition in it will shew, to every one who considers it. In the next place, more especial supplications are poured forth, for the persons particularly concerned, to him who alone can enable them *both to will and to do* what is *good*; that, as the hand of his minister hath been laid upon them, so *his fatherly hand may ever be over them, and lead them in* the only way, *the knowledge and obedience of his word, to everlasting life.* After this, a more general prayer is offered up for them and the rest of the congregation together, that God would *vouchsafe*, unworthy as we all are, so *to direct and govern both our hearts and bodies*, our inclinations and actions, (for neither will suffice without the other) *in the ways of his laws, and in the works of his commandments*, that, *through his most mighty protection, both here and ever, we may be preserved in body and soul:* having the former, in his good time, raised up from the dead, and the latter made happy, in conjunction with it, to all eternity.

These requests being thus made, it only remains, that all be dismissed with a solemn blessing: which will certainly abide with you, unless, by wilful sin, or gross negligence, you drive it away. And in that case, you must not hope, that your baptism, or your confirmation, or the prayers of the bishop, or the church, or the whole world, will do you any service. On the contrary, every thing which you might have been the better for, if you had made a good use of it, you will be the worse for, if you make a bad one. You do well to renew the covenant of your baptism in confirmation: but if you break it, you forfeit the benefit of it. You do well to repeat your vows in the sacrament of the Lord's supper: it is what all christians are commanded by their dying Saviour, *for the strengthening and refreshing of their souls:* it is what I beg all, who are confirmed, will re-

* Matt. xix. 13—15. Mark x. 13—16. † Heb. vi. 1. ‡ See Camfield's two Discourses on Episcopal Confirmation, 8vo. 1682, p. 23—36.

member,

member, and their friends and ministers remind them of: the sooner they are prepared for it, the happier; and by stopping short, the benefit of what preceded will be lost. But if you are admitted to this privilege also, and live wickedly, you do but *eat and drink your own condemnation.* So that all depends on a thoroughly honest care of your hearts and behaviour in all respects.

Not that, with our best care, we can avoid smaller faults. And if we entreat pardon for them in our daily prayers, and faithfully strive against them, they will not be imputed to us. But gross and habitual sins we may avoid, through God's help: and if we fall into them, we fall from our title to salvation at the same time. Yet even then our case is not desperate: and let us not make it so, by thinking it is: for, through the grace of the gospel, we may still repent and amend, and then be forgiven. But I beg you to observe, that, as continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness; so is innocence to the truest repentance. If we suffer ourselves to transgress our duty, God knows whether we shall have time to repent; God knows whether we shall have a heart to do it. At best we shall have lost, and more than lost, the whole time that we have been going back: whereas we have all need to press forwards, as fast as we can. Therefore let the innocent of wilful sin preserve that treasure with the greatest circumspection; and the faulty return from their errors without delay. Let the young enter upon the way of righteousness with hearty resolution; and those of riper age persevere in it to the end. In a word, let us all, of every age, seriously consider, and faithfully practise, the obligations of religion. For *the Vows of God are* still *upon us* *, how long soever it be since they were first made, either by us, or for us: and it is in vain to forget what he will assuredly remember; or hope to be safe in neglecting what he expects us to do. But let us use proper diligence; and he will infallibly give us proper assistance, and *confirm us* all *unto the End, that we may be blameless in the Day of our Lord Jesus Christ* †.

Now unto him, who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen ‡. *Secker.*

* Psalm lvi. 12. † 1 Cor. i. 8. ‡ Jude xiv. 25.

§ 174. *The* CHURCH CATECHISM *explained, by way of Question and Answer.*

Part I. The Christian Covenant.

Sect. I. *Of the Benefits of Baptism; or the Mercies afforded on God's Part.*

Quest. What is your name?

Answ. N. or M.

Q. What do you call this name which you answer by?

A. I call it my christian name.

Q. Why do you call it your christian name?

A. Because it was given me when I was made a christian.

Q. Why are you here asked this name?

A. To put me in mind of the faith I professed, and the vows that I made at my baptism, when this name was given me.

Q. Who gave you this name?

A. My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism; wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

Q. Why did your godfathers and godmothers give you your christian name?

A. Because they presented me to my baptism, and gave security to the church for my christian education.

Q. What are the privileges you receive by being baptised?

A. I am thereby made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

Q. Why are you said to be made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven?

A. Because I was not so born, but made so by baptism.

Q. How do you prove this by scripture?

A. By Eph. ii. 3. 'And were by nature the children of wrath.'

John i. 12, 13. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power [privilege] to become the sons of God: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.'

John iii. 5, 6. 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh.'

Q. What is it to be a member of Christ?

A. It is to be a member of Christ's church, and thereby united to Christ as our head.

Q. Why is a member of Christ's church said to be a member of Christ?

A. Because the church is called the body of

of Christ, and Christ is called the head of that body.

Q. Where is the church called the body of Christ, and Christ the head of the church?

A. In Eph. i. 22, 23. 'The church, which is his body.'

Eph. v. 23. 'Christ is the head of the church.'

Q. How do you prove, that by baptism you are made a member of Christ's church?

A. Because Christ appointed, and his apostles always used baptism as the way of admittance into the church.

Q. What is it to be a child of God?

A. It is to be one whom God in an especial manner loves, as a father does his child.

Q. Why are you first said to be a member of Christ, and then a child of God?

A. Because it is through Christ that I am made a child of God.

Q. How do you prove from scripture, that by baptism you were made a child of God?

A. From Rom. viii. 15. 'Ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father.'

Gal. iii. 26, 27. 'Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus: for as many of you as have been baptised into Christ, have put on Christ.'

Q. What is it to be an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven?

A. It is to be so by promise; so that I may surely, by leading a christian life, have the possession of an eternal inheritance.

Q. How is this proved by scripture?

A. From Luke xii. 32. 'Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'

Rom. viii. 16, 17. 'We are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.'

1 John ii. 25. 'And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life.'

Sect. II. *Of the Vow of Baptism; or the Conditions required on our Part.*

Q. You have told me what privileges you have by being baptised; but cannot you forfeit them?

A. Yes, I may lose them, if I do not keep the promises made for me when I was baptised.

Q. What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?

A. They did promise and vow three things in my name. First, That I should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh. Secondly, That I should believe all the articles of the christian faith. And thirdly, That I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.

Q. What is it that you here promise to renounce?

A. I promise to renounce the three spiritual enemies to my present and future happiness; which are the devil, the world, and the flesh.

Q. What is it to renounce them?

A. It is inwardly to hate, and actually to reject them, so as not to follow, or to be led by them.

Q. What mean you by the word devil?

A. By that general word the devil, is meant all the fallen angels, who are under their prince combined for our ruin.

Q. What is meant by renouncing him?

A. The refusing all familiarity and contracts with the devil, whereof witches, conjurers, and such as resort to them are guilty.

Q. What is meant by the works of the devil?

A. All sin; particularly those sins which the devil himself is especially charged with; such as murder, cruelty, and malice; pride, envy, and lying, and seducing others to sin.

Q. Why is sin called the work of the devil?

A. Because he first sinned, then seduced men to sin, and doth still tempt to it.

Q. What proof have you from scripture of your obligation thus to renounce the devil and all his works?

A. From 1 John iii. 8. 'He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.'

1 John v. 18. 'We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God, keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not.'

2 Tim. ii. 19. 'Let every one that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity.'

Q. What is the second enemy you are to renounce?

A. This wicked world, with its pomps and vanities.

Q. Why do you call it this wicked world?

A. Because of the evil it tempts to, and the evil use it is put to by bad men.

Q. What do you mean by pomps?

A. Honour

A. Honour and worldly glory.

Q. What is it to renounce the pomps of this world?

A. It is to refrain from all immoderate desires of the honour and glory of this world, and from all pride and ostentation in what we enjoy of it.

Q. How do you prove from scripture, that you are obliged thus to renounce the pomps of the world?

A. From 1 John ii. 16. 'The pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world.'

Phil. ii. 3. 'Let nothing be done through vain-glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.'

Q. What do you understand by the vanity of the world?

A. I understand by it covetousness, and all ungodly and vain customs of the world.

Q. What is it to renounce the vanities of the world?

A. It is to reject all unlawful means of gaining riches; to refuse to follow the sinful ways, customs, or fashions of the world, and to avoid all wicked company, which would lead us to them.

Q. What proof have you of being obliged to avoid all covetous desires of the world?

A. From 1 John ii. 15. 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'

Luke xii. 15. 'Take heed, and beware of covetousness.'

Q. What proof have you of your being obliged to refuse to follow the sinful ways, customs, or fashions of the world?

A. From Rom. xii. 2. 'Be not conformed to this world.'

Q. What proof have you of your being obliged to avoid all wicked company?

A. From 1 Cor. v. 11. 'Now I have written unto you, not to keep company; if any man that is called a brother [christian] be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one no not to eat.

Eph. v. 11. 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.'

Q. What do you understand by the sinful lusts of the flesh?

A. I understand by them, all unlawful pleasures to which we are provoked by our sensual inclinations; such as uncleanness, drunkenness, &c.

Q. What is it to renounce these?

A. It is to resist all desires of them, to tame and regulate my disorderly inclinations to them, and my corrupt nature inwardly delighting in them.

Q. What proof have you of your being obliged to this?

A. From Gal. v. 24. 'They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.'

Rom. viii. 13. 'If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.'

1 Pet. ii. 11. 'I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.'

Q. What is the second duty you were at your baptism obliged to perform?

A. To believe all the articles of the christian faith.

Q. What proof have you of your being obliged to do so?

A. From John iii. 36. 'He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'

John xvii. 3. 'This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.'

Mark xvi. 16. 'He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned.'

Q. What is the third duty you promised at your baptism to do?

A. To keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of my life.

Q. What proof have you of your being obliged to this?

A. From Matt. xxviii. 20. 'Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.'

Eph. ii. 10. 'We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.'

Luke i. 74, 75. 'That we being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.'

Q. Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe, and to do as they have promised for thee?

A. Yes, verily; and by God's help so I will. And I heartily thank our heavenly Father, that he hath called me to this state of salvation, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. And I pray unto God to give me

his grace, that I may continue in the same unto my life's end.

Q. Why do you think yourself bound to believe and to do what your godfathers and godmothers promised for you?

A. Because they acted in my stead, and what they promised was in my name.

Q. Are you resolved to do what they promised for you?

A. Yes, by God's help; for otherwise I shall forfeit the blessings of that state which I was by my baptism admitted into.

Q. What is that state?

A. It is a state of salvation.

Q. Why do you call it a state of salvation?

A. Because I have thereby all the means necessary to salvation.

Q. How do you prove this from scripture?

A. From Rom. i. 16. 'The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, unto every one that believeth.'

2 Tim. iii. 15. 'From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.'

Q. How came you into this state of salvation?

A. Our heavenly Father called me to it through Jesus Christ our Saviour, and instated me into it by baptism.

Q. How do you prove this from scripture?

A. From Titus iii. 4, 5. 'The kindness and love of God our Saviour towards man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.'

2 Tim. i. 9. 'God who hath saved us, according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began.'

Eph. ii. 8. 'For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.'

Q. How do you think to be enabled to do, and to continue in the performance of this which you are obliged to?

A. I depend on God's grace to prevent, assist, and confirm me.

Q. What reason have you for so doing?

A. From John xv. 5. 'Without me ye can do nothing.'

2 Cor. iii. 5. 'Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God.'

Phil. i. 6. 'Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you, will perform [finish] it until the day of Jesus Christ.'

Q. How do you think to obtain God's grace?

A. I will pray unto God for it.

Q. What reason have you to think, that by prayer you shall obtain it?

A. From Luke xi. 13. 'If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?'

Heb. iv. 16. 'Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.'

Part II. The Christian Faith.

Sect. III. *Of the Creed; particularly what we are to believe concerning God the Father.*

Q. The second thing you promised, was to believe all the articles of the christian faith: what do you mean by articles of the christian faith?

A. I thereby mean such points of the doctrine revealed by Christ, and contained in the Holy Scriptures, as are most necessary to be believed.

Q. Where are those articles or points briefly contained?

A. In the Apostles Creed.

Q. Rehearse the articles of thy belief.

A. I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth;—And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hell: the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.—I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

Q. What is the meaning of the word Creed?

A. Creed is the same as belief.

Q. Why is it called the Apostles Creed?

A. Partly because of the apostolical doctrine contained in it; partly because it was composed in or near the apostles time.

Q. What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief?

A. First,

A. First, I learn to believe in God the Father, who hath made me, and all the world. Secondly, in God the Son, who hath redeemed me and all mankind. Thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me, and all the elect people of God.

Q. What do you observe from these three parts into which the creed or belief is divided?

A. 1. I observe a distinction of persons, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. A sameness of nature: the Father is God; the Son is God; the Holy Ghost is God.

3. A diversity of offices or operations: the Father creates, the Son redeems, the Holy Ghost sanctifies.

Q. What proof have you of such a distinction of persons in the same divine nature?

A. From Matt. xxviii. 19. 'Teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

1 John v. 7. 'For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.'

2 Cor. xiii. 14. 'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.'

Q. What does the first branch of the Creed treat of?

A. God the Father, and his work of creation.

Q. What is God?

A. God is an infinite, eternal, and incomprehensible Spirit, having all perfections in and of himself.

Q. What proof have you of God's being a Spirit?

A. From John iv. 24. 'God is a spirit.'

1 Tim. vi. 16. 'Whom no man hath seen, nor can see.'

Q. What proof have you for his being infinite?

A. From 1 Kings viii. 27. 'Behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens, cannot contain thee.'

Jer. xxiii. 24. 'Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.'

Q. How do you prove God to be eternal?

A. From Psal. xc. 2. 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.'

1 Tim. vi. 16. 'Who only hath immortality.'

Rev. iv. 8. 'Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.'

Q. How do you prove God to be incomprehensible?

A. From Job xxxvi. 26. Behold, God is great, and we know him not.'

Job xxxvii. 23. 'Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out.'

Psal. cxiv. 3. 'Great is the Lord, and his greatness is unsearchable.'

Q. Are there more Gods than one?

A. There is but one living and true God.

Q. How do you prove that there is but one God?

A. From 1 Cor. iii. 4. 'There is none other God but one.'

Eph. iv. 6. 'One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.'

1 Tim. ii. 5. 'There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.'

Q. How is God said to be a Father?

A. 1. As he created all things; 1 Cor. viii. 6. 'God the Father, of whom are all things.'

2. As he is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

3. As he is our Father, by adopting us in him, 'having predestinated us to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ.' Eph. i. 5.

Q. Why do you style God almighty?

A. Because he has power to dispose of, and govern all things as he pleaseth.

Q. How do you prove God to be thus almighty?

A. From Psal. lxii. 11. 'Power belongeth unto God.'

Psal. ciii. 19. 'The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all.'

Q. What is meant by heaven and earth?

A. The world, and all things that are therein.

Q. What proof have you of God's being the maker of the heaven and the earth?

A. From Gen. i. 1. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'

Acts iv. 24. 'Lord, thou art God, which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is.

Heb. ix. 3. 'Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that the things which are seen, were not made of things which do appear.'

Q. Of what did God make the world?

A. He made it out of nothing.

Q. How is the world preserved?

A. By the same divine power that made it.

Q. How do you prove this?

A. From Neh. ix. 6. 'Thou, even thou, art Lord alone; thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host; the earth, with all things that are therein; the seas, and all that is therein; and thou preservest them all.

SECT. IV. *Of God the Son; particularly his Names, Offices, and Relations.*

Q. What does the second branch of the Creed treat of?

A. Of God the Son, and the work of Redemption.

Q. How is our Redeemer described?

A. By his names, offices, and relations.

Q. By what names is he called here?

A. JESUS and CHRIST.

Q. What doth the name Jesus signify?

A. It signifies a Saviour.

Q. Why was he called Jesus?

A. Because he was to 'save his people from their sins.' Matt. i. 21.

Q. What doth the word Christ signify?

A. It is the same with Messiah, and signifies Anointed.

Q. Why is he called Christ, or the Anointed?

A. Because he was in a spiritual manner to perform the offices belonging to God's anointed.

Q. What are those offices?

A. They are the offices of king, priest, and prophet.

Q. How is Christ a king?

A. As he governs and protects his church.

Q. How is he a priest?

A. As he did make atonement, and now intercedes for, and blesseth his church.

Q. How is Christ a prophet?

A. As he teacheth his church; which he did in his person, and continues to do by his Spirit, word, and ministry.

Q. How was Christ anointed?

A. He was anointed or set apart to these offices by the Holy Ghost, which he received without measure.

Q. What are the relations which Christ is described by here in the Creed?

A. They are two; the one relating to God the Father, as he is his only Son; the other to us, as he is our Lord.

Q. How is Christ the only Son of God?

A. As he derived his essence from the Father, and was conceived and born of a pure virgin, by the extraordinary power of God.

Q. How do you prove that Christ is the only Son of God?

A. From John i. 18. 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the father, he hath declared him.'

1 John iv. 9. 'In this was manifested the love of God towards us; because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.'

Q. How is Christ said to be our Lord?

A. He is in a particular manner the Lord and head of his church; having 'all power given unto him in heaven and in earth.' Matt. xxviii. 18.

SECT. V. *Of Christ's Humiliation.*

Q. What is the next thing relating to Christ?

A. His humiliation and exaltation.

Q. Wherein doth this humiliation consist?

A. In his becoming man and suffering death.

Q. How was Christ made man?

A. By the union of the human nature to the divine, in one person.

Q. How do you prove that Christ did thus become man?

A. From John i. 14. 'The Word was made flesh.'

Gal. iv. 4. 'God sent forth his Son, made of a woman.'

Heb. ii. 16. 'Verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham.'

Q. How did Christ take on him our nature?

A. By being conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary.

Q. What proof have you of our Lord's conception by the Holy Ghost?

A. From Matt. i. 20. 'Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.'

Luke i. 35. 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.'

Q. How do you prove that Christ was born of a virgin?

A. From Matt. i. 22, 23. 'Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

saying, 'Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son.'

Q. Why was Christ conceived by the Holy Ghost?

A. That he might take our nature without the corruption of it.

Q. Why did Christ thus take our nature, and become man?

A. That he might fully discharge his office of mediator, so that he might die; and being one of the same nature with those he died for, might redeem all mankind.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?

A. From Heb. ii. 9. 'Jesus was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.'

Heb. ii. 17. 'It behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.'

Q. Why did our Saviour suffer death?

A. To deliver mankind, by the infinite price of his blood, from the punishment that was due for our sins, and to reconcile his Father to us by satisfying his justice, he offering himself a sacrifice for us.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture to be the end of our Saviour's sufferings?

A. From Gal. iii. 13. 'Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.'

Rom. v. 10. When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son.'

Heb. ix. 26. 'He put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.'

1 John ii. 2. 'He is the propitiation for our sins.'

Q. Why is Christ said to suffer under Pontius Pilate?

A. To signify the time of his death, and the accomplishment of the prophecies concerning it.

Q. Who was Pontius Pilate?

A. He was a governor of Judea, under Tiberius the Roman emperor.

Q. What sort of death did Christ suffer?

A. He was crucified.

Q. How was that done?

A. By nailing him to a cross of wood set upright in the ground, and so hanging him upon it, till he there languished and died.

Q. How came he to die this death?

A. In order to shew the heinous nature of sin.

Q. How does this shew the heinous nature of sin?

A. Because this death was of the worst sort, it was most infamous, painful, and accursed.

Q. Why is it said that our Saviour died?

A. To shew that his body, when alive, was vitally united to his soul.

Q. Why is it said that he was buried?

A. To shew the certainty of his death, and give testimony to the truth of his resurrection.

Q. What is meant by his descending into hell?

A. The disposal of his soul in its state of separation from the body.

Q. How do you prove that Christ descended into hell?

A. From Acts ii. 25, 27. 'David speaketh concerning him, 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.'

Sect. VI. *Of Christ's Exaltation.*

Q. Wherein does our Saviour's exaltation consist?

A. 1st, In his resurrection. 2d, His ascension. 3d, His glorification. 4th, His coming to judgment.

Q. What is the resurrection of Christ?

A. It is the restoring him to life by the union of the self-same soul to the self-same body.

Q. When did our Lord rise?

A. On the third day after he died, which was the first day of the week, which is thence called the Lord's Day.

Q. Why did our Lord rise from the dead?

A. To assure us that he had fully compleated the whole work of our redemption.

Q. How do you prove from Scripture, that this was the end of our Saviour's resurrection?

A. From Rom. iv. 25. 'Who was raised again for our justification.'

Rom. viii. 34. 'Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again.'

Q. What do you mean by saying, that Christ ascended into heaven?

A. I mean, that he did actually go up thither in a visible and triumphant manner.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?

A. From Acts i. 9. 'While they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight.'

Eph. iv. 8. 'When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive.'

Q. What is meant by his sitting at the right hand of God?

A. By it is meant, that Christ is advanced

to the higheſt dignity and authority under God the Father.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?

A. From 1 Pet. iii. 22. 'Who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God; angels, and authorities, and powers being made ſubject unto him.

Eph. i. 20, 21. 'He raiſed him from the dead, and ſet him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion.'

Heb. x. 12. 'This man, after he had offered one ſacrifice for ſins, for ever ſat down on the right hand of God.'

Q. This phraſe then, of the right hand of God, does not imply that God has hands? &c.

A. No: This way of ſpeaking is only uſed in condeſcenſion to us; for God is a Spirit, and hath no body, nor parts of a body.

Q. What does Chriſt do at the right hand of God?

A. He appears in the preſence of God for us, as our mediator, interceſſor, and advocate.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?

A. From Heb. ix. 24. 'Chriſt is entered into heaven itſelf, now to appear in the preſence of God for us.'

Rom. viii. 34. 'Chriſt who is at the right hand of God, who alſo maketh interceſſion for us.'

1 John ii. 1. 'We have an advocate with the Father, Jeſus Chriſt the righteous.'

Q. Is Chriſt the only mediator?

A. Yes: 'There is one mediator between God and men, the man Chriſt Jeſus.' 1 Tim. ii. 5.

Q. Why are the words, Father Almighty added here?

A. To ſhew us the truth and fulneſs of all that authority and dominion to which Chriſt, as our mediator, is advanced.

Q. Whence ſhall Chriſt come to judgment?

A. From heaven.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?

A. From 1 Theſſ. iv, 16. 'The Lord himſelf ſhall deſcend from heaven.'

Q. Whom ſhall Chriſt judge?

A. All men; the quick, thoſe who ſhall then be alive, and the dead.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?

A. From Acts x. 42. 'It is he which was ordained of God to be the judge of quick and dead.'

Q. For what ſhall he judge them?

A. For all things, whether ſecret or open.

Q. How is this proved from Scripture?

A. From 2 Cor. v. 10. 'We muſt all appear before the judgment-ſeat of Chriſt, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.'

Eccl. xii. 14. 'God ſhall bring every work into judgment, with every ſecret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.'

Sect. VII. *Of God the Holy Ghoſt, and the remaining Articles of the Creed.*

Q. Who is the Holy Ghoſt?

A. He is the third perſon in the ſacred Trinity.

Q. How is this proved?

A. From Matt. xxviii. 19. 'Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt.'

Q. What do you mean by the word Ghoſt?

A. Ghoſt is the ſame with Spirit.

Q. Why is he called the Holy Ghoſt?

A. Becauſe of his office, which is in Chriſt's ſtead, to ſanctify, or make holy the church.

Q. How do you prove that our ſanctification proceeds from the Holy Ghoſt?

A. From 1 Cor. vi. 11. 'But ye are waſhed, but ye are ſanctified, but ye are juſtified in the name of the Lord Jeſus, and by the Spirit of our God.'

Q. What do you mean by the church?

A. I mean a ſociety of perſons called by God to the profeſſion of true religion.

Q. What does the word catholic ſignify?

A. It ſignifies univerſal.

Q. Why is the term Catholic applied to the Chriſtian church?

A. To diſtinguiſh it from the Jewiſh church, which was confined to one nation, whereas the Chriſtian church is extended to all nations.

Q. How is the church ſaid to be holy?

A. As it is dedicated to God by covenant and profeſſion, and is thereby obliged to be holy.

Q. What are the privileges belonging to the holy catholic church?

A. They are four: 1ſt, The communion of ſaints. 2d, The forgiveneſs of ſins. 3d, The reſurrection of the body. And 4th, The life everlaſting.

Q. What is the firſt privilege?

A. The communion of ſaints.

Q. How is the word Saints to be underſtood?

A. It

A. It is moſt properly to be underſtood of thoſe, who are the true and living members of Chriſt's church, namely, ſuch as do anſwer the end of their calling by a lively faith and holy converſation.

Q. In what does this communion conſiſt?

A. In a fellowſhip in all acts of divine worſhip, piety, and charity; and in a partaking of in common the privileges and benefits of the goſpel.

Q. What are thoſe privileges which chriſtians have thus in common amongſt them?

A. They are, their making all but one body or church; their being all ſanctified by one Spirit; their having all one hope of their calling; one lord, one faith, one baptiſm, one God and father of all.

Q. How do you prove this communion of ſaints to be the privilege of the church?

A. From Acts ii. 42. 'They continued ſtedfaſtly in the apoſtles doctrine and fellowſhip, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.'

1 Cor. xii. 26. 'Whether one member ſuffer, all the members ſuffer with it.'

Eph. iii. 6. 'That the Gentiles ſhould be fellow-heirs, and of the ſame body, and partakers of his promiſe in Chriſt by the goſpel.'

Q. What is the ſecond privilege of the church?

A. Forgiveneſs of ſin.

Q. What is ſin?

A. Sin is the tranſgreſſion of the law of God.

Q. What is the puniſhment due to ſin?

A. Death temporal and eternal.

Q. What proof have you of this?

A. From Rom. vi. 23. 'The wages of ſin is death.'

Matt. xxv. 46. 'Theſe [the wicked] ſhall go away into everlaſting puniſhment.'

Q. What is the forgiveneſs of ſin?

A. It is God's not exacting the puniſhment due to ſin from thoſe that have committed it.

Q. On what terms is ſin forgiven?

A. On condition of our faith and repentance.

Q. How is this proved from ſcripture?

A. From Acts xxvi. 18. 'That they may receive forgiveneſs of ſins, by faith that is in me.'

Luke xxiv. 47. 'That repentance and remiſſion of ſins ſhould be preached in his name among all nations.'

Q. By what means is God thus reconciled to ſinful man, as to forgive him his ſins?

A. It is through Jeſus Chriſt, who has ſuffered in our ſtead, and thereby merited this benefit of pardon and forgiveneſs.

Q. How do you prove this from ſcripture?

A. From Eph. iv. 32. 'God, for Chriſt's ſake, hath forgiven you.'

2 Cor. v. 19. 'God was in Chriſt, reconciling the world unto himſelf; not imputing their treſpaſſes unto them.'

Eph. i. 7. 'In Chriſt we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveneſs of ſins, according to the riches of his grace.'

Q. What is the third privilege of the church?

A. The reſurrection of the body.

Q. What do you underſtand by the reſurrection of the body?

A. I underſtand, that the body ſhall be raiſed out of the duſt, and being again united to the ſoul, ſhall be glorious and immortal.

Q. How do you prove this from ſcripture?

A. From John v. 28, 29. 'The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves ſhall hear his voice, and ſhall come forth: they that have done good, unto the reſurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the reſurrection of damnation.'

2 Cor. iv. 14. 'Knowing that he which raiſed up the Lord Jeſus, ſhall raiſe up us alſo by Jeſus.'

Phil. iii. 21. 'Who ſhall change our vile body, that it may be faſhioned like unto his glorious body.'

1 Cor. xv. 53. 'This mortal muſt put on immortality.'

Q. What is the fourth privilege of the church?

A. Life everlaſting.

Q. What do you mean by the life everlaſting?

A. A ſtate of moſt perfect happineſs conſiſting in the perfection of our natures, and the enjoyment of God to all eternity.

Q. How do you prove from ſcripture that the righteous ſhall be placed in ſuch a ſtate?

A. From John vi. 47. 'He that believeth on me, hath everlaſting life.'

Matt. xxii. 30. 'In the reſurrection, they are as the angels of God in heaven.'

1 Pet. v. 4. 'When the chief ſhepherd ſhall appear, ye ſhall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.'

Q. How are the wicked to be diſpoſed of hereafter?

A. They

A. They are to be baniſhed from the preſence of God, and tormented eternally in hell, with the devil and his angels.

Q. How is this proved from ſcripture?

A. From Matt xxv. 41. 'Depart from me, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'

1 Cor. vi. 9. 'Know ye not that the unrighteous ſhall not inherit the kingdom of God?'

2 Theſſ. i. 7, 8, 9. 'The Lord Jeſus ſhall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them, that know not God, and that obey not the goſpel of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt; who ſhall be puniſhed with everlaſting deſtruction from the preſence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.'

Q. Why do you ſay Amen at your concluding the Creed?

A. To ſhew my ſtedfaſt belief of it, and my deſire to live as one that heartily believes it.

Part III. The Chriſtian Obedience.

Sect. VIII. *Of the Ten Commandments; particularly of our duty towards God, contained in the four firſt commandments.*

Q. What is the third thing that was promiſed in your name at your baptiſm?

A. That I ſhould keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the ſame all the days of my life.

Q. What are theſe commandments?

A. The ſame which God ſpake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, ſaying, I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the houſe of bondage.

Q. What proof have you that Chriſt has confirmed theſe commandments?

A. From Matt. xix. 17. 'If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.'

Rom. vii. 12. 'The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and juſt, and good.'

Q. How is it that you are to keep theſe commandments?

A. I muſt obſerve all of them, make them my daily practice, and that as long as I live.

Q. Which is the firſt commandment?

A. Thou ſhalt have none other Gods but me.

Q. What is forbidden in this commandment?

A. I am forbidden to have or own any more than one God, and to give the honour due to God to any other.

Q. How do you prove that you muſt worſhip none but God?

A. From Matt. iv. 10. 'Thou ſhalt worſhip the Lord thy God, and him only ſhalt thou ſerve.'

Q. What is required of you in this firſt commandment?

A. I am required to believe in God, to fear him, and to love him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my ſoul, and with all my ſtrength.

Q. How do you prove it to be your duty to believe in God?

A. From Heb. xi. 6. 'Without faith it is impoſſible to pleaſe him; for he that cometh to God, muſt believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently ſeek him.'

Rom. iv. 20. 'He ſtaggered not at the promiſe of God through unbelief; but was ſtrong in faith, giving glory to God.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to fear God?

A. From Luke xii. 5. 'I will forewarn you whom you ſhall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed, hath power to caſt into hell; yea, I ſay unto you, fear him.

1 Pet. ii. 17. 'Fear God.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to love God?

A. From Mark xii. 30. 'Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy ſoul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy ſtrength.'

Eph. vi. 24. 'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jeſus Chriſt in ſincerity.'

Q. What is the ſecond commandment?

A. Thou ſhalt not make to thyſelf any graven image, nor the likeneſs of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou ſhalt not bow down to them, nor worſhip them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and viſit the ſins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and ſhew mercy unto thouſands, in them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Q. What is forbidden in this commandment?

A. The making of any image or picture to worſhip the true God by.

Q. What difference is there betwixt this and the firſt commandment?

A. The firſt commandment forbids the worſhip of all falſe gods; and this forbids the worſhipping the true God after a falſe manner.

Q. What

Q. What proof have you againſt idolatrous worſhip?

A. From 1 Cor. x. 14. 'My dearly beloved, flee from idolatry.'

2 Cor. vi. 16. 'What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?'

1 John v. 21. 'Little children, keep yourſelves from idols.'

Q. What is required in this commandment?

A. To worſhip him, to give him thanks, to put my whole truſt in him, to call upon him.

Q. How do you prove it your duty to worſhip God?

A. From John iv. 23. 'The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worſhippers ſhall worſhip the Father in ſpirit and in truth: for the Father ſeeketh ſuch to worſhip him.'

Matt. iv. 10. 'Thou ſhalt worſhip the Lord thy God.'

Q. What proof have you for bodily worſhip?

A. From Luke xxii. 41. 'He [Chriſt] kneeled down, and prayed.'

Acts xx. 36. 'He [Paul] kneeled down, and prayed with them all.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to give thanks unto God?

A. From Eph. v. 20. 'Giving thanks always for all things unto God, and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.'

Heb. xiii. 15. 'Let us offer the ſacrifice of praiſe to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to put your whole truſt in him?

A. From 1 Tim. iv. 10. 'We truſt in the living God.'

1 Pet. v. 7. 'Caſting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to call upon God?

A. From Matt. vii. 7. 'Aſk, and it ſhall be given you; ſeek, and ye ſhall find; knock, and it ſhall be opened unto you.'

Eph. vi. 18. 'Praying always with all prayer and ſupplication in the ſpirit; and watching thereunto with all perſeverance.

Col. iv. 2. 'Continue in prayer; and watch in the ſame with thankſgiving.'

Q. What is the third commandment?

A. Thou ſhalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltleſs, that taketh his name in vain.

Q. What is meant here by the name of God?

A. That by which he is made known to us; as his titles, attributes, ordinances, word, and works.

Q. What is it then that is forbidden in this commandment?

A. All falſe ſwearing, and all raſh or common ſwearing; all blaſphemy, or ſpeaking reproachfully of God or religion; and all irreverent uſe of the name of God, or of things belonging to him.

Q. How do you prove it unlawful to diſhonour God's name by raſh or common ſwearing?

A. From Matt. v. 34. 'I ſay unto you, Swear not at all.'

Jam. v. 12. 'Above all things, my brethren, ſwear not.'

Q. What is required in this commandment?

A. To honour God's holy name and his word.

Q. What is it to honour God's name?

A. It is to uſe it with reverence in our oaths, vows, promiſes, diſcourſe, and worſhip.

Q. How do you prove it your duty thus to honour God's name?

A. From Pſalm xcix. 3. 'Let them praiſe thy great and terrible name, for it is holy.'

1 Tim. vi. 1. 'That the name of God be not blaſphemed.'

1 Cor. x. 31. 'Whatſoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'

Q. What is it to honour God's word?

A. It is reverently to read and hear the holy ſcriptures; and to uſe with reſpect whatever has a more immediate relation to God and his ſervice.

Q. How do you prove it your duty thus to honour God's word?

A. From Col. iii. 16. 'Let the word of Chriſt dwell in you richly, in all wiſdom.'

Jam. i. 21, 22. 'Receive with meekneſs the ingrafted word, which is able to ſave your ſouls. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own ſelves.'

Lev. x. 3. 'I will be ſanctified in them that come nigh me.'

Q. What is the fourth commandment?

A. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day: Six days ſhalt thou labour, and do all that thou haſt to do; but the ſeventh day is the ſabbath of the Lord thy God: In it thou ſhalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy ſon, and thy daughter, thy

thy man-ſervant, and thy maid-ſervant, thy cattle, and the ſtranger that is within thy gates. For in ſix days the Lord made heaven and earth, the ſea and all that in them is, and reſted the ſeventh day; wherefore the Lord bleſſed the ſeventh day, and hallowed it.

Q. What doth the word Sabbath ſignify?

A. It ſignifies reſt.

Q. What is meant by God's hallowing the ſeventh day?

A. 'Tis his ſetting it apart for holy uſes.

Q. What are thoſe holy uſes which the Sabbath was ſet apart for?

A. It was ſet apart for the public and private worſhip of God.

Q. In what does the public worſhip of God conſiſt?

A. It conſiſts in prayer, hearing the word of God read and preached, and ſetting forth his praiſe, and in receiving the ſacrament.

Q. Wherein does the private worſhip of God conſiſt?

A. It conſiſts in prayer, reading, and meditation on the word and works of God.

Q. What is required farther in this commandment?

A. It requires that we reſt from all ſervile and ordinary employments.

Q. Why do Chriſtians obſerve the firſt day of the week as a ſabbath, and not the ſeventh?

A. Becauſe on the firſt day of the week Chriſt aroſe from the dead.

Q. What proof have you of this practice of obſerving the firſt day of the week as the ſabbath?

A. From John xx. 19. 'The ſame day at evening, being the firſt day of the week, when the doors were ſhut, where the diſciples were aſſembled for fear of the Jews, came Jeſus and ſtood in the midſt, and ſaith unto them, Peace be unto you.'

Acts xx. 7. 'Upon the firſt day of the week, when the diſciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them.'

Q. What is the ſum of what is required in theſe firſt four commandments?

A. To ſerve God truly all the days of my life.

SECT. IX. *Of our Duty towards our Neighbour, contained in the ſix laſt Commandments.*

Q. What is the fifth commandment?

A. Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Q. What is required in this commandment?

A. I am required in it to love, honour, and ſuccour my father and mother; to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him: to ſubmit myſelf to all my governors, teachers, ſpiritual paſtors, and maſters; to order myſelf lowly and reverently to all my betters.

Q. How do you prove it your duty to love, honour, and ſuccour your father and mother?

A. From Matt. xv. 4. 'God commanded, ſaying, Honour thy father and mother.'

Eph. vi. 1. 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.'

1 Tim. v. 4. 'If any widow have children or nephews [grandchildren] let them learn firſt to ſhew piety [kindneſs] at home, and to requite their parents; for that is good and acceptable before God.'

Q. How do you prove what the parents duty is towards their children?

A. From Eph. vi. 4. 'Ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.'

Heb. xii. 7. 'What ſon is he whom the father chaſteneth not?'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him?

A. From Rom. xiii. 1. 'Let every ſoul be ſubject unto the higher powers.'

Titus iii. 1. 'Put them in mind to be ſubject to principalities and powers; to obey magiſtrates, to be ready to every good work.'

1 Pet. ii. 13, 14. 'Submit yourſelves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's ſake; whether it be to the king as ſupreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are ſent by him for the puniſhment of evil-doers, and for the praiſe of them that do well.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to ſubmit yourſelf to your ſpiritual governors, teachers, and paſtors?

A. From Heb. xiii. 17. 'Obey them that have the rule over you, and ſubmit yourſelves, for they watch for your ſouls, as they that muſt give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you.'

1 Tim. v. 17. 'Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour; eſpecially they who labour in the word and doctrine.'

Q. How

Q. How do you prove it the duty of ſervants to ſubmit to their maſters?

A. From Eph. vi. 5, 6. 'Servants, be obedient to them that are your maſters according to the fleſh, with fear and trembling, in ſingleneſs of your heart, as unto Chriſt: not with eye-ſervice, as men-pleaſers, but as the ſervants of Chriſt, doing the will of God from the heart.

Tit. ii. 9, 10. 'Exhort ſervants to be obedient unto their own maſters, and to pleaſe them well in all things; not anſwering again, not purloining, but ſhewing all good fidelity, that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.'

1 Pet. ii. 18. 'Servants, be ſubject to your maſters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but alſo to the froward.

Q. How do you prove the duty of maſters towards their ſervants?

A. From Col. iv. 1. 'Maſters, give unto your ſervants that which is juſt and equal, knowing that ye alſo have a maſter in heaven.'

Eph. vi. 9. 'Ye maſters, do the ſame things unto them, forbearing threatening: knowing that your maſter alſo is in heaven, neither is there reſpect of perſons with him.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to order yourſelf lowly and reverently to all your betters?

A. From 1 Pet. v. 5. 'Ye younger, ſubmit yourſelves unto the elder.'

Eph. v. 21. 'Submitting yourſelves one to another in the fear of God.'

Q. What is the ſixth commandment?

A. Thou ſhalt do no murder.

Q. What is the ſin forbidden in this commandment?

A. The ſin of murder, or the wilful killing of our neighbour.

Q. What is required in this commandment?

A. To love my neighbour as myſelf, and to do to all men as I would they ſhould do to me; to hurt no body by word or deed; and to bear no malice or hatred in my heart.

Q. How do you prove it your duty to love your neighbour as yourſelf?

A. From Jam. ii. 8. 'If ye fulfil the royal law according to the ſcripture, Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf, ye do well.'

John xiii. 34. 'A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye alſo love one another.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to do to all men as you would they ſhould do unto you?

A. From Matt. vii. 12. 'All things whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do to you, do ye even ſo to them.'

Luke vi. 31. 'As ye would that men ſhould do to you, do ye alſo to them likewiſe.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to hurt no body by word or deed?

A. From Rom. xii. 17, 18. 'Recompenſe to no man evil for evil. If it be poſſible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.'

Eph. iv. 31. 'Let all bitterneſs, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-ſpeaking, be put away from you.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to bear no malice or hatred in your heart?

A. From Col. iii. 8. 'Put off all theſe; anger, wrath, malice.'

1 John iii. 15. 'Whoſoever hateth his brother, is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.'

Eph. iv. 26. 'Let not the ſun go down upon your wrath.'

Q. What is the ſeventh commandment?

A. Thou ſhalt not commit adultery.

Q. What is forbidden in this commandment?

A. The acting any manner of uncleanneſs, and the encouraging any deſire of and inclination to it.

Q. What is required in this commandment?

A. To keep my body in temperance, ſoberneſs, and chaſtity.

Q. How do you prove it your duty to keep your body in temperance and ſoberneſs?

A. From Luke xxi. 34. 'Take heed to yourſelves, leſt at any time your hearts be overcharged with ſurfeiting, and drunkenneſs, and cares of this life.'

Rom. xiii. 13. 'Let us walk honeſtly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenneſs.'

Eph. v. 18. 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is exceſs.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to keep your body in chaſtity?

A. From 1 Theſſ. iv. 7. 'God hath not called us to uncleanneſs, but unto holineſs.'

1 Cor. vi. 18. 'Flee fornication: he that committeth fornication, ſinneth againſt his own body.'

Eph.

Eph. v. 5. 'This ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean perſon, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Chriſt, and of God.'

Heb. xiii. 4. 'Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.'

Col. iii. 8. '—Put—filthy communication out of your mouth.'

Q. What is the eighth commandment?

A. Thou ſhalt not ſteal.

Q. What is forbidden in this commandment?

A. The taking away, or detaining from another by force or deceit, that which is his right.

Q. What is required of you in this commandment?

A. I am required to be true and juſt in all my dealings; to keep my hands from picking and ſtealing; to learn and labour truly to get my own living, and to do my duty in that ſtate of life, unto which it ſhall pleaſe God to call me.

Q. How do you prove it your duty to be true and juſt in all your dealings?

A. From Rom. xiii. 7, 8. 'Render to all their dues. Owe no man any thing.'

Lev. xxv. 14. 'If thou ſell aught unto thy neighbour, or buyeſt aught of thy neighbour's hand, ye ſhall not oppreſs one another.'

Jer. xxii. 13. 'Wo to him who buildeth his houſe by unrighteouſneſs, and his chambers by wrong; who uſeth his neighbour's ſervice without wages.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to keep your hands from picking and ſtealing?

A. From Eph. iv. 28. 'Let him that ſtole, ſteal no more.'

1 Theſſ. iv. 6. 'That no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to learn and labour to get your own living honeſtly, in that ſtate of life unto which it ſhall pleaſe God to call you?

A. From Eph. iv. 28. 'Rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good.'

1 Theſſ. iv. 11. 'That ye ſtudy to be quiet, and to do your own buſineſs, and to work with your own hands.'

2 Theſſ. iii. 12. 'We command, and exhort by our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that with quietneſs they work, and eat their own bread.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to relieve the poor, according to the ſtate of life in which you are placed?

A. From Luke xi. 41. 'Give alms of ſuch things as you have.'

Acts xx. 35. 'Ye ought to ſupport the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jeſus, how he ſaid, It is more bleſſed to give than to receive.'

Eph. iv. 28. 'Let him labour, working with his hands, that he may have to give to him that needeth.'

Q. What is the ninth commandment?

A. Thou ſhalt not bear falſe witneſs againſt thy neighbour.

Q. What is the ſin here forbidden?

A. The unjuſt accuſation of any body, whether on oath or otherwiſe.

Q. How do you prove that this is forbidden you?

A. From Luke iii. 14. 'Neither accuſe any falſely.'

Q. What is required in this commandment?

A. To keep my tongue from evil-ſpeaking, lying, and ſlandering; to vindicate my neighbour when I know he is wronged: and to judge the moſt charitably of others.

Q. How do you prove it your duty to keep your tongue from evil-ſpeaking, lying, and ſlandering?

A. From Jam. i. 26. 'If any man among you ſeem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain.'

Tit. iii. 2. 'Speak evil of no man.'

Jam. iv. 11. 'Speak not evil one of another.'

Q. How do you prove it your duty to keep your tongue from lying?

A. From Eph. iv. 25. 'Putting away lying, ſpeak every man truth with his neighbour; for we are members one of another.'

Col. iii. 9. 'Lie not one to another.'

Rev. xxi. 8. 'All liars ſhall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimſtone.'

Q. How do you prove that you ought to judge charitably of others?

A. From Matt. vii. 1. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

1 Cor. xiii. 5. 'Charity thinketh no evil.'

Q. What is the tenth commandment?

A. Thou ſhalt not covet thy neighbour's houſe, thou ſhalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his ſervant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his aſs, nor any thing that is his.

Q. What is the ſin forbidden in this commandment?

A. I

A. I am forbidden to covet or desire to get other men's goods by any indirect means.—I am not to entertain so much as the thoughts of doing any thing, that can be supposed to be to the prejudice of my neighbour.

Q. How do you prove it your duty not to covet or desire other men's goods?

A. From Luke xii. 15. 'Take heed and beware of covetousness.'

Heb. xiii. 5. 'Let your conversation be without covetousness.'

Acts xx. 33. 'I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel.'

Q. What is required in this commandment?

A. I am required to be content in my present state and condition.

Q. How do you prove this to be your duty?

A. From Phil. iv. 11. 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.'

1 Tim. vi. 8. 'Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.'

Heb. xiii. 5. 'Be content with such things as ye have.'

Q. The commandments, as you have repeated them, are ten; how then are they said by our Saviour, Matt. xxii. to be two?

A. They are said to be two, as they are divided into two tables, containing my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour.

Q. What is thy duty towards God?

A. My duty towards God, is to believe in him, to fear him, and to love him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength; to worship him, to give him thanks, to put my whole trust in him, to call upon him, to honour his holy name and his word; and to serve him truly all the days of my life.

Q. What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?

A. My duty towards my neighbour, is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me: to love, honour, and succour my father and mother; to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him; to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; to hurt no body by word or deed; to be true and just in all my dealings; to bear no malice nor hatred in my heart; to keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking lying, and slandering; to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; not to covet nor desire other men's goods; but to learn and labour truly to get my own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

Part. IV. The Christian Prayer.

Sect. X. *Of the Lord's Prayer.*

Q. My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve him, without his special grace, which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer; let me hear therefore if thou canst say the Lord's prayer.

A. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come: thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Q. Why do you call it the Lord's prayer?

A. Because our Lord Jesus Christ was the author or composer of it.

Q. How does it appear that we are directed to use this prayer?

A. From Matt. vi. 9. 'After this manner pray ye.'

Luke xi. 2. 'When ye pray, say, Our Father,' &c.

Q. What desirest thou of God in this prayer?

A. I desire my Lord God, our heavenly father, who is the giver of all goodness, to send his grace unto me, and to all people; that we may worship him, serve him, and obey him as we ought to do. And I pray unto God, that he will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies; and that he will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins; and that it will please him to save and defend us in all dangers, ghostly and bodily; and that he will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death; and this I trust he will do of his mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore I say, Amen. So be it.

Q. What are the general parts of this prayer?

A. They

A. They are three, viz. the preface, the petitions, and the concluſion.

Q. What is the preface?

A. Our Father, which art in heaven.

Q. What does this teach us?

A. It teaches us whom we are to pray to, and with what frame of ſpirit we ſhould pray.

Q. Whom does it teach us to pray unto?

A. It teaches us to pray unto God only.

Q. What frame of ſpirit doth it teach us to pray with?

A. It teaches us to pray with reverence, charity, and confidence.

Q. How does it direct us to pray with reverence?

A. Becauſe as God is our heavenly Father, he muſt be inveſted with authority, majeſty, and power, to require reſpect from us.

Q. How does it direct us to pray with charity?

A. Becauſe it requires us to pray for others, as well as ourſelves; and therefore we ſay, not My father, but Our father.

Q. How does it direct us to pray with confidence?

A. Becauſe it repreſents God as the giver of all goodneſs, and one whom we may claim a particular intereſt in, as being our father.

Q. How many petitions are there in the Lord's prayer?

A. Six.

Q. What deſireſt thou of God in theſe petitions?

A. In the three firſt, I deſire that God may be glorified, by our worſhipping him, ſerving him, and obeying him as we ought to do: and in the other three, that our wants may be ſupplied.

Q. What is the firſt petition?

A. Hallowed be thy name.

Q. What is meant by hallowing of God's name?

A. By it is meant, the treating of God himſelf, and whatever relates to him, after an holy manner.

Q. What do you pray for in this petition?

A. I pray that God may be honoured by us, and all men, in every thing; and that he would enable us to promote the honour of his name by an holy, uſeful, and exemplary life and converſation.

Q. What is the ſecond petition?

A. Thy kingdom come.

Q. What is meant by the kingdom of God?

A. His ſovereign authority in the world, the power of his grace in the church, and the perfection of glory in heaven.

Q. What do you mean in praying for the coming of his kingdom?

A. I pray that God would rule in our hearts, and enlarge the chriſtian church, by deſtroying the power of ſin and Satan; and that he would haſten the kingdom of glory.

Q. What is the third petition?

A. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Q. What do you mean by the will of God?

A. Whatſoever he hath promiſed or commanded in his word, or does inflict in the courſe of his providence.

Q. What then do you pray for in this petition?

A. I pray that God will accompliſh, in his good time, whatever he has promiſed; and make me, and all the world, to ſubmit to, and ſerve him with our utmoſt care and diligence, as the angels and ſaints do in heaven.

Q. What is the fourth petition?

A. Give us this day our daily bread.

Q. What is meant by daily bread?

A. That which is every day neceſſary for our ſubſiſtence, and convenient for our comfort.

Q. Why do you every day pray, Give us this day?

A. Becauſe we every day depend upon God for the ſupply of what we want, and for the bleſſing of what we have.

Q. Is this all you pray for in this petition, that which is neceſſary and convenient for the body?

A. No; bread is ſometimes uſed in a ſpiritual ſenſe; accordingly I pray, that God will ſend us all things that be neceſſary for our ſouls.

Q. What is the fifth petition?

A. And forgive us our treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us.

Q. What is meant by treſpaſſes?

A. All ſins, of what ſort or degree ſoever.

Q. Why do you add, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us?

A. As an argument for God to forgive us, and to ſhew the neceſſity of our forgiving our brethren, ſince 'tis a condition without which we ſhall not be forgiven ourſelves.

Q. How do you prove that forgiving others is the condition of our expecting forgiveneſs from God?

A. From Matt. vi. 14, 15. 'If ye forgive men their treſpaſſes, your heavenly father

father will alſo forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their treſpaſſes, neither will your father forgive your treſpaſſes.'

Mark xi. 25. 'When ye ſtand praying, forgive, if ye have ought againſt any: that your father alſo, which is in heaven, may forgive you your treſpaſſes.'

Luke vi. 37. 'Forgive, and ye ſhall be forgiven.'

Q. What is the ſixth petition?

A. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Q. What do you pray againſt in this clauſe, Lead us not into temptation?

A. I pray that God will either keep me from all temptations to ſin, or would ſtrengthen me under them.

Q. Why do you pray that God would not lead us into temptation, ſince he never tempteth any man to ſin?

A. Becauſe all temptations are by God's permiſſion, and he can ſtrengthen at any time, and keep us from falling.

Q. What proof have you of God's power and goodneſs in this matter?

A. From 1 Cor. x. 13. 'God is faithful, who will not ſuffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation alſo make a way to eſcape, that ye may be able to bear it.'

2 Pet. ii. 9. 'The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations.'

Q. What is the evil you pray to be delivered from?

A. The evil of ſin and puniſhment, the evil of temptation, and the devil, the author of it.

Q. What is the ſum of what you pray for in this petition?

A. I pray, that it would pleaſe God to ſave and defend me in all dangers, whether of ſoul or body; and that he will keep me from all ſin and wickedneſs, and from my ſpiritual enemy (the devil) and from everlaſting death.

Q. What is the doxology, or concluſion of the Lord's prayer?

A. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Q. What is meant by doxology?

A. It is a ſolemn form of praiſe and thankſgiving uſed in the church of God.

Q. What is contained in this doxology?

A. It contains an acknowledgment of God's excellencies, and of the honour and thanks which we are to render to him for whatever we receive; and of the end to which they are to be applied, to his glory.

Q. Why do you ſay Amen at the concluſion?

A. Amen ſignifies So be it; and I here ſay it to ſignify that I truſt God will of his mercy and goodneſs, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, grant all that I have prayed for.

Q. What reaſon have you for this your truſt, that God will hear and grant your requeſt?

A. From Matt. vii. 8. 'Every one that aſketh, receiveth.'

Matt. xxi. 22. 'All things whatſoever ye ſhall aſk in prayer, believing, ye ſhall receive.'

John xvi. 23. 'Verily, verily, I ſay unto you, whatſoever ye ſhall aſk the Father in my name, he will give it you.'

1 John v. 14. 'This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we aſk any thing according to his will, he heareth us.'

Part V. The Chriſtian Sacraments.

Sect. XI. *Of the Two Sacraments; and firſt of Baptiſm.*

Q. How many ſacraments hath Chriſt ordained in his church?

A. Two only, as generally neceſſary to ſalvation, that is to ſay, baptiſm and the ſupper of the Lord.

Q. Why are they ſaid to be generally neceſſary?

A. Becauſe no perſons are excepted from the obligation of obſerving them, but thoſe that are incapable, and have not an opportunity.

Q. What meaneſt thou by this word Sacrament?

A. I mean an outward and viſible ſign of an inward and ſpiritual grace, given unto us, ordained by Chriſt himſelf, as a means whereby we receive the ſame, and a pledge to aſſure us thereof.

Q. How many parts are there in a ſacrament?

A. Two; the outward viſible ſign, and the inward ſpiritual grace.

Q. What is the outward viſible ſign, or form in baptiſm?

A. Water; wherein the perſon is baptiſed in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt.

Q. What is the command for baptiſm?

A. In Matt. xxviii. 19. 'Go ye, and teach [make diſciples in] all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt.'

Q. What is the inward and ſpiritual grace?

A. A death unto ſin, and a new birth unto righteouſneſs; for being by nature born in ſin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.

Q. What is the ſtate you and all mankind were in before baptiſm?

A. 'We were by nature born in ſin, and the children of wrath.' Eph. ii. 3.

Q. What is the ſtate you are brought into by baptiſm?

A. We are hereby made the children of grace.

Q. How are you made a child of grace by baptiſm?

A. As I am thereby adopted to be God's child, and taken into covenant with him, and have a title to the grace and bleſſings of that covenant, which my baptiſm is the means and pledge of.

Q. Is baptiſm alone ſufficient to ſalvation?

A. No, not in grown perſons; ſuch muſt die unto ſin, and live unto righteouſneſs.

Q. What is it to die unto ſin?

A. It is to be changed from the pollution of ſin, and to ceaſe from it, as a dead man does from the actions of life.

Q. What is it to live unto righteouſneſs?

A. It is to have a change wrought in the ſoul, by receiving holy diſpoſitions from the Spirit of God, and an ability to proceed in all virtue and godlineſs of living.

Q. How do you prove that in baptiſm there is a death unto ſin, and a new birth unto righteouſneſs?

A. From Rom. vi. 4. 'We are buried with him by baptiſm into death; that like as Chriſt was raiſed up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even ſo we alſo ſhould walk in newneſs of life.'

Rom. vi. 11. 'Reckon ye yourſelves to be dead indeed unto ſin, but alive unto God, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.'

2 Cor. v. 17. 'If any man be in Chriſt, he is a new creature.'

Q. What is required of perſons to be baptiſed?

A. Repentance, whereby they forſake ſin; and faith, whereby they ſtedfaſtly believe the promiſes of God made to them in that ſacrament.

Q. What is repentance?

A. A hearty ſorrow for, and forſaking of ſin.

Q. How do you prove that repentance is required of perſons to be baptiſed?

A. From Acts ii. 38. 'Repent, and be baptiſed every one of you in the name of Jeſus Chriſt, for the remiſſion of ſins.'

Q. How do you prove that faith is required of perſons to be baptiſed?

A. From Acts ii. 41. 'They that gladly received his word were baptiſed.'

Acts viii. 37. 'If thou believeſt with all thine heart, thou mayeſt be baptiſed.'

Q. Why then are infants baptiſed, when by reaſon of their tender age they cannot perform them?

A. Becauſe they promiſe them both [repentance and faith] by their ſureties, which promiſe, when they come to age, themſelves are bound to perform.

Q. If repentance and faith be required of perſons to be baptiſed, how then are children capable of baptiſm?

A. They are capable of a covenant-title to the bleſſings of pardon, grace, and ſalvation, on God's part, and of being obliged by vow and promiſe on their part; but actual faith and repentance is then neceſſary, when they come of age to take this vow upon themſelves.

Q. What proof have you that infants are capable of grace and ſalvation?

A. From Matt. xix. 14. 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of ſuch is the kingdom of heaven.'

Q. What proof have you of infants being obliged to do a thing they do not actually conſent to?

A. From Gen. xvii. 14. 'The uncircumciſed man-child, whoſe fleſh of his foreſkin is not circumciſed, that ſoul ſhall be cut off from his people; he hath broken my covenant.'

Deut. xxix. 10, 11, 12. 'Ye ſtand this day all of you before the Lord; your captains of your tribes, your little ones, that thou ſhouldeſt enter into covenant with the Lord thy God.'

Q. What warrant is there for the baptiſm of infants born of chriſtian parents?

A. Becauſe the covenant, which baptiſm is the admiſſion into, belongs to them.

Q. How do you prove that the covenant belongs to the children of chriſtian parents?

A. From Acts ii. 39. 'The promiſe is unto you, and to your children.'

1 Cor. vii. 14. 'Now are your children holy,' [or Chriſtians.]

Sect. XII. *Of the Lord's Supper.*

Q. Why was the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper ordained?

A. For the continual remembrance of the ſacrifice

ſacrifice of the death of Chriſt, and of the benefits which we receive thereby.

Q. Why is this ſacrament called the Lord's ſupper?

A. Becauſe it was appointed by our Lord at ſupper, immediately before his death.

Q. For what end did our Lord appoint it?

A. As a means to keep up the remembrance of the ſacrifice of his death, and to convey and aſſure to us the benefits we receive thereby.

Q. How does this appear to be the end of appointing this ſacrament?

A. From Luke xxii. 19. 'This is my body, which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.'

1 Cor. xi. 26. 'As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do ſhew the Lord's death till he come.'

Matt. xxvi. 28. 'This is my blood of the new teſtament, which is ſhed for many, for the remiſſion of ſins.'

Q. Why is Chriſt's death called a ſacrifice?

A. Becauſe Chriſt was a ſacrifice for ſin.

Q. How do you prove that Chriſt was a ſacrifice for ſin?

A. From Heb ix. 26. 'He put away ſin by the ſacrifice of himſelf.'

2 Cor. v. 21. 'He hath made him to be ſin [a ſin-offering] for us, who knew no ſin.'

Q. How long is this ordinance to continue?

A. It is for the continual remembrance of the death of Chriſt, till he come to judge the world.

Q. How do you prove that the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper is to continue till Chriſt's ſecond coming to judge the world?

A. From 1 Cor. xi. 26. 'As oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do ſhew the Lord's death till he come.'

Q. What is the outward part, or ſign of the Lord's ſupper?

A. Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received.

Q. What proof have you that the Lord hath commanded bread and wine to be received?

A. From 1 Cor. xi. 23, 24, 25. 'I have received of the Lord, that the Lord Jeſus, the ſame night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and ſaid, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the ſame manner alſo he took the cup.'

Q. What is the inward part, or thing ſignified?

A. The body and blood of Chriſt, which are verily and indeed taken, and received by the faithful in the Lord's ſupper.

Q. How is the body and blood of Chriſt verily and indeed taken and received?

A. All who rightly receive this ſacrament, do thereby actually partake of that great ſacrifice which Chriſt offered; and of all the benefits which he thereby merited for mankind, in order to the ſanctifying and ſaving of their ſouls.

Q. How is this proved from ſcripture?

A. From 1 Cor. x. 16. 'The cup of bleſſing which we bleſs, is it not the communion of the blood of Chriſt? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Chriſt?

Q. What are the benefits which we receive thereby?

A. The ſtrengthening and refreſhing of our ſouls by the body and blood of Chriſt, as our bodies are by the bread and wine.

Q. How are our ſouls ſtrengthened and refreſhed by the body and blood of Chriſt?

A. By being meet partakers of the ſacramental bread and wine, we are aſſured of Chriſt's favour and goodneſs towards us; that we are true and living members of his body the church, and alſo heirs, through hope, of his everlaſting kingdom.

Q. What is required of them who come to the Lord's ſupper?

A. To examine themſelves, whether they repent them truly of their former ſins, ſtedfaſtly purpoſing to lead a new life, have a lively faith in God's mercy through Chriſt, with a thankful remembrance of his death, and be in charity with all men.

Q. How do you prove this examination neceſſary?

A. From 1 Cor. xi. 27, 28. 'Whoſoever ſhall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, ſhall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himſelf, and ſo let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup.'

Q. Why is repentance neceſſary to the receiving of the Lord's ſupper?

A. Becauſe without repentance we can hope for no benefit from the death of Chriſt, which we here remember.

Q. How is it proved that we ought to repent?

A. From 1 Cor. v. 8. 'Let us keep the feaſt, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedneſs, but

with the unleavened bread of ſincerity and truth.'

1 Cor. xi. 31. 'If we would judge ourſelves, we ſhould not be judged.'

Q. Why is faith neceſſary to the receiving of the Lord's ſupper?

A. Becauſe it is a ſacrament appointed for ſuch believers as own their baptiſm, and are ripe in knowledge; and for that herein they have a near communion with Chriſt, and feed on him by faith.

Q. What proof have you for this duty?

A. From 2 Cor. xiii. 5. 'Examine yourſelves, whether ye be in the faith.'

Heb. x. 22. 'Let us draw near with a true heart, in full aſſurance of faith.'

Q. Why is our thankfulneſs neceſſary to the receiving of the Lord's ſupper?

A. Becauſe the Lord's ſupper is a ſacrifice of thankſgiving to God for our redemption by Chriſt.

Q. What proof have you for a thankful remembrance of Chriſt's death?

A. From Rom. v. 8. 'God commendeth his love towards us, in that whilſt we were yet ſinners Chriſt died for us.'

1 Cor. vi. 20. 'Ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your ſpirit, which are God's.

Q. Why is the being in charity neceſſary to the Lord's ſupper?

A. Becauſe it is a feaſt of love, and a communion of Chriſtians one with another; and ſignifies their conjunction in one ſpiritual body.

Q. What proof have you for this duty?

A. From Matt. v. 23, 24. 'If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remembereſt that thy brother hath aught againſt thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; firſt be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.'

1 Cor. x. 17. 'We being many, are one bread, and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread.'

Eph. v. 2. 'Walk in love, as Chriſt alſo hath loved us, and hath given himſelf for us, an offering and a ſacrifice to God.'

1 John iv. 11. 'If God ſo loved us, we ought alſo to love one another.'

SECT. the laſt. *On Confirmation.*

Q. Is there any thing elſe required of thoſe who come to the Lord's ſupper?

A. It is ordained by the church, 'that 'none ſhall be admitted to the holy commu- 'nion until ſuch time as he is confirmed, or 'ready and deſirous to be confirmed.'

Q. What do you mean by confirmation?

A. I mean the ſolemn laying on of the hands of the biſhop, accompanied with prayer, upon ſuch as have been baptized, and are come to years of diſcretion.

Q. Why do you call this confirmation?

A. Becauſe by this ordinance I confirm thoſe vows and promiſes, which were made in my name when I was baptized.

Q. How are thoſe vows and promiſes now confirmed by you?

A. I do in the preſence of God, and of the congregation, renew the ſolemn promiſe and vow that was made in my name at my baptiſm; ratifying and confirming the ſame in my own perſon, and acknowledging myſelf bound to believe and to do all thoſe things which my godfathers and godmothers then undertook for me.

Q. Have you no other reaſon for calling this ordinance by the name of confirmation?

A. Yes; I call it confirmation, becauſe, by the biſhop's laying his hands on me, and by the prayers of him and the congregation, I hope to be ſtrengthened with the Holy Ghoſt the Comforter, and defended with his heavenly grace, that I may continue the Lord's for ever.

Q. Why was this ordinance inſtituted?

A. It was inſtituted in order to make us, who were baptized in our infancy, more ſenſible of the obligations we are under to believe and do what was then promiſed for us.

Q. What are the benefits of this inſtitution?

A. They who are duly confirmed have the benefit of God's grace procured for them, by the prayers of the biſhop and the congregation in their behalf; are duly inſtructed in the principles of the Chriſtian religion; and are engaged to begin betimes both to conſider their duty, and to apply themſelves to the diſcharge of it.

Q. Are all godfathers and godmothers obliged to ſee, that thoſe for whom they anſwer be firſt duly inſtructed in the principles of their religion, and then brought to be confirmed by the biſhop?

A. Yes, certainly. As they have received a ſolemn charge to ſee that the infant be taught, ſo ſoon as he ſhall be able to learn, what a ſolemn vow, promiſe, and profeſſion he hath made by them; and to take care that the child be brought to the biſhop to be confirmed by him; ſo nothing can excuſe them from the obligations of this duty, when they have power and opportunity to do either.

Q. What is required of persons to be confirmed?

A. That, when they are come to years of discretion, they be taught to know and understand what a solemn vow, promise, and profession they made by their godfathers and godmothers when they were baptized; and that they be ready and desirous, in their own names, to ratify and confirm the same.

Q. How often ought any Christian to be confirmed?

A. But once. As there is one baptism, so there is required but one solemn ratification or confirmation of it.

Q. Do they not then shew themselves very ignorant, who go to the bishop to be confirmed every time he confirms?

A. This proceeds from their not knowing what confirmation is, which accordingly they call by the name of being *bishop'd*, or receiving the bishop's blessing.

Q. What foundation have you in scripture for the practice of confirmation?

A. The example of the Apostles. Acts viii. 17.—xix. 6. 'Who laid their hands on those that had been baptized, that they might receive the Holy Ghost.'

Heb. vi. 1, 2. 'The laying on of hands is reckoned among those principles of the doctrine of Christ, from whence his disciples may go on unto Christian perfection.'

Q. Does the bishop then *give* the Holy Ghost now, as the apostles did then, by their laying on of hands?

A. We do not say that the apostles *gave* the Holy Ghost; they laid on their hands, and God gave the Holy Spirit to those on whom they laid them. And so we hope, that by the fervent prayers of the bishop and the church, they on whom he now lays his hands shall also receive the Holy Ghost, if they do but worthily prepare themselves for it.

Q. Is there any promise of God on which to build such a hope?

A. Christ has declared, that God will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him: and if so, we have more reason to hope, that he will give his Holy Spirit, when he is so earnestly and solemnly asked of him by the pastors of his church, whom he has appointed not only to pray for, but to bless his people.

§ 175. *A Prayer to be said by a Child Morning and Evening.*

O Lord my God, who art Lord of heaven and earth, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation; I desire to adore and praise thy goodness expressed towards me, who am less than the least of all thy mercies; for my creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life: but above all, I desire to praise thy name for thy wonderful love in Christ Jesus my Lord; for the means of grace which through him thou hast placed me in the possession of; and those hopes of glory, which, by the covenant which thou wast graciously pleased to seal with me at my baptism, thou hast confirmed to me. O make me, I beseech thee, duly sensible of the value of thy favour, and accordingly to be desirous of it; and to this end, make me always mindful of that solemn vow which I made at my baptism; and give me grace to resist the several temptations of the devil, the world, and my own corrupt nature. Possess me with a hatred of all my former breaches of this sacred obligation, and to take care to walk more cautiously for the time to come. Purify my heart from all vain thoughts and desires. Keep my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering; and my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; and, in every respect, let my conversation be as becometh the gospel. Keep me by thy power, through faith, unto salvation.

Enlarge and bless thy holy catholic church with more abundant peace and purity: pardon the sins of the nation I live in, and make us a holy people, zealous of good works. Bless the king, and all that are put in authority under him. Bless the ministers of thy holy word and sacraments: bless all my relations and benefactors, and forgive all my enemies.

Take me into thy protection this day (*or* night). It is thou only, Lord, that makest me to dwell in safety. But whether I sleep or wake, live or die, let me be found thine own, to thy eternal glory, and my everlasting salvation, through Jesus Christ; in whose blessed name and words I sum up my imperfect prayers; saying, 'Our Father,' &c.

§ 176. Prayers for the Use of Schools.

A Morning Prayer, to be used by the Masters or Mistresses, and Scholars.

Praised be the Lord, from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same. Thou art our God, and we will praise thee: thou art our God, and we will thank thee.

Thou hast made us after thine own image; thou daily preservest and providest

for us; thou haſt redeemed us by the precious blood of thy dear Son; thou haſt given us thy holy word for our direction, and promiſed thy Holy Spirit for our aſſiſtance: thou haſt raiſed up to us friends and benefactors, who have taken care of our education and inſtruction; thou haſt brought us together again this morning, to teach and to learn that which may be profitable to us.

For theſe and all thy favours, ſpiritual and temporal, our ſouls do bleſs and magnify thy holy name, humbly beſeeching thee to accept this our morning ſacrifice of praiſe and thankſgiving, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

And do thou, O Lord, who haſt ſafely brought us to the beginning of this day, defend us in the ſame by thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no ſin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by thy governance, to do always that which is righteous in thy ſight, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

Particularly we beg thy bleſſing upou our preſent undertaking. Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy moſt gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help, that in theſe and all our works, begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally by thy mercy obtain everlaſting life, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

We humbly acknowledge, O Lord, the great imperfection and diſorder, both of our minds and of our lives; that we are unable to help ourſelves, and unworthy of thy aſſiſtance: but we beſeech thee, through the merits of our bleſſed Redeemer, to pardon our offences, to enlighten our underſtandings, to ſtrengthen our memories, to ſanctify our hearts, and to guide our lives. Help us, we pray thee, to learn and to practiſe thoſe things which are good, that we may become ſerious Chriſtians, and uſeful in the world; to the glory of thy great name, the ſatisfaction of thoſe who have ſo kindly provided for our ſouls and bodies, and our own preſent and future well being. Beſtow thy bleſſings, we beſeech thee, upon all our friends and benefactors; particularly thoſe who are concerned in the care of this ſchool. Proſper thou the works of their hands: O Lord, proſper thou their handy-work.

Theſe prayers, both for them and ourſelves, we humbly offer up in the name of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, our Redeemer, concluding in his moſt perfect form of words: 'Our Father,' &c.

§ 177. *An Evening Prayer, to be uſed by the Maſters or Miſtreſſes, and Scholars.*

Accept, we beſeech thee, O Lord, our evening ſacrifice of praiſe and thankſgiving for all thy goodneſs and loving kindneſs to us: particularly for the bleſſings of this day, for thy gracious protection and preſervation, for the opportunities we have enjoyed for the inſtruction and improvement of our minds, for all the comforts of this life, and the hope of life everlaſting, through Jeſus Chriſt our Redeemer.

We humbly acknowledge, O Lord, that we are altogether unworthy of the leaſt of all thy favours, that we continually fall ſhort of our duty, and have too often tranſgreſſed thy holy laws.

Forgive, moſt merciful Father, we humbly pray thee, all the errors and tranſgreſſions which thou haſt beheld in us the day paſt; and help us to expreſs our unfeigned ſorrow for what has been amiſs, by our care to amend it.

What we know not, do thou teach us; inſtruct us in all the particulars of our duty, both towards thee, and towards men; and give us grace always to do thoſe things which are good and well pleaſing in thy ſight, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

Whatſoever good inſtructions have been here given us this day, grant that they may be carefully remembered, and duly followed; and whatſoever good deſires thou haſt put into any of our hearts, grant that by the aſſiſtance of thy grace they may be brought to good effect, that thy name may have the honour, and we, with thoſe who are aſſiſtant to us in this work of our inſtruction, may have comfort at the day of account, through our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt.

Lighten our darkneſs, we beſeech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; continue to us the bleſſings which we enjoy, and help us to teſtify our thankfulneſs for them, by a due uſe and improvement of them.

Bleſs all thoſe in authority in church and ſtate, together with all our friends and benefactors, particularly thoſe who are concerned in the care of this ſchool, for whom we are bound in eſpecial manner to pray. Bleſs this and all other ſchools for religious and truly Chriſtian education. And direct and proſper all pious endeavours for the propa-

propagation of thy gospel, and promoting Christian knowledge in the world.

These prayers and praises we humbly offer up to thy divine Majesty, through the mediation of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord; in whose holy name and words we sum up all our desires. 'Our Father,' &c.

§ 178. *A Morning Prayer to be used daily by every Child at Home.*

Glory be to thee, O Lord, who hast preserved me from the perils of the night past, who hast refreshed me with sleep, and raised me up again to praise thy holy name.

I humbly worship thee, O God my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ my Redeemer; and I do again devote myself to thee, desiring to serve thee faithfully this, and all the days of my life.

I was made thy child, and the disciple of thy Son Jesus, by baptism, and then received the promise of thy Holy Spirit. Let that good Spirit throughly cleanse me from all the corruption of my nature.

Help me to remember thee, my Creator, in the days of my youth.

Preserve me from those errors and follies to which the frailty of my age does most expose me, and keep me innocent from every great offence.

Deliver me from the vanity of mine own heart, and from the temptations of evil company.

Incline my heart to all that is good; that I may be modest and humble, true and just, temperate and diligent, respectful and obedient to my superiors; that I may fear and love thee above all, and that I may love my neighbour as myself, and do to every one as I would they should do unto me.

Let thy good providence defend me this day from all evil; let the grace of thy Holy Spirit continually prevent and assist me.

Bless me, I pray thee, in my learning; and help me daily to increase in knowledge, and wisdom, and all virtue.

I humbly beg thy blessing also upon all our spiritual pastors and masters, all my relations and friends (particularly my * father and mother, my brothers and sisters) and every one in this house. Grant to them whatsoever may be good for them in this life, and guide them to life everlasting.

I humbly commit myself to thee, O Lord, in the name of Jesus Christ my Saviour, and in the words which he himself hath taught me.—'Our Father, &c.'

§ 179. *An Evening Prayer, to be used daily by every Child at Home.*

Glory be to thee, O Lord, who hast preserved me the day past, who hast defended me from all the evils to which I am constantly exposed in this uncertain life; who hast continued my health, who hast bestowed upon me all things necessary for life and godliness.

I humbly beseech thee, O heavenly Father, to pardon whatsoever thou hast seen amiss in me this day, in my thoughts, words, or actions.

Make me, O Lord, throughly sensible of the great weakness and corruption of my nature, and the many errors of my life.

Assist me, I pray thee, in making it my constant endeavour to resist and conquer every evil inclination within me, and every temptation from without.

Help me daily to increase in the knowledge and love of thee, my God, and of my Saviour Jesus Christ.

Shew me the way in which I should walk, whilst I am young: and grant that I may never depart from it.

Bless to me, I pray, whatsoever good instructions have been given me this day; help me carefully to remember them, and duly to improve them, that I may be ever growing in knowledge, and wisdom, and goodness.

I humbly beg thy blessing also upon all our spiritual pastors and masters; all my relations and friends (particularly my * father and mother, my brothers and sisters) and every one in this house. Let it please thee to guide us all in this life present, and to conduct us to thy heavenly kingdom.

I humbly commit my soul and body to thy care this night, begging thy gracious protection and blessing, through Jesus Christ our only Lord and Saviour; in whose words I conclude my prayers. 'Our Father, &c.'

§ 180. *A short Prayer for Children, when they first come into their Seats at Church.*

Lord, I am now in thy house; assist, I pray thee, and accept of my services; let thy Holy Spirit help my infirmities, disposing my heart to seriousness, attention, and devotion, to the honour of thy holy name, and the benefit of my soul, thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Before they leave their Seats, thus;

Blessed be thy name, O Lord, for this opportunity of attending thee in thy house and service.

* Here let every child mention his or her particular relations.

Make me, I pray thee, a doer of thy word, not a hearer only. Accept both us and our ſervices, through our only Mediator Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

A Grace before Meat.

Sanctify, O Lord, we beſeech thee, theſe thy good creatures to our uſe, and us to thy ſervice, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

A Grace after Meat.

Bleſſed and praiſed be thy holy name, O Lord, for theſe and all thy other bleſſings, beſtowed upon us, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

§ 181. *Of the Scriptures, as the Rule of Life.*

As you advance in years and underſtanding, I hope you will be able to examine for yourſelf the evidences of the Chriſtian religion; and that you will be convinced, on rational grounds, of its divine authority. At preſent, ſuch enquiries would demand more ſtudy, and greater powers of reaſoning, than your age admits of. It is your part, therefore, till you are capable of underſtanding the proofs, to believe your parents and teachers, that the holy Scriptures are writings inſpired by God, containing a true hiſtory of facts, in which we are deeply concerned—a true recital of the laws given by God to Moſes, and of the precepts of our bleſſed Lord and Saviour, delivered from his own mouth to his diſciples, and repeated and enlarged upon in the edifying epiſtles of his apoſtles—who were men choſen from amongſt thoſe who had the advantage of converſing with our Lord, to bear witneſs of his miracles and reſurrection—and who, after his aſcenſion, were aſſiſted and inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt. This ſacred volume muſt be the rule of your life. In it you will find all truths neceſſary to be believed; and plain and eaſy directions for the practice of every duty. Your Bible, then, muſt be your chief ſtudy and delight: but as it contains many various kinds of writing—ſome parts obſcure and difficult of interpretation, others plain and intelligible to the meaneſt capacity—I would chiefly recommend to your frequent peruſal ſuch parts of the ſacred writings as are moſt adapted to your underſtanding, and moſt neceſſary for your inſtruction. Our Saviour's precepts were ſpoken to the common people amongſt the Jews; and were therefore given in a manner eaſy to be underſtood, and equally ſtriking and inſtructive to the learned and unlearned: for the moſt ignorant may comprehend them, whilſt the wiſeſt muſt be charmed and awed by the beautiful and majeſtic ſimplicity with which they are expreſſed. Of the ſame kind are the Ten Commandments, delivered by God to Moſes; which, as they were deſigned for univerſal laws, are worded in the moſt conciſe and ſimple manner, yet with a majeſty which commands our utmoſt reverence.

I think you will receive great pleaſure, as well as improvement, from the hiſtorical books of the Old Teſtament—provided you read them as an hiſtory, in a regular courſe, and keep the thread of it in your mind as you go on. I know of none, true or fictitious, that is equally wonderful, intereſting, and affecting; or that is told in ſo ſhort and ſimple a manner as this, which is, of all hiſtories, the moſt authentic.

I ſhall give you ſome brief directions, concerning the method and courſe I wiſh you to purſue, in reading the Holy Scriptures. May you be enabled to make the beſt uſe of this moſt precious gift of God—this ſacred treaſure of knowledge!—May you read the Bible, not as a taſk, nor as the dull employment of that day only, in which you are forbidden more lively entertainments—but with a ſincere and ardent deſire of inſtruction: with that love and delight in God's word, which the holy Pſalmiſt ſo pathetically felt and deſcribed, and which is the natural conſequence of loving God and virtue! Though I ſpeak this of the Bible in general, I would not be underſtood to mean, that every part of the volume is equally intereſting. I have already ſaid that it conſiſts of various matter, and various kinds of books, which muſt be read with different views and ſentiments. The having ſome general notion of what you are to expect from each book, may poſſibly help you to underſtand them, and will heighten your reliſh of them. I ſhall treat you as if you were perfectly new to the whole; for ſo I wiſh you to conſider yourſelf; becauſe the time and manner in which children uſually read the Bible, are very ill calculated to make them really acquainted with it; and too many people, who have read it thus, without underſtanding it, in their youth, ſatisfy themſelves that they know enough of it, and never afterwards ſtudy it with attention, when they come to a maturer age.

If the feelings of your heart, whilſt you read, correſpond with thoſe of mine, whilſt I write,

I write, I shall not be without the advantage of your partial affection, to give weight to my advice; for, believe me, my heart and eyes overflow with tenderness, when I tell you how warm and earnest my prayers are for your happiness here and hereafter. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 182. *Of Genesis.*

I now proceed to give you some short sketches of the matter contained in the different books of the Bible, and of the course in which they ought to be read.

The first book, Genesis, contains the most grand, and, to us, the most interesting events, that ever happened in the universe: —The creation of the world, and of man: —The deplorable fall of man, from his first state of excellence and bliss, to the distressed condition in which we see all his descendants continue:—The sentence of death pronounced on Adam, and on all his race—with the reviving promise of that deliverance which has since been wrought for us by our blessed Saviour:—The account of the early state of the world:—Of the universal deluge:—The division of mankind into different nations and languages:—The story of Abraham, the founder of the Jewish people; whose unshaken faith and obedience, under the severest trial human nature could sustain, obtained such favour in the sight of God, that he vouchsafed to style him his friend, and promised to make of his posterity a great nation, and that in his seed—that is in one of his descendants—all the kingdoms of the earth should be blessed. This, you will easily see, refers to the Messiah, who was to be the blessing and deliverance of all nations.—It is amazing that the Jews, possessing this prophecy, among many others, should have been so blinded by prejudice, as to have expected, from this great personage, only a temporal deliverance of their own nation from the subjection to which they were reduced under the Romans: It is equally amazing, that some Christians should, even now, confine the blessed effects of his appearance upon earth, to this or that particular sect or profession, when he is so clearly and emphatically described as the Saviour of the whole world.—The story of Abraham's proceeding to sacrifice his only son, at the command of God is affecting in the highest degree; and sets forth a pattern of unlimited resignation, that every one ought to imitate, in those trials of obedience under temptation, or of acquiescence under afflicting dispensations, which fall to their lot. Of this we may be assured, that our trials will be always proportioned to the powers afforded us: if we have not Abraham's strength of mind, neither shall we be called upon to lift the bloody knife against the bosom of an only child; but if the almighty arm should be lifted up against him, we must be ready to resign him, and all we hold dear, to the divine will.—This action of Abraham has been censured by some, who do not attend to the distinction between obedience to a special command, and the detestably cruel sacrifices of the Heathens, who sometimes voluntarily, and without any divine injunctions, offered up their own children, under the notion of appeasing the anger of their gods. An absolute command from God himself—as in the case of Abraham—entirely alters the moral nature of the action; since he, and he only, has a perfect right over the lives of his creatures, and may appoint whom he will, either angel or man, to be his instrument of destruction. That it was really the voice of God which pronounced the command, and not a delusion, might be made certain to Abraham's mind, by means we do not comprehend, but which we know to be within the power of him who made our souls as well as bodies, and who can controul and direct every faculty of the human mind: and we may be assured, that if he was pleased to reveal himself so miraculously, he would not leave a possibility of doubting whether it was a real or an imaginary revelation. Thus the sacrifice of Abraham appears to be clear of all superstition: and remains the noblest instance of religious faith and submission, that was ever given by a mere man: we cannot wonder that the blessings bestowed on him for it should have been extended to his posterity.—This book proceeds with the history of Isaac, which becomes very interesting to us, from the touching scene I have mentioned—and still more so, if we consider him as the type of our Saviour. It recounts his marriage with Rebecca—the birth and history of his two sons, Jacob, the father of the twelve tribes, and Esau, the father of the Edomites, or Idumeans—the exquisitely affecting story of Joseph and his brethren—and of his transplanting the Israelites into Egypt, who there multiplied to a great nation.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 183.

§ 183. *Of Exodus.*

In Exodus, you read of a ſeries of wonders, wrought by the Almighty, to reſcue the oppreſſed Iſraelites from the cruel tyranny of the Egyptians, who, having firſt received them as gueſts, by degrees reduced them to a ſtate of ſlavery. By the moſt peculiar mercies and exertions in their favour, God prepared his choſen people to receive, with reverent and obedient hearts, the ſolemn reſtitution of thoſe primitive laws, which probably he had revealed to Adam and his immediate deſcendants, or which, at leaſt, he had made known by the dictates of conſcience; but which time, and the degeneracy of mankind, had much obſcured. This important revelation was made to them in the Wilderneſs of Sinai; there, aſſembled before the burning mountain, ſurrounded "with blackneſs, and darkneſs, and tempeſt," they heard the awful voice of God pronounce the eternal law, impreſſing it on their hearts with circumſtances of terror, but without thoſe encouragements, and thoſe excellent promiſes, which were afterwards offered to mankind by Jeſus Chriſt. Thus were the great laws of morality reſtored to the Jews, and through them tranſmitted to other nations; and by that means a great reſtraint was oppoſed to the torrent of vice and impiety, which began to prevail over the world.

To thoſe moral precepts, which are of perpetual and univerſal obligation, were ſuperadded, by the miniſtration of Moſes, many peculiar inſtitutions, wiſely adapted to different ends—either, to fix the memory of thoſe paſt deliverances, which were figurative of a future and far greater ſalvation—to place inviolable barriers between the Jews and the idolatrous nations, by whom they were ſurrounded—or, to be the civil law by which the community was to be governed.

To conduct this ſeries of events, and to eſtabliſh theſe laws with his people, God raiſed up that great prophet Moſes, whoſe faith and piety enabled him to undertake and execute the moſt arduous enterprizes; and to purſue, with unabated zeal, the welfare of his countrymen. Even in the hour of death, this generous ardour ſtill prevailed: his laſt moments were employed in fervent prayers for their proſperity, and in rapturous gratitude for the glimpſe vouchſafed him of a Saviour, far greater than himſelf, whom God would one day raiſe up to his people.

Thus did Moſes, by the excellency of his faith, obtain a glorious pre-eminence among the ſaints and prophets in heaven; while, on earth, he will be ever revered as the firſt of thoſe benefactors to mankind, whoſe labours for the public good have endeared their memory to all ages. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 184. *Of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.*

The next book is Leviticus, which contains little beſides the laws for the peculiar ritual obſervance of the Jews, and therefore affords no great inſtruction to us now: you may paſs it over entirely—and, for the ſame reaſon, you may omit the firſt eight chapters of Numbers. The reſt of Numbers is chiefly a continuation of the hiſtory, with ſome ritual laws.

In Deuteronomy, Moſes makes a recapitulation of the foregoing hiſtory, with zealous exhortations to the people, faithfully to worſhip and obey that God, who had worked ſuch amazing wonders for them; he promiſes them the nobleſt temporal bleſſings, if they prove obedient; and adds the moſt awful and ſtriking denunciations againſt them, if they rebel, or forſake the true God. I have before obſerved, that the ſanctions of the Moſaic law were temporal rewards and puniſhments: thoſe of the New Teſtament are eternal; theſe laſt, as they are ſo infinitely more forcible than the firſt, were reſerved for the laſt, beſt gift to mankind—and were revealed by the Meſſiah, in the fulleſt and cleareſt manner. Moſes, in this book, directs the method in which the Iſraelites were to deal with the ſeven nations, whom they were appointed to puniſh for their profligacy and idolatry, and whoſe land they were to poſſeſs, when they had driven out the old inhabitants. He gives them excellent laws, civil as well as religious, which were ever after the ſtanding municipal laws of that people.—This book concludes with Moſes's ſong and death. *Ibid.*

§ 185. *Of Joſhua.*

The book of Joſhua contains the conqueſts of the Iſraelites over the ſeven nations, and their eſtabliſhment in the promiſed land. Their treatment of theſe conquered nations muſt appear to you very cruel and unjuſt, if you conſider it as their own act, unauthorized by a poſitive command:

mand: but they had the moſt abſolute injunctions, not to ſpare theſe corrupt people—"to make no covenant with them, nor ſhew mercy to them, but utterly to deſtroy them:"—and the reaſon is given, —"leſt they ſhould turn away the Iſraelites from following the Lord, that they might ſerve other gods." The children of Iſrael are to be conſidered as inſtruments, in the hand of the Lord, to puniſh thoſe, whoſe idolatry and wickedneſs had deſervedly brought deſtruction on them: this example, therefore, cannot be pleaded in behalf of cruelty, or bring any imputation on the character of the Jews. With regard to other cities, which did not belong to theſe ſeven nations, they were directed to deal with them according to the common law of arms at that time. If the city ſubmitted, it became tributary, and the people were ſpared; if it reſiſted, the men were to be ſlain, but the women and children ſaved. Yet, though the crime of cruelty cannot be juſtly laid to their charge on this occaſion, you will obſerve, in the courſe of their hiſtory, many things recorded of them, very different from what you would expect from the choſen people of God, if you ſuppoſed them ſelected on account of their own merit: their national character was by no means amiable; and we are repeatedly told, that they were not choſen for their ſuperior righteouſneſs—"for they were a ſtiff-necked people, and provoked the Lord with their rebellions from the day they left Egypt."—"You have been rebellious againſt the Lord," ſays Moſes, "from the day that I knew you." And he vehemently exhorts them, not to flatter themſelves that their ſucceſs was, in any degree, owing to their own merits. They were appointed to be the ſcourge of other nations, whoſe crimes rendered them fit objects of divine chaſtiſement. For the ſake of righteous Abraham, their founder, and perhaps for many other wiſe reaſons, undiſcovered to us, they were ſelected from a world over-run with idolatry, to preſerve upon earth the pure worſhip of the one only God, and to be honoured with the birth of the Meſſiah, amongſt them. For this end they were precluded, by divine command, from mixing with any other people, and defended, by a great number of peculiar rites and obſervances, from falling into the corrupt worſhip practiſed by their neighbours.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 186. *Of Judges, Samuel and Kings.*

The book of Judges, in which you will find the affecting ſtories of Sampſon and Jephtha, carries on the hiſtory from the death of Joſhua, about two hundred and fifty years; but the facts are not told in the times in which they happened, which makes ſome confuſion; and it will be neceſſary to conſult the marginal dates and notes, as well as the index, in order to get any clear idea of the ſucceſſion of events during that period.

The hiſtory then proceeds regularly through the two books of Samuel, and thoſe of Kings: nothing can be more intereſting and entertaining than the reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon: but, after the death of Solomon, when ten tribes revolted from his ſon Rehoboam, and became a ſeparate kingdom, you will find ſome difficulty in underſtanding diſtinctly the hiſtories of the two kingdoms of Iſrael and Judah, which are blended together; and by the likeneſs of the names, and other particulars, will be apt to confound your mind, without great attention to the different threads thus carried on together: the index here will be of great uſe to you. The ſecond book of Kings concludes with the Babyloniſh captivity, 588 years before Chriſt—till which time the kingdom of Judah had deſcended uninterruptedly in the line of David. *Ibid.*

§ 187. *Of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Eſther.*

The firſt book of Chronicles begins with a genealogy from Adam, through all the tribes of Iſrael and Judah; and the remainder is the ſame hiſtory which is contained in the books of Kings, with little or no variation, till the ſeparation of the ten tribes. From that period, it proceeds with the hiſtory of the kingdom of Judah alone, and gives therefore a more regular and clear account of the affairs of Judah than the book of Kings. You may paſs over the firſt book of Chronicles, and the nine firſt chapters of the ſecond book; but, by all means, read the remaining chapters, as they will give you more clear and diſtinct ideas of the hiſtory of Judah, than that you read in the ſecond book of Kings. The ſecond of Chronicles ends, like the ſecond of Kings, with the Babyloniſh captivity.

You muſt purſue the hiſtory in the book of Ezra, which gives an account of the return

turn of some of the Jews on the edict of Cyrus, and of the rebuilding the Lord's temple.

Nehemiah carries on the history for about twelve years, when he himself was governor of Jerusalem, with authority to rebuild the walls, &c.

The story of Esther is prior in time to that of Ezra and Nehemiah; as you will see by the marginal dates; however, as it happened during the seventy years captivity, and is a kind of episode, it may be read in its own place.

This is the last of the canonical books that is properly historical; and I would therefore advise, that you pass over what follows, till you have continued the history through the apocryphal books. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 188. *Of Job.*

The story of Job is probably very ancient, though that is a point upon which learned men have differed: It is dated, however, 1520 years before Christ: I believe it is uncertain by whom it was written: many parts of it are obscure; but it is well worth studying, for the extreme beauty of the poetry, and for the noble and sublime devotion it contains. The subject of the dispute between Job and his pretended friends seems to be, whether the Providence of God distributes the rewards and punishments of this life in exact proportion to the merit or demerit of each individual. His antagonists suppose that it does; and therefore infer, from Job's uncommon calamities, that, notwithstanding his apparent righteousness, he was in reality a grievous sinner. They aggravate his supposed guilt, by the imputation of hypocrisy, and call upon him to confess it, and to acknowledge the justice of his punishment. Job asserts his own innocence and virtue in the most pathetic manner, yet does not presume to accuse the Supreme Being of injustice. Elihu attempts to arbitrate the matter, by alledging the impossibility that so frail and ignorant a creature as man should comprehend the ways of the Almighty; and therefore condemns the unjust and cruel inference the three friends had drawn from the sufferings of Job. He also blames Job for the presumption of acquitting himself of all iniquity, since the best of men are not pure in the sight of God—but all have something to repent of; and he advises him to make this use of his afflictions. At last, by a bold figure of poetry, the Supreme Being himself is introduced, speaking from the whirlwind, and silencing them all by the most sublime display of his own power, magnificence, and wisdom, and of the comparative littleness and ignorance of man.—This indeed is the only conclusion of the argument, which could be drawn at a time when life and immortality were not yet brought to light. A future retribution is the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty arising from the sufferings of good people in this life. *Ibid.*

§ 189. *Of the Psalms.*

Next follow the Psalms, with which you cannot be too conversant. If you have any taste, either for poetry or devotion, they will be your delight, and will afford you a continual feast. The bible translation is far better than that used in the common-prayer book, and will often give you the sense, when the other is obscure. In this, as well as in all other parts of the scripture, you must be careful always to consult the margin, which gives you the corrections made since the last translation, and it is generally preferable to the words of the text. I would wish you to select some of the Psalms that please you best, and get them by heart: or, at least, make yourself master of the sentiments contained in them. Dr. Delany's Life of David will shew you the occasions on which several of them were composed, which add much to their beauty and propriety; and by comparing them with the events of David's life, you will greatly enhance your pleasure in them. Never did the spirit of true piety breathe more strongly than in these divine songs. which, being added to a rich vein of poetry, makes them more captivating to my heart and imagination, than any thing I ever read. You will consider how great disadvantages any poem must sustain from being rendered literally into prose, and then imagine how beautiful these must be in the original. May you be enabled, by reading them frequently, to transfuse into your own breast that holy flame which inspired the writer!—to delight in the Lord, and in his laws, like the Psalmist—to rejoice in him always, and to think "one day in his courts better than a thousand!"—But may you escape the heart-piercing sorrow of such repentance as that of David—by avoiding sin, which humbled this unhappy king to the dust—and which cost him such bitter anguish, as it is impossible to read of without being moved! Not all the pleasures of the most prosperous sinners would counterbalance the hundredth

part

part of those sensations described in his penitential Psalms—and which must be the portion of every man, who has fallen from a religious state into such crimes, when once he recovers a sense of religion and virtue, and is brought to a real hatred of sin. However available such repentance may be to the safety and happiness of the soul after death, it is a state of such exquisite suffering here, that one cannot be enough surprized at the folly of those who indulge sin, with the hope of living to make their peace with God by repentance. Happy are they who preserve their innocence unsullied by any great or wilful crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; these are sufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply smitten with the love of virtue, and with the desire of perfection.—There are many very striking prophecies of the Messiah in these divine songs, particularly in Psalm xxii.—such may be found scattered up and down almost throughout the Old Testament. To bear testimony to *him*, is the great and ultimate end for which the spirit of prophecy was bestowed on the sacred writers;—but this will appear more plainly to you, when you enter on the study of prophecy, which you are now much too young to undertake. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 190. *Of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, the Prophecies, and the Apocrypha.*

The Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are rich stores of wisdom, from which I wish you to adopt such maxims as may be of infinite use both to your temporal and eternal interest. But detached sentences are a kind of reading not proper to be continued long at a time; a few of them, well chosen and digested, will do you much more service, than to read half a dozen chapters together. In this respect, they are directly opposite to the historical books, which, if not read in continuation, can hardly be understood, or retained to any purpose.

The Song of Solomon is a fine poem—but its mystical reference to religion lies too deep for a common understanding: if you read it, therefore, it will be rather as matter of curiosity than of edification.

Next follow the Prophecies; which though highly deserving the greatest attention and study, I think you had better omit for some years, and then read them with a good exposition, as they are much too difficult for you to understand without assistance. Dr. Newton on the prophecies will help you much, whenever you undertake this study—which you should by all means do, when your understanding is ripe enough; because one of the main proofs of our religion rests on the testimony of the prophecies; and they are very frequently quoted, and referred to, in the New Testament; besides, the sublimity of the language and sentiments, through all the disadvantages of antiquity and translation, must, in very many passages, strike every person of taste; and the excellent moral and religious precepts found in them must be useful to all.

Though I have spoken of these books in the order in which they stand, I repeat, that they are not to be read in that order—but that the thread of the history is to be pursued, from Nehemiah to the first book of the Maccabees, in the Apocrypha; taking care to observe the chronology regularly, by referring to the index, which supplies the deficiencies of this history from Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews. The first of Maccabees carries on the story till within 195 years of our Lord's circumcision: the second book is the same narrative, written by a different hand, and does not bring the history so forward as the first; so that it may be entirely omitted unless you have the curiosity to read some particulars of the heroic constancy of the Jews, under the tortures inflicted by their heathen conquerors, with a few other things not mentioned in the first book.

You must then connect the history by the help of the index, which will give you brief heads of the changes that happened in the state of the Jews, from this time till the birth of the Messiah.

The other books of the Apocrypha, though not admitted as of sacred authority, have many things well worth your attention: particularly the admirable book called Ecclesiasticus, and the book of Wisdom. But, in the course of reading which I advise, these must not be admitted till after you have gone through the Gospels and Acts, that you may not lose the historical thread. *Ibid.*

§ 191. *Of the New Testament, which is constantly to be referred to, as the Rule and Direction of our moral Conduct.*

We come now to that part of scripture, which is the most important of all, and which you must make your constant study, not only till you are thoroughly acquainted with

with it, but all your life long; becauſe, how often ſoever repeated, it is impoſſible to read the life and death of our bleſſed Saviour, without renewing and increaſing in our hearts that love and reverence, and gratitude towards him, which is ſo juſtly due for all he did and ſuffered for us! Every word that fell from his lips is more precious than all the treaſures of the earth; for his "are the words of eternal life!" They muſt therefore be laid up in your heart, and conſtantly referred to, on all occaſions, as the rule and direction of all your actions; particularly thoſe very comprehenſive moral precepts he has graciouſly left with us, which can never fail to direct as aright, if fairly and honeſtly applied: ſuch as, "whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, even ſo do unto them."—There is no occaſion, great or ſmall, on which you may not ſafely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct: and, whilſt your heart honeſtly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any ſort of injuſtice or unkindneſs. The two great commandments, which contain the ſummary of our duty to God and man, are no leſs eaſily retained, and made a ſtandard by which to judge our own hearts—"To love the Lord our God, with all our hearts, with all our minds, with all our ſtrength; and our neighbour (or fellow-creature) as ourſelves." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour." Therefore if you have true benevolence, you will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to ſociety. Now, all crimes whatever are (in their remoter conſequences at leaſt, if not immediately and apparently) injurious to the ſociety in which we live. It is impoſſible to love God without deſiring to pleaſe him, and, as far as we are able, to reſemble him; therefore the love of God muſt lead to every virtue in the higheſt degree; and, we may be ſure, we do not truly love him, if we content ourſelves with avoiding flagrant ſins, and do not ſtrive, in good earneſt, to reach the greateſt degree of perfection we are capable of. Thus do theſe few words direct us to the higheſt Chriſtian virtue. Indeed, the whole tenor of the Goſpel is to offer us every help, direction, and motive, that can enable us to attain that degree of perfection on which depends our eternal good. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 192. *Of the Example ſet by our Saviour, and his Character.*

What an example is ſet before us in our bleſſed Maſter! How is his whole life, from earlieſt youth, dedicated to the purſuit of true wiſdom, and to the practice of the moſt exalted virtue! When you ſee him, at twelve years of age, in the temple amongſt the doctors, hearing them, and aſking them queſtions on the ſubject of religion, and aſtoniſhing them all with his underſtanding and anſwers—you will ſay, perhaps,—— "Well might the Son of God, even at "thoſe years, be far wiſer than the aged; "but, can a mortal child emulate ſuch hea-"venly wiſdom? Can ſuch a pattern be "propoſed to my imitation?"—Yes, certainly;—remember that he has bequeathed to you his heavenly wiſdom, as far as concerns your own good. He has left you ſuch declarations of his will, and of the conſequences of your actions, as you are, even now, fully able to underſtand, if you will but attend to them. If, then, you will imitate his zeal for knowledge, if you will delight in gaining information and improvement; you may even now become "wiſe unto ſalvation."—Unmoved by the praiſe he acquired amongſt theſe learned men, you ſee him meekly return to the ſubjection of a child, under thoſe who appeared to be his parents, though he was in reality their Lord: you ſee him return to live with them, to work for them, and to be the joy and ſolace of their lives; till the time came, when he was to enter on that ſcene of public action, for which his heavenly Father had ſent him from his own right hand, to take upon him the form of a poor carpenter's ſon. What a leſſon of humility is this, and of obedience to parents!—When, having received the glorious teſtimony from heaven, of his being the beloved Son of the Moſt High, he enters on his public miniſtry, what an example does he give us, of the moſt extenſive and conſtant benevolence!—How are all his hours ſpent in doing good to the ſouls and bodies of men!—not the meaneſt ſinner is below his notice!—to reclaim and ſave them, he condeſcends to converſe familiarly with the moſt corrupt, as well as the moſt abject. All his miracles are wrought to benefit mankind; not one to puniſh and afflict them. Inſtead of uſing the almighty power, which accompanied him, to the purpoſe of exalting himſelf, and treading down his enemies, he makes no other uſe of it than to heal and to ſave.

When you come to read of his ſufferings and death, the ignominy and reproach, the ſorrow of mind, and torment of body, which he ſubmitted to—when you conſider that it was all for our ſakes—"that by his ſtripes we

we are healed"—and by his death we are raised from destruction to everlasting life—what can I say, that can add any thing to the sensations you must then feel?—No power of language can make the scene more touching than it appears in the plain and simple narrations of the evangelists. The heart that is unmoved by it, can be scarcely human;—but the emotions of tenderness and compunction, which almost every one feels in reading this account, will be of no avail, unless applied to the true end—unless it inspires you with a sincere and warm affection towards your blessed Lord—with a firm resolution to obey his commands;—to be his faithful disciple—and ever to renounce and abhor those sins, which brought mankind under divine condemnation, and from which we have been redeemed at so dear a rate. Remember that the title of Christian, or follower of Christ, implies a more than ordinary degree of holiness and goodness. As our motives to virtue are stronger than those which are afforded to the rest of mankind, our guilt will be proportionably greater, if we depart from it.

Our Saviour appears to have had three great purposes, in descending from his glory, and dwelling amongst men. The first, to teach them true virtue, both by his example and precepts. The second, to give them the most forcible motives to the practice of it, by "bringing life and immortality to light;" by shewing them the certainty of a resurrection and judgment, and the absolute necessity of obedience to God's laws. The third, to sacrifice himself for us, to obtain, by his death, the remission of our sins, upon our repentance and reformation, and the power of bestowing on his sincere followers the inestimable gift of immortal happiness. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 193. *A comparative View of the Blessed and Cursed at the Last Day, and the Inference to be drawn from it.*

What a tremendous scene of the last day does the gospel place before our eyes!—of that day, when you and every one of us shall awake from the grave, and behold the Son of God, on his glorious tribunal, attended by millions of celestial beings, of whose superior excellence we can now form no adequate idea—when, in presence of all mankind, of those holy angels, and of the great Judge himself, you must give an account of your past life, and hear your final doom, from which there can be no appeal, and which must determine your fate to all eternity; then think—if for a moment you can bear the thought—what will be the desolation, shame, and anguish, of those wretched souls, who shall hear these dreadful words;——"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."——Oh!—I cannot support even the idea of your becoming one of those undone, lost creatures!—I trust in God's mercy, that you will make a better use of that knowledge of his will, which he has vouchsafed you, and of those amiable dispositions he has given you. Let us therefore turn from this horrid, this insupportable view—and rather endeavour to imagine, as far as is possible, what will be the sensations of your soul, if you shall hear our Heavenly Judge address you in these transporting words—"Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world."—Think, what it must be, to become an object of the esteem and applause—not only of all mankind assembled together—but of all the host of heaven, of our blessed Lord himself—nay, of his and our Almighty Father:—to find your frail flesh changed, in a moment, into a glorious celestial body, endowed with perfect beauty, health, and agility:—to find your soul cleansed from all its faults and infirmities; exalted to the purest and noblest affections; overflowing with divine love and rapturous gratitude!—to have your understanding enlightened and refined; your heart enlarged and purified; and every power and disposition of mind and body adapted to the highest relish of virtue and happiness!—Thus accomplished, to be admitted into the society of amiable and happy beings, all united in the most perfect peace and friendship, all breathing nothing but love to God, and to each other;—with them to dwell in scenes more delightful than the richest imagination can paint—free from every pain and care, and from all possibility of change or satiety:—but, above all, to enjoy the more immediate presence of God himself—to be able to comprehend and admire his adorable perfections in a high degree, though still far short of their infinity—to be conscious of his love and favour, and to rejoice in the light of his countenance!—But here all imagination fails:—we can form no idea of that bliss, which may be communicated to us by such a near approach to the Source of all beauty and all good:—we must content ourselves with believing, "that it is what mortal eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered

tered into the heart of man to conceive." The crown of all our joys will be, to know that we are secure of poſſeſſing them for ever—what a tranſporting idea!

Can you reflect on all theſe things, and not feel the moſt earneſt longings after immortality?—Do not all other views and deſires ſeem mean and trifling, when compared with this?—And does not your inmoſt heart reſolve, that this ſhall be the chief and conſtant object of its wiſhes and purſuit, through the whole courſe of your life?—If you are not inſenſible to that deſire of happineſs which ſeems woven into our nature, you cannot ſurely be unmoved by the proſpect of ſuch a tranſcendant degree of it; and that continued to all eternity—perhaps continually increaſing. You cannot but dread the forfeiture of ſuch an inheritance, as the moſt inſupportable evil! —Remember then—remember the conditions on which alone it can be obtained. God will not give to vice, to careleſſneſs, or ſloth, the prize he has propoſed to virtue. You have every help that can animate your endeavours:—You have written laws to direct you—the example of Chriſt and his diſciples to encourage you—the moſt awakening motives to engage you—and you have beſides, the comfortable promiſe of conſtant aſſiſtance from the Holy Spirit, if you diligently and ſincerely pray for it.—O! let not all this mercy be loſt upon you—but give your attention to this your only important concern, and accept, with profound gratitude, the ineſtimable advantages that are thus affectionately offered you.

Though the four Goſpels are each of them a narration of the life, ſayings, and death of Chriſt; yet as they are not exactly alike, but ſome circumſtances and ſayings, omitted in one, are recorded in another, you muſt make yourſelf perfectly maſter of them all.

The Acts of the holy Apoſtles, endowed with the Holy Ghoſt, and authorized by their divine Maſter, come next in order to be read.—Nothing can be more intereſting and edifying, than the hiſtory of their actions —of the piety, zeal, and courage, with which they preached the glad tidings of ſalvation; and of the various exertions, of the wonderful powers conferred on them by the Holy Spirit, for the confirmation of their miſſion. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 194. *Character of St. Paul.*

The Character of St. Paul, and his miraculous converſion, demand your particular attention: moſt of the apoſtles were men of low birth and education; but St. Paul was a Roman citizen; that is, he poſſeſſed the privileges annexed to the freedom of the city of Rome, which was conſidered as a high diſtinction, in thoſe countries that had been conquered by the Romans. He was educated amongſt the moſt learned ſect of the Jews, and by one of their principal doctors. He was a man of extraordinary eloquence, as appears not only in his writings, but in ſeveral ſpeeches in his own defence, pronounced before governors and courts of juſtice, when he was called to account for the doctrines he taught.—He ſeems to have been of an uncommonly warm temper, and zealous in whatever religion he profeſſed: this zeal, before his converſion, ſhewed itſelf in the moſt unjuſtifiable actions, by furiouſly perſecuting the innocent Chriſtians: but, though his actions were bad, we may be ſure his intentions were good; otherwiſe we ſhould not have ſeen a miracle employed to convince him of his miſtake, and to bring him into the right way. This example may aſſure us of the mercy of God towards miſtaken conſciences, and ought to inſpire us with the moſt enlarged charity and good-will towards thoſe whoſe erroneous principles miſlead their conduct: inſtead of reſentment and hatred againſt their perſons, we ought only to feel an active wiſh of aſſiſting them to find the truth; ſince we know not whether, if convinced, they might not prove, like St. Paul, choſen veſſels to promote the honour of God, and of true religion. It is not now my intention to enter with you into any of the arguments for the truth of Chriſtianity; otherwiſe it would be impoſſible wholly to paſs over that, which ariſes from this remarkable converſion, and which has been ſo admirably illuſtrated by a noble writer, whoſe tract on this ſubject is in every body's hands. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 195. *Of the Epiſtles.*

Next follow the Epiſtles, which make a very important part of the New Teſtament; and you cannot be too much employed in reading them. They contain the moſt excellent precepts and admonitions; and are of particular uſe in explaining more at large ſeveral doctrines of Chriſtianity, which we could not ſo fully comprehend without them. There are, indeed, in the Epiſtles of St. Paul, many paſſages hard to be underſtood: ſuch, in particular, are the firſt eleven chapters

ters to the Romans; the greater part of his Epiſtles to the Corinthians and Galatians; and ſeveral chapters of that to the Hebrews. Inſtead of perplexing yourſelf with theſe more obſcure paſſages of ſcripture, I would wiſh you to employ your attention chiefly on thoſe that are plain; and to judge of the doctrines taught in the other parts, by comparing them with what you find in theſe. It is through the neglect of this rule, that many have been led to draw the moſt abſurd doctrines from the holy ſcriptures.—Let me particularly recommend to your careful peruſal the xii. xiii. xiv. and xv. chapters of the Epiſtle to the Romans. In the xiv. chapter St. Paul has in view the difference between the Jewiſh and Gentile (or Heathen) converts, at that time: the former were diſpoſed to look with horror on the latter, for their impiety in not paying the ſame regard to the diſtinctions of days and meats that they did; and the latter, on the contrary, were inclined to look with contempt on the former, for their weakneſs and ſuperſtition. Excellent is the advice which the Apoſtle gives to both parties: he exhorts the Jewiſh converts not to judge, and the Gentiles not to deſpiſe; remembering, that the kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink, but righteouſneſs and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt.—Endeavour to conform yourſelf to this advice; to acquire a temper of univerſal candour and benevolence; and learn neither to deſpiſe nor condemn any perſons on account of their particular modes of faith and worſhip; remembering always, that goodneſs is confined to no party—that there are wiſe and worthy men among all the ſects of Chriſtians—and that, to his own maſter, every one muſt ſtand or fall.

I will enter no farther into the ſeveral points diſcuſſed by St. Paul in his various epiſtles—moſt of them too intricate for your underſtanding at preſent, and many of them beyond my abilities to ſtate clearly. I will only again recommend to you, to read thoſe paſſages frequently, which, with ſo much fervour and energy, excite you to the practice of the moſt exalted piety and benevolence. If the effuſions of a heart, warmed with the tendereſt affection for the whole human race—if precept, warning, encouragement, example, urged by an eloquence which ſuch affection only could inſpire, are capable of influencing your mind—you cannot fail to find, in ſuch parts of his epiſtles as are adapted to your underſtanding, the ſtrongeſt perſuaſives to every virtue that can adorn and improve your nature.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 196. *The Epiſtle of St. James.*

The epiſtle of St. James is entirely practical, and exceedingly fine; you cannot ſtudy it too much. It ſeems particularly deſigned to guard Chriſtians againſt miſunderſtanding ſome things in St. Paul's writings, which have been fatally perverted to the encouragement of a dependance on faith alone, without good works. But the more rational commentators will tell you, that, by the works of the law, which the apoſtle aſſerts to be incapable of juſtifying us, he means, not the works of moral righteouſneſs, but the ceremonial works of the Moſaic law; on which the Jews laid the greateſt ſtreſs, as neceſſary to ſalvation. But St. James tells us, that "if any man among "us ſeem to be religious, and bridleth not "his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, "that man's religion is vain;"—and that "pure religion, and undefiled before God "and the Father, is this, to viſit the fa- "therleſs and widow in their affliction, and "to keep himſelf unſpotted from the world." Faith in Chriſt, if it produce not theſe effects, he declareth is dead, or of no power.

Ibid.

§ 197. *Epiſtles of St. Peter, and the firſt of St. John.*

The Epiſtles of St. Peter are alſo full of the beſt inſtructions and admonitions, concerning the relative duties of life; amongſt which, are ſet forth the duties of women in general, and of wives in particular. Some part of his ſecond Epiſtle is prophetical; warning the church of falſe teachers, and falſe doctrines, which ſhould undermine morality, and diſgrace the cauſe of Chriſtianity.

The firſt of St. John is written in a highly figurative ſtyle, which makes it, in ſome parts, hard to be underſtood; but the ſpirit of divine love, which it ſo fervently expreſſes, renders it highly edifying and delightful.—That love of God and of man, which this beloved apoſtle ſo pathetically recommends, is in truth the eſſence of religion, as our Saviour himſelf informs us.

Ibid.

§ 198. *Of the Revelations.*

The book of the Revelations contains a prophetical account of moſt of the great events relating to the Chriſtian church, which were to happen from the time of the

writer, St. John, to the end of the world. Many learned men have taken a great deal of pains to explain it; and they have done this, in many instances, very successfully: but I think it is yet too soon for you to study this part of scripture; some years hence, perhaps, there may be no objection to your attempting it, and taking into your hands the best expositions, to assist you in reading such of the most difficult parts of the New Testament, as you cannot now be supposed to understand.—May Heaven direct you in studying this sacred volume, and render it the means of making you wise unto salvation!—May you love and reverence, as it deserves, this blessed and invaluable book, which contains the best rule of life, the clearest declaration of the will and laws of the Deity, the reviving assurance of favour to true penitents, and the unspeakably joyful tidings of eternal life and happiness to all the truly virtuous, through Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Deliverer of the world!

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 199. PRAYERS, &c.

Before morning-prayer, read a chapter of the Gospels, appointed by the Calendar; before evening-prayer, a chapter of the Epistles: and meditate on those chapters, or consult some good exposition of them, in the course of the day.

Begin with these sentences, kneeling; and use such of the prayers, more or fewer, as may best suit your leisure and disposition, varying them, in order to excite the more earnest attention.

I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. *Psal.* li. 3.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Ver. 9.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Ver. 17.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. *Psal.* cxliii. 2.

1. *Confession.*

Almighty and most merciful Father; we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent; according to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy name. Amen.

O Lord, we beseech thee, mercifully hear our prayers, and spare all those who confess their sins unto thee; that they whose consciences by sin are accused, by thy merciful pardon may be absolved, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. *For Peace.*

O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom: defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries, through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

3. *For Grace.*

O Lord our heavenly Father, Almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; defend us in the same with thy mighty power, and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by thy governance to do always that is righteous in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

4. *An Evening Prayer.*

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give: that both our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

5. *For Aid against all Perils.*

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the love of thy only Son our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

6. *For*

6. For the Clergy and People.

Almighty and everlasting God, who alone workest great marvels; send down upon our bishops and curates, and all congregations committed to their charge, the healthful spirit of thy grace; and that they may truly please thee, pour upon them the continual dew of thy blessing. Grant this, O Lord, for the honour of our advocate and mediator Jesus Christ. Amen.

O God, merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful; mercifully assist our prayers that we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils, which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought, and by the providence of thy goodness they may be dispersed; that we thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee, in thy holy church, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities; and for the glory of thy name turn from us all those evils that we most righteously have deserved: and grant, that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living, to thy honour and glory, through our only mediator and advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

7. For all Conditions of Men.

O God, the creator and preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech thee for all sorts and conditions of men, that thou wouldest be pleased to make thy ways known unto them; thy saving health unto all nations. More especially we pray for the good estate of the catholic Church; that it may be so guided and governed by thy good spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate, that it may please thee to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ his sake. Amen.

8. Thanksgiving.

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And we beseech thee give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

9. Collects.

In Advent.

1. Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious majesty, to judge both the quick and dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.

2. Blessed Lord, who hast caused all holy scriptures to be written for our learning; grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

3. O Lord Jesus Christ, who at thy first coming didst send thy messenger to prepare thy way before thee; grant that the ministers and stewards of thy mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, that at thy second coming to judge the world, we may be found an acceptable people in thy sight, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

4. O Lord, raise up, we pray thee, thy power, and come among us, and with great

might succour us; that whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us, through the satisfaction of thy Son our Lord; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

Epiphany.

1. O Lord, we beseech thee mercifully to receive the prayers of thy people which call upon thee, and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. Almighty and everlasting God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth; mercifully hear the supplications of thy people, and grant us thy peace all the days of our life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

3. Almighty and everlasting God, mercifully look upon our infirmities, and in all our dangers and necessities stretch forth thy right hand to help and defend us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

4. O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature, we cannot always stand upright; grant to us such strength and protection, as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

5. O Lord, we beseech thee to keep thy church and household continually in thy true religion, that they, who do lean only upon the hope of thy heavenly grace, may evermore be defended by thy mighty power, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

6. O God, whose blessed Son was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of eternal life; grant us, we beseech thee, that having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as he is pure; that when he shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto him in his eternal and glorious kingdom; where with thee, O Father, and thee, O Holy Ghost, he liveth and reigneth ever one God, world without end. Amen.

Septuagesima.

1. O Lord, we beseech thee, favourably hear the prayers of thy people, that we who are justly punished for our offences, may be mercifully delivered by thy goodness, for the glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

2. O Lord God, who seest that we put not our trust in any thing that we do; mercifully grant that by thy power we may be defended against all adversity, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

3. O Lord, who hast taught us, that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; send thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace, and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee. Grant this for thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

In Lent.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hatest nothing that thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

1. O Lord, who for our sake didst fast forty days and forty nights; give us grace to use such abstinence, that our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may ever obey thy godly motions in righteousness and true holiness, to thy honour and glory, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

2. Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls, that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

3. We beseech thee, Almighty God, look upon the hearty desires of thy humble servants, and stretch forth the right hand of thy majesty, to be our defence against all our enemies, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

4. Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that we, who for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished, by the comfort of thy grace may mercifully be relieved, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

5. We

5. We beſeech thee, Almighty God, mercifully to look upon thy people; that by thy great goodneſs they may be governed and preſerved evermore, both in body and ſoul, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

6. Almighty and everlaſting God, who of thy tender love towards mankind, haſt ſent thy Son our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, to take upon him our fleſh, and to ſuffer death upon the croſs, that all mankind ſhould follow the example of his great humility; mercifully grant that we may both follow the example of his patience, and alſo be made partakers of his reſurrection, through the ſame Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

Good Friday.

Almighty and everlaſting God, by whoſe Spirit the whole body of the church is governed and ſanctified; receive our ſupplications and prayers which we offer before thee for all eſtates of men in thy holy church, that every member of the ſame, in his vocation and miniſtry, may truly and godly ſerve thee, through our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

Eaſter Even.

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy bleſſed Son our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; ſo by continual mortifying our corrupt affections, we may be buried with him; that through the grave and gate of death we may paſs to our joyful reſurrection, for his merits, who died, and was buried, and roſe again for us, thy Son Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

Eaſter Day.

1. Almighty God, who through thine only begotten Son Jeſus Chriſt, haſt overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlaſting life; we humbly beſeech thee, that as by thy ſpecial grace preventing us, thou doſt put into our minds good deſires; ſo by thy continual help we may bring the ſame to good effect, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghoſt, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

2. Almighty Father, who haſt given thine only Son to die for our ſins, and to riſe again for our juſtification; grant us ſo to put away the leaven of malice and wickedneſs, that we may always ſerve thee in pureneſs of living and truth, through the merits of the ſame thy Son Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

3. Almighty God, who haſt given thine only Son to be unto us both a ſacrifice for ſin, and alſo an enſample of godly life: give us grace, that we may always moſt thankfully receive that his ineſtimable benefit, and alſo daily endeavour ourſelves to follow the bleſſed ſteps of his moſt holy life, through the ſame Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

4. Almighty God, who ſheweſt to them that be in error the light of thy truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteouſneſs; grant unto all them that are admitted into the fellowſhip of Chriſt's religion, that they may avoid thoſe things that are contrary to their profeſſion, and follow all ſuch things as are agreeable to the ſame through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

5. O Almighty God, who alone canſt order the unruly wills and affections of ſinful men; grant unto thy people, that they may love the thing which thou commandeſt, and deſire that which thou doſt promiſe; that ſo among the ſundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may ſurely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

6. O Lord, from whom all good things do come; grant to us thy humble ſervants, that by thy holy inſpiration we may think thoſe things that be good, and by thy merciful guiding may perform the ſame, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

Aſcenſion-day.

Grant, we beſeech thee, Almighty God, that like as we do believe thy only begotten Son our Lord Jeſus Chriſt to have aſcended into the heavens; ſo we may alſo in heart and mind thither aſcend, and with him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghoſt, one God, world without end. Amen.

Whitſunday.

God, who as at this time didſt teach the hearts of thy faithful people, by the ſending to them the light of thy Holy Spirit; grant us by the ſame Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort, through the merits of Chriſt Jeſus our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with thee, in the unity of the ſame Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

Trinity-Sunday.

1. Almighty and everlaſting God, who

haſt given unto us thy ſervants grace, by the confeſſion of a true faith, to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the power of the divine Majeſty to worſhip the Unity; we beſeech thee, that thou wouldeſt keep us ſtedfaſt in this faith, and evermore defend us from all adverſities, who liveſt and reigneſt one God world without end. Amen.

2. O God, the ſtrength of all them that put their truſt in thee; mercifully accept our prayers; and becauſe, through the weakneſs of our mortal nature, we can do no good thing without thee, grant us the help of thy grace, that in keeping thy commandments we may pleaſe thee both in will and deed, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

3. O Lord, who never faileſt to help and govern them whom thou doſt bring up in thy ſtedfaſt fear and love; keep us, we beſeech thee, under the protection of thy good providence, and make us to have a perpetual fear and love of thy holy name, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

4. O Lord, we beſeech thee mercifully to hear us; and grant that we, to whom thou haſt given an hearty deſire to pray, may by thy mighty aid be defended and comforted in all dangers and adverſities, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

5. O God, the protector of all that truſt in thee, without whom nothing is ſtrong, nothing is holy; increaſe and multiply upon us thy mercy, that thou being our ruler and guide, we may ſo paſs through things temporal, that we finally loſe not the things eternal: grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jeſus Chriſt's ſake our Lord. Amen.

6. Grant, O Lord, we beſeech thee, that the courſe of this world may be ſo peaceably ordered by thy governance, that thy church may joyfully ſerve thee in all godly quietneſs, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

7. O God, who haſt prepared for them that love thee ſuch good things as paſs man's underſtanding; pour into our hearts ſuch love towards thee, that we loving thee above all things, may obtain thy promiſes, which exceed all that we can deſire, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

8. Lord of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things; graft in our hearts the love of thy name, increaſe in us true religion, nouriſh us with all goodneſs, and of thy great mercy keep us in the ſame, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

9. O God, whoſe never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth; we humbly beſeech thee to put away from us all hurtful things, and to give us thoſe things which are profitable for us, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

10. Grant to us, Lord, we beſeech thee, the ſpirit to think and do always ſuch things as be rightful; that we, who cannot do any thing that is good without thee, may by thee be enabled to live according to thy will, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

11. Let thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of thy humble ſervants; and that they may obtain their petitions, make them to aſk ſuch things as ſhall pleaſe thee, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

12. O God, who declareſt thy Almighty power moſt chiefly in ſhewing mercy and pity; mercifully grant unto us ſuch a meaſure of thy grace, that we running the way of thy commandments, may obtain thy gracious promiſes, and be made partakers of thy heavenly treaſure, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

13. Almighty and everlaſting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we deſire or deſerve; pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy, forgiving us thoſe things whereof our conſcience is afraid, and giving us thoſe good things which we are not worthy to aſk, but through the merits and mediation of Jeſus Chriſt thy Son our Lord. Amen.

14. Almighty and merciful God, of whoſe only gift it cometh, that thy faithful people do unto thee true and laudable ſervice; grant, we beſeech thee, that we may ſo faithfully ſerve thee in this life, that we fail not finally to attain thy heavenly promiſes, through the merits of Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

15. Almighty and everlaſting God, give unto us the increaſe of faith, hope, and charity; and that we may obtain that which thou doſt promiſe, make us to love that which thou doſt command, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

16. Keep, we beſeech thee, O Lord, thy church with thy perpetual mercy. And becauſe the frailty of man without thee cannot but fall, keep us ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our ſalvation, through Jeſus Chriſt, our Lord. Amen.

17. O Lord, we beſeech thee, let thy

continual

continual pity cleanſe and defend thy church; and becauſe it cannot continue in ſafety without thy ſuccour, preſerve it evermore by thy help and goodneſs, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

18. Lord, we pray thee, that thy grace may always prevent and follow us; and make us continually to be given to all good works, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

19. Lord, we beſeech thee, grant thy people grace to withſtand the temptations of the world, the fleſh, and the devil, and with pure hearts and minds to follow thee the only God, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

20. O God, foraſmuch as without thee we are not able to pleaſe thee; mercifully grant, that thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

21. O Almighty and moſt merciful God, of thy bountiful goodneſs keep us, we beſeech thee, from all things that may hurt us: that we being ready both in body and ſoul, may cheerfully accompliſh thoſe things that thou wouldeſt have done, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

22. Grant, we beſeech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleanſed from all their ſins, and ſerve thee with a quiet mind, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

23. Lord, we beſeech thee to keep thy houſhold the church in continual godlineſs, that through thy protection it may be free from all adverſities, and devoutly given to ſerve thee in good works, to the glory of thy name, thro' Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

24. O God, our refuge and ſtrength, who art the author of all godlineſs; be ready, we beſeech thee, to hear the devout prayers of thy church; and grant that thoſe things which we aſk faithfully, we may obtain effectually, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

25. O Lord, we beſeech thee, abſolve thy people from their offences; that through thy bountiful goodneſs we may all be delivered from the bands of thoſe ſins, which by our frailty we have committed: grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jeſus Chriſt's ſake, our bleſſed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

26. Stir up, we beſeech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people, that they plenteouſly bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of thee be plenteouſly rewarded, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

Collects for the Feſtivals.

1. *The Nativity of our Lord.*

Almighty God, who haſt given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born of a pure virgin; grant that we being regenerate, and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit, through the ſame our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who liveth and reigneth with thee, and the ſame Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

2. *St. Stephen.*

Grant, O Lord, that in all our ſufferings here upon earth, for the teſtimony of thy truth, we may ſtedfaſtly look up to heaven, and by faith behold the glory that ſhall be revealed; and being filled with the Holy Ghoſt, may learn to love and bleſs our perſecutors by the example of thy firſt martyr Saint Stephen, who prayed for his murderers to thee, O bleſſed Jeſus, who ſtandeſt at the right hand of God, to ſuccour all thoſe that ſuffer for thee, our only mediator and advocate. Amen.

3. *St. John the Evangeliſt.*

Merciful Lord, we beſeech thee to caſt thy bright beams of light upon thy church, that it being enlightened by the doctrine of thy bleſſed Apoſtle and Evangeliſt Saint John, may ſo walk in the light of thy truth, that it may at length attain to the light of everlaſting life, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

4. *Innocents Day.*

O Almighty God, who out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings haſt ordained ſtrength, and madeſt infants to glorify thee by their deaths; mortify and kill all vices in us, and ſo ſtrengthen us by thy grace, that by the innocency of our lives, and conſtancy of our faith, even unto death, we may glorify thy holy name, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

5. *Circumciſion.*

Almighty God, who madeſt thy bleſſed Son to be circumciſed, and obedient to the law for man; grant us the true circumciſion of the Spirit, that our hearts and all our members being mortified from all worldly and carnal luſts, we may in all things obey thy bleſſed will, through the ſame thy Son Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

6. *Epiphany.*

O God, who by the leading of a ſtar

didst manifest thy only begotten Son to the Gentiles: mercifully grant, that we, which know thee now by faith, may after this life have the fruition of thy glorious godhead, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

7. *St. Andrew.*

Almighty God, who didst give such grace unto thy holy Apostle Saint Andrew, that he readily obeyed the calling of thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed him without delay; grant unto us all, that we being called by thy holy word, may forthwith give up ourselves obediently to fulfil thy holy commandments, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

8. *St. Thomas.*

Almighty and everliving God, who for the more confirmation of the faith, didst suffer thy holy Apostle Thomas to be doubtful in thy Son's resurrection; grant us so perfectly, and without all doubt, to believe in thy Son Jesus Christ, that our faith in thy sight may never be reproved. Hear us, O Lord, through the same Jesus Christ, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, now and for evermore. Amen.

9. *St. Paul.*

O God, who through the preaching of the blessed Apostle Saint Paul, hast caused the light of the gospel to shine throughout the world; grant, we beseech thee, that we having his wonderful conversion in remembrance, may shew forth our thankfulness unto thee for the same, by following the holy doctrine which he taught, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

10. *Purification.*

Almighty and everliving God, we humbly beseech thy Majesty, that as thy only begotten Son was this day presented in the temple in substance of our flesh; so we may be presented unto thee with pure and clean hearts, by the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

11. *St. Matthias.*

O Almighty God, who into the place of the traitor Judas didst choose thy faithful servant Matthias to be of the number of the twelve apostles; grant that thy church, being always preserved from false apostles, may be ordered and guided by faithful and true pastors, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

12. *Annunciation.*

We beseech thee, O Lord, pour thy grace into our hearts, that as we have known the incarnation of thy Son Jesus Christ by the message of an angel: so by his cross and passion we may be brought unto the glory of his resurrection, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

13. *St. Mark.*

O Almighty God, who hast instructed thy holy church with the heavenly doctrine of thy Evangelist Saint Mark; give us grace, that being not like children carried away with every blast of vain doctrine, we may be established in the truth of thy holy gospel, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

14. *St. Philip and St. James.*

O Almighty God, whom truly to know is everlasting life; grant us perfectly to know thy Son Jesus Christ to be the way, the truth, and the life: that following the steps of thy holy Apostles, Saint Philip and Saint James, we may stedfastly walk in the way that leadeth to eternal life, through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

15. *St. Barnabas.*

O Lord God Almighty, who didst endue thy holy Apostle Barnabas with singular gifts of the Holy Ghost; leave us not, we beseech thee, destitute of thy manifold gifts, nor yet of grace to use them alway to thy honour and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

16. *St. John Baptist.*

Almighty God, by whose providence thy servant John Baptist was wonderfully born, and sent to prepare the way of thy Son our Saviour, by preaching of repentance; make us so to follow his doctrine and holy life, that we may truly repent according to his preaching, and after his example constantly speak the truth, boldly rebuke vice, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

17. *St. Peter.*

O Almighty God, who by thy Son Jesus Christ didst give to thy Apostle Saint Peter, many excellent gifts, and commandest him to feed thy flock; make, we beseech thee, all bishops and pastors diligently to preach thy holy word, and the people obediently to follow the same, that they may receive the crown of everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

15. *St.*

18. *St. James.*

Grant, O merciful God, that as thine holy Apoſtle Saint James, leaving his father and all that he had, without delay was obedient unto the calling of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, and followed him; ſo we, forſaking all worldly and carnal affections, may be evermore ready to follow thy holy commandments, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

19. *St. Bartholomew.*

O Almighty and everlaſting God, who didſt give to thine Apoſtle Bartholomew grace truly to believe and to preach thy word; grant, we beſeech unto thee, thy church to love that word which he believed, and both to preach and receive the ſame, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

20. *St. Matthew.*

O Almighty God, who by thy bleſſed Son didſt call Matthew from the receipt of cuſtom, to be an Apoſtle and Evangeliſt; grant us grace to forſake all covetous deſires, and inordinate love of riches, and to follow the ſame thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghoſt, one God, world without end. Amen.

21. *St. Michael and all Angels.*

O everlaſting God, who haſt ordained and conſtituted the ſervices of angels and men in a wonderful order; mercifully grant, that as thy holy angels always do thee ſervice in heaven, ſo by thy appointment they may ſuccour and defend us on earth, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

22. *St. Luke.*

Almighty God, who calledſt Luke the phyſician, whoſe praiſe is in the goſpel, to be an evangeliſt and phyſician of the ſoul; may it pleaſe thee, that by the wholſome medicines of the doctrine delivered by him, all the diſeaſes of our ſouls may be healed, through the merits of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

23. *St. Simon and St. Jude.*

O Almighty God, who haſt built thy church upon the foundation of the apoſtles and prophets, Jeſus Chriſt himſelf being the head corner-ſtone; grant us ſo to be joined together in unity of ſpirit by their doctrine, that we may be made an holy temple acceptable unto thee, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

24. *All Saints.*

O Almighty God, who haſt knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowſhip, in the myſtical body of thy Son Chriſt our Lord; grant us grace ſo to follow thy bleſſed ſaints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to thoſe unſpeakable joys, which thou haſt prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

Apthorpe.

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§ 200. *A Morning Prayer for a young Student at School, or for the common Uſe of a School.*

Father of All! we return thee moſt humble and hearty thanks for thy protection of us in the night ſeaſon, and for the refreſhment of our ſouls and bodies, in the ſweet repoſe of ſleep. Accept alſo our unfeigned gratitude for all thy mercies during the helpleſs age of infancy.

Continue, we beſeech thee, to guard us under the ſhadow of thy wing. Our age is tender, and our nature frail; and, without the influence of thy grace, we ſhall ſurely fall.

Let that influence deſcend into our hearts, and teach us to love thee and truth above all things. O guard us from temptations to deceit, and grant that we may abhor a lye, both as a ſin and as a diſgrace.

Inſpire us with an abhorrence of the loathſomeneſs of vice, and the pollutions of ſenſual pleaſure. Grant, at the ſame time, that we may early feel the delight of conſcious purity, and waſh our hands in innocency, from the united motives of inclination and of duty.

Give us, O thou Parent of all knowledge, a love of learning, and a taſte for the pure and ſublime pleaſures of the underſtanding. Improve our memory, quicken our apprehenſion, and grant that we may lay up ſuch a ſtore of learning, as may fit us for the ſtation to which it ſhall pleaſe thee to call us, and enable us to make great advances in virtue and religion, and ſhine as lights in the world, by the influence of a good example.

Give us grace to be diligent in our ſtudies, and that whatever we read we may ſtrongly mark, and inwardly digeſt it.

Bleſs our parents, guardians, and inſtructors; and grant that we may make them the beſt return in our power, for giving us opportunities of improvement, and for all their care and attention to our welfare. They aſk no return, but that we ſhould make uſe of thoſe opportunities, and co-operate with their endeavours—O grant

that

that we may not disappoint their anxious expectations.

Assist us mercifully, O Lord, that we may immediately engage in the studies and duties of the day, and go through them chearfully, diligently, and successfully.

Accept our endeavours, and pardon our defects, through the merits of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

201. *An Evening Prayer.*

O Almighty God! again we approach thy mercy-seat, to offer unto thee our thanks and praises for the blessings and protection afforded us this day; and humbly to implore thy pardon for our manifold transgressions.

Grant that the words of various instruction which we have heard or read this day, may be so inwardly grafted in our hearts and memories, as to bring forth the fruits of learning and virtue.

Grant that as we recline on our pillows, we may call to mind the transactions of the day, condemn those things of which our conscience accuses us, and make and keep resolutions of amendment.

Grant that thy holy angels may watch over us this night, and guard us from temptation, excluding all improper thoughts, and filling our breasts with the purest sentiments of piety. Like as the hart panteth for the water-brook, so let our souls thirst for thee, O Lord, and for whatever is excellent and beautiful in learning and behaviour.

Correct, by the sweet influence of Christian charity, the irregularities of our temper; and restrain every tendency to ingratitude, and to ill-usage of our parents, teachers, pastors, and masters. Teach us to know the value of a good education, and to be thankful to those who labour in the improvement of our minds and morals. Give us grace to be reverent to our superiors, gentle to our equals or inferiors, and benevolent to all mankind. Elevate and enlarge our sentiments, and let all our conduct be regulated by right reason, attended with Christian charity, and that peculiar generosity of mind, which becomes a liberal scholar and a sincere Christian.

O Lord, bestow upon us whatever may be good for us, even though we should omit to pray for it; and avert whatever is hurtful, though in the blindness of our hearts we should desire it.

Into thy hands we resign ourselves, as we retire to rest; hoping by thy mercy, to rise again with renewed spirits, to go through the business of the morrow, and to prepare ourselves for this life, and for a blessed immortality; which we ardently hope to attain, through the merits and intercession of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 104. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, which art in heaven; Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL.

§ 1. *Beneficial Effects of a Taste for the* BELLES LETTRES.

BELLES Lettres and criticism chiefly consider Man as a being endowed with those powers of taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance; all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes when viewed by other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action, which, without their aid, might have passed unobserved; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

Such studies have also this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to enquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth. *Blair.*

§ 2. *Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of* TASTE.

The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense, and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high

high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life. *Blair.*

§ 3. *Improvement of* TASTE *connected with Improvement in* VIRTUE.

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

—— Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros *.

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same; or that they may always be expected to coexist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling. *Blair.*

§ 4. *On* STYLE.

It is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant by Style. The best definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words, which an author employs, may be proper and faultless; and his Style may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the Style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as Style is nothing else, than that sort of expression which our thoughts most readily assume. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their Style with the most strong and hyperbolical figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear, and neat. The Asiatics, gay and loose in their manners, affected a Style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristical differences are commonly remarked in the Style of the French, the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, it is usual to talk of a nervous,

* These polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the boist'rous mind.

vous, a feeble, or a ſpirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expreſſing himſelf: ſo difficult it is to ſeparate theſe two things from one another. Of the general characters of Style, I am afterwards to diſcourſe; but it will be neceſſary to begin with examining the more ſimple qualities of it; from the aſſemblage of which its more complex denominations, in a great meaſure, reſult.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, Perſpicuity and Ornament. For all that can poſſibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the ſame time, in ſuch a dreſs, as, by pleaſing and intereſting them, ſhall moſt effectually ſtrengthen the impreſſions which we ſeek to make. When both theſe ends are anſwered, we certainly accompliſh every purpoſe for which we uſe Writing and Diſcourſe.

Blair.

§ 5. *On* Perspicuity.

Perſpicuity, it will be readily admitted, is the fundamental quality of Style*; a quality ſo eſſential in every kind of writing, that for the want of it nothing can atone. Without this, the richeſt ornaments of Style only glimmer through the dark; and puzzle, inſtead of pleaſing, the reader. This, therefore, muſt be our firſt object, to make our meaning clearly and fully underſtood, and underſtood without the leaſt difficulty. "Oratio," ſays Quinctilian, "debet neg- "ligenter quoque audientibus eſſe aperta; "ut in animum audientis, ſicut ſol in "oculos, etiamſi in eum non intendatur, "occurrat. Quare, non ſolum ut intelli- "gere poſſit, ſed ne omnino poſſit non in- "telligere, curandum †." If we are obliged to follow a writer with much care, to pauſe, and to read over his ſentences a ſecond time, in order to comprehend them fully, he will never pleaſe us long. Mankind are too indolent to reliſh ſo much labour. They may pretend to admire the author's depth after they have diſcovered his meaning; but they will ſeldom be inclined to take up his work a ſecond time.

Authors ſometimes plead the difficulty of their ſubject, as an excuſe for the want of Perſpicuity. But the excuſe can rarely, if ever, be admitted. For whatever a man conceives clearly, that it is in his power, if he will be at the trouble, to put into diſtinct propoſitions, or to expreſs clearly to others: and upon no ſubject ought any man to write, where he cannot think clearly. His ideas, indeed, may, very excuſably, be on ſome ſubjects incomplete or inadequate; but ſtill, as far as they go, they ought to be clear; and, wherever this is the caſe, Perſpicuity in expreſſing them is always attainable. The obſcurity which reigns ſo much among many metaphyſical writers, is, for the moſt part, owing to the indiſtinctneſs of their own conceptions. They ſee the object but in a confuſed light; and, of courſe, can never exhibit it in a clear one to others.

Perſpicuity in writing, is not to be conſidered as merely a ſort of negative virtue, or freedom from defect. It has higher merit: it is a degree of poſitive beauty. We are pleaſed with an author, we conſider him as deſerving praiſe, who frees us from all fatigue of ſearching for his meaning; who carries us through his ſubject without any embarraſſment or confuſion; whoſe ſtyle flows always like a limpid ſtream, where we ſee to the very bottom. *Blair.*

§ 6. *On* Purity *and* Propriety.

Purity and Propriety of Language, are often uſed indiſcriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A diſtinction, however, obtains between them. Purity, is the uſe of ſuch words, and ſuch conſtructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we ſpeak; in oppoſition to words and phraſes that are imported from other Languages, or that are obſolete, or new-coined, or uſed without proper authority. Propriety is the ſelection of ſuch words in the Language, as the beſt and moſt eſtabliſhed uſage has appropriated to thoſe ideas which we intend to expreſs by them. It implies the correct and happy application of them, according to that uſage, in oppoſition to vulgariſms, or low expreſſions; and to words and phraſes, which would be leſs ſignificant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may all be ſtrictly Engliſh, without Scotticiſms or Galliciſms, or ungrammatical, irregular

* "Nobis, prima ſit virtus, perſpicuitas, propria verba, rectus ordo, non in longum dilata con- "cluſio; nihil neque deſit, neque ſuperfluat." Quinctil. lib. viii.

† "Diſcourſe ought always to be obvious, even to the moſt careleſs and negligent learner; ſo that "the ſenſe ſhall ſtrike his mind, as the light of the ſun does our eyes, though they are not directed "upwards to it. We muſt ſtudy, not only that every hearer may underſtand us, but that it ſhall be "impoſſible for him not to underſtand us."

regular expreſſions of any kind, and may, nevertheleſs, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill-choſen; not adapted to the ſubject, nor fully expreſſive of the author's ſenſe. He has taken all his words and phraſes from the general maſs of Engliſh Language; but he has made his ſelection among theſe words unhappily. Whereas Style cannot be proper without being alſo pure; and where both Purity and Propriety meet, beſides making Style perſpicuous, they alſo render it graceful. There is no ſtandard, either of Purity or of Propriety, but the practice of the beſt writers and ſpeakers in the country.

When I mentioned obſolete or new-coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be eaſily underſtood, that ſome exceptions are to be made. On certain occaſions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than proſe, with reſpect to coining, or, at leaſt, new-compounding words; yet, even here, this liberty ſhould be uſed with a ſparing hand. In proſe, ſuch innovations are more hazardous, and have a worſe effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and ſhould never be ventured upon except by ſuch, whoſe eſtabliſhed reputation gives them ſome degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unleſs where neceſſity requires them, ſhould always be avoided. Barren Languages may need ſuch aſſiſtances; but ours is not one of theſe. Dean Swift, one of our moſt correct writers, valued himſelf much on uſing no words but ſuch as were of native growth: and his Language may, indeed, be conſidered as a ſtandard of the ſtricteſt Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At preſent, we ſeem to be departing from this ſtandard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured in upon us. On ſome occaſions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, alſo, they render it ſtiff and forced: and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is more intelligible to all readers, ſo, by a proper management of words, it may be made equally ſtrong and expreſſive with this Latinized Engliſh. *Blair.*

§ 7. *On* Precision.

The exact import of Preciſion may be drawn from the etymology of the word. It comes from "precidere," to cut off: it imports retrenching all ſuperfluities, and pruning the expreſſion ſo, as to exhibit neither more nor leſs than the exact copy of his idea who uſes it. I obſerved before, that it is often difficult to ſeparate the qualities of Style from the qualities of Thought; and it is found ſo in this inſtance. For in order to write with Preciſion, though this be properly a quality of Style, one muſt poſſeſs a very conſiderable degree of diſtinctneſs and accuracy in his manner of thinking.

The words, which a man uſes to expreſs his ideas, may be faulty in three reſpects: They may either not expreſs that idea which the author intends, but ſome other which only reſembles, or is a-kin to it; or, they may expreſs that idea, but not quite fully and completely; or, they may expreſs it, together with ſomething more than he intends. Preciſion ſtands oppoſed to all theſe three faults; but chiefly to the laſt. In an author's writing with propriety, his being free from the two former faults ſeems implied. The words which he uſes are proper; that is, they expreſs that idea which he intends, and they expreſs it fully; but to be Preciſe, ſignifies, that they expreſs that idea, and no more. There is nothing in his words which introduces any foreign idea, any ſuperfluous, unſeaſonable acceſſory, ſo as to mix it confuſedly with the principal object, and thereby to render our conception of that object looſe and indiſtinct. This requires a writer to have, himſelf, a very clear apprehenſion of the object he means to preſent to us; to have laid faſt hold of it in his mind; and never to waver in any one view he takes of it; a perfection to which, indeed, few writers attain.

Blair.

§ 8. *On the Uſe and Importance of* Precision.

The uſe and importance of Preciſion, may be deduced from the nature of the human mind. It never can view, clearly and diſtinctly, above one object at a time. If it muſt look at two or three together, eſpecially objects among which there is reſemblance or connection, it finds itſelf confuſed and embarraſſed. It cannot clearly perceive in what they agree, and in what they differ. Thus, were any object, ſuppoſe ſome animal, to be preſented to me, of whoſe ſtructure I wanted to form a diſtinct notion, I would deſire all its trappings to be taken off, I would require it to be brought before me by itſelf, and to ſtand alone, that there might be nothing to diſtract my attention. The ſame is the caſe with words. If, when you

you would inform me of your meaning, you alſo tell me more than what conveys it; if you join foreign circumſtances to the principal object; if, by unneceſſarily varying the expreſſion, you ſhift the point of view, and make me ſee ſometimes the object itſelf, and ſometimes another thing that is connected with it; you thereby oblige me to look on ſeveral objects at once, and I loſe ſight of the principal. You load the animal you are ſhowing me with ſo many trappings and collars, and bring ſo many of the ſame ſpecies before me, ſomewhat reſembling, and yet ſomewhat differing, that I ſee none of them clearly.

This forms what is called a Looſe Style: and is the proper oppoſite to Preciſion. It generally ariſes from uſing a ſuperfluity of words. Feeble writers employ a multitude of words, to make themſelves underſtood, as they think, more diſtinctly; and they only confound the reader. They are ſenſible of not having caught the preciſe expreſſion, to convey what they would ſignify; they do not, indeed, conceive their own meaning very preciſely themſelves; and, therefore, help it out, as they can, by this and the other word, which may, as they ſuppoſe, ſupply the defect, and bring you ſomewhat nearer to their idea: they are always going about it, and about it, but never juſt hit the thing. The image, as they ſet it before you, is always ſeen double; and no double image is diſtinct. When an author tells me of his hero's *courage* in the day of battle, the expreſſion is preciſe, and I underſtand it fully. But if, from the deſire of multiplying words, he will needs praiſe his *courage* and *fortitude*; at the moment he joins theſe words together, my idea begins to waver. He means to expreſs one quality more ſtrongly; but he is, in truth, expreſſing two. *Courage* reſiſts danger; *fortitude* ſupports pain. The occaſion of exerting each of theſe qualities is different; and being led to think of both together, when only one of them ſhould be in my view, my view is rendered unſteady, and my conception of the object indiſtinct.

From what I have ſaid, it appears that an author may, in a qualified ſenſe, be perſpicuous, while yet he is far from being preciſe. He uſes proper words, and proper arrangement: he gives you the idea as clear as he conceives it himſelf; and ſo far he is perſpicuous: but the ideas are not very clear in his own mind: they are looſe and general; and, therefore, cannot be expreſſed with Preciſion. All ſubjects do not equally require Preciſion. It is ſufficient, on many occaſions, that we have a general view of the meaning. The ſubject, perhaps, is of the known and familiar kind; and we are in no hazard of miſtaking the ſenſe of the author, though every word which he uſes be not preciſe and exact. *Blair.*

§ 9. *The Cauſes of a Looſe* Style.

The great ſource of a Looſe Style, in oppoſition to Preciſion, is the injudicious uſe of thoſe words termed Synonymous. They are called Synonymous, becauſe they agree in expreſſing one principal idea: but, for the moſt part, if not always, they expreſs it with ſome diverſity in the circumſtances. They are varied by ſome acceſſory idea which every word introduces, and which forms the diſtinction between them. Hardly, in any Language, are there two words that convey preciſely the ſame idea; a perſon thoroughly converſant in the propriety of the Language, will always be able to obſerve ſomething that diſtinguiſhes them. As they are like different ſhades of the ſame colour, an accurate writer can employ them to great advantage, by uſing them ſo as to heighten and finiſh the picture which he gives us. He ſupplies by one, what was wanting in the other, to the force, or to the luſtre of the image which he means to exhibit. But in order to this end, he muſt be extremely attentive to the choice which he makes of them. For the bulk of writers are very apt to confound them with each other: and to employ them careleſsly, merely for the ſake of filling up a period, or of rounding and diverſifying the Language, as if the ſignification were exactly the ſame, while, in truth, it is not. Hence a certain miſt, and indiſtinctneſs, is unwarily thrown over Style. *Ibid.*

§ 10. *On the general Characters of* Style.

That different ſubjects require to be treated of in different ſorts of Style, is a poſition ſo obvious, that I ſhall not ſtay to illuſtrate it. Every one ſees that Treatiſes of Philoſophy, for inſtance, ought not to be compoſed in the ſame Style with Orations. Every one ſees alſo, that different parts of the ſame compoſition require a variation in the Style and manner. In a ſermon, for inſtance, or any harangue, the application or peroration admits of more ornament, and requires more warmth, than the didactic part. But what I mean at preſent to remark is, that, amidſt this variety, we ſtill expect to find, in the compoſitions of

of any one man, some degree of uniformity or consistency with himself in manner; we expect to find some predominant character of Style impressed on all his writings, which shall be suited to, and shall mark, his particular genius and turn of mind. The orations in Livy differ much in Style, as they ought to do from the rest of his history. The same is the case with those in Tacitus. Yet both in Livy's orations, and in those of Tacitus, we are able clearly to trace the distinguishing manner of each historian: the magnificent fulness of the one, and the sententious conciseness of the other. The "Lettres Persanes," and "L'Esprit de Loix," are the works of the same author. They required very different composition surely, and accordingly they differ widely; yet still we see the same hand. Wherever there is real and native genius, it gives a determination to one kind of Style rather than another. Where nothing of this appears; where there is no marked nor peculiar character in the compositions of any author, we are apt to infer, not without reason, that he is a vulgar and trivial author, who writes from imitation, and not from the impulse of original genius. As the most celebrated painters are known by their hand, so the best and most original writers are known and distinguished, throughout all their works, by their Style and peculiar manner. This will be found to hold almost without exception. *Blair.*

§ 11. *On the Austere, the Florid, and the Middle* Style.

The ancient Critics attended to these general characters of Style which we are now to consider. Dionysius of Halicarnassus divides them into three kinds; and calls them the Austere, the Florid, and the Middle. By the Austere, he means a Style distinguished for strength and firmness, with a neglect of smoothness and ornament; for examples of which, he gives Pindar and Æschylus among the Poets, and Thucydides among the Prose writers. By the Florid, he means, as the name indicates, a Style ornamented, flowing, and sweet; resting more upon numbers and grace, than strength; he instances Hesiod, Sappho, Anacreon, Euripides, and principally Isocrates. The Middle kind is the just mean between these, and comprehends the beauties of both; in which class he places Homer and Sophocles among the Poets; in Prose, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Plato, and (what seems strange) Aristotle. This must be a very wide class indeed, which comprehends Plato and Aristotle under one article as to Style*. Cicero and Quinctilian make also a threefold division of Style, though with respect to different qualities of it; in which they are followed by most of the modern writers on Rhetoric; the *Simplex*, *Tenue*, or *Subtile*; the *Grave*, or *Vehemens*; and the *Medium*, or *temperatum genus dicendi*. But these divisions, and the illustrations they give of them, are so loose and general, that they cannot advance us much in our ideas of Style. I shall endeavour to be a little more particular in what I have to say on this subject. *Blair.*

§ 12. *On the Concise* Style.

One of the first and most obvious distinctions of the different kinds of Style, is what arises from an author's spreading out his thoughts more or less. This distinction forms what are called the Diffuse and the Concise Styles. A concise writer compresses his thought into the fewest possible words; he seeks to employ none but such as are most expressive; he lops off, as redundant, every expression which does not add something material to the sense. Ornament he does not reject; he may be lively and figured; but his ornament is intended for the sake of force rather than grace. He never gives you the same thought twice. He places it in the light which appears to him the most striking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it in any other. His sentences are arranged with compactness and strength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmost precision is studied in them; and they are commonly designed to suggest more to the reader's imagination than they directly express. *Ibid.*

§ 13. *On the Diffuse* Style.

A diffuse writer unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights, and gives the reader every possible assistance for understanding it completely. He is not very careful to express it at first in its full strength, because he is to repeat the impression; and what he wants in strength, he proposes to supply by copiousness. Writers of this character generally love magnificence and amplification. Their periods naturally run out into the same length, and having room for ornament of every kind, they admit it freely.

* De Compositione Verborum, Cap. 25.

Each of these manners has its peculiar advantages; and each becomes faulty when carried to the extreme. The extreme of conciseness becomes abrupt and obscure; it is apt also to lead into a Style too pointed, and bordering on the epigrammatic. The extreme of diffuseness becomes weak and languid, and tires the reader. However, to one or other of these two manners a writer may lean, according as his genius prompts him; and under the general character of a concise, or of a more open and diffuse Style, may possess much beauty in his composition.

For illustrations of these general characters, I can only refer to the writers who are examples of them. It is not so much from detached passages, such as I was wont formerly to quote for instances, as from the current of an author's Style, that we are to collect the idea of a formed manner of writing. The two most remarkable examples that I know, of conciseness carried as far as propriety will allow, perhaps in some cases farther, are Tacitus the Historian, and the President Montesquieu in "L'Esprit de Loix." Aristotle too holds an eminent rank among didactic writers for his brevity. Perhaps no writer in the world was ever so frugal of his words as Aristotle; but this frugality of expression frequently darkens his meaning. Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuseness, Cicero is, beyond doubt, the most illustrious instance that can be given. Addison, also, and Sir William Temple, come in some degree under this class.

Blair.

§ 14. *On the Nervous and the Feeble* STYLE.

The Nervous and the Feeble, are generally held to be characters of Style, of the same import with the Concise and the Diffuse. They do indeed very often coincide. Diffuse writers have, for the most part, some degree of feebleness; and nervous writers will generally be inclined to a concise expression. This, however, does not always hold; and there are instances of writers, who, in the midst of a full and ample Style, have maintained a great degree of strength. Livy is an example; and in the English language, Dr. Barrow. Barrow's Style has many faults. It is unequal, incorrect, and redundant; but withal, for force and expressiveness uncommonly distinguished. On every subject, he multiplies words with an overflowing copiousness; but it is always a torrent of strong ideas and significant expressions which he pours forth. Indeed, the foundations of a nervous or a weak Style are laid in an author's manner of thinking. If he conceives an object strongly, he will express it with energy: but, if he has only an indistinct view of his subject; if his ideas be loose and wavering; if his genius be such, or, at the time of his writing, so carelessly exerted, that he has no firm hold of the conception which he would communicate to us; the marks of all this will clearly appear in his Style. Several unmeaning words and loose epithets will be found; his expressions will be vague and general; his arrangement indistinct and feeble; we shall conceive somewhat of his meaning, but our conception will be faint. Whereas a nervous writer, whether he employs an extended or a concise Style, gives us always a strong impression of his meaning; his mind is full of his subject, and his words are all expressive: every phrase and every figure which he uses, tends to render the picture, which he would set before us, more lively and complete.

Blair.

§ 15. *On Harshness of* STYLE.

As every good quality in Style has an extreme, when pursued to which it becomes faulty, this holds of the Nervous Style as well as others. Too great a study of strength, to the neglect of the other qualities of Style, is found to betray writers into a harsh manner. Harshness arises from unusual words, from forced inversions in the construction of a sentence, and too much neglect of smoothness and ease. This is reckoned the fault of some of our earliest classics in the English Language; such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Bacon, Hooker, Chillingworth, Milton in his prose works, Harrington, Cudworth, and other writers of considerable note in the days of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. These writers had nerves and strength in a high degree, and are to this day eminent for that quality in Style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and construction of the Latin, in the arrangement of sentences. Hooker, for instance, begins the Preface to his celebrated work of Ecclesiastical Polity with the following sentence: "Though for no other cause, yet for this, "that posterity may know we have not "loosely, through silence, permitted things "to pass away as in dream, there shall be, "for men's information, extant this much, "concerning the present state of the church

" of God eſtabliſhed amongſt us, and their " careful endeavours which would have un- " held the ſame." Such a ſentence now ſounds harſh in our ears. Yet ſome advantages certainly attended this ſort of Style; and whether we have gained, or loſt, upon the whole, by departing from it, may bear a queſtion. By the freedom of arrangement, which it permitted, it rendered the language ſuſceptible of more ſtrength, of more variety of collocation, and more harmony of period. But however this be, ſuch a Style is now obſolete; and no modern writer could adopt it without the cenſure of harſhneſs and affectation. The preſent form which the Language has aſſumed, has, in ſome meaſure, ſacrificed the ſtudy of ſtrength to that of perſpicuity and eaſe. Our arrangement of words has become leſs forcible, perhaps, but more plain and natural: and this is now underſtood to be the genius of our Language. *Blair.*

§ 16. *On the Dry* STYLE.

The dry manner excludes all ornament of every kind. Content with being underſtood, it has not the leaſt aim to pleaſe either the fancy or the ear. This is tolerable only in pure didactic writing; and even there, to make us bear it, great weight and ſolidity of matter is requiſite; and entire perſpicuity of language. Ariſtotle is the complete example of a Dry Style. Never, perhaps, was there any author who adhered ſo rigidly to the ſtrictneſs of a didactic manner, throughout all his writings, and conveyed ſo much inſtruction, without the leaſt approach to ornament. With the moſt profound genius, and extenſive views, he writes like a pure intelligence, who addreſſes himſelf ſolely to the underſtanding, without making any uſe of the channel of the imagination. But this is a manner which deſerves not to be imitated. For, although the goodneſs of the matter may compenſate the dryneſs or harſhneſs of the Style, yet is that dryneſs a conſiderable defect; as it fatigues attention, and conveys our ſentiments, with diſadvantage, to the reader or hearer. *Blair.*

§ 17. *On the Plain* STYLE.

A Plain Style riſes one degree above a dry one. A writer of this character employs very little ornament of any kind, and reſts almoſt entirely upon his ſenſe. But, if he is at no pains to engage us by the employment of figures, muſical arrangement, or any other art of writing, he ſtudies, however, to avoid diſguſting us, like a dry and a harſh writer. Beſides Perſpicuity, he purſues Propriety, Purity, and Preciſion, in his language; which form one degree, and no inconſiderable one, of beauty. Livelineſs too, and force, may be conſiſtent with a very Plain Style: and, therefore, ſuch an author, if his ſentiments be good, may be abundantly agreeable. The difference between a dry and plain writer, is, that the former is incapable of ornament, and ſeems not to know what it is; the latter ſeeks not after it. He gives us his meaning, in good language, diſtinct and pure; any further ornament he gives himſelf no trouble about; either, becauſe he thinks it unneceſſary to his ſubject; or, becauſe his genius does not lead him to delight in it; or, becauſe it leads him to deſpiſe it *.

This laſt was the caſe with Dean Swift, who may be placed at the head of thoſe that have employed the Plain Style. Few writers have diſcovered more capacity. He treats every ſubject which he handles, whether ſerious or ludicrous, in a maſterly manner. He knew, almoſt beyond any man, the Purity, the Extent, the Preciſion of the Engliſh Language; and, therefore, to ſuch as wiſh to attain a pure and correct Style, he is one of the moſt uſeful models. But we muſt not look for much ornament and grace in his Language. His haughty and moroſe genius made him deſpiſe any embelliſhment of this kind, as beneath his dignity. He delivers his ſentiments in a plain, downright, poſitive manner, like one who is ſure he is in the right; and is very indifferent whether you be pleaſed or not. His ſentences are commonly negligently arranged; diſtinctly enough as to the ſenſe, but without any regard to ſmoothneſs of ſound; often without much regard to compactneſs or elegance. If a metaphor, or any other figure, chanced to render his ſatire more poignant, he would, perhaps, vouchſafe to adopt it, when it came in his way; but if it tended only to embelliſh and illuſtrate, he would rather throw it aſide.

* On this head, of the General Characters of Style, particularly the Plain and the Simple, and the characters of thoſe Engliſh authors who are claſſed under them, in this, and the following Lecture (xix) ſeveral ideas have been taken from a manuſcript treatiſe on rhetoric, part of which was ſhewn to me, many years ago, by the learned and ingenious Author, Dr. Adam Smith, and which, it is hoped, will be given by him to the Public.

Hence, in his ſerious pieces, his ſtyle often borders upon the dry and unpleaſing; in his humorous ones, the plainneſs of his manner ſets off his wit to the higheſt advantage. There is no froth nor affectation in it; it ſeems native and unſtudied; and while he hardly appears to ſmile himſelf, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of ſuch a genius as Dean Swift, the Plain Style was moſt admirably fitted. Among our philoſophical writers, Mr. Locke comes under this claſs; perſpicuous and pure, but almoſt without any ornament whatever. In works which admit, or require, ever ſo much ornament, there are parts where the plain manner ought to predominate. But we muſt remember, that when this is the character which a writer affects throughout his whole compoſition, great weight of matter, and great force of ſentiment, are required, in order to keep up the reader's attention, and prevent him from becoming tired of the author. *Blair.*

§ 18. *On the Neat* STYLE.

What is called a Neat Style comes next in order; and here we are got into the region of ornament; but that ornament not of the higheſt or moſt ſparkling kind. A writer of this character ſhews, that he does not deſpiſe the beauty of language. It is an object of his attention. But his attention is ſhewn in the choice of his words, and in a graceful collocation of them; rather than in any high efforts of imagination, or eloquence. His ſentences are always clean, and free from the incumbrance of ſuperfluous words; of a moderate length; rather inclining to brevity, than a ſwelling ſtructure; cloſing with propriety; without any tails, or adjections dragging after the proper cloſe. His cadence is varied; but not of the ſtudied muſical kind. His figures, if he uſes any, are ſhort and correct; rather than bold and glowing. Such a Style as this may be attained by a writer who has no great powers of fancy or genius, by induſtry merely, and careful attention to the rules of writing; and it is a Style always agreeable. It imprints a character of moderate elevation on our compoſition, and carries a decent degree of ornament, which is not unſuitable to any ſubject whatever. A familiar letter, or a law paper, on the drieſt ſubject, may be written with neatneſs; and a ſermon, or a philoſophical treatiſe, in a Neat Style, will be read with pleaſure. *Blair.*

§ 19. *On an Elegant* STYLE.

An Elegant Style is a character, expreſſing a higher degree of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term uſually applied to Style, when poſſeſſing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its exceſſes or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will eaſily be underſtood, that complete Elegance implies great perſpicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies farther, the grace and beauty of imagination ſpread over Style, as far as the ſubject admits it; and all the illuſtration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleaſes the fancy and the ear, while he informs the underſtanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expreſſion, but not overcharged with any of its miſplaced finery. In this claſs, therefore, we place only the firſt rate writers in the language; ſuch as Addiſon, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of Style, but whom we now claſs together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the ſcale of Ornament, poſſeſſing nearly the ſame place. *Blair.*

§ 20. *On the Florid* STYLE.

When the ornaments, applied to Style, are too rich and gaudy in proportion to the ſubject; when they return upon us too faſt, and ſtrike us either with a dazzling luſtre, or a falſe brilliancy, this forms what is called a Florid Style; a term commonly uſed to ſignify the exceſs of ornament. In a young compoſer this is very pardonable. Perhaps, it is even a promiſing ſymptom, in young people, that their Style ſhould incline to the Florid and Luxuriant: "Volo "ſe efferat in adoleſcente fæcunditas." ſays Quinctilian, "Multum inde decoquent "anni, multum ratio limabit, aliquid velut "uſu ipſo detereturr; ſit modo unde excidi "poſſit et quod exculpi.—Audeat hæc ætas "plura, et inveniat, et inventis gaudeat, "ſint licet illa non ſatis interim ſicca et "ſevera. Facile remedium eſt ubertatis: "ſterilia nullo labore vincuntur *." But, although

* "In youth, I wiſh to ſee luxuriancy of fancy appear. Much of it will be diminiſhed by years; much will be corrected by ripening judgment; ſome of it, by the mere practice of compoſition, will be worn away. Let there be only ſufficient matter, at firſt, that can bear ſome pruning and lopping off,

although the Florid Style may be allowed to youth, in their firſt eſſays, it muſt not receive the ſame indulgence from writers of maturer years. It is to be expected, that judgment, as it ripens, ſhould chaſten imagination, and reject, as juvenile, all ſuch ornaments as are redundant, unſuitable to the ſubject, or not conducive to illuſtrate it. Nothing can be more contemptible than that tinſel ſplendour of language, which ſome writers perpetually affect. It were well, if this could be aſcribed to the real overflowing of a rich imagination. We ſhould then have ſomething to amuſe us, at leaſt, if we found little to inſtruct us. But the worſt is, that with thoſe frothy writers, it is a luxuriancy of words, not of fancy. We ſee a laboured attempt to riſe to a ſplendour of compoſition, of which they have formed to themſelves ſome looſe idea; but having no ſtrength of genius for attaining it, they endeavour to ſupply the defect by poetical words, by cold exclamations, by common-place figures, and every thing that has the appearance of pomp and magnificence. It has eſcaped theſe writers, that ſobriety in ornament, is one great ſecret for rendering it pleaſing: and that without a foundation of good ſenſe and ſolid thought, the moſt Florid Style is but a childiſh impoſition on the Public. The Public, however, are but too apt to be ſo impoſed on; at leaſt, the mob of readers; who are very ready to be caught, at firſt, with whatever is dazzling and gaudy.

I cannot help thinking, that it reflects more honour on the religious turn, and good diſpoſitions of the preſent age, than on the public taſte, that Mr. Hervey's Meditations have had ſo great a currency. The pious and benevolent heart, which is always diſplayed in them, and the lively fancy which, on ſome occaſions, appears, juſtly merited applauſe: but the perpetual glitter of expreſſion, the ſwoln imagery, and ſtrained deſcription which abound in them, are ornaments of a falſe kind. I would, therefore, adviſe ſtudents of oratory to imitate Mr. Hervey's piety, rather than his Style; and, in all compoſitions of a ſerious kind, to turn their attention, as Mr. Pope ſays, "from ſounds to things, from fancy to the "heart." Admonitions of this kind I have already had occaſion to give, and may hereafter repeat them; as I conceive nothing more incumbent on me, in this courſe of Lectures, than to take every opportunity of cautioning my readers againſt the affected and frivolous uſe of ornament; and, inſtead of that ſlight and ſuperficial taſte in writing, which I apprehend to be at preſent too faſhionable, to introduce, as far as my endeavours can avail, a taſte for more ſolid thought, and more manly ſimplicity in Style. *Blair.*

§ 21. *On the different Kinds of* Simplicity.

The firſt is, Simplicity of Compoſition, as oppoſed to too great a variety of parts. Horace's precept refers to this:

Denique ſit quod vis ſimplex duntaxat et unum *.

This is the ſimplicity of plan in a tragedy, as diſtinguiſhed from double plots, and crowded incidents; the Simplicity of the Iliad, or Æneid, in oppoſition to the digreſſions of Lucan, and the ſcattered tales of Arioſto; the Simplicity of Grecian architecture, in oppoſition to the irregular variety of the Gothic. In this ſenſe, Simplicity is the ſame with Unity.

The ſecond ſenſe is, Simplicity of Thought, as oppoſed to refinement. Simple thoughts are what ariſe naturally; what the occaſion or the ſubject ſuggeſt unſought; and what, when once ſuggeſted, are eaſily apprehended by all. Refinement in writing, expreſſes a leſs natural and obvious train of thought, and which it required a peculiar turn of genius to purſue; within certain bounds very beautiful; but when carried too far, approaching to intricacy, and hurting us by the appearance of being *recherché*, or far ſought. Thus, we would naturally ſay, that Mr. Parnell is a poet of far greater ſimplicity, in his turn of thought, than Mr. Cowley: Cicero's thoughts on moral ſubjects are natural; Seneca's too refined and laboured. In theſe two ſenſes of Simplicity, when it is oppoſed either to variety of parts, or to refinement of thought, it has no proper relation to Style.

There is a third ſenſe of Simplicity, in which it has reſpect to Style; and ſtands oppoſed to too much ornament, or pomp of language; as when we ſay, Mr. Locke is a ſimple, Mr. Hervey a florid, writer;

" off. At this time of life, let genius be bold and inventive, and pride itſelf in its efforts, though theſe " ſhould not, as yet, be correct. Luxuriancy can eaſily be cured; but for barrenneſs there is no " remedy."

† " Then learn the wand'ring humour to controul,
" And keep one equal tenour through the whole." Francis.

and it is in this ſenſe, that the "*ſimplex*," the "*tenue*," or "*ſubtile genus dicendi*," is underſtood by Cicero and Quinctilian. The ſimple ſtyle, in this ſenſe, coincides with the plain or the neat ſtyle, which I before mentioned; and, therefore, requires no farther illuſtration.

But there is a fourth ſenſe of Simplicity, alſo reſpecting Style; but not reſpecting the degree of ornament employed, ſo much as the eaſy and natural manner in which our language expreſſes our thoughts. This is quite different from the former ſenſe of the word juſt now mentioned, in which Simplicity was equivalent to Plainneſs: whereas, in this ſenſe, it is compatible with the higheſt ornament. Homer, for inſtance, poſſeſſes this Simplicity in the greateſt perfection; and yet no writer has more ornament and beauty. This Simplicity, which is what we are now to conſider, ſtands oppoſed, not to ornament, but to affectation of ornament, or appearance of labour about our Style; and it is a diſtinguiſhing excellency in writing. *Blair.*

§ 22. Simplicity *appears eaſy.*

A writer of Simplicity expreſſes himſelf in ſuch a manner, that every one thinks he could have written in the ſame way; Horace deſcribes it,

——ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem, ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem *.

There are no marks of art in his expreſſion; it ſeems the very language of nature; you ſee, in the Style, not the writer and his labour, but the man, in his own natural character. He may be rich in his expreſſion; he may be full of figures, and of fancy; but theſe flow from him without effort; and he appears to write in this manner, not becauſe he has ſtudied it, but becauſe it is the manner of expreſſion moſt natural to him. A certain degree of negligence, alſo, is not inconſiſtent with this character of ſtyle, and even not ungraceful in it; for too minute an attention to words is foreign to it: Habeat ille," ſays Cicero, (Orat. No. 77.) "molle quiddam, et quod indicet "non ingratam negligentiam hominis, de "re magis quàm de verbo laborantis †." This is the great advantage of Simplicity of Style, that, like ſimplicity of manners, it ſhows us a man's ſentiments and turn of mind laid open without diſguiſe. More ſtudied and artificial manners of writing, however beautiful, have always this diſadvantage, that they exhibit an author in form, like a man at court, where the ſplendour of dreſs, and the ceremonial of behaviour, conceal thoſe peculiarities which diſtinguiſh one man from another. But reading an author of Simplicity, is like converſing with a perſon of diſtinction at home, and with eaſe, where we find natural manners, and a marked character. *Ibid.*

§ 23. *On Naïveté.*

The higheſt degree of this Simplicity, is expreſſed by a French term to which we have none that fully anſwers in our language, *Naïveté*. It is not eaſy to give a preciſe idea of the import of this word. It always expreſſes a diſcovery of character. I believe the beſt account of it is given by a French critic, M. Marmontel, who explains it thus: That ſort of amiable ingenuity, or undiſguiſed openneſs, which ſeems to give us ſome degree of ſuperiority over the perſon who ſhews it; a certain infantine Simplicity, which we love in our hearts, but which diſplays ſome features of the character that we think we could have art enough to hide; and which, therefore, always leads us to ſmile at the perſon who diſcovers this character. La Fontaine, in his Fables, is given as the great example of ſuch *Naïveté*. This, however, is to be underſtood, as deſcriptive of a particular ſpecies only of Simplicity. *Blair.*

§ 24. *Ancients eminent for Simplicity.*

With reſpect to Simplicity, in general, we may remark, that the ancient original writers are always the moſt eminent for it. This happens from a plain reaſon, that they wrote from the dictates of natural genius, and were not formed upon the labours and writings of others, which is always in hazard of producing affectation. Hence, among the Greek writers, we have more models of a beautiful Simplicity than among the Roman. Homer, Heſiod, Anacreon, Theocritus, Herodotus, and Xenophon, are

* "From well-known tales ſuch fictions would I raiſe,
"As all might hope to imitate with eaſe;
"Yet, while they ſtrive the ſame ſucceſs to gain;
"Should find their labours and their hopes in vain. Francis.

† "Let this Style have a certain ſoftneſs and eaſe, which ſhall characteriſe a negligence, not unpleaſing in an author who appears to be more ſolicitous about the thought than the expreſſion."

all distinguished for it. Among the Romans, also, we have some writers of this character; particularly Terence, Lucretius, Phædrus, and Julius Cæsar. The following passage of Terence's Andria, is a beautiful instance of Simplicity of manner in description.

——Funus interim
Procedit; sequimur; ad sepulchrum venimus;
In ignem imposita est; fletur; interea hæc soror
Quam dixi, ad flammam accessit imprudentiùs
Satis cum periculo. Ibi tum exanimatus Pamphilus
Benè dissimulatum amorem, & celatum indicat;
Occurrit præceps, mulierum ab igne retrahit,
Mea Glycerium, inquit, quid agis? Cur te is perditum?
Tum illa, ut consuetum facilè amorem cerneres,
Rejecit se in eum, flens quam familiariter *.
Act. S. c. 1.

All the words here are remarkably happy and elegant: and convey a most lively picture of the scene described: while, at the same time, the Style appears wholly artless and unlaboured. Let us next consider some English writers, who come under this class. *Ibid.*

§ 25. *Simplicity the Characteristic of* Tillotson's *Style.*

Simplicity is the great beauty of Archbishop Tillotson's manner. Tillotson has long been admired as an eloquent writer, and a model for preaching. But his eloquence, if we can call it such, has been often misunderstood. For if we include in the idea of eloquence, vehemence and strength, picturesque description, glowing figures, or correct arrangement of sentences, in all these parts of oratory the Archbishop is exceedingly deficient. His Style is always pure, indeed, and perspicuous, but careless and remiss, too often feeble and languid; little beauty in the construction of his sentences, which are frequently suffered to drag unharmoniously; seldom any attempt towards strength or sublimity. But, notwithstanding these defects, such a constant vein of good sense and piety runs through his works, such an earnest and serious manner, and so much useful instruction, conveyed in a Style so pure, natural, and unaffected, as will justly recommend him to high regard, as long as the English language remains; not, indeed, as a model of the highest eloquence, but as a simple and amiable writer, whose manner is strongly expressive of great goodness and worth. I observed before, that Simplicity of manner may be consistent with some degree of negligence in Style; and it is only the beauty of that Simplicity which makes the negligence of such writers seem graceful. But, as appears in the Archbishop, negligence may sometimes be carried so far as to impair the beauty of Simplicity, and make it border on a flat and languid manner. *Ibid.*

§ 26. *Simplicity of Sir* William Temple's *Style.*

Sir William Temple is another remarkable writer in the Style of Simplicity. In point of ornament and correctness, he rises a degree above Tillotson; though, for correctness, he is not in the highest rank. All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness, and what may be called amœnity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing, sometimes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remiss Style. No writer whatever has stamped upon his Style a more lively impression of his own character. In reading his works, we seem engaged in conversation with him, we become thoroughly acquainted with him; not merely as an author, but as a man; and contract a friendship for him. He may be classed as standing in the middle, between a negligent Simplicity, and the highest de-

* "Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow;
" Come to the sepulchre: the body's plac'd
" Upon the pile; lamented; whereupon
" This sister I was speaking of, all wild,
" Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
" There! there! the frighted Pamphilus betrays
" His well-dissembled and long-hidden love;
" Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries,
" Oh! my Glycerium! what is it you do?
" Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself?
" Then she, in such a manner that you thence
" Might easily perceive their long, long love,
" Threw herself back into his arms, and wept.
" Oh! how familiarly!" Colman.

gree

gree of Ornament which this character of Style admits. *Blair.*

§ 27. *Simplicity of Mr.* ADDISON's *Style.*

Of the latter of these, the highest, most correct, and ornamented degree of the simple manner, Mr. Addison is beyond doubt, in the English language, the most perfect example: and therefore, though not without some faults, he is, on the whole, the safest model for imitation, and the freest from considerable defects, which the language affords. Perspicuous and pure he is in the highest degree; his precision, indeed, not very great; yet nearly as great as the subjects which he treats of require: the construction of his sentences easy, agreeable, and commonly very musical; carrying a character of smoothness, more than of strength. In figurative language he is rich, particularly in similies and metaphors; which are so employed, as to render his Style splendid without being gaudy. There is not the least affectation in his manner; we see no marks of labour; nothing forced or constrained; but great elegance joined with great ease and simplicity. He is, in particular, distinguished by a character of modesty and of politeness, which appears in all his writings. No author has a more popular and insinuating manner; and the great regard which he every where shews for virtue and religion, recommends him highly. If he fails in any thing, it is in want of strength, and precision, which renders his manner, though perfectly suited to such essays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kinds of composition. Though the public have ever done much justice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been seen in its true light: for, though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the prose writers, than he is intitled to among the poets; and, in prose, his humour is of a much higher and more original strain than his philosophy. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley discovers more genius than the critique on Milton. *Ibid.*

§ 28. *Simplicity of Style never wearies.*

Such authors as those, whose characters I have been giving, one never tires of reading. There is nothing in their manner that strains or fatigues our thoughts: we are pleased, without being dazzled by their lustre. So powerful is the charm of Simplicity in an author of real genius, that it atones for many defects, and reconciles us to many a careless expression. Hence, in all the most excellent authors, both in prose and verse, the simple and natural manner may be always remarked; although, other beauties being predominant, this forms not their peculiar and distinguishing character. Thus Milton is simple in the midst of all his grandeur; and Demosthenes in the midst of all his vehemence. To grave and solemn writings, Simplicity of manner adds the more venerable air. Accordingly, this has often been remarked as the prevailing character throughout all the sacred Scriptures: and indeed no other character of Style, was so much suited to the dignity of inspiration. *Ibid.*

§ 29. *Lord* SHAFTSBURY *deficient in Simplicity of Style.*

Of authors who, notwithstanding many excellencies, have rendered their Style much less beautiful by want of Simplicity, I cannot give a more remarkable example than Lord Shaftsbury. This is an author on whom I have made observations several times before; and shall now take leave of him, with giving his general character under this head. Considerable merit, doubtless, he has. His works might be read with profit for the moral philosophy which they contain, had he not filled them with so many oblique and invidious insinuations against the Christian Religion; thrown out, too, with so much spleen and satire, as do no honour to his memory, either as an author or a man. His language has many beauties. It is firm and supported in an uncommon degree: it is rich and musical. No English author, as I formerly shewed, has attended so much to the regular construction of his sentences, both with respect to propriety, and with respect to cadence. All this gives so much elegance and pomp to his language, that there is no wonder it should have been sometimes highly admired. It is greatly hurt, however, by perpetual stiffness and affectation. This is its capital fault. His lordship can express nothing with Simplicity. He seems to have considered it as vulgar, and beneath the dignity of a man of quality, to speak like other men. Hence he is ever in buskins; full of circumlocutions and artificial elegance. In every sentence, we see the marks of labour and art; nothing of that ease which expresses a sentiment coming natural and warm from the heart. Of

figures and ornament of every kind he is exceedingly fond; ſometimes happy in them; but his fondneſs for them is too viſible; and having once laid hold of ſome metaphor or alluſion that pleaſed him, he knows not how to part with it. What is moſt wonderful, he was a profeſſed admirer of Simplicity; is always extolling it in the ancients, and cenſuring the moderns for the want of it; though he departs from it himſelf as far as any one modern whatever. Lord Shaftſbury poſſeſſed delicacy and refinement of taſte, to a degree that we may call exceſſive and ſickly; but he had little warmth of paſſion; few ſtrong or vigorous feelings; and the coldneſs of his character led him to that artificial and ſtately manner which appears in his writings. He was fonder of nothing than of wit and raillery; but he is far from being happy in it. He attempts it often, but always awkwardly; he is ſtiff, even in his pleaſantry; and laughs in form, like an author, and not like a man *.

From the account which I have given of Lord Shaftſbury's manner, it may eaſily be imagined, that he would miſlead many who blindly admired him. Nothing is more dangerous to the tribe of imitators, than an author, who with many impoſing beauties, has alſo ſome very conſiderable blemiſhes. This is fully exemplified in Mr. Blackwall of Aberdeen, the author of the Life of Homer, the Letters on Mythology, and the Court of Auguſtus; a writer of conſiderable learning, and of ingenuity alſo; but infected with an extravagant love of an artificial Style, and of that parade of language which diſtinguiſhes the Shaftſburean manner.

Having now ſaid ſo much to recommend Simplicity, or the eaſy and natural manner of writing, and having pointed out the defects of an oppoſite manner; in order to prevent miſtakes on this ſubject, it is neceſſary for me to obſerve, that it is very poſſible for an author to write ſimply, and yet not beautifully. One may be free from affectation, and not have merit. The beautiful Simplicity ſuppoſes an author to poſſeſs real genius; to write with ſolidity, purity, and livelineſs of imagination. In this caſe, the ſimplicity or unaffectedneſs of his manner, is the crowning ornament; it heightens every other beauty; it is the dreſs of nature, without which all beauties are imperfect. But if mere unaffectedneſs were ſufficient to conſtitute the beauty of Style, weak, trifling, and dull writers might often lay claim to this beauty. And accordingly we frequently meet with pretended critics, who extol the dulleſt writers on account of what they call the "Chaſte Simplicity of their manner;" which, in truth, is no other than the abſence of every ornament, through the mere want of genius and imagination. We muſt diſtinguiſh, therefore, between that Simplicity which accompanies true genius, and which is perfectly compatible with every proper ornament of Style; and that which is no other than a careleſs and ſlovenly manner. Indeed the diſtinction is eaſily made from the effect produced. The one never fails to intereſt the reader; the other is inſipid and tireſome. *Blair.*

§ 30. *On the vehement Style.*

I proceed to mention one other manner or character of Style, different from any that I have yet ſpoken of; which may be diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Vehement. This always implies ſtrength; and is not, by any means, inconſiſtent with Simplicity: but, in its predominant character, is diſtinguiſhable from either the ſtrong or the ſimple manner. It has a peculiar ardour; it is a glowing Style; the language of a man, whoſe imagination and paſſions are heated, and ſtrongly affected by what he writes; who is therefore negligent of leſſer graces, but pours himſelf forth with the rapidity and fulneſs of a torrent. It belongs to the higher kinds of oratory; and indeed is rather expected from a man, who is ſpeaking, than from one who is writing in his cloſet. The orations of Demoſthenes furniſh the full and perfect example of this ſpecies of Style. *Blair.*

§ 31. *Lord* Bolingbroke *excelled in the Vehement Style.*

Among Engliſh writers, the one who has moſt of this character, though mixed, indeed, with ſeveral defects, is Lord Boling-

* It may, perhaps, be not unworthy of being mentioned, that the firſt edition of his Enquiry into Virtue was publiſhed, ſurreptitiouſly I believe, in a ſeparate form, in the year 1699; and is ſometimes to be met with: by comparing which with the corrected edition of the ſame treatiſe, as it now ſtands among his works, we ſee one of the moſt curious and uſeful examples, that I know, of what is called *Limæ Labor*; the art of poliſhing language, breaking long ſentences, and working up an imperfect draught into a highly finiſhed performance.

broke

broke. Bolingbroke was formed by nature to be a factious leader; the demagogue of a popular assembly. Accordingly, the Style that runs through all his political writings, is that of one declaiming with heat, rather than writing with deliberation. He abounds in rhetorical figures; and pours himself forth with great impetuosity. He is copious to a fault; places the same thought before us in many different views; but generally with life and ardour. He is bold, rather than correct; a torrent that flows strong, but often muddy. His sentences are varied as to length and shortness; inclining, however, most to long periods, sometimes including parentheses, and frequently crowding and heaping a multitude of things upon one another, as naturally happens in the warmth of speaking. In the choice of his words, there is great felicity and precision. In exact construction of sentences, he is much inferior to Lord Shaftsbury; but greatly superior to him in life and ease. Upon the whole, his merit, as a writer, would have been very considerable, if his matter had equalled his Style. But whilst we find many things to commend in the latter, in the former, as I before remarked, we can hardly find any thing to commend. In his reasonings, for the most part, he is flimsy and false; in his political writings, factious: in what he calls his philosophical ones, irreligious and sophistical in the highest degree. *Ibid.*

§ 32. *Directions for forming a* Style.

It will be more to the purpose, that I conclude these dissertations upon Style with a few directions concerning the proper method of attaining a good Style in general; leaving the particular character of that Style to be either formed by the subject on which we write, or prompted by the bent of genius.

The first direction which I give for this purpose, is, to study clear ideas on the subject concerning which we are to write or speak. This is a direction which may at first appear to have small relation to Style. Its relation to it, however, is extremely close. The foundation of all good Style, is good sense, accompanied with a lively imagination. The Style and thoughts of a writer are so intimately connected, that, as I have several times hinted, it is frequently hard to distinguish them. Wherever the impressions of things upon our minds are faint and indistinct, or perplexed and confused, our Style in treating of such things will infallibly be so too. Whereas, what we conceive clearly and feel strongly, we will naturally express with clearness and with strength. This, then, we may be assured, is a capital rule as to Style, to think closely of the subject, till we have attained a full and distinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and interested in it; then, and not till then, shall we find expression begin to flow. Generally speaking, the best and most proper expressions, are those which a clear view of the subject suggests, without much labour or enquiry after them. This is Quinctilian's observation, Lib. viii. c. 1. "Plerumque optima verba "rebus cohærent, et cernuntur suo lumine. "At nos quærimus illa, tanquam lateant "semper, seque subducant. Ita nunquam "putamus circa id esse de quo dicendum est: "sed ex aliis locis petimus, et inventis vim "afferimus *." *Ibid.*

§ 33. *Practice necessary for forming a* Style.

In the second place, in order to form a good Style, the frequent practice of composing is indispensably necessary. Many rules concerning Style I have delivered; but no rules will answer the end without exercise and habit. At the same time, it is not every sort of composing that will improve Style. This is so far from being the case, that by frequent careless and hasty composition, we shall acquire certainly a very bad Style; we shall have more trouble afterwards in unlearning faults, and correcting negligences, than if we had not been accustomed to composition at all. In the beginning, therefore, we ought to write slowly, and with much care. Let the facility and speed of writing, be the fruit of longer practice. "Moram et solicitudi-"nem," says Quinctilian with the greatest reason, L. x. c. 3. "initiis impero. Nam "primum hoc constituendum hoc obtinen-"dum est, ut quam optimè scribamus. Cele-"ritatem dabit consuetudo. Paulatim res

* "The most proper words for the most part adhere to the thoughts which are to be expressed by "them, and may be discovered as by their own light. But we hunt after them, as if they were hidden, "and only to be found in a corner. Hence, instead of conceiving the words to lie near the subject, we "go in quest of them to some other quarter, and endeavour to give force to the expressions we have "found out."

" faciliùs se ostendent, verba respondebunt, " compositio sequetur, cuncta denique, ut " in familia benè instituta, in officio erunt. " Summa hæc est rei: citò scribendo non " fit ut benè scribatur; benè scribendo, " fit ut citò*." *Blair.*

§ 34. *Too anxious a Care about* WORDS *to be avoided.*

We must observe, however, that there may be an extreme in too great and anxious a care about Words. We must not retard the course of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pausing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occasions, a glow of composition which should be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expence of allowing some inadvertencies to pass. A more severe examination of these must be left to be the work of correction. For if the practice of composition be useful, the laborious work of correcting is no less so; it is indeed absolutely necessary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of composition. What we have written should be laid by for some little time, till the ardour of composition be past, till the fondness for the expressions we have used be worn off, and the expressions themselves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discern many imperfections which at first escaped us. Then is the season for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangement of sentences; for attending to the juncture and connecting particles; and bringing Style into a regular, correct, and supported form. This " *Limæ* " *Labor*" must be submitted to by all who would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and some practice in it will soon sharpen their eye to the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined. *Ibid.*

§ 35. *An Acquaintance with the best Authors necessary to the Formation of a* STYLE.

In the third place, with respect to the assistance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious that we ought to render ourselves well acquainted with the Style of the best authors. This is requisite, both in order to form a just taste in Style, and to supply us with a full stock of words on every subject. In reading authors with a view to Style, attention should be given to the peculiarities of their different manners; and in this and former Lectures I have endeavoured to suggest several things that may be useful in this view. I know no exercise that will be found more useful for acquiring a proper Style, than to translate some passage from an eminent English author, into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for instance, some page of one of Mr. Addison's Spectators, and read it carefully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it; then to lay aside the book; to attempt to write out the passage from memory, in the best way we can; and having done so, next to open the book, and compare what we have written with the style of the author. Such an exercise will, by comparison, shew us where the defects of our Style lie; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them; and, among the different ways in which the same thought may be expressed, will make us perceive that which is the most beautiful. *Blair.*

§ 36. *A servile Imitation to be avoided.*

In the fourth place, I must caution, at the same time, against a servile imitation of any one author whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius; it is likely to produce a stiff manner; and those who are given to close imitation, generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer, or speaker, who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, of adopting any author's noted phrases, or transcribing passages from him. Such a habit will prove fatal to all genuine composition. Infinitely better it is to have something that is our own, though of moderate beauty, than to affect to shine in borrowed ornaments, which will, at last, betray the utter poverty of our genius. On these heads of composing, correcting, reading, and imitating, I advise every student of oratory to consult what Quinctilian has delivered in the Tenth Book

* " I enjoin that such as are beginning the practice of composition, write slowly, and with anxious " deliberation. Their great object at first should be, to write as well as possible; practice will enable " them to write speedily. By degrees matter will offer itself still more readily; words will be at hand; " composition will flow; every thing, as in the arrangement of a well-ordered family, will present " itself in its proper place. The sum of the whole is this: by hasty composition, we shall never ac- " quire the art of composing well; by writing well, we shall come to write speedily."

of

of his Inſtitutions, where he will find a variety of excellent obſervations and directions, that well deſerve attention. *Blair.*

§ 37. STYLE *muſt be adapted to the Subject.*

In the fifth place, it is an obvious but material rule, with reſpect to Style, that we always ſtudy to adapt it to the ſubject, and alſo to the capacity of our hearers, if we are to ſpeak in public. Nothing merits the name of eloquent or beautiful, which is not ſuited to the occaſion, and to the perſons to whom it is addreſſed. It is to the laſt degree awkward and abſurd, to attempt a poetical florid Style, on occaſions when it ſhould be our buſineſs only to argue and reaſon; or to ſpeak with elaborate pomp of expreſſion, before perſons who comprehend nothing of it, and who can only ſtare at our unſeaſonable magnificence. Theſe are defects not ſo much in point of Style, as, what is much worſe, in point of common ſenſe. When we begin to write or ſpeak, we ought previouſly to fix in our minds a clear conception of the end to be aimed at; to keep this ſteadily in our view, and to ſuit our Style to it. If we do not ſacrifice to this great object every ill-timed ornament that may occur to our fancy, we are unpardonable; and though children and fools may admire, men of ſenſe will laugh at us and our Style. *Ibid.*

§ 38. *Attention to* STYLE *muſt not detract from Attention to* THOUGHT.

In the laſt place, I cannot conclude the ſubject without this admonition, that, in any caſe, and on any occaſion, attention to Style muſt not engroſs us ſo much, as to detract from a higher degree of attention to the Thoughts. "Curam verborum," ſays the great Roman Critic, "rerum volo eſſe "ſolicitudinem*." A direction the more neceſſary, as the preſent taſte of the age, in writing, ſeems to lean more to Style than to Thought. It is much eaſier to dreſs up trivial and common ſentiments with ſome beauty of expreſſion, than to afford a fund of vigorous, ingenious, and uſeful thoughts. The latter requires true genius; the former may be attained by induſtry, with the help of very ſuperficial parts. Hence, we find ſo many writers frivolouſly rich in Style, but wretchedly poor in ſentiment. The public ear is now ſo much accuſtomed to a correct and ornamented Style, that no writer can, with ſafety, neglect the ſtudy of it. But he is a contemptible one, who does not look to ſomething beyond it; who does not lay the chief ſtreſs upon his matter, and employ ſuch ornaments of Style to recommend it, as are manly, not foppiſh. "Majore "animo," ſays the writer whom I have ſo often quoted, "aggredienda eſt eloquentia; "quæ ſi toto corpore valet, ungues polire "et capillum componere, non exiſtimabit "ad curam ſuam pertinere. Ornatus et "virilis et fortis et ſanctus ſit; nec effe-"minatam levitatem et fuco ementitum co-"lorem amet; ſanguine et viribus niteat†." *Blair.*

§ 39. *Of the Riſe of Poetry among the* ROMANS.

The Romans, in the infancy of their ſtate, were entirely rude and unpoliſhed. They came from ſhepherds; they were increaſed from the refuſe of the nations around them; and their manners agreed with their original. As they lived wholly on tilling their ground at home, or on plunder from their neighbours, war was their buſineſs, and agriculture the chief art they followed. Long after this, when they had ſpread their conqueſts over a great part of Italy, and began to make a conſiderable figure in the world,—even their great men retained a roughneſs, which they raiſed into a virtue, by calling it Roman Spirit; and which might often much better have been called Roman Barbarity. It ſeems to me, that there was more of auſterity than juſtice, and more of inſolence than courage, in ſome of their moſt celebrated actions. However that be, this is certain, that they were at firſt a nation of ſoldiers and huſbandmen: roughneſs was long an applauded character among them; and a ſort of ruſticity reigned, even in their ſenate-houſe.

In a nation originally of ſuch a temper as this, taken up almoſt always in extending their territories, very often in ſettling the balance of power among themſelves, and not unfrequently in both theſe at the ſame time, it was long before the politer arts made any appearance; and very long before they took root or flouriſhed to any degree. Poetry was the firſt that did ſo; but ſuch a

* "To your expreſſion be attentive; but about your matter be ſolicitous."

† "A higher ſpirit ought to animate thoſe who ſtudy eloquence. They ought to conſult the health "and ſoundneſs of the whole body, rather than bend their attention to ſuch trifling objects as paring "the nails, and dreſſing the hair. Let ornament be manly and chaſte; without effeminate gaiety, or "artificial colouring, let it ſhine with the glow of health and ſtrength."

poetry

poetry, as one might expect among a warlike, bufied, unpolifhed people.

Not to enquire about the fongs of triumph, mentioned even in Romulus's time, there was certainly fomething of poetry among them in the next reign under Numa: a prince, who pretended to converfe with the Mufes, as well as with Egeria; and who might poffibly himfelf have made the verfes which the Salian prieits fung in his time. Pythagoras, either in the fame reign, or if you pleafe fome time after, gave the Romans a tincture of poetry as well as of philofophy; for Cicero affures us, that the Pythagoreans made great ufe of poetry and mufic: and probably they, like our old Druids, delivered moft of their precepts in verfe. Indeed the chief employment of poetry, in that and the following ages, among the Romans, was of a religious kind. Their very prayers, and perhaps their whole liturgy, was poetical. They had alfo a fort of prophetic or facred writers, who feem to have wrote generally in verfe; and were fo numerous, that there were above two thoufand of their volumes remaining even to Auguftus's time. They had a kind of plays too, in thefe early times, derived from what they had feen of the Tufcan actors, when fent for to Rome to expiate a plague that raged in the city. Thefe feem to have been either like our dumb-fhews, or elfe a kind of extempore farces; a thing to this day a good deal in ufe all over Italy, and in Tufcany. In a more particular manner add to thefe, that extempore kind of jefting dialogues begun at their harveft and vintage feafts; and carried on fo rudely and abufively afterwards, as to occafion a very fevere law to reftrain their licentioufnefs—and thofe lovers of poetry and good eating, who feem to have attended the tables of the richer fort, much like the old provincial poets, or our own Britifh bards, and fang there, to fome inftrument of mufic, the atchievements of their anceftors, and the noble deeds of thofe who had gone before them, to inflame others to follow their great examples.

The names of almoft all thefe poets fleep in peace with all their works; and, if we may take the word of the other Roman writers of a better age, it is no great lofs to us. One of their beft poets reprefents them as very obfcure and very contemptible; one of their beft hiftorians avoids quoting them, as too barbarous for politer ears; and one of their moft judicious emperors ordered the greateft part of their writings to be burnt, that the world might be troubled with them no longer.

All thefe poets therefore may very well be dropt in the account: there being nothing remaining of their works; and probably no merit to be found in them, if they had remained. And fo we may date the beginning of the Roman poetry from Livius Andronicus, the firft of their poets of whom any thing does remain to us; and from whom the Romans themfelves feem to have dated the beginning of their poetry, even in the Auguftan age.

The firft kind of poetry that was followed with any fuccefs among the Romans, was that for the ftage. They were a very religious people; and ftage plays in thofe times made no inconfiderable part in their public devotions; it is hence, perhaps, that the greateft number of their oldeft poets, of whom we have any remains, and indeed almoft all of them, are dramatic poets.

Spence.

§ 40. *Of* Livius, Nævius, *and* Ennius.

The foremoft in this lift, were Livius, Nævius, and Ennius. Livius's firft play (and it was the firft written play that ever appeared at Rome, whence perhaps Horace calls him Livius Scriptor) was acted in the 514th year from the building of the city. He feems to have got whatever reputation he had, rather as their firft, than as a good writer; for Cicero, who admired thefe old poets more than they were afterwards admired, is forced to give up Livius; and fays, that his pieces did not deferve a fecond reading. He was for fome time the fole writer for the ftage; till Nævius rofe to rival him, and probably far exceeded his mafter. Nævius ventured too on an epic, or rather an hiftorical poem, on the firft Carthaginian war. Ennius followed his fteps in this, as well as in the dramatic way; and feems to have excelled him as much as he had excelled Livius; fo much at leaft, that Lucretius fays of him, "That he was the firft of their poets who deferved a lafting crown from the Mufes." Thefe three poets were actors as well as poets; and feem all of them to have wrote whatever was wanted for the ftage, rather than to have confulted their own turn or genius. Each of them publifhed, fometimes tragedies, fometimes comedies, and fometimes a kind of dramatic fatires; fuch fatires, I fuppofe, as had been occafioned by the extempore poetry that had been in fafhion the century before them. All the moft celebrated dramatic

matic writers of antiquity excel only in one kind. There is no tragedy of Terence, or Menander; and no comedy of Actius, or Euripides. But these first dramatic poets, among the Romans, attempted every thing indifferently; just as the present fancy, or the demand of the people, led them.

The quiet the Romans enjoyed after the second Punic war, when they had humbled their great rival Carthage; and their carrying on their conquests afterwards, without any great difficulties, into Greece,—gave them leisure and opportunities for making very great improvements in their poetry. Their dramatic writers began to act with more steadiness and judgment; they followed one point of view; they had the benefit of the excellent patterns the Greek writers had set them; and formed themselves on those models. *Spence.*

§ 41. *Of* Plautus.

Plautus was the first that consulted his own genius, and confined himself to that species of dramatic writing, for which he was the best fitted by nature. Indeed, his comedy (like the old comedy at Athens) is of a ruder kind, and far enough from the polish that was afterwards given it among the Romans. His jests are often rough, and his wit coarse; but there is a strength and spirit in him, that make one read him with pleasure: at least he is much to be commended for being the first that considered what he was most capable of excelling in, and not endeavouring to shine in too many different ways at once. Cæcilius followed his example in this particular; but improved their comedy so much beyond him, that he is named by Cicero, as perhaps the best of all the comic writers they ever had. This high character of him was not for his language, which is given up by Cicero himself as faulty and incorrect; but either for the dignity of his characters, or the strength and weight of his sentiments. *Ibid.*

§ 42. *Of* Terence.

Terence made his first appearance when Cæcilius was in high reputation. It is said, that when he offered his first play to the Ediles, they sent him with it to Cæcilius for his judgment of the piece. Cæcilius was at supper when he came to him; and as Terence was dress very meanly, he was placed on a little stool, and desired to read away: but upon his having read a very few lines only, Cæcilius altered his behaviour, and placed him next himself at the table. They all admired him as a rising genius; and the applause he received from the public, answered the compliments they had made him in private. His Eunuchus, in particular, was acted twice in one day; and he was paid more for that piece than ever had been given before for a comedy: and yet, by the way, it was not much above thirty pounds. We may see by that, and the rest of his plays which remain to us, to what a degree of exactness and elegance the Roman comedy was arrived in his time. There is a beautiful simplicity, which reigns through all his works. There is no searching after wit, and no ostentation of ornament in him. All his speakers seem to say just what they should say, and no more. The story is always going on; and goes on just as it ought. This whole age, long before Terence and long after, is rather remarkable for strength than beauty in writing. Were we to compare it with the following age, the compositions of this would appear to those of the Augustan, as the Doric order in building if compared with the Corinthian; but Terence's work is to those of the Augustan age, as the Ionic is to the Corinthian order: it is not so ornamented, or so rich; but nothing can be more exact and pleasing. The Roman language itself, in his hands, seems to be improved beyond what one could ever expect; and to be advanced almost a hundred years forwarder than the times he lived in. There are some who look upon this as one of the strangest phænomena in the learned world: but it is a phænomenon which may be well enough explained from Cicero. He says, "that in several families the Roman language was spoken in perfection, even in those times;" and instances particularly in the families of the Lælii and the Scipio's. Every one knows that Terence was extremely intimate in both these families: and as the language of his pieces is that of familiar conversation, he had indeed little more to do, than to write as they talked at their tables. Perhaps, too, he was obliged to Scipio and Lælius, for more than their bare conversations. That is not at all impossible; and indeed the Romans themselves seem generally to have imagined, that he was assisted by them in the writing part too. If it was really so, that will account still better for the elegance of the language in his plays: because Terence himself was born out of Italy; and though he was brought thither very young, he received the first part.

part of his education in a family, where they might not ſpeak with ſo much correctneſs as Lælius and Scipio had been uſed to from their very infancy. Thus much for the language of Terence's plays: as for the reſt, it ſeems, from what he ſays himſelf, that his moſt uſual method was to take his plans chiefly, and his characters wholly, from the Greek comic poets. Thoſe who ſay that he tranſlated all the comedies of Menander, certainly carry the matter too far. They were probably more than Terence ever wrote. Indeed this would be more likely to be true of Afranius than Terence; though, I ſuppoſe, it would ſcarce hold, were we to take both of them together. *Spence.*

§ 43. *Of* Afranius.

We have a very great loſs in the works of Afranius: for he was regarded, even in the Auguſtan Age, as the moſt exact imitator of Menander. He owns himſelf, that he had no reſtraint in copying him; or any other of the Greek comic writers, wherever they ſet him a good example. Afranius's ſtories and perſons were Roman, as Terence's were Grecian. This was looked upon as ſo material a point in thoſe days, that it made two different ſpecies of comedy. Thoſe on a Greek ſtory were called, Palliatæ; and thoſe on a Roman Togatæ. Terence excelled all the Roman poets in the former, and Afranius in the latter. *Ibid.*

§ 44. *Of* Pacuvius *and* Actius.

About the ſame time that comedy was improved ſo conſiderably, Pacuvius and Actius (one a contemporary of Terence, and the other of Afranius) carried tragedy as far towards perfection as it ever arrived in Roman hands. The ſtep from Ennius to Pacuvius was a very great one; ſo great, that he was reckoned, in Cicero's time, the beſt of all their tragic poets. Pacuvius, as well as Terence, enjoyed the acquaintance and friendſhip of Lælius and Scipio: but he did not profit ſo much by it, as to the improvement of his language. Indeed his ſtyle was not to be the common converſation ſtyle, as Terence's was; and all the ſtiffenings given to it, might take juſt as much from its elegance as they added to its dignity. What is remarkable in him, is, that he was almoſt as eminent for painting as he was for poetry. He made the decorations for his own plays; and Pliny ſpeaks of ſome paintings by him, in a temple of Hercules, as the moſt celebrated work of their kind, done by any Roman of condition after Fabius Pictor. Actius began to publiſh when Pacuvius was leaving off: his language was not ſo fine, nor his verſes ſo well-turned, even as thoſe of his predeceſſor. There is a remarkable ſtory of him in an old critic, which, as it may give ſome light into their different manners of writing, may be worth relating. Pacuvius, in his old age, retired to Tarentum, to enjoy the ſoft air and mild winters of that place. As Actius was obliged, on ſome affairs, to make a journey into Aſia, he took Tarentum in his way, and ſtaid there ſome days with Pacuvius. It was in this viſit that he read his tragedy of Atreus to him, and deſired his opinion of it. Old Pacuvius, after hearing it out, told him very honeſtly, that the poetry was ſonorous and majeſtic, but that it ſeemed to him too ſtiff and harſh. Actius replied, that he was himſelf very ſenſible of that fault in his writings; but that he was not at all ſorry for it: "for," ſays he, "I have always been of opinion, that it is the ſame with writers as with fruits; among which, thoſe that are moſt ſoft and palatable, decay the ſooneſt; whereas thoſe of a rough taſte laſt the longer, and have the finer reliſh, when once they come to be mellowed by time."—Whether his ſtyle ever came to be thus mellowed, I very much doubt; however that was, it is a point that ſeems generally allowed, that he and Pacuvius were the two beſt tragic poets the Romans ever had. *Spence.*

§ 45. *Of the Riſe of Satire: Of* Lucilius, Lucretius, *and* Catullus.

All this while, that is, for above one hundred years, the ſtage, as you ſee, was almoſt ſolely in poſſeſſion of the Roman poets. It was now time for the other kinds of poetry to have their turn; however, the firſt that ſprung up and flouriſhed to any degree, was ſtill a cyon from the ſame root. What I mean, is Satire; the produce of the old comedy. This kind of poetry had been attempted in a different manner by ſome of the former writers, and in particular by Ennius: but it was ſo altered and ſo improved by Lucilius, that he was called the inventor of it. This was a kind of poetry wholly of the Roman growth; and the only one they had that was ſo; and even as to this, Lucilius improved a good deal by the ſide lights he borrowed from the old comedy at Athens. Not long after, Lucretius brought their poetry acquainted with philoſophy: and Catullus began to ſhew the

Romans

Romans something of the excellence of the Greek lyric poets. Lucretius discovers a great deal of spirit wherever his subject will give him leave; and the first moment he steps a little aside from it, in all his digressions, he is fuller of life and fire, and appears to have been of a more poetical turn, than Virgil himself; which is partly acknowledged in the fine compliment the latter seems to pay him in his Georgics. His subject often obliges him to go on heavily for an hundred lines together: but wherever he breaks out, he breaks out like lightning from a dark cloud; all at once, with force and brightness. His character, in this, agrees with what is said of him: that a philtre he took had given him a frenzy, and that he wrote in his lucid intervals. He and Catullus wrote, when letters in general began to flourish at Rome much more than ever they had done. Catullus was too wife to rival him; and was the most admired of all his contemporaries, in all the different ways of writing he attempted. His odes perhaps are the least valuable part of his works. The strokes of satire in his epigrams are very severe; and the descriptions in his Idylliums, very full and picturesque. He paints strongly; but all his paintings have more of force than elegance, and put one more in mind of Homer than Virgil.

With these I shall chuse to close the first age of the Roman poetry: an age more remarkable for strength than for refinement in writing. I have dwelt longer on it perhaps than I ought; but the order and succession of these poets wanted much to be settled: and I was obliged to say something of each of them, because I may have recourse to each on some occasion or another, in shewing you my collection. All that remains to us of the poetical works of this age, are the miscellaneous poems of Catullus; the philosophical poem of Lucretius; six comedies by Terence; and twenty by Plautus. Of all the rest, there is nothing left us, except such passages from their works as happened to be quoted by the ancient writers, and particularly by Cicero and the old critics. *Ibid.*

§ 46. *Of the Criticisms of* CICERO, HORACE, and QUINCTILIAN *on the above Writers.*

The best way to settle the characters and merits of these poets of the first age, where so little of their own works remains, is by considering what is said of them by the other Roman writers, who were well acquainted with their works. The best of the Roman critics we can consult now, and perhaps the best they ever had, are Cicero, Horace, and Quinctilian. If we compare their sentiments of these poets together, we shall find a disagreement in them; but a disagreement which I think may be accounted for, without any great difficulty. Cicero, (as he lived before the Roman poetry was brought to perfection, and possibly as no very good judge of poetry himself) seems to think more highly of them than the others. He gives up Livius indeed; but then he makes it up in commending Nævius. All the other comic poets he quotes often with respect; and as to the tragic, he carries it so far as to seem strongly inclined to oppose old Ennius, to Æschilus, Pacuvius to Sophocles, and Actius to Euripides.—This high notion of the old poets was probably the general fashion in his time; and it continued afterwards (especially among the more elderly sort of people) in the Augustan age; and indeed much longer. Horace, in his epistle to Augustus, combats it as a vulgar error in his time; and perhaps it was an error from which that prince himself was not wholly free. However that be, Horace, on this occasion, enters into the question very fully, and with a good deal of warmth. The character he gives of the old dramatic poets (which indeed includes all the poets I have been speaking of, except Lucilius, Lucretius, and Catullus) is perhaps rather too severe. He says, "That their language was in a great degree superannuated, even in his time; that they are often negligent and incorrect; and that there is generally a stiffness in their compositions: that people indeed might pardon these things in them, as the fault of the times they lived in; but that it was provoking they should think of commending them for those very faults." In another piece of his, which turns pretty much on the same subject, he gives Lucilius's character much in the same manner. He owns, "that he had a good deal of wit; but then it is rather of the farce kind, than true genteel wit. He is a rapid writer, and has a great many good things in him; but is often very superfluous and incorrect; his language is dashed affectedly with Greek; and his verses are hard and unharmonious."—Quinctillian steers the middle way between both. Cicero perhaps was a little misled by his nearness to their times; and Horace by his subject, which was professedly

feſſedly to ſpeak againſt the old writers. Quinctillian, therefore, does not commend them ſo generally as Cicero, nor ſpeak againſt them ſo ſtrongly as Horace; and is perhaps more to be depended upon, in this caſe, than either of them. He compares the works of Ennius to ſome ſacred grove, in which the old oaks look rather venerable than pleaſing. He commends Pacuvius and Actius, for the ſtrength of their language and the force of their ſentiments; but ſays, "they wanted that poliſh which was ſet on the Roman poetry afterwards." He ſpeaks of Plautus and Cæcilius, as applauded writers; of Terence as a moſt elegant, and of Afranius, as an excellent one; but they all, ſays he, fall infinitely ſhort of the grace and beauty which is to be found in the Attic writers of comedy, and which is perhaps peculiar to the dialect they wrote in. To conclude: According to him, Lucilius is too much cried up by many, and too much run down by Horace; Lucretius is more to be read for his matter than for his ſtyle; and Catullus is remarkable in the ſatirical part of his works, but ſcarce ſo in the reſt of his lyric poetry. *Spence.*

§ 47. *Of the flouriſhing State of Poetry among the* Romans.

The firſt age was only as the dawning of the Roman poetry, in compariſon of the clear full light that opened all at once afterwards, under Auguſtus Cæſar. The ſtate, which had been ſo long tending towards a monarchy, was quite ſettled down to that form by this prince. When he had no longer any dangerous opponents, he grew mild, or at leaſt concealed the cruelty of his temper. He gave peace and quiet to the people that were fallen into his hands; and looked kindly on the improvement of all the arts and elegancies of life among them. He had a miniſter, too, under him (who though a very bad writer himſelf) knew how to encourage the beſt; and who admitted the beſt poets, in particular, into a very great ſhare of friendſhip and intimacy with him. Virgil was one of the foremoſt in this liſt; who, at his firſt ſetting out, grew ſoon their moſt applauded writer for genteel paſtorals: then gave them the moſt beautiful and moſt correct poem that ever was wrote in the Roman language, in his rules of agriculture (ſo beautiful, that ſome of the ancients ſeem to accuſe Virgil of having ſtudied beauty too much in that piece); and, laſt of all, undertook a political poem, in ſupport of the new eſtabliſhment. I have thought this to be the intent of the Æneid, ever ſince I firſt read Boſſu; and the more one conſiders it, the more I think one is confirmed in that opinion. Virgil is ſaid to have begun this poem the very year that Auguſtus was freed from his great rival Anthony: the government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and though he choſe to be called their father, he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government muſt naturally be apt to diſpleaſe the people. Virgil ſeems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn; and of ſome old prophecies that muſt have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promiſing them the empire of the whole world: he weaves this in with the moſt probable account of their origin, that of their being deſcended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular: Virgil, in his Æneid, ſhews that Æneas was called into their country by the expreſs order of the Gods; that he was made king of it, by the will of heaven, and by all the human rights that could be; that there was an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of kings from him to Romulus; that his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the Romans under them, were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Cæſar was of the royal race, and that Auguſtus was his ſole heir. The natural reſult of all this is, that the promiſes made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Auguſtus, the Romans, if they would obey the Gods, and be maſters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new eſtabliſhment under that prince. As odd a ſcheme as this may ſeem now, it is ſcarce ſo odd as that of ſome people among us, who perſuaded themſelves, that an abſolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their ſuppoſed deſcent from ſome unknown patriarch: and yet that had its effect with many, about a century ago; and ſeems not to have quite loſt all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough, that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his Æneid, were to maintain their old religious tenets, and to ſupport the new form of government in the family of the Cæſars. That poem therefore may very well be conſidered as a religious and political work; or rather (as the vulgar religion with them was ſcarce any thing more than an engine of ſtate) it

may

may fairly enough be conſidered as a work merely political. If this was the caſe, Virgil was not ſo highly encouraged by Auguſtus and Mæcenas for nothing. To ſpeak a little more plainly: He wrote in the ſervice of the new uſurpation on the ſtate: and all that can be offered in vindication of him, in this light, is, that the uſurper he wrote for, was grown a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their conſtitution, at that time, was ſuch, that the reins of government muſt have fallen into the hands of ſome one perſon or another; and might probably, on any new revolution, have fallen into the hands of ſome one leſs mild and indulgent than Auguſtus was, at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his ſervice. But whatever may be ſaid of his reaſons for writing it, the poem itſelf has been highly applauded in all ages, from its firſt appearance to this day; and though left unfiniſhed by its author, has been always reckoned as much ſuperior to all the other epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks. *Spence.*

§ 48. *Obſervations on the* ÆNEID, *and the Author's Genius.*

It preſerves more to us of the religion of the Romans, than all the other Latin poets (excepting only Ovid) put together: and gives us the forms and appearances of their deities, as ſtrongly as if we had ſo many pictures of them preſerved to us, done by ſome of the beſt hands in the Auguſtan age. It is remarkable, that he is commended by ſome of the ancients themſelves, for the ſtrength of his imagination as to this particular, though in general that is not his character, ſo much as exactneſs. He was certainly the moſt correct poet even of his time; in which all falſe thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were diſcouraged: and it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his Æneid; much leſs, I believe, than is generally imagined. Almoſt all the little facts in it are built on hiſtory; and even as to the particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes ſo far back as to old Ennius; and often inſerts whole verſes from him, and ſome other of their earlieſt writers. The obſoleteneſs of their ſtyle, did not hinder him much in this: for he was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt inſerted many more antiquated words in his poem, than we can diſcover at preſent. Judgment is his diſtinguiſhing character; and his great excellence conſiſted in chuſing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed he had the ſkill of making his own, by weaving it ſo well into his work, that it looks all of a piece; even thoſe parts of his poems, where this may be moſt practiſed, reſembling a fine piece of Moſaic, in which all the parts, though of ſuch different marbles, unite together; and the various ſhades and colours are ſo artfully diſpoſed as to melt off inſenſibly into one another.

One of the greateſt beauties in Virgil's private character was, his modeſty and good-nature. He was apt to think humbly of himſelf, and handſomely of others: and was ready to ſhew his love of merit, even where it might ſeem to claſh with his own. He was the firſt who recommended Horace to Mæcenas. *Ibid.*

§ 49. *Of* HORACE.

Horace was the fitteſt man in the world for a court where wit was ſo particularly encouraged. No man ſeems to have had more, and all of the genteeleſt ſort; or to have been better acquainted with mankind. His gaiety, and even his debauchery, made him ſtill the more agreeable to Mæcenas: ſo that it is no wonder that his acquaintance with that miniſter grew up to ſo high a degree of friendſhip, as is very uncommon between a firſt miniſter and a poet; and which had poſſibly ſuch an effect on the latter, as one ſhall ſcarce ever hear of between any two friends, the moſt on a level: for there is ſome room to conjecture, that he haſtened himſelf out of this world to accompany his great friend in the next. Horace has been moſt generally celebrated for his lyric poems; in which he far excelled all the Roman poets, and perhaps was no unworthy rival of ſeveral of the Greek: which ſeems to have been the height of his ambition. His next point of merit, as it has been uſually reckoned, was his refining ſatire; and bringing it from the coarſeneſs and harſhneſs of Lucilius to that genteel, eaſy manner, which he, and perhaps nobody but he and one perſon more in all the ages ſince, has ever poſſeſſed. I do not remember that any one of the ancients ſays any thing of his epiſtles: and this has made me ſometimes imagine, that his epiſtles and ſatires might originally have paſſed under one and the ſame name; perhaps that of Sermones. They are generally written in a ſtyle approaching to that of converſation; and are ſo much alike, that

ſeveral of the ſatires might juſt as well be called epiſtles, as ſeveral of his epiſtles have the ſpirit of ſatire in them. This latter part of his works, by whatever name you pleaſe to call them (whether ſatires and epiſtles, or diſcourſes in verſe on moral and familiar ſubjects) is what, I muſt own, I love much better even than the lyric part of his works. It is in theſe that he ſhews that talent for criticiſm, in which he ſo very much excelled; eſpecially in his long epiſtle to Auguſtus; and that other to the Piſo's, commonly called his Art of Poetry. They abound in ſtrokes which ſhew his great knowledge of mankind, and in that pleaſing way he had of teaching philoſophy, of laughing away vice, and inſinuating virtue into the minds of his readers. They may ſerve, as much as almoſt any writings can, to make men wiſer and better: for he has the moſt agreeable way of preaching that ever was. He was in general, an honeſt good man himſelf; at leaſt he does not ſeem to have had any one ill-natured vice about him. Other poets we admire; but there is not any of the ancient poets that I could wiſh to have been acquainted with, ſo much as Horace. One cannot be very converſant with his writings, without having a friendſhip for the man; and longing to have juſt ſuch another as he was for one's friend. *Spence.*

§ 50. *Of* Tibullus, Propertius, *and* Ovid.

In that happy age, and in the ſame court, flouriſhed Tibullus. He enjoyed the acquaintance of Horace, who mentions him in a kind and friendly manner, both in his Odes and in his Epiſtles. Tibullus is evidently the moſt exact and moſt beautiful writer of love-verſes, among the Romans, and was eſteemed ſo by their beſt judges; though there were ſome, it ſeems, even in their better ages of writing and judging, who preferred Propertius to him. Tibullus's talent ſeems to have been only for elegiac verſe: at leaſt his compliment on Meſſala (which is his only poem out of it) ſhews, I think, too plainly, that he was neither deſigned for heroic verſe, nor panegyric. Elegance is as much his diſtinguiſhing character, among the elegiac writers of this age, as it is Terence's, among the comic writers of the former: and if his ſubject will never let him be ſublime, his judgment at leaſt always keeps him from being faulty.—His rival and cotemporary, Propertius, ſeems to have ſet himſelf too many different models, to copy either of them ſo well as he might otherwiſe have done. In one place, he calls himſelf the Roman Callimachus; in another, he talks of rivalling Philetas: and he is ſaid to have ſtudied Mimnermus, and ſome other of the Greek lyric writers, with the ſame view. You may ſee by this, and the practice of all their poets in general, that it was the conſtant method of the Romans (whenever they endeavoured to excel) to ſet ſome great Greek pattern or other before them. Propertius, perhaps, might have ſucceeded better, had he fixed on any one of theſe; and not endeavoured to improve by all of them indifferently.—Ovid makes up the triumvirate of the elegiac writers of this age; and is more looſe and incorrect than either of the other. As Propertius followed too many maſters, Ovid endeavoured to ſhine in too many different kinds of writing at the ſame time. Beſides, he had a redundant genius; and almoſt always choſe rather to indulge, than to give any reſtraint to it. If one was to give any opinion of the different merits of his ſeveral works, one ſhould not perhaps be much beſide the truth, in ſaying, that he excels moſt in his Faſti; then perhaps in his love verſes; next in his heroic epiſtles; and laſtly, in his Metamorphoſes. As for the verſes he wrote after his misfortunes, he has quite loſt his ſpirit in them: and though you may diſcover ſome difference in his manner, after his baniſhment came to ſit a little lighter on him, his genius never ſhines out fairly after that fatal ſtroke. His very love of being witty had forſaken him; though before it ſeems to have grown upon him, when it was leaſt becoming, toward his old age: for his Metamorphoſes (which was the laſt poem he wrote at Rome, and which indeed was not quite finiſhed when he was ſent into baniſhment) has more inſtances of falſe wit in it, than perhaps all his former writings put together. One of the things I have heard him moſt cried up for, in that piece, is his tranſitions from one ſtory to another. The ancients thought differently of this point; and Quinctilian, where he is ſpeaking of them, endeavours rather to excuſe than to commend him on that head. We have a conſiderable loſs in the latter half of his Faſti; and in his Medea, which is much commended. Dramatic poetry ſeems not to have flouriſhed, in proportion to the other ſorts of poetry, in the Auguſtan age. We ſcarce hear any thing of the comic poets of that time; and if tragedy had been much

cultivated then, the Roman writers would certainly produce some names from it, to oppose to the Greeks, without going so far back as to those of Actius and Pacuvius. Indeed their own critics, in speaking of the dramatic writings of this age, boast rather of single pieces, than of authors: and the two particular tragedies, which they talk of in the highest strain, are the Medea of Ovid, and Varius's Thyestes. However, if it was not the age for plays, it was certainly the age in which almost all the other kinds of poetry were in their greatest excellence at Rome. *Spence.*

§ 51. *Of* Phædrus.

Under this period of the best writing, I should be inclined to insert Phædrus. For though he published after the good manner of writing was in general on the decline, he flourished and formed his style under Augustus: and his book, though it did not appear till the reign of Tiberius, deserves, on all accounts, to be reckoned among the works of the Augustan age. Fabulæ Æsopeæ, was probably the title which he gave his fables. He professedly follows Æsop in them; and declares, that he keeps to his manner, even where the subject is of his own invention. By this it appears, that Æsop's way of telling stories was very short and plain; for the distinguishing beauty of Phædrus's fables is, their conciseness and simplicity. The taste was so much fallen, at the time when he published them, that both these were objected to him as faults. He used those critics as they deserved. He tells a long, tedious story to those who objected against the conciseness of his style; and answers some others, who condemned the plainness of it, with a run of bombast verses, that have a great many noisy elevated words in them, without any sense at the bottom. *Ibid.*

§ 52. *Of* Manilius.

Manilius can scarce be allowed a place in this list of the Augustan poets; his poetry is inferior to a great many of the Latin poets, who have wrote in these lower ages, so long since Latin has ceased to be a living language. There is at least, I believe, no instance, in any one poet of the flourishing ages, of such language; or such versification, as we meet with in Manilius; and there is not any one ancient writer that speaks one word of any such poet about those times. I doubt not, there were bad poets enough in the Augustan age; but I question whether Manilius may deserve the honour of being reckoned even among the bad poets of that time. What must be said, then, to the many passages in the poem, which relate to the times in which the author lived, and which all have a regard to the Augustan age? If the whole be not a modern forgery, I do not see how one can deny his being of that age: and if it be a modern forgery, it is very lucky that it should agree so exactly, in so many little particulars, with the ancient globe of the heavens, in the Farnese palace. Allowing Manilius's poem to pass for what it pretends to be, there is nothing remains to us of the poetical works of this Augustan age, besides what I have mentioned: except the garden poem of Columella; the little hunting piece of Gratius; and, perhaps, an elegy or two of Gallus. *Spence.*

§ 53. *Of the Poets whose Works have not come down to us.*

These are but small remains for an age in which poetry was so well cultivated and followed by very great numbers, taking the good and the bad together. It is probable, most of the best have come down to us. As for the others, we only hear of the elegies of Capella and Montanus; that Proculus imitated Callimachus; and Rufus, Pindar: that Fontanus wrote a sort of piscatory eclogues; and Macer, a poem on the nature of birds, beasts, and plants. That the same Macer, and Rabirinus, and Marsus, and Ponticus, and Pedo Albinovanus, and several others, were epic writers in that time (which, by the way, seems to have signified little more, than that they wrote in hexameter verse): that Fundanius was the best comic poet then, and Melissus no bad one: that Varius was the most esteemed for epic poetry, before the Æneid appeared; and one of the most esteemed for tragedy always: that Pollio (besides his other excellencies at the bar, in the camp, and in affairs of state) is much commended for tragedy; and Varus, either for tragedy or epic poetry; for it does not quite appear which of the two he wrote. These last are great names; but there remain some of still higher dignity, who were, or at least desired to be thought, poets in that time. In the former part of Augustus's reign, his first minister for home affairs, Mæcenas; and in the latter part, his grandson, Germanicus, were of this number.

Germanicus in particular tranſlated Aratus; and there are ſome (I do not well know on what grounds) who pretend to have met with a conſiderable part of his tranſlation. The emperor himſelf ſeems to have been both a good critic, and a good author. He wrote chiefly in proſe; but ſome things in verſe too; and particularly good part of a tragedy, called Ajax.

It is no wonder, under ſuch encouragements, and ſo great examples, that poetry ſhould ariſe to a higher pitch than it had ever done among the Romans. They had been gradually improving it for above two centuries; and in Auguſtus found a prince, whoſe own inclinations, the temper of whoſe reign, and whoſe very politics, led him to nurſe all the arts; and poetry in a more particular manner. The wonder is, when they had got ſo far toward perfection, that they ſhould fall as it were all at once; and from their greateſt purity and ſimplicity, ſhould degenerate ſo immediately into a lower and more affected manner of writing, than had been ever known among them. *Spence.*

§ 54. *Of the Fall of Poetry among the Romans.*

There are ſome who aſſert, that the great age of the Roman eloquence I have been ſpeaking of, began to decline a little even in the latter part of Auguſtus's reign. It certainly fell very much under Tiberius; and grew every day weaker and weaker, till it was wholly changed under Caligula. Hence therefore we may date the third age, or the fall of the Roman poetry. Auguſtus, whatever his natural temper was, put on at leaſt a mildneſs, that gave a calm to the ſtate during his time: the ſucceeding emperors flung off the maſk; and not only were, but openly appeared to be, rather monſters than men. We need not go to their hiſtorians for proofs of their prodigious vileneſs: it is enough to mention the bare names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Under ſuch heads, every thing that was good run to ruin. All diſcipline in war, all domeſtic virtues, the very love of liberty, and all the taſte for ſound eloquence and good poetry, ſunk gradually; and faded away, as they had flouriſhed, together. Inſtead of the ſenſible, chaſte, and manly way of writing, that had been in uſe in the former age, there now roſe up a deſire of writing ſmartly, and an affectation of ſhining in every thing they ſaid. A certain prettineſs, and glitter, and luxuriance of ornaments, was what diſtinguiſhed their moſt applauded writers in proſe; and their poetry was quite loſt in high flights and obſcurity. Seneca, the favourite proſe writer of thoſe times; and Petronius Arbiter, ſo great a favourite with many of our own; afford too many proofs of this. As to the proſe in Nero's time; and as to the poets, it is enough to ſay, that they had then Lucan and Perſius, inſtead of Virgil and Horace. *Ibid.*

§ 55. *Of* Lucan.

Perſius and Lucan, who were the moſt celebrated poets under the reign of Nero, may very well ſerve for examples of the faults I juſt mentioned, one of the ſwelling, and the other of the obſcure ſtyle, then in faſhion. Lucan's manner in general runs too much into fuſtian and bombaſt. His muſe has a kind of dropſy, and looks like the ſoldier deſcribed in his own Pharſalia, who in paſſing the deſert ſands of Africa, was bit by a ſerpent, and ſwelled to ſuch an immoderate ſize, "that he was loſt (as he expreſſes it) in the tumours of his own body." Some critics have been in too great haſte to make Quinctilian ſay ſome good things of Lucan, which he never meant to do. What this poet has been always, and what he will ever deſerve to be admired for, are the ſeveral philoſophical paſſages that abound in his works; and his generous ſentiments, particularly on the love of liberty and the contempt of death. In his calm hours, he is very wiſe; but he is often in his rants, and never more ſo than when he has got into a battle, or a ſtorm at ſea: but it is remarkable, that even on thoſe occaſions, it is not ſo much a violence of rage, as a madneſs of affectation, that appears moſt ſtrongly in him. To give a few inſtances of it, out of many: In the very beginning of Lucan's ſtorm, when Cæſar ventured to croſs the ſea in ſo ſmall a veſſel; "the fixt ſtars themſelves ſeem to be put in motion." Then "the waves riſe over the mountains, and carry away the tops of them." Their next ſtep is to heaven; where they catch the rain "in the clouds:" I ſuppoſe to increaſe their force. The ſea opens in ſeveral places, and leaves its bottom dry land. All the foundations of the univerſe are ſhaken; and nature is afraid of a ſecond chaos. His little ſkiff, in the mean time, ſometimes cuts along the clouds with her ſails; and ſometimes ſeems in danger of being ſtranded on the ſands at the bottom of the ſea; and muſt inevitably have been loſt, had not the ſtorm (by good fortune) been ſo ſtrong from every

quarter, that ſhe did not know on which ſide to bulge firſt.

When the two armies are going to join battle in the plains of Pharſalia, we are told, that all the ſoldiers were incapable of any fear for themſelves, becauſe they were wholly taken up with their concern for the danger which threatened Pompey and the commonwealth. On this great occaſion, the hills about them, according to his account, ſeem to be more afraid than the men; for ſome of the mountains looked as if they would thruſt their heads into the clouds; and others, as if they wanted to hide themſelves under the valleys at their feet. And theſe diſturbances in nature were univerſal: for that day, every ſingle Roman, in whatever part of the world he was, felt a ſtrange gloom ſpread all over his mind, on a ſudden; and was ready to cry, though he did not know why or wherefore.

Spence.

§ 56. *His Deſcription of the Sea-fight off Marſeilles.*

The ſea-fight off Marſeilles, is a thing that might divert one, full as well as Eraſmus's Naufragium Joculare; and what is ſtill ſtranger, the poet chuſes to be moſt diverting in the wounds he gives the poor ſoldier. The firſt perſon killed in it, is pierced at the ſame inſtant by two ſpears; one in his back, and the other in his breaſt; ſo nicely, that both their points meet together in the middle of his body. They each, I ſuppoſe, had a right to kill him; and his ſoul was for ſome time doubtful which it ſhould obey. At laſt, it compounds the matter; drives out each of the ſpears before it, at the ſame inſtant; and whips out of his body, half at one wound, and half at the other.—A little after this, there is an honeſt Greek, who has his right hand cut off, and fights on with his left, till he can leap into the ſea to recover the former; but there (as misfortunes ſeldom come ſingle) he has his left arm chopt off too: after which, like the hero in one of our ancient ballads, he fights on with the trunk of his body, and performs actions greater than any Withrington that ever was.—When the battle grows warmer, there are many who have the ſame misfortune with this Greek. In endeavouring to climb up the enemies ſhips, ſeveral have their arms ſtruck off; fall into the ſea; leave their hands behind them! Some of theſe ſwimming combatants encounter their enemies in the water; ſome ſupply their friends ſhips with arms; ſome, that had no arms, entangle themſelves with their enemies; cling to them, and ſink together to the bottom of the ſea; others ſtick their bodies againſt the beaks of their enemies ſhips: and ſcarce a man of them flung away the uſe of his carcaſe, even when he ſhould be dead.

But among all the contrivances of theſe poſthumous warriors, the thing moſt to be admired, is the ſagacity of the great Tyrrhenus. Tyrrhenus was ſtanding at the head of one of the veſſels, when a ball of lead, flung by an artful ſlinger, ſtruck out both his eyes. The violent daſh of the blow, and the deep darkneſs that was ſpread over him all at once, made him at firſt conclude that he was dead: but when he had recovered his ſenſes a little, and found he could advance one foot before the other, he deſired his fellow ſoldiers to plant him juſt as they did their Balliſtæ: he hopes he can ſtill fight as well as a machine; and ſeems mightily pleaſed to think how he ſhall cheat the enemy, who will fling away darts at him, that might have killed people who were alive.

Such ſtrange things as theſe, make me always wonder the more, how Lucan can be ſo wiſe as he is in ſome parts of his poem. Indeed his ſentences are more ſolid than one could otherwiſe expect from ſo young a writer, had he wanted ſuch an uncle as Seneca, and ſuch a maſter as Cornutus. The ſwellings in the other parts of his poem may be partly accounted for, perhaps, from his being born in Spain, and in that part of it which was the fartheſt removed from Greece and Rome; nay, of that very city, which is marked by Cicero as particularly overrun with a bad taſte. After all, what I moſt diſlike him for, is a blot in his moral character. He was at firſt pretty high in the favour of Nero. On the diſcovery of his being concerned in a plot againſt him, this philoſopher (who had written ſo much, and ſo gallantly, about the pleaſure of dying) behaved himſelf in the moſt deſpicable manner. He named his own mother as guilty of the conſpiracy, in hopes of ſaving himſelf. After this, he added ſeveral of his friends to his former confeſſion; and thus continued labouring for a pardon, by making ſacrifices to the tyrant of ſuch lives, as any one, much leſs of a philoſopher than he ſeems to have been, ought to think dearer than their own. All this baſeneſs was of no uſe to him: for, in the end, Nero

ordered him to execution too. His veins were opened; and the laſt words he ſpoke, were ſome verſes of his own. *Spence.*

§ 57. *Of* Persius.

Perſius is ſaid to have been Lucan's ſchool-fellow under Cornutus; and like him, was bred up more a philoſopher than a poet. He has the character of a good man; but ſcarce deſerves that of a good writer, in any other than the moral ſenſe of the word: for his writings are very virtuous, but not very poetical. His great fault is obſcurity. Several have endeavoured to excuſe or palliate this fault in him, from the danger of the times he lived in; and the neceſſity a ſatiriſt then lay under, of writing ſo, for his own ſecurity. This may hold as to ſome paſſages in him; but to ſay the truth, he ſeems to have a tendency and love to obſcurity in himſelf: for it is not only to be found where he may ſpeak of the emperor, or the ſtate; but in the general courſe of his ſatires. So that, in my conſcience, I muſt give him up for an obſcure writer; as I ſhould Lucan for a tumid and ſwelling one.

Such was the Roman poetry under Nero. The three emperors after him were made in an hurry, and had ſhort tumultuous reigns. Then the Flavian family came in. Veſpaſian, the firſt emperor of that line, endeavoured to recover ſomething of the good taſte that had formerly flouriſhed in Rome; his ſon Titus, the delight of mankind, in his ſhort reign, encouraged poetry by his example, as well as by his liberalities: and even Domitian loved to be thought a patron of the muſes. After him, there was a ſucceſſion of good emperors, from Nerva to the Antonines. And this extraordinary good fortune (for indeed, if one conſiders the general run of the Roman emperors, it would have been ſuch, to have had any two good ones only together) gave a new ſpirit to the arts, that had long been in ſo languiſhing a condition, and made poetry revive, and raiſe up its head again, once more among them. Not that there were very good poets even now; but they were better, at leaſt, than they had been under the reign of Nero. *Ibid.*

§ 58. *Of* Silius, Statius, *and* Valerius Flaccus.

This period produced three epic poets, whoſe works remain to us; Silius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Silius, as if he had been frightened at the high flight of Lucan, keeps almoſt always on the ground, and ſcarce once attempts to ſoar throughout his whole work. It is plain, however, though it is low; and if he has but little of the ſpirit of poetry, he is free at leaſt from the affectation, and obſcurity, and bombaſt, which prevailed ſo much among his immediate predeceſſors. Silius was honoured with the conſulate; and lived to ſee his ſon in the ſame high office. He was a great lover and collector of pictures and ſtatues; ſome of which he worſhipped; eſpecially one he had of Virgil. He uſed to offer ſacrifices too at his tomb near Naples. It is a pity that he could not get more of his ſpirit in his writings: for he had ſcarce enough to make his offerings acceptable to the genius of that great poet.—Statius had more of ſpirit, with a leſs ſhare of prudence: for his Thebaid is certainly ill conducted, and ſcarcely well written. By the little we have of his Achilleid, that would probably have been a much better poem, at leaſt as to the writing part, had he lived to finiſh it. As it is, his deſcription of Achilles's behaviour at the feaſt which Lycomedes makes for the Grecian ambaſſadors, and ſome other parts of it, read more pleaſingly to me than any part of the Thebaid. I cannot help thinking, that the paſſage quoted ſo often from Juvenal, as an encomium on Statius, was meant as a ſatire on him. Martial ſeems to ſtrike at him too, under the borrowed name of Sabellus. As he did not finiſh his Achilleid, he may deſerve more reputation perhaps as a miſcellaneous than as an epic writer; for though the odes and other copies of verſes in his Sylvæ are not without their faults, they are not ſo faulty as his Thebaid. The chief faults of Statius, in his Sylvæ and Thebaid, are ſaid to have proceeded from very different cauſes: the former, from their having been written incorrectly and in a great deal of haſte; and the other, from its being over corrected and hard. Perhaps his greateſt fault of all, or rather the greateſt ſign of his bad judgment, is his admiring Lucan ſo extravagantly as he does. It is remarkable, that poetry run more lineally in Statius's family, than perhaps in any other. He received it from his father; who had been an eminent poet in his time, and lived to ſee his ſon obtain the laurel-crown at the Alban games; as he had formerly done himſelf.—Valerius Flaccus wrote a little before Statius. He died young, and left his poem unfiniſhed. We have but ſeven books of his Argonautics, and part of the eighth, in which the Argonauts

nauts are left on the sea, in their return homewards. Several of the modern critics, who have been some way or other concerned in publishing Flaccus's works, make no scruple of placing him next to Virgil, of all the Roman epic poets; and I own I am a good deal inclined to be seriously of their opinion; for he seems to me to have more fire than Silius, and to be more correct than Statius; and as for Lucan, I cannot help looking upon him as quite out of the question. He imitates Virgil's language much better than Silius, or even Statius; and his plan, or rather his story, is certainly less embarrassed and confused than the Thebaid. Some of the ancients themselves speak of Flaccus with a great deal of respect; and particularly Quinctilian; who says nothing at all of Silius or Statius; unless the latter is to be included in that general expression of 'several others,' whom he leaves to be celebrated by posterity.

As to the dramatic writers of this time, we have not any one comedy, and only ten tragedies, all published under the name of Lucius Annæus Seneca. They are probably the work of different hands; and might be a collection of favourite plays, put together by some bad grammarian; for either the Roman tragedies of this age were very indifferent, or these are not their best. They have been attributed to authors as far distant as the reigns of Augustus and Trajan. It is true, the person who is so positive that one of them in particular must be of the Augustan age, says this of a piece that he seems resolved to cry up at all rates; and I believe one should do no injury to any one of them, in supposing them all to have been written in this third age, under the decline of the Roman poetry.

Of all the other poets under this period, there are none whose works remain to us, except Martial and Juvenal. The former flourished under Domitian; and the latter under Nerva, Trajan, and Adrian. *Spence.*

§ 59. *Of* Martial.

Martial is a dealer only in a little kind of writing; for Epigram is certainly (what it is called by Dryden) the lowest step of poetry. He is at the very bottom of the hill; but he diverts himself there, in gathering flowers and playing with insects, prettily enough. If Martial made a new-year's gift, he was sure to send a distich with it: if a friend died, he made a few verses to put on his tomb-stone: if a statue was set up, they came to him for an inscription. These were the common offices of his muse. If he struck a fault in life, he marked it down in a few lines; and if he had a mind to please a friend, or to get the favour of the great, his style was turned to panegyric; and these were his highest employments. He was, however, a good writer in his way; and there are instances even of his writing with some dignity on higher occasions. *Spence.*

§ 60. *Of* Juvenal.

Juvenal began to write after all I have mentioned; and, I do not know by what good fortune, writes with a greater spirit of poetry than any of them. He has scarce any things of the gentility of Horace: yet he is not without humour, and exceeds all the satirists in severity. To say the truth, he flashes too much like an angry executioner; but the depravity of the times, and the vices then in fashion, may often excuse some degree of rage in him. It is said he did not write till he was elderly; and after he had been too much used to declaiming. However, his satires have a great deal of spirit in them; and shew a strong hatred of vice, with some very fine and high sentiments of virtue. They are indeed so animated, that I do not know any poem of this age, which one can read with near so much pleasure as his satires.

Juvenal may very well be called the last of the Roman poets. After his time, poetry continued decaying more and more, quite down to the time of Constantine; when all the arts were so far lost and extinguished among the Romans, that from that time they themselves may very well be called by the name they used to give to all the world, except the Greeks; for the Romans then had scarce any thing to distinguish them from the Barbarians.

There are, therefore, but three ages of the Roman poetry, that can carry any weight with them in an enquiry of this nature. The first age, from the first Punic war to the time of Augustus, is more remarkable for strength, than any great degree of beauty in writing. The second age, or the Augustan, is the time when they wrote with a due mixture of beauty and strength. And the third, from the beginning of Nero's reign to the end of Adrian's, when they endeavoured after beauty more than strength: when they lost much of their vigour, and run too much into affectation. Their poetry, in its youth, was strong and nervous; in its middle age,

it was manly and polite; in its latter days, it grew tawdry and feeble; and endeavoured to hide the decays of its former beauty and ſtrength, in falſe ornaments of dreſs, and a borrowed fluſh on the face; which did not ſo much render it pleaſing, as it ſhewed that its natural complexion was faded and loſt. *Spence.*

§ 61. *Of the Introduction, Improvement, and Fall of the Arts at Rome.*

The city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Thoſe old rough ſoldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to ſoften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged ſo much and ſo univerſally in the infancy of their ſtate. Their houſes were (what the name they gave them ſignified) only a covering for them, and a defence againſt bad weather. Theſe ſheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beaſts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular ſtreets and openings: their walls were half mud, and their roofs, pieces of wood ſtuck together; nay, even this was an after-improvement; for in Romulus's time, their houſes were only covered with ſtraw. If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in ſetting off the temples of their gods; and when theſe began to be furniſhed with ſtatues (for they had none till long after Numa's time) they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and ſeemed rather formed ſo as to be horrible enough to ſtrike an awe into thoſe who worſhipped them, than handſome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleaſure. Their deſign, I ſuppoſe, was anſwerable to the materials they were made of; and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopt out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in thoſe times, both of the temples and private houſes, conſiſted in their ancient trophies: which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and ſo formed into a rough kind of poſts. Theſe were loaded with the arms they had taken in war; and you may eaſily conceive what ſort of ornaments theſe poſts muſt make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old ruſty arms, beſmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, whoſe very ruins at this day are ſought after with ſo much pleaſure: it was a town, which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people ſhudder, whenever they firſt entered within its gates. *Ibid.*

§ 62. *The Condition of the* Romans *in the Second* Punic *War.*

Such was the ſtate of this imperial city, when its citizens had made ſo great a progreſs in arms as to have conquered the better part of Italy, and to be able to engage in a war with the Carthaginians; the ſtrongeſt power then by land, and the abſolute maſters by ſea. The Romans, in the firſt Punic war, added Sicily to their dominions. In the ſecond, they greatly increaſed their ſtrength, both by ſea and land; and acquired a taſte of the arts and elegancies of life, with which till then they had been totally unacquainted. For though before this they were maſters of Sicily (which in the old Roman geography made a part of Greece) and of ſeveral cities in the eaſtern part of Italy, which were inhabited by colonies from Greece, and were adorned with the pictures, and ſtatues, and other works, in which that nation delighted, and excelled the reſt of the world ſo much; they had hitherto looked upon them with ſo careleſs an eye, that they had felt little or nothing of their beauty. This inſenſibility they preſerved ſo long, either from the groſſneſs of their minds, or perhaps from their ſuperſtition, and a dread of reverencing foreign deities as much as their own; or (which is the moſt likely of all) out of mere politics, and the deſire of keeping up their martial ſpirit and natural roughneſs, which they thought the arts and elegancies of the Grecians would be but too apt to deſtroy. However that was, they generally preſerved themſelves from even the leaſt ſuſpicion of taſte for the polite arts, pretty far into the ſecond Punic war; as appears by the behaviour of Fabius Maximus in that war, even after the ſcales were turned on their ſide. When that general took Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and extremely adorned with pictures and ſtatues. Among others, there were ſome very fine coloſſeal figures of the gods, repreſented as fighting againſt the rebel giants. Theſe were made by ſome of the moſt eminent maſters in Greece; and the Jupiter, not improbably, by Lyſippus. When Fabius was diſpoſing of the ſpoil, he ordered the money and plate to be ſent to the treaſury at Rome, but the ſtatues and pictures to be left behind. The ſecretary who

who attended him in his ſurvey, was ſomewhat ſtruck with the largeneſs and noble air of the figures juſt mentioned; and aſked, Whether they too muſt be left with the reſt? "Yes," replied Fabius, "leave their "angry gods to the Tarentines; we will "have nothing to do with them." *Spence.*

§ 63. MARCELLUS *attacks* SYRACUSE, *and ſends all its Pictures and Statues to* ROME.

Marcellus had indeed behaved himſelf very differently in Sicily, a year or two before this happened. As he was to carry on the war in that province, he bent the whole force of it againſt Syracuſe. There was at that time no one city which belonged to the Greeks, more elegant, or better adorned, than the city of Syracuſe; it abounded in the works of the beſt maſters. Marcellus, when he took the city, cleared it entirely, and ſent all their ſtatues and pictures to Rome. When I ſay all, I uſe the language of the people of Syracuſe; who ſoon after laid a complaint againſt Marcellus before the Roman ſenate, in which they charged him with ſtripping all their houſes and temples, and leaving nothing but bare walls throughout the city. Marcellus himſelf did not at all diſown it, but fairly confeſſed what he had done: and uſed to declare, that he had done ſo, in order to adorn Rome, and to introduce a taſte for the fine arts among his countrymen.

Such a difference of behaviour in their two greateſt leaders, ſoon occaſioned two different parties in Rome. The old people in general joined in crying up Fabius.—Fabius was not rapacious, as ſome others were; but temperate in his conqueſts. In what he had done, he had acted, not only with that moderation which becomes a Roman general, but with much prudence and foreſight. "Theſe fineries," they cried, "are a pretty diverſion for an idle effemi-"nate people: let us leave them to the "Greeks. The Romans deſire no other "ornaments of life, than a ſimplicity of "manners at home, and fortitude againſt "our enemies abroad. It is by theſe arts "that we have raiſed our name ſo high, "and ſpread our dominion ſo far: and "ſhall we ſuffer them now to be exchanged "for a fine taſte, and what they call ele-"gance of living? No, great Jupiter, who "preſideſt over the capitol! let the Greeks "keep their arts to themſelves, and let the "Romans learn only how to conquer and "to govern mankind."—Another ſet, and particularly the younger people, who were extremely delighted with the noble works of the Grecian artiſts that had been ſet up for ſome time in the temples, and porticos, and all the moſt public places of the city, and who uſed frequently to ſpend the greateſt part of the day in contemplating the beauties of them, extolled Marcellus as much for the pleaſure he had given them. "We "ſhall now," ſaid they, "no longer be "reckoned among the Barbarians. That "ruſt, which we have been ſo long con-"tracting, will ſoon be worn off. Other "generals have conquered our enemies, but "Marcellus has conquered our ignorance. "We begin to ſee with new eyes, and have "a new world of beauties opening before "us. Let the Romans be polite, as well "as victorious; and let us learn to excel "the nations in taſte, as well as to con-"quer them with our arms."

Whichever ſide was in the right, the party for Marcellus was the ſucceſsful one; for, from this point of time we may date the introduction of the arts into Rome. The Romans by this means began to be fond of them; and the love of the arts is a paſſion, which grows very faſt in any breaſt, wherever it is once entertained.

We may ſee how faſt and how greatly it prevailed at Rome, by a ſpeech which old Cato the cenſor made in the ſenate, not above ſeventeen years after the taking of Syracuſe. He complains in it, that their people began to run into Greece and Aſia; and to be infected with a deſire of playing with their fine things: that as to ſuch ſpoils, there was leſs honour in taking them, than there was danger of their being taken by them: that the gods brought from Syracuſe, had revenged the cauſe of its citizens, in ſpreading this taſte among the Romans: that he heard but too many daily crying up the ornaments of Corinth and Athens; and ridiculing the poor old Roman gods; who had hitherto been propitious to them; and who, he hoped, would ſtill continue ſo, if they would but let their ſtatues remain in peace upon their pedeſtals. *Spence.*

§ 64. *The* ROMAN *Generals, in their ſeveral Conqueſts, convey great Numbers of Pictures and Statues to* ROME.

It was in vain too that Cato ſpoke againſt it; for the love of the arts prevailed every day more and more; and from henceforward the Roman generals, in their ſeveral conqueſts, ſeem to have ſtrove who ſhould bring away the greateſt number of ſtatues and pictures,

tures, to set off their triumphs, and to adorn the city of Rome. It is surprising what accessions of this kind were made in the compass of a little more than half a century after Marcellus had set the example. The elder Scipio Africanus brought in a great number of wrought vases from Spain and Afric, toward the end of the second Punic war; and the very year after that was finished, the Romans entered into a war with Greece, the great school of all the arts, and the chief repository of most of the finest works that ever were produced by them. It would be endless to mention all their acquisitions from hence; I shall only put you in mind of some of the most considerable. Flaminius made a great shew both of statues and vases in his triumph over Philip king of Macedon; but he was much exceeded by Æmilius, who reduced that kingdom into a province. Æmilius's triumph lasted three days; the first of which was wholly taken up in bringing in the fine statues he had selected in his expedition; as the chief ornament of the second consisted in vases and sculptured vessels of all sorts, by the most eminent hands. These were all the most chosen things, culled from the collection of that successor of Alexander the Great; for as to the inferior spoils of no less than seventy Grecian cities, Æmilius had left them all to his soldiery, as not worthy to appear among the ornaments of his triumph. Not many years after this, the young Scipio Africanus (the person who is most celebrated for his polite taste of all the Romans hitherto, and who was scarce exceeded by any one of them in all the succeeding ages) destroyed Carthage, and transferred many of the chief ornaments of that city, which had so long bid fair for being the seat of empire, to Rome, which soon became undoubtedly so. This must have been a vast accession: though that great man, who was as just in his actions as he was elegant in his taste, did not bring all the finest of his spoils to Rome, but left a great part of them in Sicily, from whence they had formerly been taken by the Carthaginians. The very same year that Scipio freed Rome from its most dangerous rival, Carthage, Mummius (who was as remarkable for his rusticity, as Scipio was for elegance and taste) added Achaia to the Roman state; and sacked, among several others, the famous city of Corinth, which had been long looked upon as one of the principal reservoirs of the finest works of art. He cleared it of all its beauties, without knowing any thing of them: even without knowing, that an old Grecian statue was better than a new Roman one. He used, however, the surest method of not being mistaken; for he took all indifferently as they came in his way; and brought them off in such quantities, that he alone is said to have filled Rome with statues and pictures. Thus, partly from the taste, and partly from the vanity of their generals, in less than seventy years time (reckoning from Marcellus's taking of Syracuse to the year in which Carthage was destroyed) Italy was furnished with the noblest productions of the ancient artists, that before lay scattered all over Spain, Afric, Sicily, and the rest of Greece. Sylla, beside many others, added vastly to them afterwards; particularly by his taking of Athens, and by his conquests in Asia; where, by his too great indulgence to his armies, he made taste and rapine a general thing, even among the common soldiers, as it had been, for a long time, among their leaders.

In this manner, the first considerable acquisitions were made by their conquering armies; and they were carried on by the persons sent out to govern their provinces, when conquered. As the behaviour of these in their governments, in general, was one of the greatest blots on the Roman nation, we must not expect a full account of their transactions in the old historians, who treat particularly of the Roman affairs: for such of these that remain to us, are either Romans themselves, or else Greeks who were too much attached to the Roman interest, to speak out the whole truth in this affair. But what we cannot have fully from their own historians, may be pretty well supplied from other hands. A poet of their own, who seems to have been a very honest man, has set the rapaciousness of their governors in general in a very strong light; as Cicero has set forth that of Verres in particular, as strongly. If we may judge of their general behaviour by that of this governor of Sicily, they were more like monsters and harpies, than men. For that public robber (as Cicero calls him, more than once) hunted over every corner of his island, with a couple of finders (one a Greek painter, and the other a statuary of the same nation) to get together his collection; and was so curious and so rapacious in that search, that Cicero says, there was not a gem, or statue, or relievo, or picture, in all Sicily, which he did not see; nor any one he liked, which he did not take away from its owner. What

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he thus got, he ſent into Italy. Rome was the centre both of their ſpoils in war, and of their rapines in peace: and if many of their prætors and proconſuls acted but in half ſo abandoned a manner as this Verres appears to have done, it is very probable that Rome was more enriched in all theſe ſort of things ſecretly by their governors, than it had been openly by their generals.

Spence.

§ 65. *The Methods made uſe of in drawing the Works of the beſt ancient Artiſts into* Italy.

There was another method of augmenting theſe treaſures at Rome, not ſo infamous as this, and not ſo glorious as the former. What I mean, was the cuſtom of the Ædiles, when they exhibited their public games, of adorning the theatres and other places where they were performed, with great numbers of ſtatues and pictures: which they bought up or borrowed, for that purpoſe, all over Greece, and ſometimes even from Aſia. Scaurus, in particular, in his ædileſhip, had no leſs than three thouſand ſtatues and relievos for the mere ornamenting of the ſtage, in a theatre built only for four or five days. This was the ſame Scaurus who (whilſt he was in the ſame office too) brought to Rome all the pictures of Sicyon, which had been ſo long one of the moſt eminent ſchools in Greece for painting; in lieu of debts owing, or pretended to be owed, from that city to the Roman people.

From theſe public methods of drawing the works of the beſt ancient artiſts into Italy, it grew at length to be a part of private luxury, affected by almoſt every body that could afford it, to adorn their houſes, their porticos, and their gardens, with the beſt ſtatues and pictures they could procure out of Greece or Aſia. None went earlier into this taſte, than the family of the Luculli, and particularly Lucius Lucullus, who carried on the war againſt Mithridates. He was remarkable for his love of the arts and polite learning even from a child; and in the latter part of his life gave himſelf up ſo much to collections of this kind, that Plutarch reckons it among his follies. "As I am ſpeaking of his faults (ſays that hiſtorian in his life) I ſhould not omit his vaſt baths, and piazzas for walking; or his gardens, which were much more magnificent than any in his time at Rome, and equal to any in the luxurious ages that followed; nor his exceſſive fondneſs for ſtatues and pictures, which he got from all parts, to adorn his works and gardens, at an immenſe expence; and with the vaſt riches he had heaped together in the Mithridatic war." There were ſeveral other families which fell about that time into the ſame ſort of exceſs; and, among the reſt, the Julian. The firſt emperor, who was of that family, was a great collector; and, in particular, was as fond of old gems, as his ſucceſſor, Auguſtus, was of Corinthian vaſes.

This may be called the firſt age of the flouriſhing of the politer arts at Rome; or rather the age in which they were introduced there: for the people in this period were chiefly taken up in getting fine things, and bringing them together. There were perhaps ſome particular perſons in it of a very good taſte: but in general one may ſay, there was rather a love, than any great knowledge of their beauties, during this age, among the Romans. They were brought to Rome in the firſt part of it, in greater numbers than can be eaſily conceived; and in ſome time, every body began to look upon them with pleaſure. The collection was continually augmenting afterwards, from the ſeveral methods I have mentioned; and I doubt not but a good taſte would have been a general thing among them much earlier than it was, had it not been for the frequent convulſions in their ſtate, and the perpetual ſtruggles of ſome great man or other to get the reins of government into his hands. Theſe continued quite from Sylla's time to the eſtabliſhment of the ſtate under Auguſtus. The peaceful times that then ſucceeded, and the encouragement which was given by that emperor to all the arts, afforded the Romans full leiſure to contemplate the fine works that were got together at Rome in the age before, and to perfect their taſte in all the elegancies of life. The artiſts, who were then much invited to Rome, worked in a ſtyle greatly ſuperior to what they had done even in Julius Cæſar's time: ſo that it is under Auguſtus that we may begin the ſecond, and moſt perfect age of ſculpture and painting, as well as of poetry. Auguſtus changed the whole appearance of Rome itſelf; he found it ill built, and left it a city of marble. He adorned it with buildings, extremely finer than any it could boaſt before his time, and ſet off all thoſe buildings, and even the common ſtreets, with an addition of ſome of the fineſt ſtatues in the world.

Spence.

§ 66. *On*

§ 66. *On the Decline of the Arts, Eloquence, and Poetry, upon the Death of Auguſtus.*

On the death of Auguſtus, though the arts, and the taſte for them, did not ſuffer ſo great a change, as appeared immediately in the taſte of eloquence and poetry, yet they muſt have ſuffered a good deal. There is a ſecret union, a certain kind of ſympathy between all the polite arts, which makes them languiſh and flouriſh together. The ſame circumſtances are either kind or unfriendly to all of them. The favour of Auguſtus, and the tranquillity of his reign, was as a gentle dew from heaven, in a favourable ſeaſon, that made them bud forth and flouriſh; and the four reign of Tiberius, was as a ſudden froſt that checked their growth, and at laſt killed all their beauties. The vanity, and tyranny, and diſturbances of the times that followed, gave the finiſhing ſtroke to ſculpture as well as eloquence, and to painting as well as poetry. The Greek artiſts at Rome were not ſo ſoon or ſo much infected by the bad taſte of the court, as the Roman writers were; but it reached them too, though by ſlower and more imperceptible degrees. Indeed what elſe could be expected from ſuch a run of monſters as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero? For theſe were the emperors under whoſe reigns the arts began to languiſh; and they ſuffered ſo much from their baleful influence, that the Roman writers ſoon after them ſpeak of all the arts as being brought to a very low ebb. They talk of their being extremely fallen in general; and as to painting, in particular, they repreſent it as in a moſt feeble and dying condition. The ſeries of ſo many good emperors, which happened after Domitian, gave ſome ſpirit again to the arts; but ſoon after the Antonines, they all declined apace, and, by the time of the thirty tyrants, were quite fallen, ſo as never to riſe again under any future Roman emperor.

You may ſee by theſe two accounts I have given you of the Roman poetry, and of the other arts, that the great periods of their riſe, their flouriſhing, and their decline, agree very well; and, as it were, tally with one another. Their ſtyle was prepared, and a vaſt collection of fine works laid in, under the firſt period, or in the times of the republic: In the ſecond, or the Auguſtan age, their writers and artiſts were both in their higheſt perfection; and in the third, from Tiberius to the Antonines, they both began to languiſh; and then revived a little; and at laſt ſunk totally together.

In comparing the deſcriptions of their poets with the works of art, I ſhould therefore chuſe to omit all the Roman poets after the Antonines. Among them all, there is perhaps no one whoſe omiſſion need be regretted, except that of Claudian; and even as to him it may be conſidered, that he wrote when the true knowledge of the arts was no more; and when the true taſte of poetry was ſtrangely corrupted and loſt; even if we were to judge of it by his own writings only, which are extremely better than any of the poets long before and long after him. It is therefore much better to confine one's ſelf to the three great ages, than to run ſo far out of one's way for a ſingle poet or two; whoſe authorities, after all, muſt be very diſputable, and indeed ſcarce of any weight. *Spence.*

§ 67. *On* Demosthenes.

I ſhall not ſpend any time upon the circumſtances of Demoſthenes's life; they are well known. The ſtrong ambition which he diſcovered to excel in the art of ſpeaking; the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt attempts; his unwearied perſeverance in ſurmounting all the diſadvantages that aroſe from his perſon and addreſs; his ſhutting himſelf up in a cave, that he might ſtudy with leſs diſtraction; his declaiming by the ſea-ſhore, that he might accuſtom himſelf to the noiſe of a tumultuous aſſembly, and with pebbles in his mouth, that he might correct a defect in his ſpeech; his practiſing at home with a naked ſword hanging over his ſhoulder that he might check an ungraceful motion, to which he was ſubject; all thoſe circumſtances, which we learn from Plutarch, are very encouraging to ſuch as ſtudy Eloquence, as they ſhew how far art and application may avail, for acquiring an excellence which nature ſeemed unwilling to grant us. *Blair.*

§ 68. Demosthenes *imitated the manly Eloquence of* Pericles.

Deſpiſing the affected and florid manner which the rhetoricians of that age followed, Demoſthenes returned to the forcible and manly eloquence of Pericles; and ſtrength and vehemence form the principal characteriſtics of his Style. Never had orator a finer field than Demoſthenes in his Olynthiacs and Philippics, which are his capital orations: and, no doubt, to the nobleneſs of the ſubject, and to that integrity and public

public ſpirit which eminently breathe in them, they are indebted for much of their merit. The ſubject is, to rouze the indignation of his countrymen againſt Philip of Macedon, the public enemy of the liberties of Greece; and to guard them againſt the inſidious meaſures, by which that crafty prince endeavoured to lay them aſleep to danger. In the proſecution of this end, we ſee him taking every proper method to animate a people, renowned for juſtice, humanity and valour, but in many inſtances become corrupt and degenerate. He boldly taxes them with their venality, their indolence, and indifference to the public cauſe; while, at the ſame time, with all the art of an orator, he recals the glory of their anceſtors to their thoughts, ſhews them that they are ſtill a flouriſhing and a powerful people, the natural protectors of the liberty of Greece, and who wanted only the inclination to exert themſelves, in order to make Philip tremble. With his cotemporary orators, who were in Philip's intereſt, and who perſuaded the people to peace, he keeps no meaſures, but plainly reproaches them as the betrayers of their country. He not only prompts to vigorous conduct, but he lays down the plan of that conduct; he enters into particulars; and points out, with great exactneſs, the meaſures of execution. This is the ſtrain of theſe orations. They are ſtrongly animated; and full of the impetuoſity and fire of public ſpirit. They proceed in a continued train of inductions, conſequences, and demonſtrations, founded on ſound reaſon. The figures which he uſes, are never ſought after; but always riſe from the ſubject. He employs them ſparingly indeed; for ſplendour and ornament are not the diſtinctions of this orator's compoſition. It is an energy of thought, peculiar to himſelf, which forms his character, and ſets him above all others. He appears to attend much more to things than to words. We forget the orator, and think of the buſineſs. He warms the mind, and impels to action. He has no parade and oſtentation; no methods of inſinuation; no laboured introductions; but is like a man full of his ſubject, who, after preparing his audience, by a ſentence or two for hearing plain truths, enters directly on buſineſs. *Blair.*

§ 69. Demosthenes *contraſted with* Æschines.

Demoſthenes appears to great advantage, when contraſted with Æſchines, in the celebrated oration "pro Corona." Æſchines was his rival in buſineſs, and perſonal enemy; and one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed orators of that age. But when we read the two orations, Æſchines is feeble in compariſon of Demoſthenes, and makes much leſs impreſſion on the mind. His reaſonings concerning the law that was in queſtion, are indeed very ſubtile; but his invective againſt Demoſthenes is general, and ill-ſupported. Whereas Demoſthenes is a torrent, that nothing can reſiſt. He bears down his antagoniſt with violence; he draws his character in the ſtrongeſt colours; and the particular merit of that oration is, that all the deſcriptions in it are highly pictureſque. There runs through it a ſtrain of magnanimity and high honour: the orator ſpeaks with that ſtrength and conſcious dignity which great actions and public ſpirit alone inſpire. Both orators uſe great liberties with one another; and, in general, that unreſtrained licence which ancient manners permitted, even to the length of abuſive names and downright ſcurrility, as appears both here and in Cicero's Philippics, hurts and offends a modern ear. What thoſe ancient orators gained by ſuch a manner in point of freedom and boldneſs, is more than compenſated by want of dignity; which ſeems to give an advantage, in this reſpect, to the greater decency of modern ſpeaking. *Blair.*

§ 70. *On the Style of* Demosthenes.

The Style of Demoſthenes is ſtrong and conciſe, though ſometimes, it muſt not be diſſembled, harſh and abrupt. His words are very expreſſive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and, though far from being unmuſical, yet it ſeems difficult to find in him that ſtudied, but concealed number, and rhythmus, which ſome of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of thoſe leſſer graces, one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that ſublime which lies in ſentiment. His action and pronunciation are recorded to have been uncommonly vehement and ardent; which, from the manner of his compoſition, we are naturally led to believe. The character which one forms of him, from reading his works, is of the auſtere, rather than the gentle kind. He is, on every occaſion, grave, ſerious, paſſionate; takes every thing on a high tone; never lets himſelf down, nor attempts any thing like pleaſantry. If any fault can be found in his admirable eloquence, it is, that he ſometimes borders on the hard and dry. He may be thought to want ſmoothneſs and grace; which Dionyſius

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of Halicarnaſſus attributes to his imitating too cloſely the manner of Thucydides, who was his great model for Style, and whoſe hiſtory he is ſaid to have written eight times over with his own hand. But theſe defects are far more than compenſated, by that admirable and maſterly force of maſculine eloquence, which, as it overpowered all who heard it, cannot, at this day, be read without emotion.

After the days of Demoſthenes, Greece loſt her liberty, eloquence of courſe languiſhed, and relapſed again into the feeble manner introduced by the Rhetoricians and Sophiſts. Demetrius Phalerius, who lived in the next age to Demoſthenes, attained indeed ſome character, but he is repreſented to us as a flowery, rather than a perſuaſive ſpeaker, who aimed at grace rather than ſubſtance. "Delectabat Athenienſes," ſays Cicero, "magis quam inflammabat."—"He amuſed the Athenians, rather than "warmed them." And after his time, we hear of no more Grecian orators of any note. *Blair.*

§ 71. *On* Cicero.

The object in this period moſt worthy to draw our attention, is Cicero himſelf; whoſe name alone ſuggeſts every thing that is ſplendid in oratory. With the hiſtory of his life, and with his character, as a man and a politician, we have not at preſent any direct concern. We conſider him only as an eloquent ſpeaker; and, in this view, it is our buſineſs to remark both his virtues, and his defects, if he has any. His virtues are, beyond controverſy, eminently great. In all his orations there is high art. He begins, generally, with a regular exordium; and with much preparation and inſinuation prepoſſeſſes the hearers, and ſtudies to gain their affections. His method is clear, and his arguments are arranged with great propriety. His method is indeed more clear than that of Demoſthenes; and this is one advantage which he has over him. We find every thing in its proper place; he never attempts to move till he has endeavoured to convince; and in moving, eſpecially the ſofter paſſions, he is very ſucceſsful. No man, that ever wrote, knew the power and force of words better than Cicero. He rolls them along with the greateſt beauty and pomp; and in the ſtructure of his ſentences, is curious and exact to the higheſt degree. He is always full and flowing, never abrupt. He is a great amplifier of every ſubject; magnificent, and in his ſentiments highly moral. His manner is on the whole diffuſe, yet it is often happily varied, and ſuited to the ſubject. In his four orations, for inſtance, againſt Catiline, the tone and ſtyle of each of them, particularly the firſt and laſt, is very different, and accommodated with a great deal of judgment to the occaſion, and the ſituation in which they were ſpoken. When a great public object rouſed his mind, and demanded indignation and force, he departs conſiderably from that looſe and declamatory manner to which he inclines at other times, and becomes exceedingly cogent and vehement. This is the caſe in his orations againſt Anthony, and in thoſe too againſt Verres and Catiline. *Blair.*

§ 72. *Defects of* Cicero.

Together with thoſe high qualities which Cicero poſſeſſes, he is not exempt from certain defects, of which it is neceſſary to take notice. For the Ciceronian Eloquence is a pattern ſo dazzling by its beauties, that, if not examined with accuracy and judgment, it is apt to betray the unwary into a faulty imitation; and I am of opinion, that it has ſometimes produced this effect. In moſt of his orations, eſpecially thoſe compoſed in the earlier part of his life, there is too much art; even carried the length of oſtentation. There is too viſible a parade of eloquence. He ſeems often to aim at obtaining admiration, rather than at operating conviction, by what he ſays. Hence, on ſome occaſions, he is ſhowy, rather than ſolid; and diffuſe, where he ought to have been preſſing. His ſentences are, at all times, round and ſonorous; they cannot be accuſed of monotony, for they poſſeſs variety of cadence; but from too great a ſtudy of magnificence, he is ſometimes deficient in ſtrength. On all occaſions, where there is the leaſt room for it, he is full of himſelf. His great actions, and the real ſervices which he had performed to his country, apologize for this in part; ancient manners, too, impoſed fewer reſtraints from the ſide of decorum; but, even after theſe allowances made, Cicero's oſtentation of himſelf cannot be wholly palliated; and his orations, indeed all his works, leave on our minds the impreſſion of a good man, but withal, of a vain man.

The defects which we have now taken notice of in Cicero's eloquence, were not unobſerved by his own cotemporaries. This we learn from Quinctilian, and from the author of the dialogue, "de Cauſis Corruptæ "Eloquentiæ." Brutus we are informed called

called him, "fractum et elumbem," broken and enervated. "Suorum temporum homines," says Quinctillian, "inceſſere audebant eum ut tumidiorem & Aſianum, et redundantem, et in repetitionibus nimium, et in ſalibus aliquandò frigidum, & in compoſitione fractum et exultantem, & penè viro molliorem *." Theſe cenſures were undoubtedly carried too far; and ſavour of malignity and perſonal enmity. They ſaw his defects, but they aggravated them; and the ſource of theſe aggravations can be traced to the difference which prevailed in Rome, in Cicero's days, between two great parties, with reſpect to eloquence, the "Attici," and the "Aſiani." The former, who called themſelves the Attics, were the patrons of what they conceived to be the chaſte, ſimple, and natural ſtyle of eloquence; from which they accuſed Cicero, as having departed, and as leaning to the florid Aſiatic manner. In ſeveral of his rhetorical works, particularly in his "Orator ad Brutum," Cicero, in his turn, endeavours to expoſe this ſect, as ſubſtituting a frigid and jejune manner, in place of the true Attic eloquence; and contends, that his own compoſition was formed upon the real Attic Style. In the tenth Chapter of the laſt Book of Quinctilian's Inſtitutions, a full account is given of the diſputes between theſe two parties; and of the Rhodian, or middle manner between the Attics and the Aſiatics. Quinctilian himſelf declares on Cicero's ſide; and, whether it be Attic or Aſiatic, prefers the full, the copious, and the amplifying ſtyle. He concludes with this very juſt obſervation: "Plures ſunt "eloquentiæ facies; ſed ſtultiſſimum eſt "quærere, ad quam recturus ſe ſit orator; "cum omnis ſpecies, quæ modò recta eſt, "habeat uſum.—Utetur enim, ut res exi-"get, omnibus; nec pro cauſa modò, ſed "pro partibus cauſæ †." *Blair.*

§ 73. *Compariſon of* CICERO *and* DEMOSTHENES.

On the ſubject of comparing Cicero and Demoſthenes, much has been ſaid by critical writers. The different manners of theſe two princes of eloquence, and the diſtinguiſhing characters of each, are ſo ſtrongly marked in their writings, that the compariſon is, in many reſpects, obvious and eaſy. The character of Demoſthenes is vigour and auſterity; that of Cicero is gentleneſs and inſinuation. In the one, you find more manlineſs; in the other more ornament. The one is more harſh, but more ſpirited and cogent; the other more agreeable, but withal, looſer and weaker.

To account for this difference, without any prejudice to Cicero, it has been ſaid, that we muſt look to the nature of their different auditories; that the refined Athenians followed with eaſe the conciſe and convincing eloquence of Demoſthenes; but that a manner more popular, more flowery, and declamatory, was requiſite in ſpeaking to the Romans, a people leſs acute, and leſs acquainted with the arts of ſpeech. But this is not ſatisfactory. For we muſt obſerve, that the Greek orator ſpoke much oftener before a mixed multitude, than the Roman. Almoſt all the public buſineſs of Athens was tranſacted in popular aſſemblies. The common people were his hearers, and his judges. Whereas Cicero generally addreſſed himſelf to the Patres Conſcripti," or, in criminal trials, to the Prætor, and the Select Judges; and it cannot be imagined, that the perſons of higheſt rank and beſt education in Rome, required a more diffuſe manner of pleading than the common citizens of Athens, in order to make them underſtand the cauſe, or reliſh the ſpeaker. Perhaps we ſhall come nearer the truth, by obſerving, that to unite together all the qualities, without the leaſt exception, that form a perfect orator, and to excel equally in each of thoſe qualities, is not to be expected from the limited powers of human genius. The higheſt degree of ſtrength is, I ſuſpect, never found united with the higheſt degree of ſmoothneſs and ornament: equal attentions to both, are incompatible; and the genius that carries ornament to its utmoſt length, is not of ſuch a kind, as can excel as much in vigour. For there plainly lies the characteriſtical difference between theſe two celebrated orators.

It is a diſadvantage to Demoſthenes, that, beſides his conciſeneſs, which ſometimes

* "His cotemporaries ventured to reproach him as ſwelling, redundant and Aſiatic; too frequent "in repetitions; in his attempts towards wit ſometimes cold; and, in the ſtrain of his compoſition, "feeble, deſultory, and more effeminate than became a man."

† "Eloquence admits of many different forms; and nothing can be more fooliſh than to enquire, "by which of them an orator is to regulate his compoſition; ſince every form, which is in itſelf juſt, "has its own place and uſe. The Orator, according as circumſtances require, will employ them all; "ſuiting them not only to the cauſe or ſubject of which he treats, but to the different parts of that "ſubject."

produces obſcurity, the language, in which he writes, is leſs familiar to moſt of us than the Latin, and that we are leſs acquainted with the Greek antiquities than we are with the Roman. We read Cicero with more eaſe, and of courſe with more pleaſure. Independent of this circumſtance too, he is no doubt, in himſelf, a more agreeable writer than the other. But notwithſtanding this advantage, I am of opinion, that were the ſtate in danger, or ſome great public intereſt at ſtake, which drew the ſerious attention of men, an oration in the ſpirit and ſtrain of Demoſthenes would have more weight, and produce greater effects, than one in the Ciceronian manner. Were Demoſthenes's Philippics ſpoken in a Britiſh aſſembly, in a ſimilar conjuncture of affairs, they would convince and perſuade at this day. The rapid ſtyle, the vehement reaſoning, the diſdain, anger, boldneſs, freedom, which perpetually animate them, would render their ſucceſs infallible over any modern aſſembly. I queſtion whether the ſame can be ſaid of Cicero's orations; whoſe eloquence, however beautiful, and however well ſuited to the Roman taſte, yet borders oftener on declamation, and is more remote from the manner in which we now expect to hear real buſineſs and cauſes of importance treated *.

In comparing Demoſthenes and Cicero, moſt of the French critics incline to give the preference to the latter. P. Rapin the Jeſuit, in the parallels which he has drawn between ſome of the moſt eminent Greek and Roman writers, uniformly decides in favour of the Roman. For the preference which he gives to Cicero, he aſſigns, and lays ſtreſs on one reaſon of a pretty extraordinary nature; viz. that Demoſthenes could not poſſibly have ſo complete an inſight as Cicero into the manners and paſſions of men; Why? Becauſe he had not the advantage of peruſing Ariſtotle's treatiſe of Rhetoric, wherein, ſays our critic, he has fully laid open that myſtery: and, to ſupport this weighty argument, he enters into a controverſy with A. Gellius, in order to prove that Ariſtotle's Rhetoric was not publiſhed till after Demoſthenes had ſpoken, at leaſt, his moſt conſiderable orations. Nothing can be more childiſh. Such orators as Cicero and Demoſthenes, derived their knowledge of the human paſſions, and their power of moving them, from higher ſources than any treatiſe of rhetoric. One French critic has indeed departed from the common track; and, after beſtowing on Cicero thoſe juſt praiſes, to which the conſent of ſo many ages ſhews him to be entitled, concludes, however, with giving the palm to Demoſthenes. This is Fenelon, the famous archbiſhop of Cambray, and author of Telemachus; himſelf, ſurely, no enemy to all the graces and flowers of compoſition. It is in his Reflections on Rhetoric and Poetry, that he gives this judgment; a ſmall tract, commonly publiſhed along with his Dialogues on Eloquence *. Theſe dialogues and reflections are particularly worthy of peruſal, as containing, I think, the juſteſt ideas on the ſubject, that are to be met with in any modern critical writer. *Blair.*

§ 74. *On the Means of improving in* Eloquence.

Next to moral qualifications, what, in the ſecond place, is moſt neceſſary to an orator, is a fund of knowledge. Much is this inculcated by Cicero and Quinctilian: "Quod omnibus diſciplinis et artibus debet eſſe inſtructus Orator." By which they mean, that he ought to have what we call a Liberal Education; and to be formed by a regular ſtudy of philoſophy,

* In this judgment I concur with Mr. David Hume, in his Eſſay upon Eloquence. He gives it as his opinion, that, of all human productions, the Orations of Demoſthenes preſent to us the models which approach the neareſt to perfection.

† As his expreſſions are remarkably happy and beautiful, the paſſage here referred to deſerves to be inſerted. "Je ne crains pas dire, que Demoſthene me paroit ſupérieur a Cicéron. Je proteſte que "perſonne n'admire plus Cicéron que je fais. Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche. Il fait honneur à la "parole. Il ſait des mots ce qu'un autre n'en ſauroit faire. Il a je ne ſai combien de ſortes d'eſprits. "Il eſt même court, & vehement, toutes les fois qu'il veut l'eſtre; contre Catiline, contre Verres, "contre Antoine. Mais on remarque quelque parure dans ſons diſcours. L'art y eſt merveilleux; "mais on l'entrevoit. L'orateur en penſant au ſalut de la république, ne s'oublie pas, et ne ſe laiſſe "pas oublier. Demoſthene paroit ſortir de ſoi, et ne voir que la patrie. Il ne cherche point le beau; "il le fait, ſans y penſer. Il eſt au-deſſus de l'admiration. Il ſe ſert de la parole, comme un homme "modeſte de ſon habit, pour ſe couvrir. Il tonne; il foudroye. C'eſt un torrent qui entraine tout. "On ne peut le critiquer, parcequ'on eſt ſaiſi. On penſe aux choſes qu'il dit, & non à ſes paroles. "On le perd de vue. On n'eſt occupé que de Philippe qui envahit tout. Je ſuis charmé de ces deux "orateurs; mais j'avoue que je ſuis moins touché de l'art infini, & de la magnifique éloquence de "Cicéron, que de la rapide ſimplicité de Demoſthene."

and the polite arts. We must never forget that,

Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons.

Good sense and knowledge are the foundation of all good speaking. There is no art that can teach one to be eloquent, in any sphere, without a sufficient acquaintance with what belongs to that sphere; or if there were an art that made such pretensions, it would be mere quackery, like the pretensions of the sophists of old, to teach their disciples to speak for and against every subject; and would be deservedly exploded by all wise men. Attention to style, to composition, and all the arts of speech, can only assist an orator in setting off, to advantage, the stock of materials which he possesses; but the stock, the materials themselves, must be brought from other quarters than from rhetoric. He who is to plead at the bar, must make himself thoroughly master of the knowledge of the law; of all the learning and experience that can be useful in his profession, for supporting a cause, or convincing a judge. He who is to speak from the pulpit, must apply himself closely to the study of divinity, of practical religion, of morals, of human nature; that he may be rich in all the topics both of instruction and of persuasion. He who would fit himself for being a member of the supreme council of the nation, or of any public assembly, must be thoroughly acquainted with the business that belongs to such assembly; he must study the forms of court, the course of procedure; and must attend minutely to all the facts that may be the subject of question or deliberation.

Besides the knowledge that properly belongs to that profession to which he addicts himself, a public speaker, if ever he expects to be eminent, must make himself acquainted, as far as his necessary occupations allow, with the general circle of polite literature. The study of poetry may be useful to him on many occasions, for embellishing his style, for suggesting lively images, or agreeable allusions. The study of history may be still more useful to him; as the knowledge of facts, of eminent characters, and of the course of human affairs, finds place on many occasions *. There are few great occasions of public speaking, in which one will not derive assistance from cultivated taste, and extensive knowledge. They will often yield him materials for proper ornament; sometimes, for argument and real use. A deficiency of knowledge, even in subjects that belong not directly to his own profession, will expose him to many disadvantages, and give better qualified rivals a great superiority over him. *Blair.*

§ 75. *A Habit of Industry recommended to the intended Speaker.*

Allow me to recommend, in the third place, not only the attainment of useful knowledge, but a habit of application and industry. Without this, it is impossible to excel in any thing. We must not imagine, that it is by a sort of mushroom growth, that one can rise to be a distinguished pleader, or preacher, or speaker in any assembly. It is not by starts of application, or by a few years preparation of study afterwards discontinued, that eminence can be attained. No; it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for industry. This is the fixed law of our nature; and he must have a very high opinion of his own genius indeed, that can believe himself an exception to it. A very wise law of our nature it is; for industry is, in truth, the great "Condimentum," the seasoning of every pleasure; without which life is doomed to languish. Nothing is so great an enemy both to honourable attainments, and to the real, to the brisk, and spirited enjoyment of life, as that relaxed state of mind, which arises from indolence and dissipation. One that is destined to excel in any art, especially in the arts of speaking and writing, will be known by this more than by any other mark whatever, an enthusiasm for that art; an enthusiasm, which, firing his mind with the object he has in view, will dispose him to relish every labour which the means require. It was this that characterised the great men of antiquity; it is this, which must distinguish the moderns who would tread in their steps. This honourable enthusiasm, it is highly necessary for such as are study-

* "Imprimis verò, abundare debet Orator exemplorum copiâ, cum veterum, tum etiam novorum; "adeò ut non modò quæ conscripta sunt historiis, aut sermonibus velut per manus tradita, quæque "quotidie aguntur, debeat nôsse; verùm ne ea quidem quæ a clarioribus poëtis sunt ficta negligere." QUINCT. L. xii. Cap. 4.

ing oratory to cultivate. If youth wants it, manhood will flag miserably. *Blair.*

§ 76. *Attention to the best Models recommended to the Student in Eloquence.*

Attention to the best models will contribute greatly towards improvement. Every one who speaks or writes should, indeed, endeavour to have somewhat that is his own, that is peculiar to himself, and that characterises his composition and style. Slavish imitation depresses genius, or rather betrays the want of it. But withal, there is no genius so original, but may be profited and assisted by the aid of proper examples, in style, composition, and delivery. They always open some new ideas; they serve to enlarge and correct our own. They quicken the current of thought, and excite emulation. *Ibid.*

§ 77. *Caution necessary in choosing Models.*

Much, indeed, will depend upon the right choice of models which we purpose to imitate; and supposing them rightly chosen, a farther care is requisite, of not being seduced by a blind universal admiration. "For, "deciipit exemplar, vitiis "imitabile." Even in the most finished models we can select, it must not be forgotten, that there are always some things improper for imitation. We should study to acquire a just conception of the peculiar characteristic beauties of any writer, or public speaker, and imitate these only. One ought never to attach himself too closely to any single model: for he who does so, is almost sure of being seduced into a faulty and affected imitation. His business should be, to draw from several the proper ideas of perfection. *Ibid.*

§ 78. *On the Style of* Bolingbroke *and* Swift.

Some authors there are, whose manner of writing approaches nearer to the style of speaking than others: and who, therefore, can be imitated with more safety. In this class, among the English authors, are Dean Swift, and Lord Bolingbroke. The Dean, throughout all his writings, in the midst of much correctness, maintains the easy natural manner of an unaffected speaker; and this is one of his chief excellencies. Lord Bolingbroke's style is more splendid, and more declamatory than Dean Swift's; but still it is the style of one who speaks, or rather who harangues. Indeed, all his political writings (for it is to them only and not to his philosophical ones, that this observation can be applied) carry much more the appearance of one declaiming with warmth in a great assembly, than of one writing in a closet, in order to be read by others. They have all the copiousness, the fervour, the inculcating method, that is allowable and graceful in an orator; perhaps too much of it for a writer: and it is to be regretted, as I have formerly observed, that the matter contained in them should have been so trivial or so false; for, from the manner and style, considerable advantage might be reaped. *Ibid.*

§ 79. *Frequent Exercise in composing and speaking necessary for Improvement in Eloquence.*

Besides attention to the best models, frequent exercise, both in composing and speaking, will be admitted to be a necessary mean of improvement. That sort of composition is, doubtless, most useful, which relates to the profession, or kind of public speaking, to which persons addict themselves. This they should keep ever in their eye, and be gradually inuring themselves to it. But let me also advise them, not to allow themselves in negligent composition of any kind. He who has it for his aim to write, or to speak correctly, should, in the most trivial kind of composition, in writing a letter, nay, even in common discourse, study to acquit himself with propriety. I do not at all mean, that he is never to write, or to speak a word, but in elaborate and artificial language. This would form him to a stiffness and affectation, worse, by ten thousand degrees, than the greatest negligence. But it is to be observed, that there is, in every thing, a manner which is becoming, and has propriety; and opposite to it, there is a clumsy and faulty performance of the same thing. The becoming manner is very often the most light, and seemingly careless manner; but it requires taste and attention to seize the just idea of it. That idea, when acquired, we should keep in our eye, and form upon it whatever we write or say. *Ibid.*

§ 80. *Of what Use the Study of critical and rhetorical Writers may be.*

It now only remains to enquire, of what use may the study of critical and rhetorical writers be, for improving one in the practice of eloquence? These are certainly not to be neglected; and yet, I dare not say

that much is to be expected from them. For professed writers on public speaking, we must look chiefly among the ancients. In modern times, for reasons which were before given, popular eloquence, as an art, has never been very much the object of study; it has not the same powerful effect among us that it had in more democratical states; and therefore has not been cultivated with the same care. Among the moderns, though there has been a great deal of good criticism on the different kinds of writing, yet much has not been attempted on the subject of eloquence, or public discourse; and what has been given us of that kind, has been drawn mostly from the ancients. Such a writer as Joannes Gerardus Vossius, who has gathered into one heap of ponderous lumber, all the trifling, as well as the useful things, that are to be found in the Greek and Roman writers, is enough to disgust one with the study of eloquence. Among the French, there has been more attempted, on this subject, than among the English. The Bishop of Cambray's writings on eloquence, I before mentioned with honour. Rollin, Batteux, Crevier, Gibert, and several French critics, have also written on oratory; but though some of them may be useful, none of them are so considerable as to deserve particular recommendation. *Blair.*

§ 81. *Recourse must chiefly be had to the original Writers.*

It is to the originial ancient writers that we must chiefly have recourse; and it is a reproach to any one, whose profession calls him to speak in public, to be unacquainted with them. In all the ancient rhetorical writers, there is, indeed, this defect, that they are too systematical, as I formerly shewed; they aim at doing too much; at reducing rhetoric to a complete and perfect art, which may even supply invention with materials on every subject; insomuch that one would imagine they expected to form an orator by rule, in as mechanical a manner as one would form a carpenter. Whereas, all that can, in truth be done, is to give openings for assisting and enlightening taste, and for pointing out to genius the course it ought to hold.

Aristotle laid the foundation for all that was afterwards written on the subject. That amazing and comprehensive genius, which does honour to human nature, and which gave light into so many different sciences, has investigated the principles of rhetoric with great penetration. Aristotle appears to have been the first who took rhetoric out of the hands of the sophists, and introduced reasoning and good sense into the art. Some of the profoundest things which have been written on the passions and manners of men, are to be found in his Treatise on Rhetoric; though in this, as in all his writings, his great brevity often renders him obscure. Succeeding Greek rhetoricians, most of whom are now lost, improved on the foundation which Aristotle had laid. Two of them still remain, Demetrius Phalereus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus; both write on the construction of sentences, and deserve to be perused; especially Dionysius, who is a very accurate and judicious critic.

I need scarcely recommend the rhetorical writings of Cicero. Whatever, on the subject of eloquence, comes from so great an orator, must be worthy of attention. His most considerable work on this subject is that *De Oratore*, in three books. None of Cicero's writings are more highly finished than this treatise. The dialogue is polite; the characters are well supported, and the conduct of the whole is beautiful and agreeable. It is, indeed, full of digressions, and his rules and observations may be thought sometimes too vague and general. Useful things, however, may be learned from it; and it is no small benefit to be made acquainted with Cicero's own idea of eloquence. The "Orator ad M. Brutum," is also a considerable treatise; and, in general, throughout all Cicero's rhetorical works there run those high and sublime ideas of eloquence, which are fitted both for forming a just taste, and for creating that enthusiasm for the art, which is of the greatest consequence for excelling in it.

But, of all the ancient writers on the subject of oratory, the most instructive, and most useful, is Quinctilian. I know few books which abound more with good sense, and discover a greater degree of just and accurate taste, than Quinctilian's Institutions. Almost all the principles of good criticism are to be found in them. He has digested into excellent order all the ancient ideas concerning rhetoric, and is, at the same time, himself an eloquent writer. Though some parts of his work contain too much of the technical and artificial system then in vogue, and for that reason may be thought dry and tedious, yet I would not advise the omitting to read any part of his Institutions. To pleaders at the bar, even these technical parts may prove of some use. Seldom has any person, of more sound and distinct judg-

ment than Quinctilian, applied himself to the ſtudy of the art of oratory. *Blair.*

§ 82. *On the Neceſſity of a Claſſical Education.*

The faireſt diamonds are rough till they are poliſhed, and the pureſt gold muſt be run and waſhed, and ſifted in the ore. We are untaught by nature; and the fineſt qualities will grow wild and degenerate, if the mind is not formed by diſcipline, and cultivated with an early care. In ſome perſons, who have run up to men without a liberal education, we may obſerve many great qualities darkened and eclipſed; their minds are cruſted over like diamonds in the rock, they flaſh out ſometimes into an irregular greatneſs of thought, and betray in their actions an unguided force, and unmanaged virtue; ſomething very great and very noble may be diſcerned, but it looks cumberſome and awkward, and is alone of all things the worſe for being natural. Nature is undoubtedly the beſt miſtreſs, and apteſt ſcholar; but nature herſelf muſt be civilized, or ſhe will look ſavage, as ſhe appears in the Indian princes, who are veſted with a native majeſty, a ſurpriſing greatneſs, and generoſity of ſoul, and diſcover what we always regret, fine parts, and excellent natural endowments, without improvement. In thoſe countries, which we call barbarous, where art and politeneſs are not underſtood, nature hath the greater advantage in this, that ſimplicity of manners often ſecures the innocence of the mind; and as virtue is not, ſo neither is vice, civiliſed and refined: but in theſe politer parts of the world, where virtue excels by rules and diſcipline, vice alſo is moſt inſtructed, and with us good qualities will not ſpring up alone: many hurtful weeds will riſe with them, and choak them in their growth, unleſs removed by ſome ſkilful hand; nor will the mind be brought to a juſt perfection, without cheriſhing every hopeful ſeed, and repreſſing every ſuperfluous humour: the mind is like the body in this regard, which cannot fall into a decent and eaſy carriage, unleſs it be faſhioned in time: an untaught behaviour is like the people that uſe it, truly ruſtic, forced and uncouth, and art muſt be applied to make it natural. *Felton.*

§ 83. *On the Entrance to Knowledge.*

Knowledge will not be won without pains and application: ſome parts of it are eaſier, ſome more difficult of acceſs: we muſt proceed at once by ſap and battery; and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do, but to preſs boldly on, and enter: it is troubleſome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the ſpring, they riſe and meet you: the entrance into knowledge is oftentimes very narrow, dark and tireſome, but the rooms are ſpacious, and glorioufly furniſhed: the country is admirable, and every proſpect entertaining. You need not wonder, that fine countries have ſtrait avenues, when the regions of happineſs, like thoſe of knowledge, are impervious, and ſhut to lazy travellers, and the way to heaven itſelf is narrow.

Common things are eaſily attained, and no body values what lies in every body's way: what is excellent is placed out of ordinary reach, and you will eaſily be perſuaded to put forth your hand to the utmoſt ſtretch, and reach whatever you aſpire at. *Felton.*

§ 84. *Claſſics recommended.*

Many are the ſubjects which will invite and deſerve the ſteadieſt application from thoſe who would excel, and be diſtinguiſhed in them. Human learning in general; natural philoſophy, mathematics, and the whole circle of ſcience. But there is no neceſſity of leading you through theſe ſeveral fields of knowledge: it will be moſt commendable for you to gather ſome of the faireſt fruit from them all, and to lay up a ſtore of good ſenſe, and ſound reaſon, of great probity, and ſolid virtue. This is the true uſe of knowledge, to make it ſubſervient to the great duties of our moſt holy religion, that as you are daily grounded in the true and ſaving knowledge of a Chriſtian, you may uſe the helps of human learning, and direct them to their proper end. You will meet with great and wonderful examples of an irregular and miſtaken virtue in the Greeks and Romans, with many inſtances of greatneſs of mind, of unſhaken fidelity, contempt of human grandeur, a moſt paſſionate love of their country, prodigality of life, diſdain of ſervitude, inviolable truth, and the moſt public diſintereſted ſouls, that ever threw off all regards in compariſon with their country's good: you will diſcern the flaws and blemiſhes of their faireſt actions, ſee the wrong apprehenſions they had of virtue, and be able to point them right, and keep them within their proper bounds. Under this correction you may extract a generous and noble ſpirit from the writings and hiſtories of the ancients.

cients. And I would in a particular manner recommend the classic authors to your favour, and they will recommend themselves to your approbation.

If you would resolve to master the Greek as well as the Latin tongue, you will find, that the one is the source and original of all that is most excellent in the other: I do not mean so much for expression, as thought, though some of the most beautiful strokes of the Latin tongue are drawn from the lines of the Grecian orators and poets; but for thought and fancy, for the very foundation and embellishment of their works, you will see, the Latins have ransacked the Grecian store, and, as Horace advises all who would succeed in writing well, had their authors night and morning in their hands.

And they have been such happy imitators, that the copies have proved more exact than the originals; and Rome has triumphed over Athens, as well in wit as arms; for though Greece may have the honour of invention, yet it is easier to strike out a new course of thought, than to equal old originals; and therefore it is more honour to surpass, than to invent anew. Verrio is a great man from his own designs; but if he had attempted upon the Cartons, and outdone Raphael Urbin in life and colours, he had been acknowledged greater than that celebrated master, but now we must think him less. *Felton.*

§ 85. *A Comparison of the Greek and Roman Writers.*

If I may detain you with a short comparison of the Greek and Roman authors, I must own the last have the preference in my thoughts; and I am not singular in my opinion. It must be confessed, the Romans have left no tragedies behind them, that may compare with the majesty of the Grecian stage; the best comedies of Rome were written on the Grecian plan, but Menander is too far lost to be compared with Terence; only if we may judge by the method Terence used in forming two Greek plays into one, we shall naturally conclude, since his are perfect upon that model, that they are more perfect than Menander's were. I shall make no great difficulty in preferring Plautus to Aristophanes, for wit and humour, variety of characters, plot and contrivance in his plays, though Horace has censured him for low wit.

Virgil has been so often compared with Homer, and the merits of those poets so often canvassed, that I shall only say, that if the Roman shines not in the Grecian's flame and fire, it is the coolness of his judgment, rather than the want of heat. You will generally find the force of a poet's genius, and the strength of his fancy, display themselves in the descriptions they give of battles, storms, prodigies, &c. and Homer's fire breaks out on these occasions in more dread and terror; but Virgil mixes compassion with his terror, and, by throwing water on the flame, makes it burn the brighter; so in the storm; so in his battles on the fall of Pallas and Camilla; and that scene of horror, which his hero opens in the second book; the burning of Troy; the ghost of Hector; the murder of the king; the massacre of the people; the sudden surprize, and the dead of night, are so relieved by the piety and pity that is every where intermixed, that we forget our fears, and join in the lamentation. All the world acknowledges the Æneid to be most perfect in its kind; and considering the disadvantage of the language, and the severity of the Roman muse, the poem is still more wonderful, since, without the liberty of the Grecian poets, the diction is so great and noble, so clear, so forcible and expressive, so chaste and pure, that even all the strength and compass of the Greek tongue, joined to Homer's fire, cannot give us stronger and clearer ideas, than the great Virgil has set before our eyes; some few instances excepted, in which Homer, through the force of genius, has excelled.

I have argued hitherto for Virgil; and it will be no wonder that his poem should be more correct in the rules of writing, if that strange opinion prevails, that Homer writ without any view or design at all; that his poems are loose independent pieces tacked together, and were originally only so many songs or ballads upon the gods and heroes, and the siege of Troy. If this be true, they are the completest string of ballads I ever met with, and whoever collected them, and put them in the method we now read them in, whether it were Pisistratus, or any other, has placed them in such order, that the Iliad and the Odysseis seem to have been composed with one view and design, one scheme and intention, which are carried on from the beginning to the end, all along uniform and consistent with themselves. Some have argued, the world was made by a wise Being, and not jumbled together by chance, from the very absurdity of such a supposition; and they have illustrated their argument, from the impossibility that such a

poem as Homer's and Virgil's ſhould riſe in ſuch beautiful order out of millions of letters eternally ſhaken together: but this argument is half ſpoiled, if we allow, that the poems of Homer, in each of which appears one continued formed deſign from one end to the other, were written in looſe ſcraps on no ſettled premeditated ſcheme. Horace, we are ſure, was of another opinion, and ſo was Virgil too, who built his Æneid upon the model of the Iliad and the Odyſſeis. After all, Tully, whoſe relation of this paſſage has given ſome colour to this ſuggeſtion, ſays no more, than that Piſiſtratus (whom he commends for his learning, and condemns for his tyranny) obſerving the books of Homer to lie confuſed and out of order, placed them in the method the great author, no doubt, had firſt formed them in: but all this Tully gives us only as report. And it would be very ſtrange, that Ariſtotle ſhould form his rules on Homer's poems; that Horace ſhould follow his example, and propoſe Homer for the ſtandard of epic writing, with this bright teſtimony, that he "never undertook any thing inconſiderately, nor ever made any fooliſh attempts;" if indeed this celebrated poet did not intend to form his poems in the order and deſign we ſee them in. If we look upon the fabric and conſtruction of thoſe great works, we ſhall find an admirable proportion in all the parts, a perpetual coincidence, and dependence of one upon another; I will venture an appeal to any learned critic in this cauſe; and if it be a ſufficient reaſon to alter the common readings in a letter, a word, or a phraſe, from the conſideration of the context, or propriety of the language, and call it the reſtoring of the text, is it not a demonſtration that theſe poems were made in the ſame courſe of lines, and upon the ſame plan we read them in at preſent, from all the arguments that connexion, dependence, and regularity can give us? If thoſe critics, who maintain this odd fancy of Homer's writings, had found them looſe and undigeſted, and reſtored them to the order they ſtand in now, I believe they would have gloried in their art, and maintained it with more unconteſted reaſons, than they are able to bring for the diſcovery of a word or a ſyllable hitherto falſely printed in the text of any author. But, if any learned men of ſingular fancies and opinions will not allow theſe buildings to have been originally deſigned after the preſent model, let them at leaſt allow us one poetical ſuppoſition on our ſide, That Homer's harp was as powerful to command his ſcattered incoherent pieces into the beautiful ſtructure of a poem, as Amphion's was to ſummon the ſtones into a wall, or Orpheus's to lead the trees a dance. For certainly, however it happens, the parts are ſo juſtly diſpoſed, that you cannot change any book into the place of another, without ſpoiling the proportion, and confounding the order of the whole.

The Georgics are above all controverſy with Heſiod; but the Idylliums of Theocritus have ſomething ſo inimitably ſweet in the verſe and thoughts, ſuch a native ſimplicity, and are ſo genuine, ſo natural a reſult of the rural life, that I muſt, in my poor judgment, allow him the honour of the paſtoral.

In Lyrics the Grecians may ſeem to have excelled, as undoubtedly they are ſuperior in the number of their poets, and variety of their verſe. Orpheus, Alcæus, Sappho, Simonides, and Steſichorus are almoſt entirely loſt. Here and there a fragment of ſome of them is remaining, which, like ſome broken parts of ancient ſtatues, preſerve an imperfect monument of the delicacy, ſtrength, and ſkill of the great maſter's hand.

Pindar is ſublime, but obſcure, impetuous in his courſe, and unfathomable in the depth and loftineſs of his thoughts. Anacreon flows ſoft and eaſy, every where diffuſing the joy and indolence of his mind through his verſe, and tuning his harp to the ſmooth and pleaſant temper of his ſoul. Horace alone may be compared to both; in whom are reconciled the loftineſs and majeſty of Pindar, and the gay, careleſs, jovial temper of Anacreon: and, I ſuppoſe, however Pindar may be admired for greatneſs, and Anacreon for delicateneſs of thought; Horace, who rivals one in his triumphs, and the other in his mirth and love, ſurpaſſes them both in juſtneſs, elegance, and happineſs of expreſſion. Anacreon has another follower among the choiceſt wits of Rome, and that is Catullus, whom, though his lines be rough, and his numbers inharmonious, I could recommend for the ſoftneſs and delicacy, but muſt decline for the looſeneſs of his thoughts, too immodeſt for chaſte ears to bear.

I will go no farther in the poets; only, for the honour of our country, let me obſerve to you, that while Rome has been contented to produce ſome ſingle rivals to the Grecian poetry, England hath brought forth the wonderful Cowley's wit, who was beloved

loved by every muſe he courted, and has rivalled the Greek and Latin poets in every kind, but tragedy.

I will not trouble you with the hiſtorians any further, than to inform you, that the conteſt lies chiefly between Thucydides and Salluſt, Herodotus and Livy; though I think Thucydides and Livy may on many accounts more juſtly be compared: the critics have been very free in their cenſures, but I ſhall be glad to ſuſpend any farther judgment, till you ſhall be able to read them, and give me your opinion.

Oratory and philoſophy are the next diſputed prizes; and whatever praiſes may be juſtly given to Ariſtotle, Plato, Xenophon, and Demoſthenes, I will venture to ſay, that the divine Tully is all the Grecian orators and philoſophers in one. *Felton.*

§ 86. *A ſhort Commendation of the Latin Language.*

And now, having poſſibly given you ſome prejudice in favour of the Romans, I muſt beg leave to aſſure you, that if you have not leiſure to maſter both, you will find your pains well rewarded in the Latin tongue, when once you enter into the elegancies and beauties of it. It is the peculiar felicity of that language to ſpeak good ſenſe in ſuitable expreſſions; to give the fineſt thoughts in the happieſt words, and in an eaſy majeſty of ſtyle, to write up to the ſubject. "And in this, lies the great ſe-" cret of writing well. It is that elegant " ſimplicity, that ornamental plainneſs of " ſpeech, which every common genius " thinks ſo plain, that any body may reach " it, and findeth ſo very elegant, that all " his ſweat, and pains, and ſtudy, fail him " in the attempt."

In reading the excellent authors of the Roman tongue, whether you converſe with poets, orators, or hiſtorians, you will meet with all that is admirable in human compoſure. And though life and ſpirit, propriety and force of ſtyle, be common to them all, you will ſee that nevertheleſs every writer ſhines in his peculiar excellencies; and that wit, like beauty, is diverſified into a thouſand graces of feature and complexion.

I need not trouble you with a particular character of theſe celebrated writers. What I have ſaid already, and what I ſhall ſay farther of them as I go along, renders it leſs neceſſary at preſent, and I would not pre-engage your opinion implicitly to my ſide. It will be a pleaſant exerciſe of your judgment to diſtinguiſh them yourſelf; and when you and I ſhall be able to depart from the common received opinions of the critics and commentators, I may take ſome other occaſion of laying them before you, and ſubmitting what I ſhall then ſay of them to your approbation. *Felton.*

§ 87. *Directions in reading the Claſſics.*

In the mean time, I ſhall only give you two or three cautions and directions for your reading them, which to ſome people will look a little odd, but with me they are of great moment, and very neceſſary to be obſerved.

The firſt is, that you would never be perſuaded into what they call Common-places; which is a way of taking an author to pieces, and ranging him under proper heads, that you may readily find what he has ſaid upon any point, by conſulting an alphabet. This practice is of no uſe but in circumſtantials of time and place, cuſtom and antiquity, and in ſuch inſtances where facts are to be remembered, not where the brain is to be exerciſed. In theſe caſes it is of great uſe: it helps the memory, and ſerves to keep thoſe things in a ſort of order and ſucceſſion. But, common-placing the ſenſe of an author is ſuch a ſtupid undertaking, that, if I may be indulged in ſaying it, they want common ſenſe that practiſe it. What heaps of this rubbiſh have I ſeen! O the pains and labour to record what other people have ſaid, that is taken by thoſe who have nothing to ſay themſelves! You may depend upon it, the writings of theſe men are never worth the reading; the fancy is cramped, the invention ſpoiled, their thoughts on every thing are prevented, if they think at all; but it is the peculiar happineſs of theſe collectors of ſenſe, that they can write without thinking.

I do moſt readily agree, that all the bright ſparkling thoughts of the ancients, their fineſt expreſſions, and nobleſt ſentiments, are to be met with in theſe tranſcribers: but how wretchedly are they brought in, how miſerably put together! Indeed, I can compare ſuch productions to nothing but rich pieces of patch-work, ſewed together with packthread.

When I ſee a beautiful building of exact order and proportion taken down, and the different materials laid together by themſelves, it puts me in mind of theſe common-place men. The materials are certainly very good, but they underſtand not the rules of architecture ſo well, as to form

them into juſt and maſterly proportions any more: and yet how beautiful would they ſtand in another model upon another plan!

For, we muſt confeſs the truth: We can ſay nothing new, at leaſt we can ſay nothing better than has been ſaid before; but we may nevertheleſs make what we ſay our own. And this is done when we do not trouble ourſelves to remember in what page or what book we have read ſuch a paſſage; but it falls in naturally with the courſe of our own thoughts, and takes its place in our writings with as much eaſe, and looks with as good a grace, as it appeared in two thouſand years ago.

This is the beſt way of remembering the ancient authors, when you reliſh their way of writing, enter into their thoughts, and imbibe their ſenſe. There is no need of tying ourſelves up to an imitation of any of them; much leſs to copy or tranſcribe them. For there is room for vaſt variety of thought and ſtyle; as nature is various in her works, and is nature ſtill. Good authors, like the celebrated maſters in the ſeveral ſchools of painting, are originals in their way, and different in their manner. And when we can make the ſame uſe of the Romans as they did of the Grecians, and habituate ourſelves to their way of thinking and writing, we may be equal in rank, though different from them all, and be eſteemed originals as well as they.

And this is what I would have you do. Mix and incorporate with thoſe ancient ſtreams; and though your own wit will be improved and heightened by ſuch a ſtrong infuſion, yet the ſpirit, the thought, the fancy, the expreſſion, which ſhall flow from your pen, will be entirely your own.

Felton.

§ 88. *The Methods of Schools vindicated.*

It has been a long complaint in this polite and excellent age of learning, that we loſe our time in words; that the memory of youth is charged and overloaded without improvement; and all they learn is mere cant and jargon for three or four years together. Now, the complaint is in ſome meaſure true, but not eaſily remedied; and perhaps, after all the exclamation of ſo much time loſt in mere words and terms, the hopeful youths, whoſe loſs of time is ſo much lamented, were capable of learning nothing but words at thoſe years. I do not mind what ſome quacks in the art of teaching ſay; they pretend to work wonders, and to make young gentlemen maſters of the languages, before they can be maſters of common ſenſe; but this to me is a demonſtration, that we are capable of little elſe than words, till twelve or thirteen, if you will obſerve, that a boy ſhall be able to repeat his grammar over, two or three years before his underſtanding opens enough to let him into the reaſon and clear apprehenſion of the rules; and when this is done, ſooner or later, it ceaſeth to be cant and jargon: ſo that all this clamour is wrong founded, and the cauſe of complaint lies rather againſt the backwardneſs of our judgment, than the method of our ſchools. And therefore I am for the old way in ſchools ſtill, and children will be furniſhed there with a ſtock of words at leaſt, when they come to know how to uſe them. *Ibid.*

§ 89. *Commendation of Schools.*

I am very far from having any mean thoughts of thoſe great men who preſide in our chieſeſt and moſt celebrated ſchools; it is my happineſs to be known to the moſt eminent of them in a particular manner, and they will acquit me of any diſreſpect, where they know I have the greateſt veneration: for with them the genius of claſſic learning dwells, and from them it is derived. And I think myſelf honoured in the acquaintance of ſome maſters in the country, who are not leſs polite than they are learned, and to the exact knowledge of the Greek and Roman tongues, have joined a true taſte, and delicate reliſh of the claſſic authors. But ſhould you ever light into ſome formal hands, though your ſenſe is too fine to reliſh thoſe pedantries I have been remonſtrating againſt, when you come to underſtand them, yet for the preſent they may impoſe upon you with a grave appearance; and, as learning is commonly managed by ſuch perſons, you may think them very learned, becauſe they are very dull: and if you ſhould receive the tincture while you are young, it may ſink too deep for all the waters of Helicon to take out. You may be ſenſible of it, as we are of ill habits, which we regret but cannot break, and ſo it may mix with your ſtudies for ever, and give bad colours to every thing you deſign, whether in ſpeech or writing.

For theſe meaner critics dreſs up their entertainments ſo very ill, that they will ſpoil your palate, and bring you to a vicious taſte. With them, as with diſtempered ſtomachs, the fineſt food and nobleſt juices turn to nothing but crudities and indigeſtion.

tion. You will have no notion of delicacies, if you table with them; they are all for rank and foul feeding; and ſpoil the beſt proviſions in the cooking; you muſt be content to be taught parſimony in ſenſe, and for your moſt inoffenſive food to live upon dry meat and inſipid ſtuff, without any poignancy or reliſh.

So then theſe gentlemen will never be able to form your taſte or your ſtyle; and thoſe who cannot give you a true reliſh of the beſt writers in the world, can never inſtruct you to write like them. *Felton.*

§ 90. *On forming a Style.*

Give me leave to touch this ſubject, and draw out, for your uſe, ſome of the chief ſtrokes, ſome of the principal lineaments, and faireſt features, of a juſt and beautiful ſtyle. There is no neceſſity of being methodical, and I will not entertain you with a dry ſyſtem upon the matter, but with what you will read with more pleaſure, and, I hope, with equal profit, ſome deſultory thoughts in their native order, as they riſe in my mind, without being reduced to rules, and marſhalled according to art.

To aſſiſt you, therefore, as far as art may be an help to nature, I ſhall proceed to ſay ſomething of what is required in a finiſhed piece, to make it complete in all its parts, and maſterly in the whole.

I would not lay down any impracticable ſchemes, nor trouble you with a dry formal method: the rule of writing, like that of our duty, is perfect in its kind; but we muſt make allowances for the infirmities of nature; and ſince none is without his faults, the moſt that can be ſaid is, That he is the beſt writer, againſt whom the feweſt can be alledged.

"A compoſition is then perfect, when "the matter riſes out of the ſubject; "when the thoughts are agreeable to the "matter, and the expreſſions ſuitable to "the thoughts; where there is no incon-"ſiſtency from the beginning to the end; "when the whole is perſpicuous in the "beautiful order of its parts, and formed "in due ſymmetry and proportion."

Ibid.

§ 91. *Expreſſion ſuited to the Thought.*

In every ſprightly genius, the expreſſion will be ever lively as the thoughts. All the danger is, that a wit too fruitful ſhould run out into unneceſſary branches; but when it is matured by age, and corrected by judgment, the writer will prune the luxuriant boughs, and cut off the ſuperfluous ſhoots of fancy, thereby giving both ſtrength and beauty to his work.

Perhaps this piece of diſcipline is to young writers the greateſt ſelf-denial in the world; to confine the fancy, to ſtifle the birth, much more to throw away the beautiful offspring of the brain, is a trial, that none but the moſt delicate and lively wits can be put to. It is their praiſe, that they are obliged to retrench more wit than others have to laviſh: the chippings and filings of theſe jewels, could they be preſerved, are of more value than the whole maſs of ordinary authors; and it is a maxim with me, that he has not wit enough, who has not a great deal to ſpare.

It is by no means neceſſary for me to run out into the ſeveral ſorts of writing: we have general rules to judge of all, without being particular upon any, though the ſtyle of an orator be different from that of an hiſtorian, and a poet's from both.

Ibid.

§ 92. *On Embelliſhments of Style.*

The deſign of expreſſion is to convey our thoughts truly and clearly to the world, in ſuch a manner as is moſt probable to attain the end we propoſe, in communicating what we have conceived to the public; and therefore men have not thought it enough to write plainly, unleſs they wrote agreeably, ſo as to engage the attention, and work upon the affections, as well as inform the underſtanding of their readers: for which reaſon, all arts have been invented to make their writings pleaſing, as well as profitable; and thoſe arts are very commendable and honeſt; they are no trick, no deluſion, or impoſition on the ſenſes and underſtanding of mankind; for they are founded in nature, and formed upon obſerving her operations in all the various paſſions, and workings of our minds.

To this we owe all the beauties and embelliſhments of ſtyle; all figures and ſchemes of ſpeech, and thoſe ſeveral decorations that are uſed in writings to enliven and adorn the work. The flouriſhes of fancy reſemble the flouriſhes of the pen in mechanic writers; and the illuminators of manuſcripts, and of the preſs, borrowed their title, perhaps, from the illumination which a bright genius every where gives to his work, and diſperſes thro' his compoſition.

The commendation of this art of enlightening and adorning a ſubject, lies in a right

a right diſtribution of the ſhades and light. It is in writing, as in picture, in which the art is to obſerve where the lights will fall, to produce the moſt beautiful parts to the day, and caſt in ſhades what we cannot hope will ſhine to advantage.

It were endleſs to purſue this ſubject through all the ornaments and illuſtrations of ſpeech; and yet I would not diſmiſs it without pointing at the general rules, and neceſſary qualifications required in thoſe, who would attempt to ſhine in the productions of their pen. And therefore you muſt pardon me if you ſeem to go back, for we cannot raiſe any regular and durable pile of building without laying a firm foundation.

Felton.

§ 93. *On the firſt Requiſite, a Maſtery of Language.*

The firſt thing requiſite to a juſt ſtyle, is a perfect maſtery in the language we write in; this is not ſo eaſily attained as is commonly imagined, and depends upon a competent knowledge of the force and propriety of words, a good natural taſte of ſtrength and delicacy, and all the beauties of expreſſion. It is my own opinion, that all the rules and critical obſervations in the world will never bring a man to a juſt ſtyle, who has not of himſelf a natural eaſy way of writing; but they will improve a good genius, where nature leads the way, provided he is not too ſcrupulous, and does not make himſelf a ſlave to his rules; for that will introduce a ſtiffneſs and affectation, which are utterly abhorrent from all good writing.

By a perfect maſtery in any language, I underſtand not only a ready command of words, upon every occaſion, not only the force and propriety of words as to their ſenſe and ſignification, but more eſpecially the purity and idiom of the language; for in this a perfect maſtery does conſiſt. It is to know what is Engliſh, and what is Latin, what is French, Spaniſh, or Italian, to be able to mark the bounds of each language we write in, to point out the diſtinguiſhing characters, and the peculiar phraſes of each tongue; what expreſſions or manner of expreſſing is common to any language beſides our own, and what is properly and peculiarly our phraſe, and way of ſpeaking. For this is to ſpeak or write Engliſh in purity and perfection, to let the ſtreams run clear and unmixed, without taking in other languages in the courſe: in Engliſh, therefore, I would have all Galliciſms (for inſtance) avoided, that our tongue may be ſincere, that we may keep to our own language, and not follow the French mode in our ſpeech as we do in our cloaths. It is convenient and profitable ſometimes to import a foreign word, and naturalize the phraſe of another nation, but this is very ſparingly to be allowed; and every ſyllable of foreign growth ought immediately to be diſcarded, if its uſe and ornament to our language be not very evident. *Ibid.*

§ 94. *On the Purity and Idiom of Language.*

While the Romans ſtudied and uſed the Greek tongue, only to improve and adorn their own, the Latin flouriſhed, and grew every year more copious, more elegant, and expreſſive; but in a few years after the ladies and beaux of Rome affected to ſpeak Greek, and regarding nothing but the ſoftneſs and effeminacy of that noble language, they weakened and corrupted their native tongue: and the monſtrous affectation of our travelled ladies and gentlemen to ſpeak in the French air, French tone, French terms, to dreſs, to cook, to write, to court in French, corrupted at once our language and our manners, and introduced an abominable gallimaufry of French and Engliſh mixed together that made the innovators ridiculous to all men of ſenſe. The French tongue hath undoubtedly its graces and beauties, and I am not againſt any real improvement of our own language from that or any other; but we are always ſo fooliſh, or unfortunate, as never to make any advantage of our neighbours. We affect nothing of theirs, but what is ſilly and ridiculous; and by neglecting the ſubſtantial uſe of their language, we only enervate and ſpoil our own.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and ſtand in need of recruits to ſupply the place of thoſe words that are continually falling off through diſuſe: and ſince it is ſo, I think 'tis better to raiſe them at home than abroad. We had better rely on our own troops than foreign forces, and I believe we have ſufficient ſtrength and numbers within ourſelves: there is a vaſt treaſure, an inexhauſtible fund in the old Engliſh, from whence authors may draw conſtant ſupplies, as our officers make their ſureſt recruits from the coal-works and the mines. The weight, the ſtrength and ſignificancy of many antiquated words, ſhould recommend them to uſe again. 'Tis only wiping off the ruſt they have contracted, and ſeparating them from the droſs they lie mingled with, and

and both in value and beauty they will riſe above the ſtandard, rather than fall below it.

Perhaps our tongue is not ſo muſical to the ear, nor ſo abundant in multiplicity of words; but its ſtrength is real, and its words are therefore the more expreſſive: the peculiar character of our language is, that it is cloſe, compact, and full; and our writings (if you will excuſe two Latin words) come neareſt to what Tully means by his *Preſſa Oratio*. They are all weight and ſubſtance, good meaſure preſſed together, and running over in a redundancy of ſenſe, and not of words. And therefore the purity of our language conſiſts in preſerving this character, in writing with the Engliſh ſtrength and ſpirit: let us not envy others, that they are more ſoft and diffuſe, and rarified; be it our commendation to write as we pay, in true Sterling; if we want ſupplies, we had better revive old words, than create new ones. I look upon our language as good bullion, if we do not debaſe it with too much allay; and let me leave this cenſure with you, That he who corrupteth the purity of the Engliſh tongue with the moſt ſpecious foreign words and phraſes, is juſt as wiſe as thoſe modiſh ladies that change their plate for china; for which I think the laudable traffic of old cloaths is much the faireſt barter.

Felton.

95. *On Plainneſs and Perſpicuity.*

After this regard to the purity of our language, the next quality of a juſt ſtyle, is its plainneſs and perſpicuity. This is the greateſt commendation we can give an author, and the beſt argument that he is maſter of the language he writes in, and the ſubject he writes upon, when we underſtand him, and ſee into the ſcope and tendency of his thoughts, as we read him. All obſcurity of expreſſion, and darkneſs of ſenſe, do ariſe from the confuſion of the writer's thoughts, and his want of proper words. If a man hath not a clear perception of the matters he undertakes to treat of, be his ſtyle never ſo plain as to the words he uſes, it never can be clear; and if his thoughts upon this ſubject be never ſo juſt and diſtinct, unleſs he has a ready command of words, and a faculty of eaſy writing in plain obvious expreſſions, the words will perplex the ſenſe, and cloud the clearneſs of his thoughts.

It is the unhappineſs of ſome, that they are not able to expreſs themſelves clearly: their heads are crowded with a multiplicity of undigeſted knowledge, which lies confuſed in the brain, without any order or diſtinction. It is the vice of others, to affect obſcurity in their thoughts and language, to write in a difficult crabbed ſtyle, and perplex the reader with an intricate meaning in more intricate words.

The common way of offending againſt plainneſs and perſpicuity of ſtyle, is an affectation of hard unuſual words, and of cloſe contracted periods: the faults of pedants and ſententious writers! that are vainly oſtentatious of their learning, or their wiſdom. Hard words and quaint expreſſions are abominable: wherever you meet ſuch a writer, throw him aſide for a coxcomb. Some authors of reputation have uſed a ſhort and conciſe way of expreſſion, I muſt own; and if they are not ſo clear as others, the fault is to be laid on the brevity they labour after: for while we ſtudy to be conciſe, we can hardly avoid being obſcure. We crowd our thoughts into too ſmall a compaſs, and are ſo ſparing of our words, that we will not afford enow to expreſs our meaning.

There is another extreme in obſcure writers, not much taken notice of, which ſome empty conceited heads are apt to run into out of a prodigality of words, and a want of ſenſe. This is the extravagance of your copious writers, who loſe their meaning in the multitude of words, and bury their ſenſe under heaps of phraſes. Their underſtanding is rather rarified than condenſed: their meaning, we cannot ſay, is dark and thick; it is too light and ſubtle to be diſcerned; it is ſpread ſo thin, and diffuſed ſo wide, that it is hard to be collected. Two lines would expreſs all they ſay in two pages: 'tis nothing but whipt ſyllabub and froth, a little varniſh and gilding, without any ſolidity or ſubſtance.

Ibid.

§ 96. *On the Decorations and Ornaments of Style.*

The deepeſt rivers have the plaineſt ſurface, and the pureſt waters are always cleareſt. Cryſtal is not the leſs ſolid for being tranſparent; the value of a ſtyle riſes like the value of precious ſtones. If it be dark and cloudy, it is in vain to poliſh it: it bears its worth in its native looks, and the ſame art which enhances its price when it is clear, only debaſes it if it be dull.

You ſee I have borrowed ſome metaphors to explain my thoughts; and it is, I believe, impoſſible to deſcribe the plainneſs and

and clearneſs of ſtyle, without ſome expreſſions clearer than the terms I am otherwiſe bound up to uſe.

You muſt give me leave to go on with you to the decorations and ornaments of ſtyle: there is no inconſiſtency between the plainneſs and perſpicuity, and the ornament of writing. A ſtyle reſembleth beauty, where the face is clear and plain as to ſymmetry and proportion, but is capable of wonderful improvements, as to features and complexion. If I may tranſgreſs in too frequent alluſions, becauſe I would make every thing plain to you, I would paſs on from painters to ſtatuaries, whoſe excellence it is at firſt to form true and juſt proportions, and afterwards to give them that ſoftneſs, that expreſſion, that ſtrength and delicacy, which make them almoſt breathe and live.

The decorations of ſtyle are formed out of thoſe ſeveral ſchemes and figures, which are contrived to expreſs the paſſions and motions of our minds in our ſpeech; to give life and ornament, grace and beauty, to our expreſſions. I ſhall not undertake the rhetorician's province, in giving you an account of all the figures they have invented, and thoſe ſeveral ornaments of writing, whoſe grace and commendation lie in being uſed with judgment and propriety. It were endleſs to purſue this ſubject through all the ſchemes and illuſtrations of ſpeech: but there are ſome common forms, which every writer upon every ſubject may uſe, to enliven and adorn his work.

Theſe are metaphor and ſimilitude; and thoſe images and repreſentations, that are drawn in the ſtrongeſt and moſt lively colours, to imprint what the writer would have his readers conceive, more deeply on their minds. In the choice, and in the uſe of theſe, your ordinary writers are moſt apt to offend. Images are very ſparingly to be introduced: their proper place is in poems and orations; and their uſe is to move pity or terror, admiration, compaſſion, anger, and reſentment, by repreſenting ſomething very affectionate or very dreadful, very aſtoniſhing, very miſerable, or very provoking, to our thoughts. They give a wonderful force and beauty to the ſubject, where they are painted by a maſterly hand; but if they are either weakly drawn, or unſkilfully placed, they raiſe no paſſion but indignation in the reader.

Felton.

§ 97. *On Metaphors and Similitudes.*

The moſt common ornaments are Metaphor and Similitude. One is an alluſion to words, the other to things; and both have their beauties, if properly applied.

Similitudes ought to be drawn from the moſt familiar and beſt known particulars in the world: if any thing is dark and obſcure in them, the purpoſe of uſing them is defeated; and that which is not clear itſelf, can never give light to any thing that wants it. It is the idle fancy of ſome poor brains, to run out perpetually into a courſe of ſimilitudes, confounding their ſubject by the multitude of likeneſſes; and making it like ſo many things, that it is like nothing at all. This trifling humour is good for nothing, but to convince us, that the author is in the dark himſelf; and, while he is likening his ſubject to every thing, he knoweth not what it is like.

There is another tedious fault in ſome ſimile men; which is, drawing their compariſons into a great length and minute particulars, where it is of no importance whether the reſemblance holds or not. But the true art of illuſtrating any ſubject by ſimilitude, is, firſt to pitch on ſuch a reſemblance as all the world will agree in: and then, without being careful to have it run on all four, to touch it only in the ſtrongeſt lines, and the neareſt likeneſs. And this will ſecure us from all ſtiffneſs and formality in ſimilitude, and deliver us from the nauſeous repetition of *as* and *ſo*, which ſome ſo ſo writers, if I may beg leave to call them ſo, are continually ſounding in our ears.

I have nothing to ſay to thoſe gentlemen who bring ſimilitudes and forget the reſemblance. All the pleaſure we can take, when we meet theſe promiſing ſparks, is in the diſappointment, where we find their fancy is ſo like their ſubject, that it is not like at all. *Ibid.*

§ 98. *On Metaphors.*

Metaphors require great judgment and conſideration in the uſe of them. They are a ſhorter ſimilitude, where the likeneſs is rather implied than expreſſed. The ſignification of one word, in metaphors, is transferred to another, and we talk of one thing in the terms and propriety of another. But there muſt be a common reſemblance, ſome original likeneſs in nature, ſome

ome correſpondence and eaſy tranſition, or metaphors are ſhocking and confuſed.

The beauty of them diſplays itſelf in their eaſineſs and propriety, where they are naturally introduced; but where they are forced and crowded, too frequent and various, and do not riſe out of the courſe of thought, but are conſtrained and preſſed into the ſervice, inſtead of making the diſcourſe more lively and cheerful, they make it ſullen, dull, and gloomy.

You muſt form your judgment upon the beſt models, and the moſt celebrated pens, where you will find the metaphor in all its grace and ſtrength, ſhedding a luſtre and beauty on the work. For it ought never to be uſed but when it gives greater force to the ſentence, an illuſtration to the thought, and inſinuates a ſilent argument in the alluſion. The uſe of metaphors is not only to convey the thought in a more pleaſing manner, but to give it a ſtronger impreſſion, and enforce it on the mind. Where this is not regarded, they are vain and trifling traſh; and in a due obſervance of this, in a pure, chaſte, natural expreſſion, conſiſt the juſtneſs, beauty, and delicacy of ſtyle. *Felton.*

§ 99. *On Epithets.*

I have ſaid nothing of Epithets. Their buſineſs is to expreſs the nature of the things they are applied to; and the choice of them depends upon a good judgment, to diſtinguiſh what are the moſt proper titles to be given on all occaſions, and a complete knowledge in the accidents, qualities, and affections of every thing in the world. They are of moſt ornament when they are of uſe: they are to determine the character of every perſon, and decide the merits of every cauſe; conſcience and juſtice are to be regarded; and great ſkill and exactneſs are required in the uſe of them. For it is of great importance to call things by their right names: the points of ſatire and ſtrains of compliment, depend upon it; otherwiſe we may make an aſs of a lion, commend a man in ſatire, and lampoon him in panegyric. Here alſo there is room for genius: common juſtice and judgment ſhould direct us to ſay what is proper at leaſt; but it is parts and fire that will prompt us to the moſt lively and moſt forcible epithets than can be applied: and 'tis in their energy and propriety their beauty lies. *Ibid.*

§ 100. *On Allegories.*

Allegories I need not mention, becauſe they are not ſo much any ornament of ſtyle, as an artful way of recommending truth to the world in a borrowed ſhape, and a dreſs more agreeable to the fancy, than naked truth herſelf can be. Truth is ever moſt beautiful and evident in her native dreſs: and the arts that are uſed to convey her to our minds, are no argument that ſhe is deficient, but ſo many teſtimonies of the corruption of our nature, when truth, of all things the plaineſt and ſincereſt, is forced to gain admittance to us in diſguiſe, and court us in maſquerade. *Ibid.*

§ 101. *On the Sublime.*

There is one ingredient more required to the perfection of ſtyle, which I have partly mentioned already, in ſpeaking of the ſuitableneſs of the thoughts to the ſubject, and of the words to the thoughts; but you will give me leave to conſider it in another light, with regard to the majeſty and dignity of the ſubject.

It is fit, as we have ſaid already, that the thoughts and expreſſions ſhould be ſuited to the matter on all occaſions; but in nobler and greater ſubjects, eſpecially where the theme is ſacred and divine, it muſt be our care to think and write up to the dignity and majeſty of the things we preſume to treat of: nothing little, mean, or low, no childiſh thoughts, or boyiſh expreſſions, will be endured: all muſt be awful and grave, and great and ſolemn. The nobleſt ſentiments muſt be conveyed in the weightieſt words: all ornaments and illuſtrations muſt be borrowed from the richeſt parts of univerſal nature; and in divine ſubjects, eſpecially when we attempt to ſpeak of God, of his wiſdom, goodneſs, and power, of his mercy and juſtice, of his diſpenſations and providence (by all which he is pleaſed to manifeſt himſelf to the ſons of men) we muſt raiſe our thoughts, and enlarge our minds, and ſearch all the treaſures of knowledge for every thing that is great, wonderful, and magnificent: we can only expreſs our thoughts of the Creator in the works of his creation: and the brighteſt of theſe can only give us ſome faint ſhadows of his greatneſs and his glory. The ſtrongeſt figures are too weak, the moſt exalted language too low, to expreſs his ineffable excellence. No hyperbole can be brought to heighten our thoughts; for in ſo ſublime a theme, nothing can be hyperbolical. The riches of imagination are poor, and all the rivers of eloquence are dry, in ſupplying

ſupplying thought on an infinite ſubject. How poor and mean, how baſe and groveling, are the Heathen conceptions of the Deity! ſomething ſublime and noble muſt needs be ſaid on ſo great an occaſion; but in this great article, the moſt celebrated of the Heathen pens ſeem to flag and ſink; they bear up in no proportion to the dignity of the theme, as if they were depreſſed by the weight, and dazzled with the ſplendour of the ſubject.

We have no inſtances to produce of any writers that riſe at all to the majeſty and dignity of the Divine Attributes except the ſacred penmen. No leſs than Divine Inſpiration could enable men to write worthily of God, and none but the Spirit of God knew how to expreſs his greatneſs, and diſplay his glory: in compariſon of theſe divine writers, the greateſt geniuſes, the nobleſt wits of the Heathen world, are low and dull. The ſublime majeſty and royal magnificence of the ſcripture poems are above the reach, and beyond the power of all mortal wit. Take the beſt and livelieſt poems of antiquity, and read them as we do the ſcriptures, in a proſe tranſlation, and they are flat and poor. Horace, and Virgil, and Homer, loſe their ſpirits and their ſtrength in the transfuſion, to that degree, that we have hardly patience to read them. But the ſacred writings, even in our tranſlation, preſerve their majeſty and their glory, and very far ſurpaſs the brighteſt and nobleſt compoſitions of Greece and Rome. And this is not owing to the richneſs and ſolemnity of the eaſtern eloquence (for it holds in no other inſtance) but to the divine direction and aſſiſtance of the holy writers. For, let me only make this remark, that the moſt literal tranſlation of the ſcriptures, in the moſt natural ſignification of the words, is generally the beſt; and the ſame punctualneſs, which debaſes other writings, preſerves the ſpirit and majeſty of the ſacred text: it can ſuffer no improvement from human wit; and we may obſerve, that thoſe who have preſumed to heighten the expreſſions by a poetical tranſlation or paraphraſe, have ſunk in the attempt; and all the decorations of their verſe, whether Greek or Latin, have not been able to reach the dignity, the majeſty, and ſolemnity of our proſe: ſo that the proſe of ſcripture cannot be improved by verſe, and even the divine poetry is moſt like itſelf in proſe. One obſervation more I would leave with you: Milton himſelf, as great a genius as he was, owes his ſuperiority over Homer and Virgil, in majeſty of thought and ſplendour of expreſſion, to the ſcriptures: they are the fountain from which he derived his light; the ſacred treaſure that enriched his fancy, and furniſhed him with all the truth and wonders of God and his creation, of angels and men, which no mortal brain was able either to diſcover or conceive: and in him of all human writers, you will meet all his ſentiments and words raiſed and ſuited to the greatneſs and dignity of the ſubject.

I have detained you the longer on this majeſty of ſtyle, being perhaps myſelf carried away with the greatneſs and pleaſure of the contemplation. What I have dwelt ſo much on with reſpect to divine ſubjects, is more eaſily to be obſerved with reference to human: for in all things below divinity, we are rather able to exceed than fall ſhort; and in adorning all other ſubjects, our words and ſentiments may riſe in a juſt proportion to them; nothing is above the reach of man, but heaven; and the ſame wit can raiſe a human ſubject, that only debaſes a divine. *Felton.*

§ 102. *Rules of Order and Proportion.*

After all theſe excellencies of ſtyle, in purity, in plainneſs and perſpicuity, in ornament and majeſty, are conſidered, a finiſhed piece of what kind ſoever muſt ſhine in the order and proportion of the whole; for light riſes out of order, and beauty from Proportion. In architecture and painting, theſe fill and relieve the eye. A juſt diſpoſition gives us a clear view of the whole at once; and the due ſymmetry and proportion of every part in itſelf, and of all together, leave no vacancy in our thoughts or eyes; nothing is wanting, every thing is complete, and we are ſatisfied in beholding.

But when I ſpeak of order and proportion, I do not intend any ſtiff and formal method, but only a proper diſtribution of the parts in general, where they follow in a natural courſe, and are not confounded with one another. Laying down a ſcheme, and marking out the diviſions and ſubdiviſions of a diſcourſe, are only neceſſary in ſyſtems, and ſome pieces of controverſy and argumentation: you ſee, however, that I have ventured to write without any declared order; and this is allowable, where the method opens as you read, and the order diſcovers itſelf in the progreſs of the ſubject: but certainly, of all pieces that were

were ever written in a profeſſed and ſtated method, and diſtinguiſhed by the number and ſucceſſion of their parts, our Engliſh ſermons are the completeſt in order and proportion; the method is ſo eaſy and natural, the parts bear ſo juſt a proportion to one another, that among many others, this may paſs for a peculiar commendation of them; for thoſe diviſions and particulars which obſcure and perplex other writings, give a clearer light to ours. All that I would inſinuate, therefore, is only this, that it is not neceſſary to lay the method we uſe before the reader, only to write, and then he will read, in order.

But it requires a full command of the ſubject, a diſtinct view, to keep it always in ſight, or elſe, without ſome method firſt deſigned, we ſhould be in danger of loſing it, and wandering after it, till we have loſt ourſelves, and bewildered the reader.

A preſcribed method is neceſſary for weaker heads, but the beauty of order is is its freedom and unconſtraint: it muſt be diſperſed and ſhine in all the parts through the whole performance; but there is no neceſſity of writing in trammels, when we can move more at eaſe without them: neither is the proportion of writing to be meaſured out like the proportions of a horſe, where every part muſt be drawn in the minuteſt reſpect to the ſize and bigneſs of the reſt; but it is to be taken by the mind, and formed upon a general view and conſideration of the whole. The ſtatuary that carves Hercules in ſtone, or caſts him in braſs, may be obliged to take his dimenſions from his foot; but the poet that deſcribes him is not bound up to the geometer's rule: nor is an author under any obligation to write by the ſcale.

Theſe hints will ſerve to give you ſome notion of order and proportion; and I muſt not dwell too long upon them, leſt I tranſgreſs the rules I am laying down.

Felton.

§ 103. *A Recapitulation.*

I ſhall make no formal recapitulation of what I have delivered. Out of all theſe rules together, riſes a juſt ſtyle, and a perfect compoſition. All the latitude that can be admitted, is in the ornament of writing; we do not require every author to ſhine in gold and jewels; there is a moderation to be uſed in the pomp and trappings of a diſcourſe: it is not neceſſary that every part ſhould be embelliſhed and adorned; but the decoration ſhould be ſkilfully diſtributed through the whole: too full and glaring a light is offenſive, and confounds the eyes: in heaven itſelf there are vacancies and ſpaces between the ſtars; and the day is not leſs beautiful for being interſperſed with clouds; they only moderate the brightneſs of the ſun, and, without diminiſhing from his ſplendour, gild and adorn themſelves with his rays. But to deſcend from the ſkies: It is in writing as in dreſs; the richeſt habits are not always the completeſt, and a gentleman may make a better figure in a plain ſuit, than in an embroidered coat; the dreſs depends upon the imagination, but muſt be adjuſted by the judgment, contrary to the opinion of the ladies, who value nothing but a good fancy in the choice of their cloaths. The firſt excellence is to write in purity, plainly, and clearly; there is no diſpenſation from theſe: but afterwards you have your choice of colours, and may enliven, adorn, and paint your ſubject as you pleaſe.

In writing, the rules have a relation and dependance on one another. They are held in one ſocial bond, and joined, like the moral virtues, and liberal arts, in a ſort of harmony and concord. He that cannot write pure, plain Engliſh, muſt never pretend to write at all; it is in vain for him to dreſs and adorn his diſcourſe; the finer he endeavours to make it, he makes it only the more ridiculous. And on the other ſide, let a man write in the exacteſt purity and propriety of language, if he has not life and fire, to give his work ſome force and ſpirit, it is nothing but a mere corpſe, and a lumpiſh, unwieldy maſs of matter. But every true genius, who is perfect maſter of the language he writes in, will let no fitting ornaments and decorations be wanting. His fancy flows in the richeſt vein, and gives his pieces ſuch lively colours, and ſo beautiful a complexion, that you would almoſt ſay his own blood and ſpirits were tranſfuſed into the work.

Ibid.

§. 104. *How to form a right Taſte.*

A perfect maſtery and elegance of ſtyle is to be learned from the common rules, but muſt be improved by reading the orators and poets, and the celebrated maſters in every kind; this will give you a right taſte, and a true reliſh; and when you can diſtinguiſh the beauties of every finiſhed piece, you will write yourſelf with equal commendation.

I do not aſſert that every good writer muſt

muſt have a genius for poetry; I know Tully is an undeniable exception: but I will venture to affirm, that a ſoul that is not moved with poetry, and has no taſte that way, is too dull and lumpiſh ever to write with any proſpect of being read. It is a fatal miſtake, and ſimple ſuperſtition, to diſcourage youth from poetry, and endeavour to prejudice them againſt it; if they are of a poetical genius, there is no reſtraining them: Ovid, you know, was deaf to his father's frequent admonitions. But if they are not quite ſmitten and bewitched with love of verſe, they ſhould be trained to it, to make them maſters of every kind of poetry, that by learning to imitate the originals, they may arrive at a right conception, and a true taſte of their authors: and being able to write in verſe upon occaſion, I can aſſure you, is no diſadvantage to proſe; for without reliſhing the one, a man muſt never pretend to any taſte of the other.

Taſte is a metaphor, borrowed from the palate, by which we approve or diſlike what we eat and drink, from the agreeableneſs or diſagreeableneſs of the reliſh in our mouth. Nature directs us in the common uſe, and every body can tell ſweet from bitter, what is ſharp or ſour, or vapid, or nauſeous; but it requires ſenſes more refined and exerciſed, to diſcover every taſte that is moſt perfect in its kind; every palate is not a judge of that, and yet drinking is more uſed than reading. All that I pretend to know of the matter, is, that wine ſhould be, like a ſtyle, clear, deep, bright, and ſtrong, ſincere and pure, ſound and dry (as our advertiſements do well expreſs it) which laſt is a commendable term, that contains the juice of the richeſt ſpirits, and only keeps out all cold and dampneſs.

It is common to commend a man for an ear to muſic, and a taſte for painting; which are nothing but a juſt diſcernment of what is excellent and moſt perfect in them. The firſt depends entirely on the ear; a man can never expect to be a maſter, that has not an ear tuned and ſet to muſic; and you can no more ſing an ode without an ear, than without a genius you can write one. Painting, we ſhould think, requires ſome underſtanding in the art, and exact knowledge of the beſt maſters' manner, to be a judge of it; but this faculty, like the reſt, is founded in nature: knowledge in the art, and frequent converſation with the beſt originals, will certainly perfect a man's judgment; but if there is not a natural ſagacity and aptneſs, experience will be of no great ſervice. A good taſte is an argument of a great ſoul, as well as a lively wit. It is the infirmity of poor ſpirits to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled by every thing that ſparkles: but to paſs by what the generality of the world admires, and to be detained with nothing but what is moſt perfect and excellent in its kind, ſpeaks a ſuperior genius, and a true diſcernment: a new picture by ſome meaner hand, where the colours are freſh and lively, will engage the eye, but the pleaſure goes off with looking, and what we ran to at firſt with eagerneſs, we preſently leave with indifference: but the old pieces of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tintoret, and Titian, though not ſo inviting at firſt, open to the eye by degrees; and the longer and oftener we look, we ſtill diſcover new beauties and find new pleaſure. I am not a man of ſo much ſeverity in my temper as to allow you to be pleaſed with nothing but what is in the laſt perfection; for then, poſſibly, ſo many are the infirmities of writing, beyond other arts, you could never be pleaſed. There is a wide difference in being nice to judge of every degree of perfection, and rigid in refuſing whatever is deficient in any point. This would only be weakneſs of ſtomach, not any commendation of a good palate; a true taſte judges of defects as well as perfections, and the beſt judges are always the perſons of the greateſt candour. They will find none but real faults, and whatever they commend, the praiſe is juſtly due.

I have intimated already, that a good taſte is to be formed by reading the beſt authors; and when you ſhall be able to point out their beauties, to diſcern the brighteſt paſſages, the ſtrength and elegance of their language, you will always write yourſelf, and read others by that ſtandard, and muſt therefore neceſſarily excel. *Felton.*

§ 105. *Taſte to be improved by Imitation.*

In Rome there were ſome popular orators, who with a falſe eloquence and violent action, carried away the applauſe of the people; and with us we have ſome popular men, who are followed and admired for the loudneſs of their voice, and a falſe pathos both in utterance and writing. I have been ſometimes in ſome confuſion to hear ſuch perſons commended by thoſe of ſuperior ſenſe, who could diſtinguiſh, one would think, between empty, pompous, ſpecious harangues, and thoſe pieces in which

which all the beauties of writing are combined. A natural taste must therefore be improved, like fine parts, and a great genius; it must be assisted by art, or it will be easily vitiated and corrupted. False eloquence passes only where true is not understood; and nobody will commend bad writers, that is acquainted with good.

These are only some cursory thoughts on a subject that will not be reduced to rules. To treat of a true taste in a formal method, would be very insipid; it is best collected from the beauties and laws of writing, and must rise from every man's own apprehension and notion of what he hears and reads.

It may be therefore of farther use, and most advantage to you, as well as a relief and entertainment to refresh your spirits in the end of a tedious discourse, if besides mentioning the classic authors as they fall in my way, I lay before you some of the correctest writers of this age and the last, in several faculties, upon different subjects. Not that you should be drawn into a servile imitation of any of them: but that you may see into the spirit, force, and beauty of them all, and form your pen from those general notions of life and delicacy, of fine thoughts and happy words, which rise to your mind upon reading the great masters of style in their several ways, and manner of excelling.

I must beg leave, therefore, to defer a little the entertainment I promised, while I endeavour to lead you into the true way of imitation, if ever you shall propose any original for your copy; or, which is infinitely preferable, into a perfect mastery of the spirit and perfections of every celebrated writer, whether ancient or modern.

Felton.

§ 106. *On the Historical Style.*

History will not admit those decorations other subjects are capable of; the passions and affections are not to be moved with any thing, but the truth of the narration. All the force and beauty must lie in the order and expression. To relate every event with clearness and perspicuity, in such words as best express the nature of the subject, is the chief commendation of an historian's style. History gives us a draught of facts and transactions in the world. The colours these are painted in; the strength and significancy of the several faces; the regular confusion of a battle; the distractions of tumult sensibly depicted; every object and every occurrence so presented to your view, that while you read, you seem indeed to see them: this is the art and perfection of an historical style. And you will observe, that those who have excelled in history, have excelled in this especially; and what has made them the standards of that style, is the clearness, the life and vigour of their expression, every where properly varied, according to the variety of the subjects they wrote on: for history and narration are nothing but just and lively descriptions of remarkable events and accidents.

Ibid.

§ 107. *Of* Herodotus *and* Thucydides.

For this reason we praise Herodotus and Thucydides among the Greeks, for I will mention no more of them; and upon this account we commend Sallust and Livy among the Romans. For though they all differ in their style, yet they all agree in these common excellencies. Herodotus displays a natural oratory in the beauty and clearness of a numerous and solemn diction; he flows with a sedate and majestic pace, with an easy current, and a pleasant stream. Thucydides does sometimes write in a style so close, that almost every word is a sentence, and every sentence almost acquaints us with something new; so that from the multitude of causes, and variety of matter crowded together we should suspect him to be obscure: but yet so happy, so admirable a master is he in the art of expression, so proper, and so full, that we cannot say whether his diction does more illustrate the things he speaks of, or whether his words themselves are not illustrated by his matter, so mutual a light do his expression and subject reflect on each other. His diction, though it be pressed and close, is nevertheless great and magnificent, equal to the dignity and importance of his subject. He first, after Herodotus, ventured to adorn the historian's style, to make the narration more pleasing, by leaving the flatness and nakedness of former ages. This is most observable in his battles, where he does not only relate the mere fight, but writes with a martial spirit, as if he stood in the hottest of the engagement; and what is most excellent, as remarkable in so close a style, is, that it is numerous and harmonious, that his words are not laboured nor forced, but fall into their places in a natural order, as into their most proper situation.

Ibid.

§ 108. *Of* Sallust *and* Livy.

Salluſt and Livy you will read, I hope, with ſo much pleaſure, as to make a thorough and intimate acquaintance with them. Thucydides and Salluſt are generally compared, as Livy is with Herodotus; and, ſince I am fallen upon their characters, I cannot help touching the compariſons. Salluſt is repreſented as a conciſe, a ſtrong, and nervous writer; and ſo far he agrees with Thucydides's manner; but he is alſo charged with being obſcure, as conciſe writers very often are, without any reaſon. For, if I may judge by my own apprehenſions, as I read him, no writer can be more clear, more obvious and intelligible. He has not, indeed, as far as I can obſerve, one redundant expreſſion; but his words are all weighed and choſen, ſo expreſſive and ſignificant, that I will challenge any critic to take a ſentence of his, and to expreſs it clearer or better; his contraction ſeems wrought and laboured. To me he appears as a man that conſidered and ſtudied perſpicuity and brevity to that degree, that he would not retrench a word which might help him to expreſs his meaning, nor ſuffer one to ſtand, if his ſenſe was clear without it. Being more diffuſe, would have weakened his language, and have made it obſcurer rather than clearer: for a multitude of words only ſerve to cloud or diſſipate the ſenſe; and though a copious ſtyle in a maſter's hand is clear and beautiful, yet where conciſeneſs and perſpicuity are once reconciled, any attempt to enlarge the expreſſions, if it does not darken, does certainly make the light much feebler. Salluſt is all life and ſpirit, yet grave and majeſtic in his diction: his uſe of old words is perfectly right; there is no affectation, but more weight and ſignificancy in them: the boldneſs of his metaphors are among his greateſt beauties; they are choſen with great judgment, and ſhew the force of his genius; the colouring is ſtrong, and the ſtrokes are bold; and in my opinion he choſe them for the ſake of the brevity he loved, to expreſs more clearly and more forcibly, what otherwiſe he muſt have written in looſer characters with leſs ſtrength and beauty. And no fault can be objected to the juſteſt and exacteſt of the Roman writers.

Livy is the moſt conſiderable of the Roman hiſtorians, if to the perfection of his ſtyle, we join the compaſs of his ſubject; in which he has the advantage over all that wrote before him, in any nation but the Jewiſh, eſpecially over Thucydides; whoſe hiſtory, however drawn out into length, is confined to the ſhorteſt period of any, except what remains of Salluſt. No hiſtorian could be happier in the greatneſs and dignity of his ſubject, and none was better qualified to adorn it; for his genius was equal to the majeſty of the Roman empire, and every way capable of the mighty undertaking. He is not ſo copious in words, as abundant in matter, rich in his expreſſion, grave, majeſtic, and lively; and if I may have liberty to enlarge on the old commendation, I would ſay his ſtyle flows with milk and honey, in ſuch abundance, ſuch pleaſure and ſweetneſs, that when once you are proficient enough to read him readily, you will go on with unwearied delight, and never lay him out of your hands without impatience to reſume him. We may reſemble him to Herodotus, in the manner of his diction; but he is more like Thucydides in the grandeur and majeſty of expreſſion; and if we obſerve the multitude of clauſes in the length of his periods, perhaps, Thucydides himſelf is not more crouded; only the length of the periods is apt to deceive us; and great men among the ancients, as well as moderns, have been induced to think this writer was copious, becauſe his ſentences were long. Copious he is indeed, and forcible in his deſcriptions, not laviſh in the number, but exuberant in the richneſs and ſignificancy of his words. You will obſerve, for I ſpeak upon my own obſervation, that Livy is not ſo eaſy and obvious to be underſtood as Salluſt; the experiment is made every where in reading five or ſix pages of each author together. The ſhortneſs of Salluſt's ſentences, as long as they are clear, ſhews his ſenſe and meaning all the way in an inſtant: the progreſs is quick and plain, and every three lines gives us a new and complete idea; we are carried from one thing to another, with ſo ſwift a pace, that we run as we read, and yet cannot, if we read diſtinctly, run faſter than we underſtand him. This is the brighteſt teſtimony that can be given of a clear and obvious ſtyle. In Livy we cannot paſs on ſo readily; we are forced to wait for his meaning till we come to the end of the ſentence, and have ſo many clauſes to ſort and refer to their proper places in the way, that I muſt own I cannot read him ſo readily at ſight as I can Salluſt; though with attention and conſideration I underſtand him as well.

He

He is not so easy, nor so well adapted to young proficients, as the other: and is ever plainest, when his sentences are shortest; which I think is a demonstration. Some, perhaps, will be apt to conclude, that in this I differ from Quinctilian; but I do not conceive so myself; for Quinctilian recommends Livy before Sallust, rather for his candour, and the larger compass of his history; for he owns a good proficiency is required to understand him; and I can only refer to the experience of young proficients, which of them is more open to their apprehension. Distinction of sentences, in few words, provided the words be plain and expressive, ever gives light to the author, and carries his meaning uppermost; but long periods, and a multiplicity of clauses, however they abound with the most obvious and significant words, do necessarily make the meaning more retired, less forward and obvious to the view: and in this Livy may seem as crouded as Thucydides, if not in the number of periods, certainly in the multitude of clauses, which, so disposed, do rather obscure than illuminate his writings. But in so rich, so majestic, so flowing a writer, we may wait with patience to the end of the sentence, for the pleasure still increases as we read. The elegance and purity, the greatness, and nobleness of his diction, his happiness in narration, and his wonderful eloquence, are above all commendation; and his style, if we were to decide, is certainly the standard of Roman history. For Sallust, I must own, is too impetuous in his course; he hurries his reader on too fast, and hardly ever allows him the pleasure of expectation, which in reading history, where it is justly raised on important events, is the greatest of all others. *Felton.*

§ 109. *Their Use in Style.*

Reading these celebrated authors will give you a true taste of good writing, and form you to a just and correct style upon every occasion that shall demand your pen. I would not recommend any of them to a strict imitation; that is servile and mean; and you cannot propose an exact copy of a pattern, without falling short of the original: but if you once read them with a true relish and discernment of their beauties, you may lay them aside, and be secure of writing with all the graces of them all, without owing your perfection to any. Your style and manner will be your own, and even your letters upon the most ordinary subjects, will have a native beauty and elegance in the composition, which will equal them with the best originals, and set them far above the common standard.

Upon this occasion, I cannot pass by your favourite author, the grave and facetious Tatler, who has drawn mankind in every dress and every disguise of nature, in a style ever varying with the humours, fancies, and follies he describes. He has shewed himself a master in every turn of his pen, whether his subject be light or serious, and has laid down the rules of common life with so much judgment, in such agreeable, such lively and elegant language, that from him you at once may form your manners and your style. *Ibid.*

§ 110. *On* Spencer *and* Shakespear.

I may add some poets of more ancient date: and though their style is out of the standard now, there are in them still some lines so extremely beautiful, that our modern language cannot reach them. Chaucer is too old, I fear; but Spencer, though he be antiquated too, hath still charms remaining to make you enamoured of him. His antique verse has music in it to ravish any ears, that can be sensible of the softest, sweetest numbers, that ever flowed from a poet's pen.

Shakespear is a wonderful genius, a single instance of the force of nature and the strength of wit. Nothing can be greater and more lively than his thoughts; nothing nobler and more forcible than his expression. The fire of his fancy breaks out into his words, and sets his reader on a flame: he makes the blood run cold or warm; and is so admirable a master of the passions, that he raises your courage, your pity, and your fear, at his pleasure; but he delights most in terror. *Ibid.*

§ 111. *On* Milton *and* Philips.

Milton is the assertor of poetic liberty, and would have freed us from the bondage of rhyme, but, like sinners, and like lovers, we hug our chain, and are pleased in being slaves. Some indeed have made some faint attempts to break it, but their verse had all the softness and effeminacy of rhyme without the music; and Dryden himself, who sometimes struggled to get loose, always relapsed, and was faster bound than ever; but rhyme was his province, and he could make the tinkling of his chains harmonious. Mr. Philips has trod the neareſt in his great master's steps,

and has equalled him in his verſe more than he falls below him in the compaſs and dignity of his ſubject. The Shilling is truly ſplendid in his lines, and his poems will live longer than the unfiniſhed caſtle, as long as Blenheim is remembered, or Cyder drank in England. But I have digreſſed from Milton; and that I may return, and ſay all in a word; his ſtyle, his thoughts, his verſe, are as ſuperior to the generality of other poets, as his ſubject. *Felton.*

§ 112. *Great Men have uſually appeared at the ſame Time.*

It is a remarkable phænomenon, and one which has often employed the ſpeculations of curious men, that writers and artiſts, moſt diſtinguiſhed for their parts and genius, have generally appeared in conſiderable numbers at a time. Some ages have been remarkably barren in them; while, at other periods, Nature ſeems to have exerted herſelf with a more than ordinary effort, and to have poured them forth with a profuſe fertility. Various reaſons have been aſſigned for this. Some of the moral cauſes lie obvious; ſuch as favourable circumſtances of government and of manners; encouragement from great men; emulation excited among the men of genius. But as theſe have been thought inadequate to the whole effect, phyſical cauſes have been alſo aſſigned; and the Abbé du Bos, in his reflections on Poetry and Painting, has collected a great many obſervations on the influence which the air, the climate, and other ſuch natural cauſes, may be ſuppoſed to have upon genius. But whatever the cauſes be, the fact is certain, that there have been certain periods or ages of the world much more diſtinguiſhed than others, for the extraordinary productions of genius. *Blair.*

§ 113. *Four of theſe Ages marked out by the Learned.*

Learned men have marked out four of theſe happy ages. The firſt is the Grecian age, which commenced near the time of the Peloponneſian war, and extended till the time of Alexander the Great; within which period, we have Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, Ariſtotle, Demoſthenes, Æſchynes, Lyſias, Iſocrates, Pindar, Æſchylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Ariſtophanes, Menander, Anacreon, Theocritus, Lyſippus, Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles. The ſecond is the Roman age, included nearly within the days of Julius Cæſar and Auguſtus; affording us, Catullus, Lucretius, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Phædrus, Cæſar, Cicero, Livy, Salluſt, Varro, and Vitruvius. The third age is, that of the reſtoration of learning, under the Popes Julius II. and Leo X. when flouriſhed Arioſto, Taſſo, Sannazarius, Vida, Machiavel, Guicciardini, Davila, Eraſmus, Paul Jovius, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The fourth, comprehends the age of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne; when flouriſhed, in France, Corneille, Racine, De Retz, Moliere, Boileau, Fontaine, Baptiſte Rouſſeau, Boſſuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Paſcal, Malebranche, Maſſillon, Bruyere, Bayle, Fontenelle, Vertot; and in England, Dryden, Pope, Addiſon, Prior, Swift, Parnell, Congreve, Otway, Young, Rowe, Atterbury, Shafteſbury, Bolingbroke, Tillotſon, Temple, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke. *Ibid.*

§ 114. *The Reputation of the Ancients eſtabliſhed too firmly to be ſhaken.*

If any one, at this day, in the eighteenth century, takes upon him to decry the ancient Claſſics; if he pretends to have diſcovered that Homer and Virgil are poets of inconſiderable merit, and that Demoſthenes and Cicero are not great Orators, we may boldly venture to tell ſuch a man, that he is come too late with his diſcovery. The reputation of ſuch writers is eſtabliſhed upon a foundation too ſolid to be now ſhaken by any arguments whatever; for it is eſtabliſhed upon the almoſt univerſal taſte of mankind, proved and tried throughout the ſucceſſion of ſo many ages. Imperfections in their works he may indeed point out; paſſages that are faulty he may ſhew; for where is the human work that is perfect? But if he attempts to diſcredit their works in general, or to prove that the reputation which they have gained is on the whole unjuſt, there is an argument againſt him, which is equal to full demonſtration. He muſt be in the wrong; for human nature is againſt him. In matters of taſte, ſuch as poetry and oratory, to whom does the appeal lie? where is the ſtandard? and where the authority of the laſt deciſion? where is it to be looked for, but, as I formerly ſhewed, in thoſe feelings and ſentiments that are found, on the moſt extenſive examination, to be the common ſentiments and feelings of men? Theſe have been fully conſulted on this head. The Public, the unprejudiced Public, has been tried and appealed to for many centuries, and throughout almoſt all civilized nations. It has pronounced

nounced its verdict; it has given its sanction to these writers; and from this tribunal there lies no farther appeal.

In matters of mere reasoning, the world may be long in an error; and may be convinced of the error by stronger reasonings, when produced. Positions that depend upon science, upon knowledge, and matters of fact, may be overturned according as science and knowledge are enlarged, and new matters of fact are brought to light. For this reason, a system of philosophy receives no sufficient sanction from its antiquity, or long currency. The world, as it grows older, may be justly expected to become, if not wiser, at least more knowing; and supposing it doubtful whether Aristotle, or Newton were the greater genius, yet Newton's philosophy may prevail over Aristotle's, by means of later discoveries, to which Aristotle was a stranger. But nothing of this kind holds as to matters of Taste; which depend not on the progress of knowledge and science, but upon sentiment and feeling. It is in vain to think of undeceiving mankind, with respect to errors committed here, as in Philosophy. For the universal feeling of mankind is the natural feeling; and because it is the natural, it is, for that reason, the right feeling. The reputation of the Iliad and the Æneid must therefore stand upon sure ground, because it has stood so long; though that of the Aristotelian or Platonic philosophy, every one is at liberty to call in question. *Blair.*

§ 115. *The Reputation of the Ancients not owing to Pedantry.*

It is in vain also to alledge, that the reputation of the ancient poets and orators, is owing to authority, to pedantry, and to the prejudices of education, transmitted from age to age. These, it is true, are the authors put into our hands at schools and colleges, and by that means we have now an early prepossession in their favour; but how came they to gain the possession of colleges and schools? Plainly, by the high fame which these authors had among their own cotemporaries. For the Greek and Latin were not always dead languages. There was a time, when Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, were viewed in the same light as we now view Dryden, Pope, and Addison. It is not to commentators and universities, that the classics are indebted for their fame. They became classics and school-books, in consequence of the high admiration which was paid them by the best judges in their own country and nation. As early as the days of Juvenal, who wrote under the reign of Domitian, we find Virgil and Horace become the standard books in the education of youth.

Quod stabant pueri, cum totus decolor esset
Flaccus, & hæreret nigro fuligo Maroni.
SAT. 7.*

From this general principle, then, of the reputation of great ancient Classics being so early, so lasting, so extensive, among all the most polished nations, we may justly and boldly infer, that their reputation cannot be wholly unjust, but must have a solid foundation in the merit of their writings. *Ibid.*

§ 116. *In what Respects the Moderns excel the Ancients.*

Let us guard, however, against a blind and implicit veneration for the Ancients in every thing. I have opened the general principle, which must go far in instituting a fair comparison between them and the Moderns. Whatever superiority the Ancients may have had in point of genius, yet in all arts, where the natural progress of knowledge has had room to produce any considerable effects, the Moderns cannot but have some advantage. The world may, in certain respects, be considered as a person, who must needs gain somewhat by advancing in years. Its improvements have not, I confess, been always in proportion to the centuries that have passed over it; for, during the course of some ages, it has sunk as into a total lethargy. Yet, when roused from that lethargy, it has generally been able to avail itself, more or less, of former discoveries. At intervals, there arose some happy genius, who could both improve on what had gone before, and invent something new. With the advantage of a proper stock of materials, an inferior genius can make greater progress than a much superior one, to whom these materials are wanting.

Hence, in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, and other sciences that

* "Then thou art bound to smell, on either hand,
"As many stinking lamps as school-boys stand,
"When Horace could not read in his own sully'd book,
"And Virgil's sacred page was all besmear'd with smoke." DRYDEN.

depend on an extenſive knowledge and obſervation of facts, modern philoſophers have an unqueſtionable ſuperiority over the ancient. I am inclined alſo to think, that in matters of pure reaſoning, there is more preciſion among the moderns, than in ſome inſtances there was among the ancients; owing perhaps to a more extenſive literary intercourſe, which has improved and ſharpened the faculties of men. In ſome ſtudies too, that relate to taſte and fine writing, which is our object, the progreſs of ſociety muſt, in equity, be admitted to have given us ſome advantages. For inſtance, in hiſtory; there is certainly more political knowledge in ſeveral European nations at preſent, than there was in ancient Greece and Rome. We are better acquainted with the nature of government, becauſe we have ſeen it under a greater variety of forms and revolutions. The world is more laid open than it was in former times; commerce is greatly enlarged; more countries are civilized; poſts are every where eſtabliſhed; intercourſe is become more eaſy; and the knowledge of facts, by conſequence, more attainable. All theſe are great advantages to hiſtorians; of which, in ſome meaſure, as I ſhall afterwards ſhew, they have availed themſelves. In the more complex kinds of poetry, likewiſe, we may have gained ſomewhat, perhaps, in point of regularity and accuracy. In dramatic performances, having the advantage of the ancient models, we may be allowed to have made ſome improvements in the variety of the characters, the conduct of the plot, attentions to probability, and to decorum. *Blair.*

§ 117. *We muſt look to the Ancients for elegant Compoſition, and to the Moderns for accurate Philoſophy.*

From whatever cauſe it happens, ſo it is, that among ſome of the ancient writers, we muſt look for the higheſt models in moſt of the kinds of elegant compoſition. For accurate thinking and enlarged ideas, in ſeveral parts of philoſophy, to the moderns we ought chiefly to have recourſe. Of correct and finiſhed writing in ſome works of taſte, they may afford uſeful patterns; but for all that belongs to original genius, to ſpirited, maſterly, and high execution, our beſt and moſt happy ideas are, generally ſpeaking, drawn from the ancients. In epic poetry, for inſtance, Homer and Virgil, to this day, ſtand not within many degrees of any rival. Orators, ſuch as Cicero and Demoſthenes, we have none. In hiſtory, notwithſtanding ſome defects, which I am afterwards to mention in the ancient hiſtorical plans, it may be ſafely aſſerted, that we have no ſuch hiſtorical narration, ſo elegant, ſo picturesque, ſo animated, and intereſting as that of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, and Salluſt. Although the conduct of the drama may be admitted to have received ſome improvements, yet for poetry and ſentiment we have nothing to equal Sophocles and Euripides; nor any dialogue in comedy, that comes up to the correct, graceful, and elegant ſimplicity of Terence. We have no ſuch love-elegies as thoſe of Tibullus; no ſuch paſtorals as ſome of Theocritus's: and for Lyric poetry, Horace ſtands quite unrivalled. The name of Horace cannot be mentioned without a particular encomium. That "curioſa felicitas," which Petronius has remarked in his expreſſion; the ſweetneſs, elegance, and ſpirit of many of his odes, the thorough knowledge of the world, the excellent ſentiments, and natural eaſy manner which diſtinguiſh his Satires and Epiſtles, all contribute to render him one of thoſe very few authors whom one never tires of reading; and from whom alone, were every other monument deſtroyed, we ſhould be led to form a very high idea of the taſte and genius of the Auguſtan age. *Ibid.*

§ 118. *The aſſiduous Study of the Greek and Roman Claſſics recommended.*

To all ſuch then, as wiſh to form their taſte, and nouriſh their genius, let me warmly recommend the aſſiduous ſtudy of the ancient claſſics, both Greek and Roman,

Noctúrnâ verſate manu, verſate diurna*.

Without a conſiderable acquaintance with them, no man can be reckoned a polite ſcholar; and he will want many aſſiſtances for writing and ſpeaking well, which the knowledge of ſuch authors would afford him. Any one has great reaſon to ſuſpect his own taſte, who receives little or no pleaſure from the peruſal of writings, which ſo many ages and nations have conſented in holding up as objects of admiration. And I am perſuaded, it will be found, that in proportion as the ancients are generally ſtudied and admired, or are unknown and diſregarded in any country, good taſte and good compoſition will flouriſh, or decline.

* "Read them by day, and ſtudy them by night." Francis.

They are commonly none but the ignorant or ſuperficial, who undervalue them.

Blair.

§ 119. *The ancient Hiſtorians excel in picturesque Narration.*

In all the virtues of narration, particularly in that of picturesque deſcriptive narration, ſeveral of the ancient hiſtorians eminently excel. Hence, the pleaſure that is found in reading Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Salluſt, and Tacitus. They are all conſpicuous for the art of narration. Herodotus is, at all times, an agreeable writer, and relates every thing with that *naïveté* and ſimplicity of manner, which never fails to intereſt the reader. Though the manner of Thucydides be more dry and harſh, yet, on great occaſions, as when he is giving an account of the plague of Athens, the ſiege of Platæa, the ſedition in Corcyra, the defeat of the Athenians in Sicily, he diſplays a very ſtrong and maſterly power of deſcription. Xenophon's Cyropædia, and his Anabaſis, or retreat of the ten thouſand, are extremely beautiful. The circumſtances are finely ſelected, and the narration *, eaſy and engaging; but his Hellenics, or continuation of the hiſtory of Thucydides, is a much inferior work. Salluſt's art of hiſtorical painting in his Catilinarian, but, more eſpecially, in his Jugurthine war, is well known; though his ſtyle is liable to cenſure, as too ſtudied and affected. *Ibid.*

§ 120. Livy *remarkable for Hiſtorical Painting.*

Livy is more unexceptionable in his manner; and is excelled by no hiſtorian whatever in the art of narration: ſeveral remarkable examples might be given from him. His account, for inſtance, of the famous defeat of the Roman army by the Samnites, at the Furcæ Caudinæ, in the beginning of the ninth book, affords one of the moſt beautiful exemplifications of hiſtorical painting, that is any where to be met with. We have firſt, an exact deſcription of the narrow paſs between two mountains, into which the enemy had decoyed the Romans. When they find themſelves caught, and no hope of eſcape left, we are made to ſee, firſt, their aſtoniſhment, next, their indignation, and then, their dejection, painted in the moſt lively manner, by ſuch circumſtances and actions as were natural to perſons in their ſituation. The reſtleſs and unquiet manner in which they paſs the night; the conſultations of the Samnites; the various meaſures propoſed to be taken; the meſſages between the two armies, all heighten the ſcene. At length, in the morning, the conſuls return to the camp, and inform them that they could receive no other terms but that of ſurrendering their arms, and paſſing under the yoke, which was conſidered as the laſt mark of ignominy for a conquered army. *Ibid.*

§ 121. Tacitus *remarkable for Hiſtorical Painting.*

Tacitus is another author eminent for hiſtorical painting, though in a manner altogether different from that of Livy. Livy's deſcriptions are more full, more plain, and natural; thoſe of Tacitus conſiſt in a few bold ſtrokes. He ſelects one or two remarkable circumſtances, and ſets them before us in a ſtrong, and, generally, in a new and uncommon light. Such is the following picture of the ſituation of Rome, and of the Emperor Galba, when Otho was advancing againſt him: "Agebatur huc illuc "Galba, vario turbæ fluctuantis impulſu, "completis undique baſilicis et templis, "lugubri proſpectu. Neque populi aut "plebis ulla vox; ſed attoniti vultus, et "converſæ ad omnia aures. Non tumul-"tus, non quies; ſed quale magni metûs, "et magnæ iræ, ſilentium eſt*." No image, in any poet, is more ſtrong and expreſſive than this laſt ſtroke of the deſcription: "Non tumultus, non quies, ſed quale," &c. This is a conception of the ſublime kind, and diſcovers high genius. Indeed, throughout all his work, Tacitus ſhews the hand of a maſter. As he is profound in reflection, ſo he is ſtriking in deſcription, and pathetic in ſentiment. The philoſopher, the poet, and the hiſtorian, all meet in him. Though the period of which he writes may be reckoned unfortunate for a hiſtorian, he has made it afford us many intereſting exhibitions of human nature. The relations which he gives of the deaths of ſeveral eminent perſonages, are as affecting as the deepeſt tragedies. He paints

* "Galba was driven to and fro by the tide of the multitude, ſhoving him from place to place. "The temples and public buildings were filled with crowds, of a diſmal appearance. No clamours "were heard, either from the citizens, or from the rabble. Their countenances were filled with con-"ſternation; their ears were employed in liſtening with anxiety. It was not a tumult; it was not "quietneſs; it was the ſilence of terror, and of wrath."

with a glowing pencil; and poſſeſſes, beyond all writers, the talent of painting, not to the imagination merely, but to the heart. With many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed beauties, he is, at the ſame time, not a perfect model for hiſtory; and ſuch as have formed themſelves upon him, have ſeldom been ſucceſsful. He is to be admired, rather than imitated. In his reflections he is too refined; in his ſtyle too conciſe, ſometimes quaint and affected, often abrupt and obſcure. Hiſtory ſeems to require a more natural, flowing, and popular manner.

Blair.

§ 122. *On the Beauty of Epiſtolary Writing.*

Its firſt and fundamental requiſite is, to be natural and ſimple; for a ſtiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter, as it is in converſation. This does not baniſh ſprightlineſs and wit. Theſe are graceful in letters, juſt as they are in converſation; when they flow eaſily, and without being ſtudied; when employed ſo as to ſeaſon, not to cloy. One who, either in converſation or in letters, affects to ſhine and to ſparkle always, will not pleaſe long. The ſtyle of letters ſhould not be too highly poliſhed. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. All nicety about words, betrays ſtudy; and hence muſical periods, and appearances of number and harmony in arrangement, ſhould be carefully avoided in letters. The beſt letters are commonly ſuch as the authors have written with moſt facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows readily; but where there is no ſubject to warm or intereſt theſe, conſtraint appears; and hence, thoſe letters of mere compliment, congratulation, or affected condolance, which have coſt the authors moſt labour in compoſing, and which, for that reaſon, they perhaps conſider as their maſter-pieces, never fail of being the moſt diſagreeable and inſipid to the readers. *Ibid.*

§ 123. *Eaſe in writing Letters muſt not degenerate to Careleſſneſs.*

It ought, at the ſame time, to be remembered, that the eaſe and ſimplicity which I have recommended in epiſtolary correſpondence, are not to be underſtood as importing entire careleſſneſs. In writing to the moſt intimate friend, a certain degree of attention, both to the ſubject and the ſtyle, is requiſite and becoming. It is no more than what we owe both to ourſelves, and to the friend with whom we correſpond. A ſlovenly and negligent manner of writing, is a diſobliging mark of want of reſpect. The liberty, beſides, of writing letters with too careleſs a hand, is apt to betray perſons into imprudence in what they write. The firſt requiſite, both in converſation and correſpondence, is to attend to all the proper decorums which our own character, and that of others, demand. An imprudent expreſſion in converſation may be forgotten and paſs away; but when we take the pen into our hand, we muſt remember, that "Litera ſcripta manet."

Ibid.

§ 124. *On* Pliny's *Letters.*

Pliny's letters are one of the moſt celebrated collections which the ancients have given us, in the epiſtolary way. They are elegant and polite; and exhibit a very pleaſing and amiable view of the author. But, according to the vulgar phraſe, they ſmell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not eaſy to avoid thinking, that the author is caſting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult, than for an author, who publiſhes his own letters, to diveſt himſelf altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he ſays; by which means, he becomes much leſs agreeable than a man of parts would be, if, without any conſtraint of this ſort, he were writing to his intimate friend. *Ibid.*

§ 125. *On* Cicero's *Letters.*

Cicero's Epiſtles, though not ſo ſhowy as thoſe of Pliny, are, on ſeveral accounts, a far more valuable collection; indeed, the moſt valuable collection of letters extant in any language. They are letters of real buſineſs, written to the greateſt men of the age, compoſed with purity and elegance, but without the leaſt affectation; and, what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being publiſhed to the world. For it appears that Cicero never kept copies of his own letters; and we are wholly indebted to the care of his freedman Tyro, for the large collection that was made, after his death, of thoſe which are now extant, amounting to near a thouſand *.

* See his Letter to Atticus, which was written a year or two before his death, in which he tells him, in anſwer to ſome enquiries concerning his epiſtles, that he had no collection of them, and that Tyro had only about ſeventy of them. Ad Att. 16. 5.

They

They contain the most authentic materials of the history of that age; and are the last monuments which remain of Rome in its free state; the greatest part of them being written during that important crisis, when the republic was on the point of ruin; the most interesting situation, perhaps, which is to be found in the affairs of mankind. To his intimate friends, especially to Atticus, Cicero lays open himself and his heart, with entire freedom. In the course of his correspondence with others, we are introduced into acquaintance with several of the principal personages of Rome; and it is remarkable that most of Cicero's correspondents, as well as himself, are elegant and polite writers; which serves to heighten our idea of the taste and manners of that age. *Blair.*

§ 126. *On* Pope's *and* Swift's *Letters.*

The most distinguished collection of letters in the English language, is that of Mr. Pope, Dean Swift, and their friends; partly published in Mr. Pope's works, and partly in those of Dean Swift. This collection is, on the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one; and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is not, however, altogether free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny's Epistles, of too much study and refinement. In the variety of letters from different persons, contained in that collection, we find many that are written with ease, and a beautiful simplicity. Those of Dr. Arbuthnot, in particular, always deserve that praise. Dean Swift's also are unaffected; and as a proof of their being so, they exhibit his character fully, with all its defects; though it were to be wished, for the honour of his memory, that his epistolary correspondence had not been drained to the dregs, by so many successive publications, as have been given to the world. Several of Lord Bolingbroke's, and of Bishop Atterbury's Letters, are masterly. The censure of writing letters in too artificial a manner, falls heaviest on Mr. Pope himself. There is visibly more study, and less of nature and the heart in his letters, than in those of some of his correspondents. He had formed himself on the manner of Voiture, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to ladies are full of affectation. Even in writing to his friends, how forced an introduction is the following, of a letter to Mr. Addison: "I am more "joyed at your return, than I should be at "that of the Sun, as much as I wish for "him in this melancholy wet season; but "it is his fate too, like yours, to be dis-"pleasing to owls and obscene animals, "who cannot bear his lustre." How stiff a compliment is it, which he pays to Bishop Atterbury: "Though the noise and daily "bustle for the Public be now over, I dare "say, you are still tendering its welfare; "as the Sun in winter, when seeming to "retire from the world, is preparing "warmth and benedictions for a better "season." This sentence might be tolerated in an harangue; but is very unsuitable to the style of one friend corresponding with another. *Ibid.*

§ 127. *On the Letters of* Balzac, Voiture, Sevigne, *and Lady* Mary Wortley Montague.

The gaiety and vivacity of the French genius appear to much advantage in their letters, and have given birth to several agreeable publications. In the last age, Balzac and Voiture were the two most celebrated epistolary writers. Balzac's reputation indeed soon declined, on account of his swelling periods and pompous style. But Voiture continued long a favourite author. His composition is extremely sparkling; he shows a great deal of wit, and can trifle in the most entertaining manner. His only fault is, that he is too open and professed a wit, to be thoroughly agreeable as a letter-writer. The letters of Madame de Sevigné are now esteemed the most accomplished model of a familiar correspondence. They turn indeed very much upon trifles, the incidents of the day, and the news of the town; and they are overloaded with extravagant compliments, and expressions of fondness, to her favourite daughter; but withal, they shew such perpetual sprightliness, they contain such easy and varied narration, and so many strokes of the most lively and beautiful painting, perfectly free from any affectation, that they are justly entitled to high praise. The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague are not unworthy of being named after those of Mad. de Sevigné. They have much of the French ease and vivacity, and retain more the character of agreeable epistolary style, than perhaps any letters which have appeared in the English language. *Ibid.*

§ 128. *Lyric Poetry. On* Pindar.

Pindar, the great father of lyric poetry, has been the occasion of leading his imitators into some defects. His genius was sublime; his expressions are beautiful and happy:

happy; his descriptions picturesque. But finding it a very barren subject to sing the praises of those who had gained the prize in the public games, he is perpetually digressive, and fills up his poems with fables of the gods and heroes, that have little connection either with his subject, or with one another. The ancients admired him greatly; but as many of the histories of particular families and cities, to which he alludes, are now unknown to us, he is so obscure, partly from his subjects, and partly from his rapid, abrupt manner of treating them, that, notwithstanding the beauty of his expression, our pleasure in reading him is much diminished. One would imagine, that many of his modern imitators thought the best way to catch his spirit, was to imitate his disorder and obscurity. In several of the choruses of Euripides and Sophocles, we have the same kind of lyric poetry as in Pindar, carried on with more clearness and connection, and at the same time with much sublimity. *Blair.*

§ 129. *On* Horace, *as a Lyric Poet.*

Of all the writers of odes, ancient or modern, there is none that, in point of correctness, harmony, and happy expression, can vie with Horace. He has descended from the Pindaric rapture to a more moderate degree of elevation; and joins connected thought, and good sense, with the highest beauties of poetry. He does not often aspire beyond that middle region, which I mentioned as belonging to the ode; and those odes, in which he attempts the sublime, are perhaps not always his best*. The peculiar character, in which he excels, is grace and elegance; and in this style of composition, no poet has ever attained to a greater perfection than Horace. No poet supports a moral sentiment with more dignity, touches a gay one more happily, or possesses the art of trifling more agreeably, when he chuses to trifle. His language is so fortunate, that with a single word or epithet, he often conveys a whole description to the fancy. Hence he ever has been, and ever will continue to be, a favourite author with all persons of taste. *Ibid.*

§ 130. *On* Casimir, *and other modern Lyric Poets.*

Among the Latin poets of later ages, there have been many imitators of Horace. One of the most distinguished is Casimir, a Polish poet of the last century, who wrote four books of odes. In graceful ease of expression, he is far inferior to the Roman. He oftener affects the sublime; and in the attempt, like other lyric writers, frequently becomes harsh and unnatural. But, on several occasions, he discovers a considerable degree of original genius, and poetical fire. Buchanan, in some of his lyric compositions, is very elegant and classical.

Among the French, the odes of Jean Baptiste Rousseau have been much and justly celebrated. They possess great beauty, both of sentiment and expression. They are animated, without being rhapsodical; and are not inferior to any poetical productions in the French language.

In our own language, we have several lyric compositions of considerable merit. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia, is well known. Mr. Gray is distinguished in some of his odes, both for tenderness and sublimity; and in Dodsley's Miscellanies, several very beautiful lyric poems are to be found. As to professed Pindaric odes, they are, with a few exceptions, so incoherent, as seldom to be intelligible. Cowley, at all times harsh, is doubly so in his Pindaric compositions. In his Anacreontic odes, he is much happier. They are smooth and elegant; and, indeed, the most agreeable and the most perfect, in their kind, of all Mr. Cowley's poems. *Ibid.*

§ 131. *On the different Kinds of Poetical Composition in the Sacred Books; and of the distinguishing Characters of the chief Writers.*

1st. Of the Didactic.

The several kinds of poetical composition which we find in scripture, are chiefly the didactic, elegiac, pastoral, and lyric. Of the didactic species of poetry, the Book of Proverbs is the principal instance. The nine first chapters of that book are highly poetical, adorned with many distinguished graces, and figures of expression. At the 10th chapter, the style is sensibly altered,

* There is no ode whatever of Horace's, without great beauties. But though I may be singular in my opinion, I cannot help thinking that in some of those odes which have been much admired for sublimity (such as Ode iv. Lib. iv. "Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.") there appears somewhat of a strained and forced effort to be lofty. The genius of this amiable poet shews itself, according to my judgment, to greater advantage, in themes of a more temperate kind.

and

and descends into a lower strain, which is continued to the end; retaining however that sententious, pointed manner, and that artful construction of period, which distinguishes all the Hebrew poetry. The Book of Ecclesiastes comes likewise under this head; and some of the Psalms, as the 119th in particular. *Blair.*

§ 132. *Of the Elegiac and Pastoral Poetry of Scripture.*

Of elegiac poetry, many very beautiful specimens occur in Scripture; such as the lamentation of David over his friend Jonathan; several passages in the prophetical books; and several of David's Psalms, composed on occasions of distress and mourning. The 42d Psalm, in particular, is, in the highest degree, tender and plaintive. But the most regular and perfect elegiac composition in the Scripture, perhaps in the whole world, is the book, entitled the Lamentations of Jeremiah. As the prophet mourns in that book over the destruction of the Temple, and the Holy City, and the overthrow of the whole state, he assembles all the affecting images which a subject so melancholy could suggest. The composition is uncommonly artificial. By turns the prophet, and the city Jerusalem, are introduced, as pouring forth their sorrows; and in the end, a chorus of the people send up the most earnest and plaintive supplications to God. The lines of the original too, as may, in part, appear from our translation, are longer than is usual in the other kinds of Hebrew poetry; and the melody is rendered thereby more flowing, and better adapted to the querimonious strain of elegy.

The Song of Solomon affords us a high exemplification of pastoral poetry. Considered with respect to its spiritual meaning, it is undoubtedly a mystical allegory; in its form, it is a dramatic pastoral, or a perpetual dialogue between personages in the character of shepherds: and, suitably to that form, it is full of rural and pastoral images, from beginning to end. *Ibid.*

§ 133. *On the Lyric Poetry of Scripture.*

Of lyric poetry, or that which is intended to be accompanied with music, the Old Testament is full. Besides a great number of hymns and songs, which we find scattered in the historical and prophetical books, such as the song of Moses, the song of Deborah, and many others of like nature, the whole book of Psalms is to be considered as a collection of sacred odes. In these, we find the ode exhibited in all the varieties of its form, and supported with the highest spirit of lyric poetry; sometimes sprightly, cheerful, and triumphant; sometimes solemn and magnificent; sometimes tender and soft. From these instances, it clearly appears, that there are contained in the holy scriptures full exemplifications of several of the chief kinds of poetical writing. *Ibid.*

§ 134. *A Diversity of Style and Manner in the different Composers of the Sacred Books. On* Job, David, *and* Isaiah.

Among the different composers of the sacred books, there is an evident diversity of style and manner; and to trace their different characters in this view, will contribute not a little towards our reading their writings with greater advantage. The most eminent of the sacred poets are, the author of the Book of Job, David, and Isaiah. As the compositions of David are of the lyric kind, there is a greater variety of style and manner in his works, than in those of the other two. The manner in which, considered merely as a poet, David chiefly excels, is the pleasing, the soft, and the tender. In his Psalms, there are many lofty and sublime passages; but, in strength of description, he yields to Job; in sublimity, he yields to Isaiah. It is a sort of temperate grandeur, for which David is chiefly distinguished; and to this he always soon returns, when, upon some occasions, he rises above it. The psalms in which he touches us most, are those in which he describes the happiness of the righteous, or the goodness of God; expresses the tender breathings of a devout mind, or sends up moving and affectionate supplications to heaven. Isaiah is, without exception, the most sublime of all poets. This is abundantly visible in our translation; and, what is a material circumstance, none of the books of scripture appear to have been more happily translated than the writings of this prophet. Majesty is his reigning character; a majesty more commanding, and more uniformly supported, than is to be found among the rest of the Old Testament poets. He possesses, indeed, a dignity and grandeur, both in his conceptions and expressions, which are altogether unparalleled, and peculiar to himself. There is more clearness and order too, and a more visible distribution of parts, in his book, than in any other of the prophetical writings. *Ibid.*

§ 135. *On*

§ 135. *On* Jeremiah.

When we compare him with the reſt of the poetical prophets, we immediately ſee in Jeremiah a very different genius. Iſaiah employs himſelf generally on magnificent ſubjects. Jeremiah ſeldom diſcovers any diſpoſition to be ſublime, and inclines always to the tender and elegiac. Ezechiel, in poetical grace and elegance, is much inferior to them both; but he is diſtinguiſhed by a character of uncommon force and ardour. To uſe the elegant expreſſions of Biſhop Lowth, with regard to this Prophet: "Eſt atrox, vehemens, tragicus; in ſenſibus, fervidus, acerbus, indignabundus; in imaginibus, fecundus, truculentus, et nonnunquam penè deformis; in dictione, grandiloquus, gravis, auſterus, et interdùm incultus; frequens in repetitionibus, non decoris aut gratiæ cauſa, ſed ex indignatione et violentia. Quicquid ſuſceperit tractandum, id ſedulò perſequiter; in eo unicè hæret defixus; a propoſito rarò deflectens. In cæteris, a pleriſque vatibus fortaſſe ſuperatus; ſed in eo genere, ad quod vidētur a natura unicè comparatus, nimirum, vi, pondere, impetu, granditate, nemo unquam eum ſuperavit." The ſame learned writer compares Iſaiah to Homer, Jeremiah to Simonides, and Ezechiel to Æſchylus. Moſt of the book of Iſaiah is ſtrictly poetical; of Jeremiah and Ezechiel, not above one half can be held to belong to poetry. Among the minor prophets, Hoſea, Joel, Micah, Habakkuk, and eſpecially Nahum, are diſtinguiſhed for poetical ſpirit. In the prophecies of Daniel and Jonah, there is no poetry.

Blair.

§ 136. *On the Book of* Job.

It only now remains to ſpeak of the book of Job. It is known to be extremely ancient; generally reputed the moſt ancient of all the poetical books; the author uncertain. It is remarkable, that this book has no connexion with the affairs or manners of the Jews, or Hebrews. The ſcene is laid in the land of Uz, or Idumæa, which is a part of Arabia; and the imagery employed is generally of a different kind, from what I before ſhewed to be peculiar to the Hebrew poets. We meet with no alluſions to the great events of ſacred hiſtory, to the religious rites of the Jews, to Lebanon or to Carmel, or any of the peculiarities of the climate of Judæa. We find few compariſons founded on rivers or torrents; theſe were not familiar objects in Arabia. But the longeſt compariſon that occurs in the book, is to an object frequent and well known in that region, a brook that fails in the ſeaſon of heat, and diſappoints the expectation of the traveller.

The poetry, however, of the book of Job, is not only equal to that of any other of the ſacred writings, but is ſuperior to them all, except thoſe of Iſaiah alone. As Iſaiah is the moſt ſublime, David the moſt pleaſing and tender, ſo Job is the moſt deſcriptive, of all the inſpired poets. A peculiar glow of fancy, and ſtrength of deſcription, characteriſe the author. No writer whatever abounds ſo much in metaphors. He may be ſaid, not to deſcribe, but to render viſible, whatever he treats of. A variety of inſtances might be given. Let us remark only thoſe ſtrong and lively colours, with which, in the following paſſages, taken from the 18th and 20th chapters of his book, he paints the condition of the wicked; obſerve how rapidly his figures riſe before us; and what a deep impreſſion, at the ſame time, they leave on the imagination. "Knoweſt thou not this "of old, ſince man was placed upon the "earth, that the triumphing of the wicked "is ſhort, and the joy of the hypocrite, "but for a moment? Though his excel"lency mount up to the heavens, and his "head reach the clouds, yet he ſhall periſh "for ever. He ſhall fly away as a dream, "and ſhall not be found; yea, he ſhall be "chaſed away, as a viſion of the night. "The eye alſo which ſaw him, ſhall ſee "him no more; they which have ſeen "him, ſhall ſay, where is he?—He ſhall "ſuck the poiſon of aſps, the viper's "tongue ſhall ſlay him. In the fulneſs of "his ſufficiency he ſhall be in ſtraits; "every hand ſhall come upon him. He "ſhall flee from the iron weapon, and the "bow of ſteel ſhall ſtrike him through. "All darkneſs ſhall be hid in his ſecret "places. A fire not blown ſhall conſume "him. The heaven ſhall reveal his ini"quity, and the earth ſhall riſe up againſt "him. The increaſe of his houſe ſhall "depart. His goods ſhall flow away in "the day of wrath. The light of the "wicked ſhall be put out; the light ſhall "be dark in his tabernacle. The ſteps "of his ſtrength ſhall be ſtraitened, and "his own counſel ſhall caſt him down. "For he is caſt into a net, by his own "feet. He walketh upon a ſnare. Ter-

"rors

" rors shall make him afraid on every side; " and the robber shall prevail against him. " Brimstone shall be scattered upon his " habitation. His remembrance shall pe- " rish from the earth, and he shall have " no name in the street. He shall be dri- " ven from light into darkness. They " that come after him shall be astonished " at his day. He shall drink of the wrath " of the Almighty."

Blair.

§ 137. *On the Iliad of* Homer.

The subject of the Iliad must unquestionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily chosen. In the days of Homer, no object could be more splendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian states, under one leader, and the ten years siege which they carried on against Troy, must have spread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and interested all Greece in the traditions, concerning the heroes who had most eminently signalized themselves. Upon these traditions, Homer grounded his poem; and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written record, traditions, must by his time, have fallen into the degree of obscurity most proper for poetry; and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleased, with the remains of true history. He has not chosen, for his subject, the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has selected one part of it, the quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave rise; which, though they take up forty-seven days only, yet include the most interesting, and most critical period of the war. By this management, he has given greater unity to what would have otherwise been an unconnected history of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work; and he has shewn the pernicious effect of discord among confederate princes. At the same time, I admit that Homer is less fortunate in his subject than Virgil. The plan of the Æneid includes a greater compass and a more agreeable diversity of events; whereas the Iliad is almost entirely filled with battles.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents, of speeches, of characters divine and human, with which he abounds; the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds and deaths, and little history-pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an invention next to boundless. But the praise of judgment is, in my opinion, no less due to Homer, than that of invention. His story is all along conducted with great art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out, one after another, to be objects of our attention. The distress thickens, as the poem advances; and every thing is so contrived as to aggrandize Achilles, and to render him, as the poet intended he should be, the capital figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers, is the characteristical part. Here, he is without a rival. His lively and spirited exhibition of characters, is, in a great measure, owing to his being so dramatic a writer, abounding every where with dialogue and conversation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil; or, indeed, than in any other poet.

Ibid.

§ 138. *On the Odyssey of* Homer.

My observations, hitherto, have been made upon the Iliad only. It is necessary to take some notice of the Odyssey also. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the Iliad; yet, at the same time, possesses so many beauties, as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad; it contains many interesting stories; and beautiful descriptions. We see every where the same descriptive and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention, that appears in the other work. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods, and heroes, and warlike atchievements; but in recompence, we have more pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyssey presents us with the most amiable images of hospitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape of nature; and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem.

Ibid.

§ 139.

§ 139. *On the Beauties of* VIRGIL.

Virgil poſſeſſes beauties which have juſtly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and diſtinguiſhing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion, he poſſeſſes beyond all poets, is tenderneſs. Nature had endowed him with exquiſite ſenſibility; he felt every affecting circumſtance in the ſcenes he deſcribes; and, by a ſingle ſtroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in an epic poem, is the merit next to ſublimity; and puts it in an author's power to render his compoſition extremely intereſting to all readers.

The chief beauty of this kind, in the Iliad, is the interview of Hector with Andromache. But, in the Æneid, there are many ſuch. The ſecond Book is one of the greateſt maſter-pieces that ever was executed by any hand; and Virgil ſeems to have put forth there the whole ſtrength of his genius, as the ſubject afforded a variety of ſcenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, preſented by a city burned and ſacked in the night, are finely mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully deſcribed than the death of old Priam; and the family-pieces of Æneas, Anchiſes, and Creuſa, are as tender as can be conceived. In many paſſages of the Eneid, the ſame pathetic ſpirit ſhines; and they have been always the favourite paſſages in that work. The fourth book, for inſtance, relating the unhappy paſſion and death of Dido, has been always moſt juſtly admired, and abounds with beauties of the higheſt kind. The interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the third book; the epiſodes of Pallas and Evander, of Niſus and Euryalus, of Lauſus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all ſtriking inſtances of the poet's power of raiſing the tender emotions. For we muſt obſerve, that though the Æneid be an unequal poem, and, in ſome places, languid, yet there are beauties ſcattered through it all; and not a few, even in the laſt ſix books. The beſt and moſt finiſhed books, upon the whole, are the firſt, the ſecond, the fourth, the ſixth, the ſeventh, the eighth, and the twelfth. *Blair.*

§ 140. *On the comparative Merit of* HOMER *and* VIRGIL.

Upon the whole, as to the comparative merit of thoſe two great princes of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil; the former muſt, undoubtedly, be admitted to be the greater genius; the latter, to be the more correct writer. Homer was an original in his art, and diſcovers both the beauties and the defects, which are to be expected in an original author, compared with thoſe who ſucceed him; more boldneſs, more nature and eaſe, more ſublimity and force; but greater irregularities and negligences in compoſition. Virgil has, all along, kept his eye upon Homer; in many places he has not ſo much imitated, as he has literally tranſlated him. The deſcription of the ſtorm, for inſtance, in the firſt Æneid, and Æneas's ſpeech upon that occaſion, are tranſlations from the fifth book of the Odyſſey; not to mention almoſt all the ſimiles of Virgil, which are no other than copies of thoſe of Homer. The pre-eminence in invention, therefore, muſt, beyond doubt, be aſcribed to Homer. As to the pre-eminence in judgment, though many critics are diſpoſed to give it to Virgil, yet, in my opinion, it hangs doubtful. In Homer, we diſcern all the Greek vivacity; in Virgil, all the Roman ſtateline ſs. Homer's imagination is by much the moſt rich and copious; Virgil's the moſt chaſte and correct. The ſtrength of the former lies, in his power of warming the fancy; that of the latter, in his power of touching the heart. Homer's ſtyle is more ſimple and animated; Virgil's more elegant and uniform. The firſt has, on many occaſions, a ſublimity to which the latter never attains; but the latter, in return, never ſinks below a certain degree of epic dignity, which cannot ſo clearly be pronounced of the former. Not, however, to detract from the admiration due to both theſe great poets, moſt of Homer's defects may reaſonably be imputed, not to his genius, but to the manners of the age in which he lived; and for the feeble paſſages of the Æneid, this excuſe ought to be admitted, that the Æneid was left an unfiniſhed work. *Ibid.*

To the admirers of polite learning, *the Lectures of Dr. Blair*, at large, are ſtrongly recommended. The Extracts in this book are deſigned only as ſpecimens of that elegant and uſeful work, and for the uſe of *School-boys*. It would be unjuſt, and indeed impracticable, to give any more Extracts, conſiſtently with the neceſſary limits preſcribed to this book.

§ 141.

§ 141. *On the Ancient Writers; and on the Labour with which the Ancients compoſed.*

The ancients (of whom we ſpeak) had good natural parts, and applied them right; they underſtood their own ſtrength, and were maſters of the ſubject they undertook; they had a rich genius carefully cultivated: in their writings you have nature without wildneſs, and art without oſtentation. For it is vain to talk of nature and genius, without care and diligent application to refine and improve them. The fineſt paradiſe will run wild, and loſe both its pleaſure and uſefulneſs, without a ſkilful hand conſtantly to tend and prune it. Though theſe generous ſpirits were inſpired with the love of true praiſe, and had a modeſt aſſurance of their own abilities; yet they were not ſo ſelf-ſufficient, as to imagine their firſt thoughts were above their own review and correction, or their laſt above the judgment of their friends. They ſubmitted their compoſitions to the cenſure of private perſons and public aſſemblies. They reviewed, altered, and poliſhed, till they had good hopes they could preſent the world with a finiſhed piece. And ſo great and happy was their judgment, that they underſtood when they had done well, and knew the critical ſeaſon of laying aſide the file.

For, as thoſe excellent maſters, Pliny and Quinctilian, obſerve, there may be an intemperance in correction; when an ingenious man has ſuch an exceſs of modeſty and faulty diſtruſt of himſelf, that he wears off ſome of the neceſſary and ornamental parts of his diſcourſe, inſtead of poliſhing the rough, and taking off the ſuperfluous.

Theſe immortal wits did not prepoſterouſly reſolve firſt to be authors, and then immediately fall to writing without ſtudy and experience; but took care to furniſh themſelves with knowledge by cloſe thought, ſelect converſation, and reading; and to gain all the information and light that was neceſſary to qualify them to do juſtice to their ſubject. Then, after they had begun to write, they did not hurry on their pen with ſpeed and impatience to appear in the view of the world; but they took time and pains to give every part of their diſcourſe all poſſible ſtrength and ornament, and to make the whole compoſition uniform and beautiful. They wiſely conſidered, that productions which come before their due time into the world, are ſeldom perfect or long-lived; and that an author who deſigns to write for poſterity, as well as the preſent generation, cannot ſtudy a work with too deep care and reſolute induſtry.

Varus tells us of his incomparable friend Virgil, that he compoſed but very few verſes in a day. That conſummate philoſopher, critic, and poet, regarded the value, not number of his lines; and never thought too much pains could be beſtowed on a poem, that he might reaſonably expect would be the wonder of all ages, and laſt out the whole duration of time. Quinctilian aſſures us, that Salluſt wrote with abundance of deliberation and prudent caution; and indeed that fully appears from his complete and exquiſite writings. Demoſthenes laboured night and day, outwatched the poor mechanic in Athens (that was forced to perpetual drudgery to ſupport himſelf and his family) till he had acquired ſuch a maſtery in his noble profeſſion, ſuch a rational and over-ruling vehemence, ſuch a perfect habit of nervous and convincing eloquence, as enabled him to defy the ſtrongeſt oppoſition, and to triumph over envy and time.

Plato, when he was eighty years old, was buſily employed in the review and amendment of his divine dialogues: and ſome people are ſevere upon Cicero, that in imitation of Plato, he was ſo ſcrupulous whether he ought to write *ad Piræa*, or *in Peræa*, *ad Piræum*, or *in Piræum*, that now in the ſixtieth year of his age, in the fury of the civil wars, when he knew not how to diſpoſe of his family, and ſcarce expected ſafety, he earneſtly intreated his noble and learned friend Atticus to reſolve that difficulty, and eaſe him of the perplexity which it created him. Whatever raillery or reflection ſome humourſome wits may make upon that great man's exactneſs and nicety in that reſpect, and at ſuch a time; 'tis a plain proof of his wonderful care and diligence in his compoſition, and the ſtrict regard he had to the purity and propriety of his language. The ancients ſo accurately underſtood, and ſo indefatigably ſtudied their ſubject, that they ſcarce ever fail to finiſh and adorn every part with ſtrong ſenſe, and lively expreſſion.

Blackwall.

§ 142. *On* Homer.

'Tis no romantic commendation of Homer, to ſay, that no man underſtood perſons and things better than he; or had a deeper inſight into the humours and paſſions

ſions of human nature. He repreſents great things with ſuch ſublimity, and little ones with ſuch propriety, that he always makes the one admirable, and the other pleaſant.

He is a perfect maſter of all the lofty graces of the figurative ſtyle, and all the purity and eaſineſs of the plain. Strabo, the excellent geographer and hiſtorian, aſſures us, that Homer has deſcribed the places and countries of which he gives account, with that accuracy, that no man can imagine who has not ſeen them; and no man but muſt admire and be aſtoniſhed who has. His poems may juſtly be compared with that ſhield of divine workmanſhip ſo inimitably repreſented in the eighteenth book of the Iliad. You have there exact images of all the actions of war, and employments of peace; and are entertained with the delightful view of the univerſe. Homer has all the beauties of every dialect and ſtyle ſcattered through his writings; he is ſcarce inferior to any other poet, in the poet's own way and excellency; but excels all others in force and comprehenſion of genius, elevation of fancy, and immenſe copiouſneſs of invention. Such a ſovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients eſteemed and admired him as the great High Prieſt of nature, who was admitted into her inmoſt choir, and acquainted with her moſt ſolemn myſteries.

The great men of former ages, with one voice, celebrate the praiſes of Homer; and old Zoilus has only a few followers in theſe later times, who detract from him either for want of Greek, or from a ſpirit of conceit and contradiction.

Theſe gentlemen tell us, that the divine Plato himſelf baniſhed him out of his commonwealth; which, ſay they, muſt be granted to be a blemiſh upon the poet's reputation. The reaſon why Plato would not let Homer's poems be in the hands of the ſubjects of that government, was becauſe he did not eſteem ordinary men capable readers of them. They would be apt to pervert his meaning, and have wrong notions of God and religion, by taking his bold and beautiful allegories in too literal a ſenſe. Plato frequently declares, that he loves and admires him as the beſt, the moſt pleaſant, and the divineſt of all the poets; and ſtudiouſly imitates his figurative and myſtical way of writing. Though he forbad his works to be read in public, yet he would never be without them in his own cloſet. Though the philoſopher pretends, that for reaſons of ſtate he muſt remove him out of his city; yet he declares he would treat him with all poſſible reſpect while he ſtaid; and diſmiſs him laden with preſents, and adorned with garlands (as the prieſts and ſupplicants of their gods uſed to be); by which marks of honour, all people wherever he came might be warned and induced to eſteem his perſon ſacred, and receive him with due veneration.

Blackwall.

§ 143. *On* Theocritus.

If we mention Theocritus, he will be another bright inſtance of the happy abilities and various accompliſhments of the ancients. He has writ in ſeveral ſorts of poetry, and ſucceeded in all. It ſeems unneceſſary to praiſe the native ſimplicity and eaſy freedom of his paſtorals; when Virgil himſelf ſometimes invokes the muſe of Syracuſe; when he imitates him through all his own poems of that kind, and in ſeveral paſſages tranſlates him. Quinctilian ſays of our Sicilian bard, that he is admirable in his kind; but when he adds, that his muſe is not only ſhy of appearing at the bar, but in the city too, 'tis evident this remark muſt be confined to his paſtorals. In ſeveral of his other poems, he ſhews ſuch ſtrength of reaſon and politeneſs, as would qualify him to plead among the orators, and make him acceptable in the courts of princes. In his ſmaller poems of Cupid ſtung, Adonis killed by the Boar, &c. you have the vigour and delicacy of Anacreon; in his Hylas, and Combat of Pollux and Amycus, he is much more pathetical, clear, and pleaſant, than Apollonius on the ſame, or any other ſubject. In his converſation of Alcmena and Tireſias, of Hercules and the old ſervant of Augeas, in Cynicea and Thyonichus, and the women going to the ceremonies of Adonis, there is all the eaſineſs and engaging familiarity of humour and dialogue, which reign in the Odyſſeis; and in Hercules deſtroying the lion of Nemæa, the ſpirit and majeſty of the Iliad. The panegyric upon king Ptolemy is juſtly eſteemed an original and model of perfection in that way of writing. Both in that excellent poem, and the noble hymn upon Caſtor and Pollux, he has praiſed his gods and his hero with that delicacy and dexterity of addreſs, with thoſe ſublime and graceful expreſſions of devotion and reſpect, that in politeneſs, ſmoothneſs of turn, and a refined art of praiſing without offence

fence, or appearance of flattery, he has equalled Callimachus; and in loftineſs and flight of thought, ſcarce yields to Pindar or Homer. *Blackwall.*

§ 144. *On* Herodotus.

Herodotus had gained experience by travelling over all his own country, Thrace, and Scythia; he travelled likewiſe to Arabia, Paleſtine, and Egypt; where he carefully viewed the chief curioſities and moſt remarkable places, and converſed with the Egyptian prieſts, who informed him of their ancient hiſtory, and acquainted him with their cuſtoms, ſacred and civil. Indeed he ſpeaks of their religious rites with ſuch plainneſs and clearneſs in ſome caſes, and ſuch reſerve and reverence in others, that I am apt to believe he was initiated into their ceremonies, and conſecrated a prieſt of ſome of their orders*.

Thus, being acquainted with the moſt famous countries, and valuable things, and knowing the moſt conſiderable perſons of the age, he applied himſelf to write the hiſtory of the Greeks and Barbarians: and performed the noble work with that judgment, faithfulneſs, and eloquence, that gained him the approbation and applauſe of the moſt auguſt aſſembly in the world, at that time, the flower of all Greece, met together at the Olympic games.

His hiſtory opens to the reader all the antiquities of Greece, and gives light to all her authors. *Ibid.*

§ 145. *On* Livy.

We do not find that Livy had travelled much, or been employed in military affairs; yet what he might want in experience, was happily ſupplied by wonderful parts and eloquence, by ſevere ſtudy, and unwearied endeavours after knowledge and information; ſo that he deſcribes all the countries, towns, ſeas, and ports, whither the Roman Legions and navies came, with near the ſame accuracy and perfection (if poſſible) which he could any place in Italy; lays a ſiege, draws up an army, with ſkill and conduct ſcarce inferior to Cæſar himſelf. Was there as much charm in the converſation of this extraordinary man, as there is in his writings, the gentleman of Cales would not repent of his long journey, who came from thence only to ſee Livy, upon the fame of his incomparable eloquence, and other celebrated abilities; and we have reaſon to believe he received ſatisfaction, becauſe, after he had ſeen Livy, and converſed with him, he had no curioſity to ſee Rome, to which he was ſo near; and which at that time was, for its magnificence and glories, one of the greateſt wonders of the whole earth.

Theſe two princes of Greek and Roman hiſtory, tell a ſtory, and make up a deſcription, with inexpreſſible grace; and ſo delicately mix the great and little circumſtances, that there is both the utmoſt dignity and pleaſure in it. *Ibid.*

§ 146. *Much of their Beauty ariſes from Variety.*

The reader is always entertained with an agreeable variety, both of matter and ſtyle, in Herodotus and Livy. And indeed every author that expects to pleaſe, muſt gratify the reader with variety: that is the univerſal charm, which takes with people of all taſtes and complexions. 'Tis an appetite planted in us by the Author of our being; and is natural to an human ſoul, whoſe immenſe deſires nothing but an infinite good, and unexhauſted pleaſure, can fully gratify. The moſt palatable diſh becomes naueſous, if it be always ſet before a man: the moſt muſical and harmonious notes, too often and unſeaſonably ſtruck, grate the ear like the jarring of the moſt harſh and hateful diſcord.

Theſe authors, and the reſt of their ſpirit and elevation, were ſenſible of this; and therefore you find a continual change, and judicious variation, in their ſtyle and numbers.

One paſſage appears to be learned, and carefully laboured; an unſtudied eaſineſs, and becoming negligence, runs through the next. One ſentence turns quick and ſhort; and another, immediately following, runs into longer meaſures, and ſpreads itſelf with a ſort of elegant and beautiful luxuriancy. They ſeldom uſe many periods together, conſiſting of the ſame number of members; nor are the members of their periods of equal length, and exact meaſure, one with another.

The reflections that are made by theſe noble writers, upon the conduct and humours of mankind, the intereſts of courts, and the intrigues of parties, are ſo curious and inſtructive, ſo true in their ſubſtance, and ſo taking and lively in the manner of their expreſſion, that they ſatisfy the ſoundeſt

* See Herodot. Gale's Edition, lib. ii. ſect. 3. p. 91. ſect. 65. p. 114. ſect. 171. p. 156.

judgment, and pleaſe the moſt ſprightly imagination. From theſe glorious authors we have inſtruction without the common formality and dryneſs of precept; and receive the moſt edifying advice in the pleaſing way of inſinuation and ſurpriſe.

Blackwall.

§ 147. *Perſpicuity a principal Beauty of the Claſſics.*

Another excellency of the true claſſics is, perſpicuity, and clear ſtyle; which will excuſe and cover ſeveral faults in an author; but the want of it is never to be atoned by any pretence of loftineſs, caution, or any conſideration whatever.

And this is the effect of a clear head, and vigorous underſtanding; of cloſe and regular thinking, and the diligence of ſelect reading. A man ſhould write with the ſame deſign as he ſpeaks, to be underſtood with eaſe, and to communicate his mind with pleaſure and inſtruction. If we ſelect Xenophon out of the other Greek claſſics, whether he writes of the management of family affairs, or the more arduous matters of ſtate and policy; whether he gives an account of the wars of the Grecians, or the morals of Socrates; the ſtyle, though ſo far varied as to be ſuitable to every ſubject, yet is always clear and ſignificant, ſweet without luſciouſneſs, and elegantly eaſy.

In this genteel author we have all the politeneſs of a ſtudied compoſition; and yet all the freedom and winning familiarity of elegant converſation.

Here I cannot but particularly mention Xenophon's Sympoſium, wherein he has given us an eaſy and beautiful deſcription of a very lively and beautiful converſation. The pleaſant and ſerious are there are ſo happily mixed and tempered, that the diſcourſe is neither too light for the grave, nor too ſolemn for the gay. There is mirth with dignity and decorum; and philoſophy attended and enlivened by all the graces.

Ibid.

§ 148. *On* Cicero.

If among the Latin Claſſics we name Tully, upon every ſubject he equally ſhews the ſtrength of his reaſon and the brightneſs of his ſtyle. Whether he addreſſes his friend in the moſt graceful negligence of a familiar letter, or moves his auditors with laboured periods, and paſſionate ſtrains of manly oratory; whether he proves the Majeſty of God, and immortality of human ſouls, in a more ſublime and pompous eloquence; or lays down the rules of prudence and virtue, in a more calm and even way of writing; he always expreſſes good ſenſe in pure and proper language: he is learned and eaſy, richly plain, and neat without affectation. He is always copious, but never runs into a faulty luxuriance, nor tires his reader: and though he ſays almoſt every thing that can be ſaid upon his ſubject, yet you will ſcarce ever think he ſays too much.

Ibid.

§ 149. *On the Obſcurities in the Claſſics.*

Thoſe few obſcurities which are in the beſt authors, do not proceed from haſte and confuſion of thought, or ambiguous expreſſions, from a long crowd of parentheſes, or perplexed periods; but either the places continue the ſame as they were in the original, and are not intelligible to us only by reaſon of our ignorance of ſome cuſtoms of thoſe times and countries; or the paſſages are altered and ſpoiled by the preſumption and buſy impertinence of fooliſh tranſcribers and conceited critics. Which plainly appears from this, that ſince we have had more accurate accounts of the Greek and Roman antiquities, and old manuſcripts have been ſearched and compared by able and diligent hands, innumerable errors have been rectified, and corruptions, which had crept into the text, purged out: a various reading happily diſcovered, the removal of a verſe, or a point of diſtinction out of the wrong into the right place, or the adding a ſmall mark where it was left out, has given clear light to many paſſages, which for ages had lain overſpread with an error, that had obſcured the ſenſe of the author, and quite confounded all the commentators. The latter part of the thirty-ſecond verſe of the hymn of Callimachus on Apollo was in the firſt editions thus, Τίς ἂν ἔρεα Φοῖβον ἀείδοι; "who can ſing of Phœbus in the mountains?" which was neither ſenſe of itſelf, nor had any connexion with what went before. But Stephens's amendment of it ſet right both the ſenſe and the connexion, without altering a letter; Τίς ἂν ὃ ῥέα Φοῖβον ἀείδοι; "Phœbus is an unexhauſted ſubject of praiſe:"—among all his glorious qualifications and exploits, what poet can be ſo dull, what wit ſo barren, as to want materials for an hymn to his honour?—In the fourth verſe of the eleventh epigram of Theocritus, there wanted a little point in the word ὑμνοβέτης, which took off all the ſprightlineſs and turn of the thought; which

which Daniel Heinſius luckily reſtored, by changing the nom. ſing. ὑμνοθέτης, into the dat. plur. ὑμνοθέτης." "The friends of Euſthenes the poet gave him, though a ſtranger, an honourable burial in a foreign country; and the poet was extremely beloved by 'em". How flat and inſipid! According to the amendment it runs thus: "The acquaintance of Euſthenes buried him honourably, though in a foreign country, and he was extremely beloved by his brother poets themſelves." For a man to be mightily honoured by ſtrangers, and extremely beloved by people of the ſame profeſſion, who are apt to malign and envy one another, is a very high commendation of his candour, and excellent temper. That very valuable amendment in the ſixth line of Horace's preface to his odes, has cleared a difficulty, which none of the critics could handſomely acquit themſelves of before the admirable Dr. Bentley; and has reſcued the poet, eminent for the clearneſs of his ſtyle, from the imputation of harſhneſs and obſcurity in the very beginning, and firſt addreſs to his reader; where peculiar care and accuracy are expected. It would be endleſs to mention the numerous places in the ancients happily reſtored and illuſtrated by that great man; who is not only a ſound and diſcerning critic, but a clean and vigorous writer, excellently ſkilled in all divine and human literature; to whom all ſcholars are obliged for his learned performances upon the claſſics; and all mankind for his noble and glorious defence of religion. The learned Meurſius was ſtrangely puzzled with a paſſage in Minutius Felix*; and altered the text with ſuch intolerable boldneſs, as, if allowed, would ſoon pervert and deſtroy all good authors; which the ingenious editor of that father has cleared, by putting the points of diſtinction in their proper places. *Reges tantum regni ſui, per officia miniſtrorum, univerſa novêre.* Meurſius had diſguiſed and deformed the paſſage thus: *Reges ſtatum regni ſui per officia miniſtrorum diverſa novêre.* Dr. Bentley has made a certain emendation in Horace's Art of Poetry, only by altering the places of two lines, making that which was the forty-ſixth in the common books, the forty-fifth in his own beautiful editions. *Blackwall.*

§ 150. *On ſeveral Advantages which the Claſſics enjoyed.*

It was among the advantages which the chief claſſics enjoyed, that moſt of them were placed in proſperous and plentiful circumſtances of life, raiſed above anxious cares, want, and abject dependance. They were perſons of quality and fortune, courtiers and ſtateſmen, great travellers, and generals of armies, poſſeſſed of the higheſt dignities and poſts of peace and war. Their riches and plenty furniſhed them with leiſure and means of ſtudy; and their employments improved them in knowledge and experience. How livelily muſt they deſcribe thoſe countries, and remarkable places, which they had attentively viewed with their own eyes! What faithful and emphatical relations were they enabled to make of thoſe councils, in which they preſided; of thoſe actions in which they were preſent and commanded!

Herodotus, the father of hiſtory, beſides the advantages of his travels, and general knowledge, was ſo conſiderable in power and intereſt, that he bore a chief part in expelling the tyrant Lygdamis, who had uſurped upon the liberties of his native country.

Thucydides and Xenophon were of diſtinguiſhed eminence and abilities, both in civil and military affairs; were rich and noble; had ſtrong parts, and a careful education in their youth, completed by ſevere ſtudy in their advanced years: in ſhort, they had all the advantages and accompliſhments both of the retired and active life.

Sophocles bore great offices in Athens; led their armies; and in ſtrength of parts, and nobleneſs of thought and expreſſion, was not unequal to his colleague Pericles; who by his commanding wiſdom and eloquence influenced all Greece, and was ſaid to thunder and lighten in his harangues.

Euripides, famous for the purity of the Attic ſtyle, and his power in moving the paſſions, eſpecially the ſofter ones of grief and pity, was invited to, and generouſly entertained in, the court of Archelaus king of Macedon. The ſmoothneſs of his compoſition, his excellency in dramatic poetry, the ſoundneſs of his morals, conveyed in the ſweeteſt numbers, were ſo univerſally admired, and his glory ſo far ſpread, that the Athenians, who were taken priſoners in the fatal overthrow under Nicias, were preſerved from perpetual exile and ruin, by the aſtoniſhing reſpect that the Sicilians, enemies and ſtrangers, paid

* Min. Felix, Camb. edit. by Davis, § 33. p. 163. not. 7.

to the wit and fame of their illuſtrious countryman. As many as could repeat any of Euripides's verſes, were rewarded with their liberty, and generouſly ſent home with marks of honour.

Plato, by his father's ſide, ſprung from Codrus, the celebrated king of Athens; and by his mother's from Solon, their no leſs celebrated law-giver. To gain experience, and enlarge his knowledge, he travelled into Italy, Sicily, and Egypt. He was courted and honoured by the greateſt men of the age wherein he lived; and will be ſtudied and admired by men of taſte and judgment in all ſucceeding ages. In his works, are ineſtimable treaſures of the beſt learning. In ſhort, as a learned gentleman ſays, he writ with all the ſtrength of human reaſon, and all the charm of human eloquence.

Anacreon lived familiarly with Polycrates king of Samos; and his ſprightly muſe, naturally flowing with innumerable pleaſures and graces, muſt improve in delicacy and ſweetneſs by the gaiety and refined converſation of that flouriſhing court.

The bold and exalted genius of Pindar was encouraged and heightened by the honours he received from the champions and princes of his age; and his converſation with the heroes qualified him to ſing their praiſes with more advantage. The conquerors at the Olympic games ſcarce valued their garlands of honour, and wreaths of victory, if they were not crowned with his never-fading laurels, and immortalized by his celeſtial ſong. The noble Hiero of Syracuſe was his generous friend and patron; and the moſt powerful and polite ſtate of all Greece eſteemed a line of his in praiſe of their glorious city, worth public acknowledgments, and a ſtatue. Moſt of the genuine and valuable Latin Claſſics had the ſame advantages of fortune, and improving converſation, the ſame encouragements with theſe and the other celebrated Grecians.

Terence gained ſuch a wonderful inſight into the characters and manners of mankind, ſuch an elegant choice of words, and fluency of ſtyle, ſuch judgment in the conduct of his plot, and ſuch delicate and charming turns, chiefly by the converſation of Scipio and Lælius, the greateſt men, and moſt refined wits, of their age. So much did this judicious writer, and clean ſcholar, improve by his diligent application to ſtudy, and their genteel and learned converſation, that it was charged upon him by thoſe who envied his ſuperior excellencies, that he publiſhed their compoſitions under his own name. His enemies had a mind that the world ſhould believe thoſe noblemen wrote his plays, but ſcarce believed it themſelves; and the poet very prudently and genteelly ſlighted their malice, and made his great patrons the fineſt compliment in the world, by eſteeming the accuſation as an honour, rather than making any formal defence againſt it *.

Salluſt, ſo famous for his neat expreſſive brevity and quick turns, for truth of fact and clearneſs of ſtyle, for the accuracy of his characters, and his piercing view into the myſteries of policy and motives of action, cultivated his rich abilities, and made his acquired learning ſo uſeful to the world, and ſo honourable to himſelf, by bearing the chief offices in the Roman government, and ſharing in the important councils and debates of the ſenate.

Cæſar had a prodigious wit, and univerſal learning; was noble by birth, a conſummate ſtateſman, a brave and wiſe general, and a moſt heroic prince. His prudence and modeſty in ſpeaking of himſelf, the truth and clearneſs of his deſcriptions, the inimitable purity and perſpicuity of his ſtyle, diſtinguiſh him with advantage from all other writers. None bears a nearer reſemblance to him in more inſtances than the admirable Xenophon. What uſeful and entertaining accounts might reaſonably be expected from ſuch a writer, who gives you the geography and hiſtory of thoſe countries and nations, which he himſelf conquered, and the deſcription of thoſe military engines, bridges, and encampments, which he himſelf contrived and marked out!

The beſt authors in the reign of Auguſtus, as Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, &c. enjoyed happy times, and plentiful circumſtances. That was the golden age of learning. They flouriſhed under the favours and bounty of the richeſt and moſt generous court in the world; and the beams of majeſty ſhone bright and propitious on them.

What could be too great to expect from ſuch poets as Horace and Virgil, beloved and munificently encouraged by ſuch patrons as Mæcenas and Auguſtus?

A chief reaſon why Tacitus writes with ſuch ſkill and authority, that he makes ſuch deep ſearches into the nature of things, and deſigns of men, that he ſo exquiſitely under-

* See Prologue to Adelphi, v. 15—22.

ſtands

ſtands the ſecrets and intrigues of courts, was, that he himſelf was admitted into the higheſt places of truſt, and employed in the moſt public and important affairs. The ſtateſman brightens the ſcholar, and the conſul improves and elevates the hiſtorian.

Blackwall.

§ 151. *On the Care of the Ancients in ſelecting Numbers.*

The Ancients are peculiarly to be admired for their care and happy exactneſs in ſelecting out the nobleſt and moſt valuable numbers, upon which the force and pleaſantneſs of ſtyle principally depend. A diſcourſe, conſiſting moſt of the ſtrongeſt numbers, and beſt ſort of feet, ſuch as the Dactyl, Spondee, Anapeſt, Moloſs, Cretic, &c. regularly compacted, ſtands firm and ſteady, and ſounds magnificent and agreeable to a judicious ear. But a diſcourſe made up of the weakeſt numbers, and the worſt ſort of feet, ſuch as the Pyrrhichee, Choree, Trochee, &c. is looſe and languid, and not capable with ſuch advantage to expreſs manly ſenſe. It cannot be pronounced with eaſe, nor heard with patience. The periods of the claſſics are generally compoſed of the major part of the nobleſt numbers; and when they are forced to uſe weaker and worſe-ſounding feet and meaſures, they ſo carefully temper and ſtrengthen them with firm and nervous ſyllables on both ſides, that the imperfection is covered, and the dignity of the ſentence preſerved and ſupported. *Ibid.*

§ 152. *On their making the Sound an Echo to the Senſe.*

Another excellency, nearly allied to this, in theſe glorious writers, is their ſuiting the contexture of their diſcourſe, and the ſound of their ſyllables, to the nature and character of their ſubjects. That is, they ſo contrive and work their compoſition, that the ſound ſhall be a reſemblance, or, as Longinus ſays, an echo of the ſenſe, and words lively pictures of things. In deſcribing the lovelineſs of beauty, and the charms of joy and gaiety, they avoid diſagreeable eliſions; do not make the diſcourſe harſh by joining mutes and coupling letters, that, being united, make a diſtaſteful and grating ſound. But by the choice of the beſt vowels, and the ſweeteſt half-vowels, the whole compoſition is made ſmooth and delicate; and glides with eaſineſs and pleaſure through the ear.

In deſcribing of a thing or perſon full of terror, ruggedneſs, or deformity, they uſe the worſt-ſounding vowels; and encumber the ſyllables with mutes of the roughest and moſt difficult pronunciation. The ruſhing of land-floods, the roaring of huge waters, and the daſhing of waves againſt the ſhores, is imitated by words that make a vaſt and boiſterous ſound, and rudely claſh together.

The great Plato, who had a genius for all manner of learning, was diſcouraged from poetry by reading that verſe in Homer, which ſo wonderfully expreſſes the roaring of the billows:

Ηϊόνες βοόωσιν ἐρευγομένης ἁλὸς ἔξω *.

Haſte and ſwiftneſs are figured by ſhort ſyllables, by quick and rapid numbers; ſlowneſs, gravity, &c. by long ſyllables, and numbers ſtrong and ſolemn. I ſhall produce ſome inſtances, and ſpeak to them juſt as they come into my thoughts, without any nicety of method. Virgil, in his account of the ſufferings of wicked ſouls in the regions of puniſhment, fills the reader with dread and amazement: every ſyllable ſounds terror; awe and aſtoniſhment accompany his majeſtic numbers. In that paſſage †,

——Tum ſæva ſonare
Verbera, tum ſtridor ferri, tractæque catenæ.

the hiſſing letter repeated with broad ſounding vowels immediately following the force and roughneſs of the canine letter ſo often uſed, and thoſe ſtrong ſyllables in the ſecond, third, and fourth places, emphatically expreſs thoſe dreadful ſounds. A man of any ear will, upon the repetition of them, be apt to fancy he hears the crack of the furies whips, and the rattling and clank of infernal chains. Thoſe harſh eliſions, and heavy robuſt ſyllables, in that deſcription of the hideous Cyclops, *Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens*, naturally expreſs the enormous bulk and bruiſh fierceneſs, of that miſ-ſhapen and horrid monſter.

Our Spenſer, one of the beſt poets this nation has bred, and whoſe faults are not to be imputed either to want of genius or care, but to the age he lived in, was very happy and judicious in the choice of his numbers; of which take this example, not altogether foreign or unparallel to that of Virgil juſt mentioned.

* Iliad 17. v. 265.
† Æneid 6. v. 558, &c.

——He heard a dreadful ſound,
Which thro' the wood loud-bellowing did rebound.

And then,

——His monſtrous enemy
With ſturdy ſteps came ſtalking in his ſight,
An hideous giant, horrible and high *.

Thoſe verſes in the firſt Georgic,

Ter ſunt conati imponere Pelio Oſſam
Scilicet, atque Oſſæ frondoſum involvere Olympum †,

are contrived with great art to repreſent the prodigious pains the giants took in heaping mountains upon mountains to ſcale heaven, and the ſlowneſs of their progreſs in that unwieldy work.

For a vowel open before a vowel, makes a chaſm, and requires a ſtrong and full breath, therefore a pauſe muſt follow, which naturally expreſſes difficulty and oppoſition.

But when ſwiftneſs and ſpeed are to be deſcribed, ſee how the ſame wonderful man varies his numbers, and ſtill ſuits his verſe to his ſubject!

Quadrupedante putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here the rapid numbers, and ſhort ſyllables, ſuſtained with ſtrong vowels, admirably repreſent both the vigour and ſpeed of a horſe at full ſtretch ſcouring over the plain.

When Horace ſings of mirth, beauty, and other ſubjects that require delicacy and ſweetneſs of compoſition, he ſmooths his lines with ſoft ſyllables, and flows in gay and melting numbers. Scarce any reader is ſo much a ſtoic, but good-humour ſteals upon him: and he reads with ſomething of the temper which the author was in when he wrote. How inexpreſſibly ſweet are thoſe neat lines!

Urit me Glyceræ nitor,
Splendentis Pario marmore purius:
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimiùm lubricus aſpici.

Innumerable beauties of this nature are ſcattered through his lyric poetry. But when he undertakes lofty and noble ſubjects, he raiſes his ſtyle, and ſtrengthens his expreſſion. For example, when he propoſes to do honour to Pindar, and ſing the glories of Auguſtus, he reaches the Grecian's nobleſt flights, has all his magnificence of thought, his ſtrength of fancy, and daring liberty of figures.

The Roman ſwan ſoars as high as the Theban: he equals that commanding ſpirit, thoſe awful and vigorous beauties, which he generouſly pronounces inimitable; and praiſes both his immortal predeceſſor in lyric poetry, and his royal benefactor, with as much grandeur, and exalted eloquence, as ever Pindar praiſed any of his heroes.

It is a juſt obſervation of Longinus, that though Homer and Virgil are chiefly confined to the Dactyl and Spondee, and rarely uſe any equivalent feet, yet they temper them together with ſuch aſtoniſhing ſkill and diligence, ſo carefully vary their ſyllables, and adapt their ſounds to the nature of the thing deſcribed, that in their poems there is all the harmonious change and variety of numbers, which can be compoſed by all the poſſible turns, and different poſitions of all the feet in the languages.

Blackwall.

§ 153. *Tranſlations cannot be ſufficient Subſtitutes for ſuch Originals.*

A reader of ſuch authors can ſcarce ever be weary; he has the advantage of a traveller for many miles round Damaſcus; he never removes out of Paradiſe, but is regaled with a conſtant ſucceſſion of pleaſures, and enjoys in a ſmall compaſs the bounty and gaiety of univerſal nature. From hence may be ſeen the injuſtice and folly of thoſe people, who would have tranſlations of the claſſics: and then, to ſave the trouble of learning Greek and Latin, throw away the great originals to duſt and oblivion. I would indeed have all the claſſics turned into our language by the moſt maſterly hands (as we already have ſome) among other reaſons, for this, that ingenious and inquiſitive people, who have the misfortune not to be well acquainted with the learned tongues, may have ſome taſte of their excellencies. Ignorant perſons, who know nothing of their language, would ſoon be perſuaded to believe; and ſhallow pretenders, who know nothing of their beauties, would boldly pronounce, that ſome tranſlations we have go beyond the originals; while ſcholars of clear and ſound judgment are well ſatisfied, that it is impoſſible any verſion ſhould come up to them. A tranſlation of the noble claſſics out of their native tongue, ſo much in many reſpects inferior to them, always more or leſs flattens their ſenſe, and tarniſhes their beauties. It is ſomething like tranſplanting a precious tree

* Fairy Queen. † Georg. 1. v. 281.

tree out of the warm and fruitful climes in which it was produced, into a cold and barren country: with much care and tenderneſs it may live, bloſſom, and bear; but it can never ſo chearfully flouriſh, as in its native ſoil; it will degenerate, and loſe much of its delicious flavour, and original richneſs. And beſides the weakening of the ſenſe (though that be by far the moſt important conſideration) Greek and Latin have ſuch a noble harmony of ſound, ſuch force and dignity of numbers, and ſuch delicacy of turn in the periods, that cannot entirely be preſerved in any language of the world. Theſe two languages are ſo peculiarly ſuſceptive of all the graces of wit and elocution, that they are read with more pleaſure and lively guſt, and conſequently with more advantage, than the moſt perfect tranſlation that the ableſt genius can compoſe, or the ſtrongeſt modern language can bear. The pleaſure a man takes in reading, engages a cloſe attention; raiſes and cheers the ſpirits; and impreſſes the author's ſentiments and expreſſions deeper on the memory. A gentleman travels through the fineſt countries in the world, is in all reſpects qualified to make obſervations, and then writes a faithful and curious hiſtory of his travels. I can read his relations with pleaſure and improvement, and will pay him the praiſe due to his merits; but muſt believe, that if I myſelf travelled through thoſe countries, and attentively viewed and conſidered all thoſe curioſities of art and nature which he deſcribes, I ſhould have a more ſatisfactory idea, and higher pleaſure, than it is poſſible to receive from the exacteſt accounts. Authors of ſuch diſtinguiſhed parts and perfections cannot be ſtudied by a rational and diſcerning reader without very valuable advantages. Their ſtrong ſenſe and manly thought, cloathed in the moſt ſignificant and beautiful language, will improve his reaſon and judgment; and enable him to acquire the art of genteel and ſenſible writing. For it is a moſt abſurd objection, that the Claſſics do not improve your reaſon, nor enlarge your knowledge of uſeful things, but only amuſe and divert you with artificial turns of words, and flouriſhes of rhetoric. Let but a man of capacity read a few lines in Plato, Demoſthenes, Tully, Salluſt, Juvenal, &c. and he will immediately diſcover all ſuch objections either to proceed from ignorance, a depraved taſte, or intolerable conceit. The claſſics are intimately acquainted with thoſe things they undertake to treat of; and explain and adorn their ſubject with ſound reaſoning, exact diſpoſition, and beautiful propriety of language. No man in his right mind would have people to ſtudy them with neglect and excluſion of other parts of uſeful knowledge, and good learning. No, let a man furniſh himſelf with all the arts and ſciences, that he has either capacity or opportunity to learn; and he will ſtill find, that readineſs and ſkill in theſe correct and rational authors is not the leaſt ornamental or ſerviceable part of his attainments. The neatneſs and delicacy of their compoſitions will be refreſhment and muſic, after the toils of ſeverer and harſher ſtudies. The brightneſs of their ſenſe, and the purity and elegance of their diction, will qualify moſt people, who duly admire and ſtudy their excellencies, to communicate their thoughts with energy and clearneſs. Some gentlemen, deeply read in old ſyſtems of philoſophy, and the abſtruſer part of learning, for want of a ſufficient acquaintance with theſe great maſters of ſtyle and politeneſs, have not been able ſo to expreſs their notions, as to make their labours fully intelligible and uſeful to mankind. Irregular broken periods, long and frequent parentheſes, and harſh tropes, have perplexed their notions; and much of their ſenſe has lain buried under the confuſion and rubbiſh of an obſcure and horrid ſtyle. The brighteſt and moſt rational thoughts are obſcured, and in a great meaſure ſpoiled, if they be encumbered with obſolete and coarſe words unſkilfully placed, and ungracefully turned. The matchleſs graces of ſome fine odes in Anacreon or Horace, do chiefly ariſe from the judicious choice of the beautiful words, and the delicacy and harmonioufneſs of the ſtructure. *Blackwall.*

§ 154. *The peculiar Excellence of the Speeches of the* GREEKS *and* ROMANS.

Beſides the other advantages of ſtudying the claſſical hiſtorians, there is one, which gentlemen of birth and fortune, qualified to manage public buſineſs, and ſit as members in the moſt auguſt aſſemblies, have a more conſiderable ſhare in, than people of meaner condition. The ſpeeches of the great men among the Greeks and Romans deſerve their peculiar ſtudy and imitation, as being maſter-pieces of clear reaſoning and genuine eloquence: the orators in the Claſſics fairly ſtate their caſe, and ſtrongly argue it: their remarks are ſurpriſing and pertinent, their repartees quick, and their raillery clear and diverting. They are bold without raſhneſs

or insolence; and severe with good manners and decency. They do justice to their subject, and speak agreeably to the nature of things, and characters of persons. Their sentences are sprightly, and their morals sound. In short, no part of the compositions of the ancients is more finished, more instructive and pleasing, than their orations. Here they seem to exert their choicest abilities, and collect the utmost force of their genius. Their whole histories may be compared to a noble and delicious country, that lies under the favourable eye and perpetual smiles of the heavens, and is every where crowned with pleasure and plenty: but their choice descriptions and speeches seem like some peculiarly fertile and happy spots of ground in that country, on which nature has poured out her riches with a more liberal hand, and art has made the utmost improvements of her bounty. They have taken so much pains, and used such accuracy in the speeches, that the greater pleasure they have given the reader, the more they have exposed themselves to the censure of the critic. The orations are too sublime and elaborate; and those persons to whom they are ascribed, could not at those times compose or speak them. 'Tis allowed, that they might not deliver themselves in that exact number and collection of words, which the historians have so curiously laid together; but it can scarce be denied, but the great men in history had frequent occasions of speaking in public; and 'tis probable, that many times they did actually speak to the same purpose. Fabius Maximus and Scipio, Cæsar and Cato, were capable of making as good speeches as Livy or Sallust; and Pericles was an orator no ways inferior to Thucydides. When the reason of the thing will allow that there was time and room for premeditation, there is no question but many of those admirable men in history spoke as well as they are represented by those able and eloquent writers. But then the historians putting the speeches into their own style, and giving us those harangues in form, which we cannot tell how they could come at, trespasses against probability, and the strict rules of writing history. It has always been allowed to great wits sometimes to step out of the beaten road, and to soar out of the view of a heavy scholiast. To grant all that is in the objection: the greatest Classics were liable to human infirmities and errors; and whenever their forward censurers shall fall into such irregularities, and commit such faults joined to such excellencies, the learned world will not only pardon, but admire them. We may say of that celebrated speech of Marius in Sallust, and others that are most attacked upon this foot, as the friends of Virgil do in excuse of his offending against chronology in the story of Æneas and Dido; that had there been no room for such little objections, the world had wanted some of the most charming and consummate productions of human wit. Whoever made those noble speeches and debates, they so naturally arise from the posture of affairs, and circumstances of the times which the authors then describe, and are so rational, so pathetic, and becoming, that the pleasure and instruction of the reader is the same. A complete dissertation upon the uses and beauties of the chief speeches in the classical historians, would be a work of curiosity, that would require an able genius and fine pen. I shall just make some short strictures upon two; one out of Thucydides, and the other out of Tacitus. *Blackwall.*

§. 155. *On the Funeral Oration of* Pericles.

The funeral oration made by Pericles upon his brave countrymen who died in battle, is full of prudence and manly eloquence; of hearty zeal for the honour of his country, and wise remarks. He does not lavish away his commendations, but renders the honours of the state truly desirable, by shewing they are always conferred with judgment and wariness. He praises the dead, in order to encourage the living to follow their example; to which he proposes the strongest inducements in the most moving and lively manner; from the consideration of the immortal honours paid to the memory of the deceased; and the generous provisions made by the government for the dear persons left behind by those who fell in their country's cause. He imputes the greatest share of the merits of those gallant men, to the excellency of the Athenian constitution; which trained them up in such regular discipline, and secured to them and their descendants such invaluable privileges, that no man of sense and gratitude, of public spirit, and a lover of his children, would scruple to venture his life to preserve them inviolable, and transmit them to late posterity. The noble orator in this speech gives an admirable character of his countrymen the Athenians. He represents them as brave, with consideration and coolness; and polite and genteel, without

out effeminacy. They are, says he, easy to their fellow-citizens, and kind and communicative to strangers: they cultivate and improve all the arts, and enjoy all the pleasures of peace; and yet are never surprised at the alarms, nor impatient of the toils and fatigues of war. They are generous to their friends, and terrible to their enemies. They use all the liberty that can be desired without insolence or licentiousness; and fear nothing but transgressing the laws *.

Blackwall.

§ 156. *On* Mucian's *Speech in* Tacitus.

Mucian's speech in Tacitus † contains many important matters in a small compass; and in a few clean and emphatical words goes through the principal topics of persuasion. He presses and conjures Vespasian to dispute the empire with Vitellius, by the duty he owes his bleeding country; by the love he has for his hopeful sons; by the fairest prospect of success that could be hoped for, if he once vigorously set upon that glorious business; but, if he neglected the present opportunity, by the dismal appearance of the worst evils that could be feared: he encourages him by the number and goodness of his forces; by the interest and steadiness of his friends; by the vices of his rival, and his own virtues. Yet all the while this great man compliments Vespasian, and pays him honour, he is cautious not in the least to diminish his own glory: if he readily allows him the first rank of merit, he briskly claims the second to himself. Never were liberty and complaisance of speech more happily mixed; he conveys sound exhortation in praise; and at the same time says very bold and very obliging things. In short, he speaks with the bravery of a soldier, and the freedom of a friend: in his address, there is the air and the gracefulness of an accomplished courtier; in his advice, the sagacity and caution of a consummate statesman. *Ibid.*

§ 157. *The Classics exhibit a beautiful System of Morals.*

Another great advantage of studying the Classics is, that from a few of the best of them may be drawn a good system and beautiful collection of sound morals. There the precepts of a virtuous and happy life are set off in the light and gracefulness of clear and moving expression; and eloquence is meritoriously employed in vindicating and adorning religion. This makes deep impressions on the minds of young gentlemen, and charms them with the love of goodness so engagingly dressed, and so beautifully commended. The Offices, Cato Major, Tusculan Questions, &c. of Tully, want not much of Epictetus and Antonine in morality, and are much superior in language. Pindar writes in an exalted strain of piety as well as poetry; he carefully wipes off the aspersions that old fables had thrown upon the deities; and never speaks of things or persons sacred, but with the tenderest caution and reverence. He praises virtue and religion with a generous warmth; and speaks of its eternal rewards with a pious assurance. A notable critic has observed, to the perpetual scandal of this poet, that his chief, if not only excellency, lies in his moral sentences. Indeed Pindar is a great master of this excellency, for which all men of sense will admire him; and at the same time be astonished at that man's honesty who slights such an excellency; and that man's understanding, who cannot discover many more excellencies in him. I remember, in one of his Olympic Odes, in a noble confidence of his own genius, and a just contempt of his vile and malicious adversaries, he compares himself to an eagle, and them to crows: and indeed he soars far above the reach and out of the view of noisy fluttering cavillers. The famous Greek professor, Duport, has made an entertaining and useful collection of Homer's divine and moral sayings, and has with great dexterity compared them with parallel passages out of the inspired writers *: By which it appears, that there is no book in the world so like the style of the Holy Bible, as Homer. The noble historians abound with moral reflections upon the conduct of human life; and powerfully instruct both by precepts and examples. They paint vice and villainy in horrid colours; and employ all their reason and eloquence to pay due honours to virtue, and render undissembled goodness amiable in the eye of mankind. They express a true reverence for the established religion, and a hearty concern for the prosperous state of their native country. *Ibid.*

§ 158. *On* Xenophon's *Memoirs of* Socrates.

Xenophon's memorable things of Socrates, is a very instructive and refined

* See Thucyd. Oxon. Ed. lib. 2. p. 103.

† Tacit. Elzevir. Ed. 1634. Hist. 2. p. 581, 585.

* Gnomologia Homerica, Cantab. 1660.

system

system of morality: it goes through all points of duty to God and man, with great clearness of sense and sound notion, and with inexpressible simplicity and purity of language. The great Socrates there discourses in such a manner, as is most proper to engage and persuade all sorts of readers: he argues with the reason of a philosopher, directs with the authority of a lawgiver, and addresses with the familiarities and endearments of a friend.

He made as many improvements in true morality, as could be made by the unassisted strength of human reason; nay, he delivers himself in some places, as if he was enlightened by a ray from heaven. In one of Plato's divine dialogues *, Socrates utters a surprising prophecy of a divine person, a true friend and lover of human nature, who was to come into the world to instruct them in the most acceptable way of addressing their prayers to the majesty of God.

Blackwall.

§ 159. *On the Morality of* JUVENAL.

I do not wonder when I hear that some prelates of the church have recommended the serious study of Juvenal's moral parts to their clergy. That manly and vigorous author, so perfect a master in the serious and sublime way of satire, is not unacquainted with any of the excellencies of good writing: but is especially to be admired and valued for his exalted morals. He dissuades from wickedness, and exhorts to goodness, with vehemence of zeal that can scarce be dissembled, and strength of reason that cannot easily be resisted. He does not praise virtue, and condemn vice, as one has a favourable, and the other a malignant aspect upon a man's fortune in this world only; but he establishes the unalterable distinctions of good and evil; and builds his doctrine upon the immoveable foundations of God and infinite Providence.

His morals are suited to the nature and dignity of an immortal soul; and, like it, derive their original from heaven.

How sound and serviceable is that wonderful notion in the thirteenth satire †, That an inward inclination to do an ill thing is criminal: that a wicked thought stains the mind with guilt, and exposes the offender to the punishment of heaven, though it never ripen into action! A suitable practice would effectually crush the serpent's head, and banish a long and black train of mischiefs and miseries out of the world. What a scene of horror does he disclose, when in the same satire * he opens to our view the wounds and gashes of a wicked conscience! The guilty reader is not only terrified at dreadful cracks and flashes of the heavens, but looks pale and trembles at the thunder and lightning of the poet's awful verse. The notion of true fortitude cannot be better stated than it is in the eighth satire †, where he pressingly exhorts his reader always to prefer his conscience and principles before his life; and not be restrained from doing his duty, or be awed into a compliance with a villainous proposal, even by the presence and command of a barbarous tyrant, or the nearest prospect of death in all the circumstances of cruelty and terror. Must not a professor of Christianity be ashamed of himself for harbouring uncharitable and bloody resentments in his breast, when he reads and considers that invaluable passage against revenge in the abovementioned thirteenth satire ‡? where he argues against that fierce and fatal passion, from the ignorance and littleness of that mind which is possessed with it; from the honour and generosity of passing by and forgiving injuries; from the example of those wise and mild men, of Chrysippus and Thales, and especially that of Socrates, that undaunted champion and martyr of natural religion; who was so great a proficient in the best philosophy, that he was assured his malicious prosecutors and murderers could do him no hurt; and had not himself the least inclination or rising wish to do them any; who discoursed with that chearful gravity, and graceful composure, a few moments before he was going to die, as if he had been going to take possession of a kingdom; and drank off the poisonous bowl, as a potion of Immortality. *Ibid.*

§ 160. *The best Classics lay down excellent Rules for Conversation.*

The best Classics lay down very valuable rules for the management of conversation, for graceful and proper address to those persons with whom we converse. They instruct their readers in the methods of engaging and preserving friends; and reveal to them the true secret of pleasing mankind. This is a large and agreeable

* Dialog. Select. Cantab. 1683. ad. Alcibiad. p. 255.
† V. 208, &c.

* V. 192, &c. 210, &c. † V. 79—85.
‡ V. 181, &c.

field;

field; but I shall confine myself to a small compass.

While Tully, under the person of Crassus, gives an account of the word *ineptus*, or impertinent, he insinuates excellent caution to prevent a man from rendering himself ridiculous and distasteful to company. These are his words: "He that either "does not observe the proper time of a "thing, or speaks too much, or vain-"gloriously sets himself off, or has not a "regard to the dignity or interest of those "he converses with, or, in a word, is in "any kind indecent or excessive, is called "impertinent." That is admirable advice in the third book of his Offices, for the prudent and graceful regulation of a man's discourse (which has so powerful an influence upon the misfortune or happiness of life) that we should always speak with that prudence, candour, and undissembled complaisance, that the persons we address may be persuaded that we both love and reverence them.

For this persuasion, settled in their minds, will secure their friendship, and create us the pleasure of their mutual love and respect. Every judicious reader of Horace will allow the justness of Sir William Temple's character of him, That he was the greatest master of life, and of true sense in the conduct of it. Is it possible to comprise better advice in fewer lines, than those of his to his friend Lollius, which I shall give you in the original?

Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam:
Commissumque teges, & vino tortus & irâ:
Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprendes:
Nec, cum venari volet ille, poemata panges *.

Horace had an intimate friendship and interest with men of the chief quality and distinction in the empire: who then was fitter to lay down rules how to approach the great, and gain their countenance and patronage?

This great man has a peculiar talent of handsomely expressing his gratitude to his noble benefactors: he just puts a due value upon every favour; and, in short, manages that nice subject of praise with a manly grace, and irreproachable decency. How clean is that address to Augustus absent from Rome, in the fifth ode of the fourth book!

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ;
Instar veris enim, vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

* Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 37.

Here are no forced figures or unnatural rants; 'tis all seasonable and beautiful, poetical and literally true. *Blackwall.*

§ 161. *Directions for reading the Classics.*

Those excellencies of the Ancients, which I have accounted for, seem to be sufficient to recommend them to the esteem and study of all lovers of good and polite learning: and that the young scholar may study them with suitable success and improvement, a few directions may be proper to be observed; which I shall lay down in this chapter. 'Tis in my opinion a right method to begin with the best and most approved Classics; and to read those authors first, which must often be read over. Besides that the best authors are easiest to be understood, their noble sense and animated expression will make strong impressions upon the young scholar's mind, and train him up to the early love and imitation of their excellencies.

Plautus, Catullus, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Tibullus, Propertius, cannot be studied too much, or gone over too often. One reading may suffice for Lucan, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, Silius Italicus, Claudian; though there will be frequent occasions to consult some of their particular passages. The same may be said with respect to the Greek poets: Homer, Pindar, Anacreon, Aristophanes, Euripides, Sophocles, Theocritus, Callimachus, must never be entirely laid aside; and will recompense as many repetitions as a man's time and affairs will allow. Hesiod, Orpheus, Theogonis, Æschylus, Lycophron, Apollonius Rhodius, Nicander, Aratus, Oppian, Quintus Calaber, Dionysius, Periegetes, and Nonnus, will amply reward the labour of one careful perusal. Sallust, Livy, Cicero, Cæsar, and Tacitus, deserve to be read several times; and read them as oft as you please, they will always afford fresh pleasure and improvement. I cannot but place the two Plinies after these illustrious writers, who flourished, indeed, when the Roman language was a little upon the declension: but by the vigour of a great genius, and wondrous industry, raised themselves in a great measure above the discouragements and disadvantages of the age they lived in. In quality and learning, in experience of the world, and employments of importance in the government, they were equal to the greatest of the Latin writers, though excelled by some of them in language.

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The elder Pliny's natural hiſtory is a work learned and copious, that entertains you with all the variety of nature itſelf, and is one of the greateſt monuments of univerſal knowledge, and unwearied application, now extant in the world. His geography, and deſcription of herbs, trees, and animals, are of great uſe to the underſtanding of all the authors of Rome and Greece.

Pliny the younger is one of the fineſt wits that Italy has produced; he is correct and elegant, has a florid and gay fancy, tempered with maturity and ſoundneſs of judgment. Every thing in him is exquiſitely ſtudied; and yet, in general ſpeaking, every thing is natural and eaſy. In his incomparable oration in honour of Trajan, he has frequent and ſurpriſing turns of true wit, without playing and tinkling upon ſounds. He has exhauſted the ſubject of panegyric, uſing every topic and every delicacy of praiſe. Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Demoſthenes, are of the ſame merit among the Greeks: to which, I think, I may add Polybius, Lucian, and Plutarch. Polybius was nobly born, a man of deep thought, and perfect maſter of his ſubject: he diſcovers all the myſteries of policy, and preſents to your view the inmoſt ſprings of thoſe actions which he deſcribes: his remarks and maxims have been regarded, by the greateſt men both in civil and military affairs, as oracles of prudence: Scipio was his friend and admirer; Cicero, Strabo, and Plutarch, have honoured him with high commendations; Conſtantine the Great was his diligent reader; and Brutus abridged him for his own conſtant uſe. Lucian is an univerſal ſcholar, and a prodigious wit: he is Attic and neat in his ſtyle, clear in his narration, and wonderfully facetious in his repartees: he furniſhes you with almoſt all the poetical hiſtory in ſuch a diverting manner, that you will not eaſily forget it; and ſupplies the moſt dry and barren wit with a rich plenty of materials. Plutarch is an author of deep ſenſe, and vaſt learning; though he does not reach his illuſtrious predeceſſors in the graces of his language, his morals are ſound and noble, illuſtrated with a perpetual variety of beautiful metaphors and compariſons, and enforced with very remarkable ſtories, and pertinent examples: in his Lives there is a complete account of all the Roman and Grecian antiquities, or their cuſtoms, and affairs of peace and war: thoſe writings will furniſh a capable and inquiſitive reader with a curious variety of characters, with a very valuable ſtore of wiſe remarks and ſound politics. The ſurface is a little rough, but under lie vaſt quantities of precious ore. *Blackwall.*

§ 162. *The ſubordinate Claſſics not to be neglected.*

Every repetition of theſe authors will bring the reader freſh profit and ſatisfaction. The reſt of the Claſſics muſt by no means be neglected; but ought once to be carefully read over, and may ever after be occaſionally conſulted with much advantage. The Grecian Claſſics next in value to thoſe we have named, are, Diodorous Siculus, Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis, Strabo, Ælian, Arrian's Expedition of Alexander the Great, Polyænus, Herodian; the Latin are, Hirtius, Juſtin, Quintus Curtius, Florus, Nepos, and Suetonius. We may, with a little allowance, admit that obſervation to be juſt, that he who would completely underſtand one Claſſic, muſt diligently read all. When a young gentleman is entered upon a courſe of theſe ſtudies, I would not have him to be diſcouraged at the checks and difficulties he will ſometimes meet with: if upon cloſe and due conſideration he cannot entirely maſter any paſſage, let him proceed by conſtant and regular reading, he will either find in that author he is upon, or ſome other on the ſame ſubject, a parallel place, that will clear the doubt.

The Greek authors wonderfully explain and illuſtrate the Roman. Learning came late to Rome, and all the Latin writers follow the plans that were laid out before them by the great maſters of Greece.

They every where imitate the Greeks, and in many places tranſlate them. Compare them together, and they will be a comment to one another; you will by this means be enabled to paſs a more certain judgment upon the humour and idiom of both languages; and both the pleaſure and advantage of your reading will be double. *Ibid.*

§ 163. *The Greek and Latin Writers to be compared.*

By a careful compariſon of the Greek and Latin writers, you will ſee how judiciouſly the latter imitated the former; and will yourſelf be qualified, with greater pleaſure and ſucceſs, to read and imitate both. By obſerving what advantages Virgil has made of Homer in his Æneid, and of Theocritus in his Paſtorals; how cleanly Horace has applied ſeveral places out of Anacreon and

and other lyrics, to his own purpose; you will learn to collect precious stores out of the Ancients; to transfuse their spirits into your language with as little loss as possible; and to borrow with so much modesty and discretion, as to make their riches your own, without the scandal of unfair dealing. It will be convenient and pleasant to compare authors together, that were countrymen and fellow-citizens; as Euripides, Thucydides, and Xenophon: that were contemporaries; as Theocritus and Callimachus: that writ in the same dialect; as Anacreon and Herodotus, in the Ionic; Theocritus, Pindar, and Callimachus, upon Ceres and the Bath of Pallas, in the Doric: that writ upon the same subject; as Apollonius, Valerius Flaccus, and Theocritus, on the combat of Pollux and Amycus, and the death of Hylas. Sallust's polite and curious history of Cataline's conspiracy, and Tully's four glorious orations upon the same subject, are the brightest commentaries upon each other. The historian and the orator scarce disagree in one particular; and Sallust has left behind him an everlasting monument of his candour and impartiality, by owning and commending the consul's vigilance, and meritorious services; though these two great men had the misfortune to be violent enemies. He that praises and honours an adversary, shews his own generosity and justice, by proclaiming his adversary's eminent merits.

By comparing authors after this method, what seems difficult in one will be easy in another; what one expresses short, another will enlarge upon; and if some of them do not furnish us with all the variety of the dialect and idioms of the language, the rest will supply those defects. It will likewise be necessary for the young scholar diligently to remark and commit to memory the religious and civil customs of the Ancients: an accurate knowledge of them will make him capable to discern and relish the propriety of an author's words, and the elegance and graces of his allusions. When St. Paul speaks of his speedy approaching martyrdom, he uses this expression, Ἐγὼ γὰρ ἤδη σπένδομαι*; which is an allusion to that universal custom of the world, of pouring wine or oil on the head of the victim immediately before it was slain. The apostle's emphatical word signifies—wine is just now pouring on my head, I am just going to be sacrificed to Pagan rage and superstition. That passage of St. Paul, "For I think that God hath set forth us "the apostles last, as it were appointed to "death: for we are made a spectacle unto "the world, and to angels, and to men†;" is all expressed in agonistical terms, and cannot be understood, without taking the allusion that it manifestly bears to the Roman Gladiators, which came last upon the stage at noon, and were marked out for certain slaughter and destruction; being naked, with a sword in one hand, and tearing one another in pieces with the other, whereas, those who fought the wild beasts in the morning were allowed weapons offensive and defensive, and had a chance to come off with life. The most ancient way of giving sentence among the Greeks, and particularly among the Athenians, was by black and white pebbles, called ψῆφοι. Those judges who put the black ones into an urn, passed sentence of condemnation upon the person tried; and those who put in the white, acquitted and saved. Hence we may learn the significancy and beauty of our Saviour's words in St. John, "to him that "overcometh I will give a white stone†." I, who am the only judge of the whole world, will pass the sentence of absolution upon my faithful servants, and the champions of my cross; and crown them with the inestimable rewards of immortality and glory. There are innumerable places, both in the Sacred Classics and the others, which are not to be understood without a competent knowledge of antiquities. I call the writers of the New Testament the Sacred Classics; and shall, in a proper place, endeavour fully to prove, that they deserve the highest character for the purity of their language, as well as the vigour of their sense, against the ignorance of some, and the insolence of others, who have fallen very rudely upon them with respect to their style. Every scholar, and every Christian, is obliged, to the utmost of his abilities, to defend those venerable authors against all exceptions, that may in any respect tend to diminish their value. I cannot but be of the opinion of those gentlemen, who think there is propriety in the expression, as well as sublimity in the sentiments of the New Testament; and esteem that man as bad a critic, who undervalues its language, as he is a Christian, who denies its doctrines.

Black-wall.

§ 164. *On the Study of the New Testament.* The classic scholar must by no means be

* 2 Tim. iv. 16. * 1 Cor. iv. 9. † Rev. ii.

ſo much wanting to his own duty, pleaſure, and improvement, as to neglect the ſtudy of the New Teſtament, but muſt be perpetually converſant in thoſe ineſtimable writings, which have all the treaſures of divine wiſdom, and the words of eternal life in them. The beſt way will be to make them the firſt and laſt of all your ſtudies, to open and cloſe the day with that ſacred book, wherein you have a faithful and moſt entertaining hiſtory of that bleſſed and miraculous work of the redemption of the world; and ſure directions how to qualify and entitle yourſelf for the great ſalvation purchaſed by Jeſus.

This exerciſe will compoſe your thoughts into the ſweeteſt ſerenity and cheerfulneſs; and happily conſecrate all your time and ſtudies to God. After you have read the Greek Teſtament once over with care and deliberation, I humbly recommend to your frequent and attentive peruſal, theſe following chapters:

St. Matthew 5. 6. 7. 25. 26. 27. 28.——St. Mark 1. 13.——St. Luke 2. 9. 15. 16. 23. 24.——St. John 1. 11. 14. 15. 16. 17. 19. 20.——Acts 26. 27.——Romans 2. 8. 12.——1 Cor. 3. 9. 13. 15.——2 Cor. 4. 6. 11.——Epheſ. 4. 5. 6.——Philipp. 1. 2. 3.——Coloſſ. 1. 3.——1 Theſſ. 2. 5.——1 Tim. 1. 16.——2 Tim. 2. 3.——Philemon.——Heb. 1. 4. 6. 11 12.——1 St. Peter all.——2 St. Peter all.——St. Jude.——1 St. John 1. 3.——Revel. 1. 18. 19. 20.

In this collection you will find the Book of God, written by the evangeliſts, and apoſtles, compriſed in a moſt admirable and comprehenſive epitome. A true critic will diſcover numerous inſtances of every ſtyle in perfection; every grace and ornament of ſpeech more chaſte and beautiful, than the moſt admired and ſhining paſſages of the ſecular writers.

In particular, the deſcription of God, and the future ſtate of heavenly glory, in St. Paul and St. Peter, St. James and St. John, as far tranſcend the deſcriptions of Jupiter and Olympus, which Homer, and Pindar, and Virgil, give us, as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and flaſhes of a Salmoneus: or the eternal Jehovah is ſuperior to the Pagan deities. In all the New Teſtament, eſpecially theſe ſelect paſſages, God delivers to mankind laws of mercy, myſteries of wiſdom, and rules of happineſs which fools and madmen ſtupidly neglect, or impiouſly ſcorn; while all the beſt and brighteſt beings in the univerſe regard them with ſacred attention, and contemplate them with wonder and tranſporting delight. Theſe ſtudies, with a ſuitable chriſtian practice (which they ſo loudly call for, and ſo pathetically preſs) will raiſe you above all vexatious fears, and deluding hopes; and keep you from putting an undue value upon either the eloquence or enjoyments of this world. *Blackwall.*

§ 165. *The old Critics to be ſtudied.*

That we may ſtill qualify ourſelves the better to read and reliſh the Claſſics, we muſt ſeriouſly ſtudy the old Greek and Latin critics. Of the firſt are Ariſtotle, Dionyſius Longinus, and Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus: of the latter are Tully, Horace, and Quinctilian. Theſe are excellent authors, which lead their readers to the fountain-head of true ſenſe and ſublimity; teach them the firſt and infallible principles of convincing and moving eloquence; and reveal all the myſtery and delicacy of good writing. While they judiciouſly diſcover the excellencies of other authors, they ſucceſsfully ſhew their own; and are glorious examples of that ſublime they praiſe. They take off the general diſtaſtefulneſs of precepts; and rules, by their dextrous management, have beauty as well as uſefulneſs. They were, what every true critic muſt be, perſons of great reading and happy memory, of a piercing ſagacity and elegant taſte. They praiſe without flattery or partial favour; and cenſure without pride or envy. We ſhall ſtill have a completer notion of the perfections and beauties of the ancients, if we read the choiceſt authors in our own tongue, and ſome of the beſt writers of our neighbour nations, who always have the Ancients in view, and write with their ſpirit and judgment. We have a glorious ſet of poets, of whom I ſhall only mention a few, which are the chief; Spenſer, Shakeſpear, Milton, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Addiſon, Pope; who are inſpired with the true ſpirit of their predeceſſors of Greece and Rome; and by whoſe immortal works the reputation of the Engliſh poetry is raiſed much above that of any language in Europe. Then we have profe writers of all profeſſions and degrees, and upon a great variety of ſubjects, true admirers and great maſters of the old Claſſics and Critics; who obſerve their rules, and write after their models. We have Raleigh, Clarendon, Temple, Taylor, Tillotſon,

fon, Sharp, Sprat, South—with a great many others, both dead and living, that I have not time to name, though I eſteem them not inferior to the illuſtrious few I have mentioned; who are in high eſteem with all readers of taſte and diſtinction, and will be long quoted as bright examples of good ſenſe and fine writing. Horace and Ariſtotle will be read with greater delight and improvement, if we join with them the Duke of Buckinghani's Eſſay on Poetry, Roſcommon's Tranſlation of Horace's Art of Poetry, and Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe, Mr Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm, and Diſcourſes before Homer, Dryden's Critical Prefaces and Diſcourſes, all the Spectators that treat upon Claſſical Learning, particularly the juſtly admired and celebrated critique upon Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, Dacier upon Ariſtotle's Poetics, Boſſu on Epic Poetry, Boileau's Art of Poetry, and Reflections on Longinus, Dr. Felton's Diſſertation on the Claſſics, and Mr. Trapp's Poetical Prelections. Theſe gentlemen make a true judgment and uſe of the Ancients: they eſteem it a reputation to own they admire them, and borrow from them; and make a grateful return, by doing honour to their memories, and defending them againſt the attacks of ſome over-forward wits, who furiouſly envy their fame, and infinitely fall ſhort of their merit. *Blackwall.*

§ 166. *The beſt Authors to be read ſeveral Times over.*

I cannot but here repeat what I ſaid before, of the advantage of reading the beſt authors ſeveral times over. There muſt needs be pleaſure and improvement in a repetition of ſuch writers as have freſh beauties in every ſection, and new wonders ariſing in every new page.

One ſuperficial reading exhauſts the ſmall ſtores of a ſuperficial writer, but the genuine Ancients, and thoſe who write with their ſpirit, and after their pattern, are deep and full. An ill-written looſe book is like a formal common-place fop, who has a ſet of phraſes and ſtories, which in a converſation or two are all run over; the man quickly impoveriſhes himſelf, and in a few hours becomes perfectly dry and inſipid. But the old Claſſics, and their genuine followers among the moderns, are like a rich natural genius, who has an unfailing ſupply of good ſenſe on all occaſions; and gratifies his company with a perpetual and charming variety. *Ibid.*

§ 167. *The Riſe and Progreſs of Philoſophical Criticiſm.*

Ancient Greece, in its happy days, was the ſeat of Liberty, of Sciences, and of Arts. In this fair region, fertile of wit, the Epic writers came firſt; then the Lyric; then the Tragic; and laſtly the Hiſtorians, the Comic Writers, and the Orators, each in their turns delighting whole multitudes, and commanding the attention and admiration of all. Now, when wiſe and thinking men, the ſubtil inveſtigators of principles and cauſes, obſerved the wonderful effect of theſe works upon the human mind, they were prompted to enquire whence this ſhould proceed; for that it ſhould happen merely from chance, they could not well believe.

Here therefore we have the riſe and origin of Criticiſm, which in its beginning was "a deep and philoſophical ſearch into "the primary laws and elements of good "writing, as far as they could be collected "from the moſt approved performances."

In this contemplation of authors, the firſt critics not only attended to the powers and different ſpecies of words; the force of numerous compoſition, whether in proſe or verſe; the aptitudes of its various kinds to different ſubjects; but they farther conſidered that, which is the baſis of all, that is to ſay, in other words, the meaning of the ſenſe. This led them at once into the moſt curious of ſubjects; the nature of man in general; the different characters of men, as they differ in rank or age; their reaſon and their paſſions; how the one was to be perſuaded, the others to be raiſed or calmed; the places or repoſitories to which we may recur, when we want proper matter for any of theſe purpoſes. Beſides all this, they ſtudied ſentiments and manners; what conſtitutes a work, one; what, a whole and parts; what, the eſſence of probable, and even of natural fiction, as contributing to conſtitute a juſt dramatic fable. *Harris.*

§ 168. Plato, Aristotle, Theophrastus, *and other* Greek *Authors of Philoſophical Criticiſm.*

Much of this kind may be found in different parts of Plato. But Ariſtotle, his diſciple, who may be called the ſyſtematizer of his maſter's doctrines, has, in his two treatiſes of poetry and rhetoric, with ſuch wonderful penetration developed every part of the ſubject, that he may be juſtly called

called the Father of Criticiſm, both from the age when he lived, and from his truly tranſcendent genius. The criticiſm which this capital writer taught, has ſo intimate a correſpondence and alliance with philoſophy, that we can call it by no other name, than that of Philoſophical Criticiſm.

To Ariſtotle ſucceeded his diſciple Theophraſtus, who followed his maſter's example in the ſtudy of criticiſm, as may be ſeen in the catalogue of his writings, preſerved by Diogenes Laertius. But all the critical works of Theophraſtus, as well as of many others, are now loſt. The principal authors of the kind now remaining in Greek, are Demetrius of Phalera, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, Dionyſius Longinus, together with Hermogenes, Aphthonius, and a few others.

Of theſe the moſt maſterly ſeems to be Demetrius, who was the earlieſt, and who appears to follow the precepts, and even the text of Ariſtotle, with far greater attention than any of the reſt. His examples, it muſt be confeſſed, are ſometimes obſcure, but this we rather impute to the deſtructive hand of time, which has prevented us from ſeeing many of the original authors.

Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, the next in order, may be ſaid to have written with judgment upon the force of numerous compoſition, not to mention other tracts on the ſubject of oratory, and thoſe alſo critical as well as hiſtorical. Longinus, who was in time far later than theſe, ſeems principally to have had in view the paſſions and the imagination, in the treating of which he has acquired a juſt applauſe, and expreſſed himſelf with a dignity ſuitable to the ſubject. The reſt of the Greek critics, though they have ſaid many uſeful things, have yet ſo minutely multiplied the rules of art, and ſo much confined themſelves to the oratory of the tribunal, that they appear of no great ſervice, as to good writing in general. *Harris.*

§ 169. *Philoſophical Critics among the* Romans.

Among the Romans the firſt critic of note was Cicero; who, though far below Ariſtotle in depth of philoſophy, may be ſaid, like him, to have exceeded all his countrymen. As his celebrated treatiſe concerning the Orator is written in dialogue, where the ſpeakers introduced are the greateſt men of his nation, we have incidentally an elegant example of thoſe manners, and that politeneſs, which were peculiar to the leading characters during the Roman commonwealth. There we may ſee the behaviour of free and accompliſhed men, before a baſer addreſs had ſet that ſtandard, which has been too often taken for good breeding ever ſince.

Next to Cicero came Horace; who often, in other parts of his writings, acts the critic and ſcholar, but whoſe Art of Poetry, is a ſtandard of its kind; and too well known to need any encomium. After Horace aroſe Quinctilian, Cicero's admirer and follower, who appears, by his works, not only learned and ingenious, but, what is ſtill more, an honeſt and a worthy man. He likewiſe dwells too much upon the oratory of the tribunal, a fact no way ſurprizing, when we conſider the age in which he lived: an age when tyrannic government being the faſhion of the times, that nobler ſpecies of eloquence, I mean the popular and deliberative, was, with all things truly liberal, degenerated and ſunk. The later Latin rhetoricians there is no need to mention, as they little help to illuſtrate the ſubject in hand. I would only repeat, that the ſpecies of criticiſm here mentioned, as far at leaſt as handled by the more able maſters, in that which we have denominated Criticiſm Philoſophical. *Ibid.*

§ 170. *Concerning the Progreſs of Criticiſm in its ſecond Species, the Hiſtorical—*Greek *and* Roman *Critics, by whom this Species of Criticiſm was cultivated.*

As to the Criticiſm already treated, we find it not confined to any one particular author, but containing general rules of art, either for judging or writing, confirmed by the example not of one author, but of many. But we know from experience, that in proceſs of time, languages, cuſtoms, manners, laws, governments, and religions, inſenſibly change. The Macedonian tyranny, after the fatal battle of Chæronea, wrought much of this kind in Greece: and the Roman tyranny, after the fatal battles of Pharſalia and Philippi, carried it throughout the known world. Hence therefore, of things obſolete the names became obſolete alſo; and authors, who in their own age were intelligible and eaſy, in after days grew difficult and obſcure. Here then we behold the riſe of a ſecond race of critics, the tribe of ſcholiaſts, commentators, and explainers.

Theſe naturally attached themſelves to particular

particular authors. Ariſtarchus, Didymus, Euſtathius, and many others beſtowed their labours upon Homer; Proclus and Tzetzes, upon Heſiod; the ſame Proclus and Olympiodorus upon Plato; Simplicius, Ammonius, and Philoponus, upon Ariſtotle; Ulpian upon Demoſthenes; Macrobius and Aſconius upon Cicero; Calliergus upon Theocritus; Donatus upon Terence; Servius upon Virgil; Acro and Porphyrio upon Horace; and ſo with reſpect to others, as well philoſophers as poets and orators. To theſe ſcholiaſts may be added the ſeveral compoſers of Lexicons; ſuch as Heſychyus, Philoxenus, Suidas, &c. alſo the writers upon Grammar, ſuch as Apollonius, Priſcian, Soſipater, Chariſius, &c. Now all theſe pains-taking men conſidered together, may be ſaid to have completed another ſpecies of criticiſm, a ſpecies which, in diſtinction to the former, we call Criticiſm Hiſtorical.

And thus things continued, though in a declining way, till, after many a ſevere and unſucceſsful plunge, the Roman empire ſunk through the weſt of Europe. Latin then ſoon loſt its purity; Greek they hardly knew; Claſſics, and their Scholiaſts, were no longer ſtudied; and an age ſucceeded of legends and cruſades. *Harris.*

§ 171. *Moderns eminent in the two Species of Criticiſm before mentioned, the Philoſophical and the Hiſtorical—the laſt Sort of Critics more numerous—thoſe, mentioned in this Section, confined to the* Greek *and* Latin *Languages.*

At length, after a long and barbarous period, when the ſhades of monkery began to retire, and the light of humanity once again to dawn, the arts alſo of criticiſm inſenſibly revived. 'Tis true, indeed, the authors of the philoſophical ſort (I mean that which reſpects the cauſes and principles of good writing in general) were not many in number. However of this rank, among the Italians, were Vida, and the elder Scaliger; among the French were Rapin, Bouhours, Boileau, together with Boſſu, the moſt methodic and accurate of them all. In our own country, our nobility may be ſaid to have diſtinguiſhed themſelves; Lord Roſcommon, in his Eſſay upon tranſlated Verſe; the Duke of Buckingham, in his Eſſay on poetry; and Lord Shafteſbury, in his treatiſe called Advice to an Author: to whom may be added, our late late admired genius, Pope, in his truly elegant poem, the Eſſay upon Criticiſm.

The Diſcourſes of Sir Joſhua Reynolds upon painting have, after a philoſophical manner, inveſtigated the principles of an art, which no one in practice has better verified than himſelf.

We have mentioned theſe diſcourſes, not only from their merit, but as they incidentally teach us, that to write well upon a liberal art, we muſt write philoſophically—that all the liberal arts in their principles are congenial—and that theſe principles, when traced to their common ſource, are found all to terminate in the firſt philoſophy.

But to purſue our ſubject—However ſmall among moderns may be the number of theſe philoſophical Critics, the writers of hiſtorical or explanatory criticiſm have been in a manner innumerable. To name, out of many, only a few—of Italy were Beroaldus, Ficinus, Victorius, and Robertellus; of the Higher and Lower Germany were Eraſmus, Sylburgius, Le Clerc, and Fabricius; of France were Lambin, Du Vall, Harduin, Capperonerius; of England were Stanley editor of Æſchylus, Gataker, Davies, Clarke (editor of Homer) together with multitudes more from every region and quarter,

> Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
> In Vallombroſa.

But I fear I have given a ſtrange catalogue, where we ſeek in vain for ſuch illuſtrious perſonages, as Seſoſtris, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæſar, Attila, Tortila, Tamerlane, &c. The heroes of this work (if I may be pardoned for calling them ſo) have only aimed in retirement to preſent us with knowledge. Knowledge only was their object, not havock nor devaſtation. *Ibid.*

§ 172. *Compilers of Lexicons and Dictionaries, and Authors upon Grammar.*

After Commentators and Editors, we muſt not forget the compilers of Lexicons and Dictionaries, ſuch as Charles and Henry Stevens, Favorinus, Conſtantine, Budæus, Cooper, Faber, Voſſius, and others. To theſe alſo we may add the authors upon Grammar; in which ſubject the learned Greeks, when they quitted the Eaſt, led the way, Moſchopulus, Chryſoloras, Laſcaris, Theodore Gaza; then in Italy, Laurentius Valla; in England, Grocin and Linacer; in Spain, Sanctius; in the Low Countries, Voſſius; in France, Cæſar Scaliger by his reſidence, though by birth an Italian, together with theſe

"squinted?"—"Squint, Sir!" replied the doctor, "I wish every lady in the room "squinted; there is not a man in Europe "can cure squinting but myself."

But to return to our subject—well indeed would it be for the cause of letters, were this bold conjectural spirit confined to works of second rate, where, let it change, expunge, or add, as happens, it may be tolerably sure to leave matters, as they were; or if not much better, at least not much worse: But when the divine geniuses of higher rank, whom we not only applaud, but in a manner revere, when these come to be attempted by petulant correctors, and to be made the subject of their wanton caprice, how can we but exclaim, with a kind of religious abhorrence,

——procul! O! procul este profani!

These sentiments may be applied even to the celebrated Bentley. It would have become that able writer, though in literature and natural abilities among the first of his age, had he been more temperate in his criticism upon the Paradise Lost; had he not so repeatedly and injuriously offered violence to its author, from an affected superiority, to which he had no pretence. But the rage of conjecture seems to have seized him, as that of jealousy did Medea: a rage which she confest herself unable to resist, although she knew the mischiefs it would prompt her to perpetrate.

And now to obviate an unmerited censure, (as if I were an enemy to the thing, from being an enemy to its abuse) I would have it remembered, it is not either with criticism or critics that I presume to find fault. The art, and its professors, while they practise it with temper, I truly honour; and think, that were it not for their acute and learned labours we should be in danger of degenerating into an age of dunces.

Indeed critics (if I may be allowed the metaphor) are a sort of masters of the ceremony in the court of letters, through whose assistance we are introduced into some of the first and best company. Should we ever, therefore, by idle prejudices against pedantry, verbal accuracies, and we know not what, come to slight their art, and reject them from our favour, it is well if we do not slight also those Classics with whom criticism converses, becoming content to read them in translations, or (what is still worse) in translations of translations, or (what is worse even than that) not to read them at all. And I will be bold to assert, if that should ever happen, we shall speedily return into those days of darkness, out of which we happily emerged upon the revival of ancient literature. *Harris.*

§ 177. *The Epic Writers came first.*

It appears, that not only in Greece, but in other countries more barbarous, the first writings were in metre, and of an epic cast, recording wars, battles, heroes, ghosts; the marvellous always, and often the incredible. Men seemed to have thought, that the higher they soared the more important they should appear; and that the common life, which they then lived, was a thing too contemptible to merit imitation.

Hence it followed, that it was not till this common life was rendered respectable by more refined and polished manners, that men thought it might be copied, so as to gain them applause.

Even in Greece itself, tragedy had attained its maturity many years before comedy, as may be seen by comparing the age of Sophocles and Euripides with that of Philemon and Menander.

For ourselves, we shall find most of our first poets prone to a turgid bombast, and most of our first prosaic writers to a pedantic stiffness; which rude styles gradually improved, but reached not a classical purity sooner than Tillotson, Dryden, Addison, Shaftesbury, Prior, Pope, Atterbury, &c.&c. *Ibid.*

§ 178. *Nothing excellent in literary Performances happens from Chance.*

As to what is asserted soon after upon the efficacy of causes in works of ingenuity and art, we think in general, that the effect must always be proportioned to its cause. It is hard for him, who reasons attentively, to refer to chance any superlative production.

Effects indeed strike us, when we are not thinking about the cause; yet may we be assured, if we reflect, that a cause there is, and that too a cause intelligent and rational. Nothing would perhaps more contribute to give us a taste truly critical, than on every occasion to investigate this cause, and to ask ourselves, upon feeling any uncommon effect, why we are thus delighted; why thus affected; why melted into pity; why made to shudder with horror?

Till this *why* is well answered, all is darkness, and our admiration, like that of the vulgar, founded upon ignorance. *Ibid.*

§ 179. *The*

179. *The Causes or Reasons of such Excellence.*

To explain, by a few examples, that are known to all, and for that reason here alledged, because they are known.

I am struck with the night scene in Virgil's fourth Æneid—"The universal silence 'throughout the globe—the sweet rest of 'its various inhabitants, soothing their 'cares and forgetting their labours—the 'unhappy Dido alone restless; restless, 'agitated with impetuous passions."—Æn. iv. 522.

I am affected with the story of Regulus, as painted by West—"the crowd of anxious 'friends, persuading him not to return—'his wife fainting through sensibility and 'fear—persons the least connected appear-'ing to feel for him, yet himself un-'moved, inexorable, and stern."

Horat. Carm. L. iii. Od. 5.

Without referring to these deeply tragic scenes, what charms has music, when a masterly band pass unexpectedly from loud to soft, or from soft to loud!—When the system changes from the greater third to the less; or reciprocally, when it changes from this last to the former.

All these effects have a similar and well known cause, the amazing force which contraries acquire, either by juxta-position, or by quick succession. *Harris.*

§ 180. *Why Contraries have this Effect.*

But we ask still farther, Why have contraries this force?—We answer, Because, of all things which differ, none differ so widely. Sound differs from darkness, but not so much as from silence; darkness differs from sound, but not so much as from light. In the same intense manner differ repose and restlessness; felicity and misery; dubious solicitude and firm resolution: the epic and the comic; the sublime and the ludicrous.

And why differ contraries thus widely?—Because while attributes, simply different, may co-exist in the same subject, contraries cannot co-exist, but always destroy one another. Thus the same marble may be both white and hard; but the same marble cannot be both white and black. And hence it follows, that as their difference is more intense, so is our recognition of them more vivid, and our impressions more permanent.

This effect of contraries is evident even in objects of sense, where imagination and intellect are not in the least concerned. When we pass (for example) from a hot-house, we feel the common air more intensely cool: when we pass from a dark cavern, we feel the common light of the day more intensely glaring.

But to proceed to instances of another and a very different kind.

Few scenes are more affecting than the taking of Troy, as described in the second Eneid—"the apparition of Hector to "Eneas, when asleep, announcing to him "the commencement of that direful event "—the distant lamentations, heard by "Eneas as he awakes—his ascending the "house-top, and viewing the city in flames "—his friend Pentheus, escaped from de-"struction, and relating to him their "wretched and deplorable condition—"Eneas, with a few friends, rushing into "the thickest danger—their various success "till they all perish, but himself and two "more—the affecting scenes of horror and "pity at Priam's palace—a son slain at his "father's feet; and the immediate massacre "of the old monarch himself—Eneas, on "seeing this, inspired with the memory of "his own father—his resolving to return "home, having now lost all his compa-"nions—his seeing Helen in the way, and "his design to dispatch so wicked a woman "—Venus interposing, and shewing him "(by removing the film from his eyes) "the most sublime, though most direful, of "all sights; the Gods themselves busied "in Troy's destruction; Neptune at one "employ, Juno at another, Pallas at a "third—It is not Helen (says Venus) "but the gods, that are the authors of "your country's ruin—it is their incle-"mency," &c.

Not less solemn and awful, though less leading to pity, is the commencement of the sixth Eneid—"the Sibyl's cavern—"her frantic gestures, and prophecy—the "request of Eneas to descend to the shades "—her answer, and information about the "loss of one of his friends—the fate of "poor Misenus—his funeral—the golden "bough discovered, a preparatory cir-"cumstance for the descent—the sacrifice "—the ground bellowing under their feet "—the woods in motion—the dogs of He-"cate howling—the actual descent, in all "its particulars of the marvellous, and the "terrible."

If we pass from an ancient author to a modern, what scene more striking than the first scene in Hamlet?—"The solemnity "of the time, a severe and pinching night

" —the ſolemnity of the place, a platform " for a guard—the guards themſelves; " and their appoſite diſcourſe—yonder ſtar " in ſuch a poſition; the bell then beating " one—when deſcription is exhauſted, the " thing itſelf appears, the Ghoſt enters."

From Shakeſpeare the tranſition to Milton is natural. What pieces have ever met a more juſt, as well as univerſal applauſe, than his L'Allegro and Il Penſeroſo?—The firſt, a combination of every incident that is lively and chearful; the ſecond, of every incident that is melancholy and ſerious: the materials of each collected, according to their character, from rural life, from city life, from muſic, from poetry; in a word, from every part of nature, and every part of art.

To paſs from poetry to painting—the Crucifixion of Polycrates by Salvator Roſa, is " a moſt affecting repreſentation of va- " rious human figures, ſeen under different " modes of horror and pity, as they con- " template a dreadful ſpectacle, the cruci- " fixion above-mentioned." The Aurora of Guido, on the other ſide, is " one of " thoſe joyous exhibitions, where nothing " is ſeen but youth and beauty, in every " attitude of elegance and grace." The former picture in poetry would have been a deep Penſeroſo; the latter, a moſt pleaſing and animated Allegro.

And to what cauſe are we to refer theſe laſt enumerations of ſtriking effects?

To a very different one from the former —not to an oppoſition of contrary incidents, but to a concatenation or accumulation of many that are ſimilar and congenial.

And why have concatenation and accumulation ſuch a force?—From theſe moſt ſimple and obvious truths, that many things ſimilar, when added together, will be more in quantity than any of them taken ſingly;—conſequently, that the more things are thus added, the greater will be their effect.

We have mentioned at the ſame time both accumulation and concatenation; becauſe in painting, the objects, by exiſting at once, are accumulated; in poetry, as they exiſt by ſucceſſion, they are not accumulated but concatenated. Yet, through memory and imagination, even theſe alſo derive an accumulative force, being preſerved from paſſing away by thoſe admirable faculties, till, like many pieces of metal melted together, they collectively form one common magnitude.

It muſt be farther remembered, there is an accumulation of things analogous, even when thoſe things are the objects of different faculties. For example—As are paſſionate geſtures to the eye, ſo are paſſionate tones to the ear; ſo are paſſionate ideas to the imagination. To feel the amazing force of an accumulation like this, we muſt ſee ſome capital actor, acting the drama of ſome capital poet, where all the powers of both are aſſembled at the ſame inſtant.

And thus have we endeavoured, by a few obvious and eaſy examples, to explain what we mean by the words, " ſeeking the cauſe " or reaſon, as often as we feel works of " art and ingenuity to affect us."—See § 167, 178. *Harris.*

§ 181. *Advice to a Beginner in the Art of Criticiſm.*

If I might adviſe a beginner in this elegant purſuit, it ſhould be, as far as poſſible, to recur for principles to the moſt plain and ſimple truths, and to extend every theorem, as he advances, to its utmoſt latitude, ſo as to make it ſuit, and include, the greateſt number of poſſible caſes.

I would adviſe him farther, to avoid ſubtle and far-fetched refinement, which, as it is for the moſt part adverſe to perſpicuity and truth, may ſerve to make an able Sophiſt, but never an able Critic.

A word more—I would adviſe a young Critic, in his contemplations, to turn his eye rather to the praiſe-worthy than the blameable; that is, to inveſtigate the cauſes of praiſe, rather than the cauſes of blame. For though an uninformed beginner may, in a ſingle inſtance, happen to blame properly, it is more than probable, that in the next he may fail, and incur the cenſure paſſed upon the criticiſing cobler, *Ne ſutor ultra crepidam.* *Ibid.*

§ 182. *On Numerous Compoſition.*

As Numerous Compoſition ariſes from a juſt arrangement of words, ſo is that arrangement juſt, when formed upon their verbal quantity.

Now if we ſeek for this verbal quantity in Greek and Latin, we ſhall find that, while thoſe two languages were in purity, their verbal quantity was in purity alſo. Every ſyllable had a meaſure of time, either long or ſhort, defined with preciſion either by its conſtituent vowel, or by the relation of that vowel to other letters adjoining. Syllables thus characterized, when combined, made a foot; and feet thus characterized, when combined, made a verſe: ſo that while a particular harmony exiſted in every

every part, a general harmony was diffuſed through the whole.

Pronunciation at this period being, like other things, perfect, accent and quantity were accurately diſtinguiſhed; of which diſtinction, familiar then, though now obſcure, we venture to ſuggeſt the following explanation. We compare quantity to muſical tones differing in long and ſhort, as, upon whatever line they ſtand, a ſemibrief differs from a minim. We compare accent to muſical tones differing in high and low, as D upon the third line differs from G upon the firſt, be its length the ſame, or be it longer or ſhorter.

And thus things continued for a ſucceſſion of centuries, from Homer and Heſiod to Virgil and Horace, during which interval, if we add a trifle to its end, all the truly claſſical poets, both Greek and Latin, flouriſhed.

Nor was proſe at the ſame time neglected. Penetrating wits diſcovered this alſo to be capable of numerous compoſition, and founded their ideas upon the following reaſonings.

Though they allowed that proſe ſhould not be ſtrictly metrical (for then it would be no longer proſe, but poetry); yet at the ſame time they aſſerted, if it had no Rhythm at all, ſuch a vague effuſion would of courſe fatigue, and the reader would ſeek in vain for thoſe returning pauſes, ſo helpful to his reading, and ſo grateful to his ear.

Harris.

§ 183. *On other Decorations of Proſe beſides Proſaïc Feet; as Alliteration.*

Beſides the decoration of Proſaïc Feet, there are other decorations, admiſſible into Engliſh compoſition, ſuch as Alliteration, and Sentences, eſpecially the Period.

Firſt therefore for the firſt; I mean Alliteration.

Among the claſſics of old, there is no finer illuſtration of this figure, than Lucretius's deſcription of thoſe bleſt abodes, where his gods, detached from providential cares, ever lived in the fruition of divine ſerenity.

Apparet divum numen, ſedeſque quietæ,
Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila nimbis
Aſpergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruinâ
Cana cadens violat, ſemperque innubilus æther
Integit, et large diffuſo lumine ridet.
Lucret. III. 18.

The ſublime and accurate Virgil did not contemn this decoration, though he uſed it with ſuch pure, unaffected ſimplicity, that we often feel its force without contemplating the cauſe. Take one inſtance out of infinite, with which his works abound.

Aurora interea miſeris mortalibus almam
Extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores.
Æn. XI. v. 183.

To Virgil we may add the ſuperior authority of Homer.

Ητοι ὁ καππεδίον τὸ Ἀλήϊον οἷος Ἀλᾶτο,
Ὃν θυμὸν κατέδων, πάτον Ἀνθρώπων ἀλεείνων.
Ιλ. ζ. 201.

Hermogenes, the rhetorician, when he quotes theſe lines, quotes them as an example of the figure here mentioned, but calls it by a Greek name, ΠΑΡΗΧΗΣΙΣ.

Cicero has tranſlated the above verſes elegantly, and given us too Alliteration, though not under the ſame letters.

Qui miſer in campis errabat ſolus Alæis,
Ipſe ſuum cor edens, hominum veſtigia vitans.
Cic.

Ariſtotle knew this figure, and called it ΠΑΡΟΜΟΙΩΣΙΣ, a name perhaps not ſo preciſe as the other, becauſe it rather expreſſes reſemblance in general, than that which ariſes from ſound in particular. His example is—ΑΓΡΟΝ γὰρ ἔλαβεν, ΑΡΟΝ παρ' αὐτῦ.

The Latin rhetoricians ſtiled it Annominatio, and give us examples of ſimilar character.

But the moſt ſingular fact is, that ſo early in our own hiſtory, as the reign of Henry the ſecond, this decoration was eſteemed and cultivated both by the Engliſh and the Welch. So we are informed by Giraldus Cambrenſis, a contemporary writer, who, having firſt given the Welch inſtance, ſubjoins the Engliſh in the following verſe——

God is together Gammen and Wiſedóme.

—that is, God is at once both joy and wiſdom.

He calls the figure by the Latin name Annominatio, and adds, " that the two " nations were ſo attached to this verbal " ornament in every high-finiſhed compo- " ſition, that nothing was by them eſteemed " elegantly delivered, no diction conſidered " but as rude and ruſtic, if it were not firſt " amply refined with the poliſhing art of " this figure."

'Tis perhaps from this national taſte of ours, that we derive many proverbial ſimiles, which, if we except the ſound, ſeem to have no other merit—Fine as five-pence—Round as a Robin—&c.

Even Spenſer and Shakeſpeare adopted the practice, but then it was in a manner ſuitable to ſuch geniuſes.

Spenſer ſays—

For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
Could ſave the ſon of Thetis from to die;
But that blind bard did him immortal make
With verſes dipt in dew of Caſtilie.

Shakeſpeare ſays—

Had my ſweet Harry had but half their numbers,
This day might I, hanging on Hotſpur's neck,
Have talked, &c.——Hen. IVth, Part 2d, Act 2d.

Milton followed them.

For eloquence, the ſoul; ſong charms the ſenſe.
P. L. II. 556.

and again,

Behemoth, biggeſt born of earth, upheav'd
His vaſtneſs— P. L. VII. 471.

From Dryden we ſelect one example out of many, for no one appears to have employed this figure more frequently, or, like Virgil, with greater ſimplicity and ſtrength.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than ſee the doctor for a nauſeous draught.
The wife for cure on exerciſe depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
Dryd. Fables.

Pope ſings in his Dunciad——

'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all;
And noiſe, and Norton; brangling, and Brevall;
Dennis, and diſſonance——

Which lines, though truly poetical and humourous, may be ſuſpected by ſome to ſhew their art too conſpicuouſly, and too nearly to reſemble that verſe of old Ennius——

O! tite, tute, tati, tibi tanta, tyranne, tuliſti.
Script. ad. Herenn. l. iv. ſ. 18.

Gray begins a ſublime Ode,

Ruin ſeize thee, ruthleſs king, &c.

We might quote alſo Alliterations from proſe writers, but thoſe we have alledged we think ſufficient. *Harris.*

§ 184. *On the Period.*

Nor is elegance only to be found in ſingle words, or in ſingle feet; it may be found, when we put them together, in our peculiar mode of putting them. 'Tis out of words and feet thus compounded, that we form ſentences, and among ſentences none ſo ſtriking, none ſo pleaſing as the Period. The reaſon is, that, while other ſentences are indefinite, and (like a geometrical right line) may be produced indefinitely, the Period (like a circular line) is always circumſcribed, returns, and terminates at a given point. In other words, while other ſentences, by the help of common copulatives, have a ſort of boundleſs effuſion; the conſtituent parts of a Period have a ſort of reflex union, in which union the ſentence is ſo far complete, as neither to require, nor even to admit, a farther extenſion. Readers find a pleaſure in this grateful circuit, which leads them ſo agreeably to an acquiſition of knowledge.

The author, if he may be permitted, would refer, by way of illuſtration, to the beginnings of his Hermes, and his philoſophical arrangements, where ſome attempts have been made in this periodical ſtyle. He would refer alſo, for much more illuſtrious examples, to the opening of Cicero's Offices; to that of the capital Oration of Demoſthenes concerning the Crown; and to that of the celebrated Panegyric, made (if he may be ſo called) by the father of Periods, Iſocrates.

Again—every compound ſentence is compounded of other ſentences more ſimple, which, compared to one another, have a certain proportion of length. Now it is in general a good rule, that among theſe conſtituent ſentences, the laſt (if poſſible) ſhould be equal to the firſt; or if not equal, then rather longer than ſhorter. The reaſon is, that without a ſpecial cauſe, abrupt concluſions are offenſive, and the reader, like a traveller quietly purſuing his journey, finds an unexpected precipice, where he is diſagreeably ſtopt. *Ibid.*

§ 185. *On Monoſyllables.*

It has been called a fault in our language, that it abounds in Monoſyllables. As theſe, in too lengthened a ſuite, diſgrace a compoſition, Lord Shafteſbury, (who ſtudied purity of ſtyle with great attention) limited their number to nine; and was careful in his characteriſtics, to conform to his own

own law. Even in Latin too many of them were condemned by Quinctilian.

Above all, care ſhould be had, that a ſentence end not with a crowd of them, thoſe eſpecially of the vulgar, untunable ſort, ſuch as, " to ſet it up," " to " get by and by at it," &c. for theſe diſgrace a ſentence that may be otherwiſe laudable, and are like the rabble at the cloſe of ſome pompous cavalcade. *Harris.*

§ 186. *Authorities alledged.*

'Twas by theſe, and other arts of ſimilar ſort, that authors in diſtant ages have cultivated their ſtyle. Looking upon knowledge (if I may be allowed the alluſion) to paſs into the manſions of the mind through language, they were careful (if I may purſue the metaphor) not to offend in the veſtibule. They did not eſteem it pardonable to deſpiſe the public ear, when they ſaw the love of numbers ſo univerſally diffuſed.

Nor were they diſcouraged, as if they thought their labour would be loſt. In theſe more refined, but yet popular arts, they knew the amazing difference between the power to execute, and the power to judge:—that to execute was the joint effort of genius and of habit; a painful acquiſition, only attainable by the few;—to judge, the ſimple effort of that plain but common ſenſe, imparted by Providence in ſome degree to every one. *Ibid.*

§ 187. *Objectors anſwered.*

But here methinks an objector demands —" And are authors then to compoſe, and " form their treatiſes by rule?—Are they " to balance periods?—To ſcan pæans and " cretics?—To affect alliterations?—To " enumerate monoſyllables?" &c.

If, in anſwer to this objector, it ſhould be ſaid, They ought; the permiſſion ſhould at leaſt be tempered with much caution. Theſe arts are to be ſo blended with a pure but common ſtyle, that the reader, as he proceeds, may only feel their latent force. If ever they become glaring, they degenerate into affectation; an extreme more diſguſting, becauſe leſs natural, than even the vulgar language of an unpoliſhed clown. 'Tis in writing, as in acting—The beſt writers are like our late admired Garrick—And how did that able genius employ his art?—Not by a vain oſtentation of any one of his powers, but by a latent uſe of them all, in ſuch an exhibition of nature, that while we were preſent in a theatre, and only beholding an actor, we could not help thinking ourſelves in Denmark with Hamlet, or in Boſworth field with Richard. *Ibid.*

§ 188. *When the Habit is once gained, nothing ſo eaſy as Practice.*

There is another objection ſtill.—Theſe ſpeculations may be called minutiæ; things partaking at beſt more of the elegant than of the ſolid; and attended with difficulties beyond the value of the labour.

To anſwer this, it may be obſerved, that when habit is once gained, nothing is ſo eaſy as practice. When the ear is once habituated to theſe verbal rhythms, it forms them ſpontaneouſly, without attention or labour. If we call for inſtances, what more eaſy to every ſmith, to every carpenter, to every common mechanic, than the ſeveral energies of their proper arts? How little do even the rigid laws of verſe obſtruct a genius truly poetic? How little did they cramp a Milton, a Dryden, or a Pope? Cicero writes, that Antipater the Sidonian could pour forth Hexameters extempore, and that, whenever he choſe to verſify, words followed him of courſe. We may add to Antipater the ancient Rhapſodiſts of the Greeks, and the modern Improviſatori of the Italians. If this then be practicable in verſe, how much more ſo in proſe? In proſe, the laws of which ſo far differ from thoſe of poetry, that we can at any time relax them as we find expedient? Nay more, where to relax them is not only expedient, but even neceſſary, becauſe, though numerous compoſition may be a requiſite, yet regularly returning rhythm is a thing we ſhould avoid. *Ibid.*

§ 189. *In every Whole, the conſtituent Parts, and the Facility of their Coincidence, merit our Regard.*

In every whole, whether natural or artificial, the conſtituent parts well merit our regard, and in nothing more than in the facility of their coincidence. If we view a landſkip, how pleaſing the harmony between hills and woods, between rivers and lawns! If we ſelect from this landſkip a tree, how well does the trunk correſpond with its branches, and the whole of its form with its beautiful verdure! If we take an animal, for example a fine horſe, what a union in his colour, his figure and his motions! If one of human race, what more pleaſingly congenial, than when virtue and genius appear to animate a graceful figure?

——pulchro veniens e corpore virtus?

The

The charm increaſes, if to a graceful figure we add a graceful elocution. Elocution too is heightened ſtill, if it convey elegant ſentiments; and theſe again are heightened, if cloathed with graceful diction, that is, with words which are pure, preciſe, and well arranged. *Harris.*

§ 190. *Verbal Decorations not to be called Minutiæ.*

We muſt not call theſe verbal decorations, minutiæ. They are eſſential to the beauty, nay to the completion, of the whole. Without them the compoſition, though its ſentiments may be juſt, is like a picture with good drawing, but with bad and defective colouring.

Theſe we are aſſured were the ſentiments of Cicero, whom we muſt allow to have been a maſter in his art, and who has amply and accurately treated verbal decoration and numerous compoſition, in no leſs than two capital treatiſes, (his Orator, and his De Oratore) ſtrengthening withal his own authority with that of Ariſtotle and Theophraſtus; to whom, if more were wanting, we might add the names of Demetrius Phalereus, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, Dionyſius Longinus, and Quinctilian. *Ibid.*

§ 191. *Advice to Readers.*

Whoever reads a perfect or finiſhed compoſition, whatever be the language, whatever the ſubject, ſhould read it, even if alone, both audibly and diſtinctly.

In a compoſition of this character, not only preciſe words are admitted, but words metaphorical and ornamental. And farther —as every ſentence contains a latent harmony, ſo is that harmony derived from the rhythm of its conſtituent parts.

A compoſition then like this, ſhould (as I ſaid before) be read both diſtinctly and audibly; with due regard to ſtops and pauſes; with occaſional elevations and depreſſions of the voice, and whatever elſe conſtitutes juſt and accurate pronunciation. He who, deſpiſing or neglecting, or knowing nothing of all this, reads a work of ſuch character as he would read a ſeſſions-paper, will not only miſs many beauties of the ſtyle, but will probably miſs (which is worſe) a large proportion of the ſenſe. *Ibid.*

§ 192. *Every whole ſhould have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. The Theory exemplified in the Georgics of Virgil.*

Let us take for an example the moſt highly finiſhed performance among the Romans, and that in their moſt poliſhed period, I mean the Georgics of Virgil.

Quid faciat lætas fegetes, quo ſidere terram
Vertere, Mæcenas, (II) ulmiſque adjungere vites
Conveniat; (III) quæ cura boum, qui cultus habendo
Sit pecori; (IV) apibus quanta experientia parcis,
Hinc canere incipiam, &c.—Virg. Georg. I.

In theſe lines, and ſo on (if we conſult the original) for forty-two lines incluſive, we have the beginning; which beginning includes two things, the plan, and the invocation.

In the plan firſt verſes we have the plan, which plan gradually opens and becomes the whole work, as an acorn, when developed, becomes a perfect oak. After this comes the invocation, which extends to the laſt of the forty-two verſes above mentioned. The two together give us the true character of a beginning, which, as above deſcribed, nothing can precede, and which it is neceſſary that ſomething ſhould follow.

The remaining part of the firſt book, together with the three books following, to verſe the 458th of book the fourth, make the middle, which alſo has its true character, that of ſucceeding the beginning, where we expect ſomething farther; and that of preceding the end, where we expect nothing more.

The eight laſt verſes of the poem make the end, which, like the beginning, is ſhort, and which preſerves its real character by ſatisfying the reader that all is complete, and that nothing is to follow. The performance is even dated. It finiſhes like an epiſtle, giving us the place and time of writing; but then giving them in ſuch a manner, as they ought to come from Virgil.

But to open our thoughts into a farther detail.

As the poem, from its very name, reſpects various matters relative to land, (Georgica) and which are either immediately or mediately connected with it; among the variety of theſe matters the poem begins from the loweſt, and thence advances gradually from higher to higher, till, having reached the higheſt, it there properly ſtops.

The firſt book begins from the ſimple culture of the earth, and from its humbleſt progeny, corn, legumes, flowers, &c.

It is a nobler ſpecies of vegetables which employs the ſecond book, where we are taught the culture of trees, and, among others, of that important pair, the olive and the vine. Yet it muſt be remembered, that all this is nothing more than the culture

ture of mere vegetable and inanimate nature.

It is in the third book that the poet rises to nature sensitive and animated, when he gives us precepts about cattle, horses, sheep, &c.

At length, in the fourth book, when matters draw to a conclusion, then it is he treats his subject in a moral and political way. He no longer pursues the culture of the mere brute nature; he then describes, as he tells us,

—Mores, et studia, et populos, et prælia, &c.

for such is the character of his bees, those truly social and political animals. It is here he first mentions arts, and memory, and laws, and families. It is here (their great sagacity considered) he supposes a portion imparted of a sublimer principle. It is here that every thing vegetable or merely brutal seems forgotten, while all appears at least human, and sometimes even divine.

His quidam signis, atque hæc exempla secuti,
Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, et haustus
Ætherios dixere: deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque tractusque maris, &c.
Georg. IV. 219.

When the subject will not permit him to proceed farther, he suddenly conveys his reader, by the fable of Aristæus, among nymphs, heroes, demi-gods, and gods, and thus leaves him in company supposed more than mortal.

This is not only a sublime conclusion to the fourth book, but naturally leads to the conclusion of the whole work; for he does no more after this than shortly recapitulate, and elegantly blend his recapitulating with a compliment to Augustus.

But even this is not all.

The dry, didactic character of the Georgics, made it necessary they should be enlivened by episodes and digressions. It has been the art of the poet, that these episodes and digressions should be homogeneous: that is, should so connect with the subject, as to become, as it were, parts of it. On these principles every book has for its end, what I call an epilogue; for its beginning, an invocation; and for its middle, the several precepts relative to its subject, I mean husbandry. Having a beginning, a middle, and an end, every part itself becomes a smaller whole, though, with respect to the general plan, it is nothing more than a part. Thus the human arm, with a view to its elbow, its hands, its fingers, &c. is as clearly a whole, as it is simply but a part with a view to the entire body.

The smaller wholes of this divine poem may merit some attention; by these I mean each particular book.

Each book has an invocation. The first invokes the sun, the moon, the various rural deities, and lastly Augustus; the second invokes Bacchus; the third, Pales and Apollo; the fourth his patron Mæcenas. I do not dwell on these invocations, much less on the parts which follow, for this in fact would be writing a comment upon the poem. But the Epilogues, besides their own intrinsic beauty, are too much to our purpose to be passed in silence.

In the arrangement of them the poet seems to have pursued such an order, as that alternate affections should be alternately excited; and this he has done, well knowing the importance of that generally acknowledged truth, "the force derived to contraries by their juxta-position or succession *." The first book ends with those portents and prodigies, both upon earth and in the heavens, which preceded the death of the dictator Cæsar. To these direful scenes the epilogue of the second book opposes the tranquillity and felicity of the rural life, which (as he informs us) faction and civil discord do not usually impair—

Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna—

In the ending of the third book we read of a pestilence, and of nature in devastation; in the fourth, of nature restored, and, by help of the gods, replenished.

As this concluding epilogue (I mean the fable of Aristæus) occupies the most important place; so is it decorated accordingly with language, events, places, and personages.

No language was ever more polished and harmonious. The descent of Aristæus to his mother, and of Orpheus to the shades, are events; the watery palace of the Nereides, the cavern of Proteus, and the scene of the infernal regions, are places; Aristæus, old Proteus, Orpheus, Eurydice, Cyllene, and her nymphs, are personages; all great, all striking, all sublime.

Let us view these epilogues in the poet's order,

I. Civil Horrors.
II. Rural Tranquillity.
III. Nature laid waste.
IV. Nature restored.

* See before, § 179.

Here,

Here, as we have said already, different passions are, by the subjects being alternate, alternately excited; and yet withal excited so judiciously, that when the poem concludes, and all is at an end, the reader leaves off with tranquillity and joy. *Harris.*

§ 193. *Exemplified again in the Menexenus of* Plato.

From the Georgics of Virgil we proceed to the Menexenus of Plato; the first being the most finished form of a didactic poem, the latter the most consummate model of a panegyric oration.

The Menexenus is a funeral oration in praise of those brave Athenians, who had fallen in battle by generously asserting the cause of their country. Like the Georgics, and every other just composition, this oration has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The beginning is a solemn account of the deceased having received all the legitimate rights of burial, and of the propriety of doing them honour not only by deeds, but by words; that is, not only by funeral ceremonies, but by a speech, to perpetuate the memory of their magnanimity, and to recommend it to their posterity, as an object of imitation.

As the deceased were brave and gallant men, we are shewn by what means they came to possess their character, and what noble exploits they perform in consequence.

Hence the middle of the oration contains first their origin; next their education and form of government; and last of all, the consequence of such an origin and education; their heroic atchievements from the earliest days to the time then present.

The middle part being thus complete, we come to the conclusion, which is perhaps the most sublime piece of oratory, both for the plan and execution, which is extant, of any age, or in any language.

By an awful prosopopeia, the deceased are called up to address the living; and fathers slain in battle, to exhort their living children; the children slain in battle, to console their living fathers; and this with every idea of manly consolation, with every generous incentive to a contempt of death, and a love of their country, that the powers of nature or of art could suggest.

'Tis here this oration concludes, being (as we have shewn) a perfect whole, executed with all the strength of a sublime language, under the management of a great and a sublime genius.

If these speculations appear too dry, they may be rendered more pleasing, if the reader would peruse the two pieces criticized. His labour, he might be assured, would not be lost, as he would peruse two of the finest pieces which the two finest ages of antiquity produced. *Ibid.*

§ 194. *The Theory of Whole and Parts concerns small Works as well as great.*

We cannot however quit this theory concerning whole and parts, without observing, that it regards alike both small works and great; and that it descends even to an essay, to a sonnet, to an ode. These minuter efforts of genius, unless they possess (if I may be pardoned the expression) a certain character of Totality, lose a capital pleasure derived from their union; from an union which, collected in a few pertinent ideas, combines them all happily under one amicable form. Without this union, the production is no better than a sort of vague effusion, where sentences follow sentences, and stanzas follow stanzas, with no apparent reason why they should be two rather than twenty, or twenty rather than two.

If we want another argument for this minuter Totality, we may refer to nature, which art is said to imitate. Not only this universe is one stupendous whole, but such also is a tree, a shrub, a flower; such those beings which, without the aid of glasses, even escape our perception. And so much for Totality (I venture to familiarize the term) that common and essential character to every legitimate composition. *Ibid.*

§ 195. *On Accuracy.*

There is another character left, which, though foreign to the present purpose, I venture to mention; and that is the character of Accuracy. Every work ought to be as accurate as possible. And yet, though this apply to works of every kind, there is a difference whether the work be great or small. In greater works (such as histories, epic poems, and the like) their very magnitude excuses incidental defects; and their authors, according to Horace, may be allowed to slumber. It is otherwise in smaller works, for the very reason that they are smaller. Such, through every part, both in sentiment and diction, should be perspicuous, pure, simple, and precise. *Ibid.*

§ 196. *On Diction.*

As every sentiment must be expreſt by words;

words; the theory of ſentiment naturally leads to that of Diction. Indeed, the connection between them is ſo intimate, that the ſame ſentiment, where the diction differs, is as different in appearance, as the ſame perſon, dreſt like a peaſant, or dreſt like a gentleman. And hence we ſee how much diction merits a ſerious attention.

But this perhaps will be better underſtood by an example. Take then the following —"Don't let a lucky hit ſlip; if you do, be-like you mayn't any more get at it." The ſentiment (we muſt confeſs) is expreſt clearly, but the diction ſurely is rather vulgar and low. Take it another way— "Opportune moments are few and fleeting; ſeize them with avidity, or your progreſſion will be impeded." Here the diction, though not low, is rather obſcure. The words are unuſual, pedantic, and affected. ——But what ſays Shakſpeare?—

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in ſhallows———

Here the diction is elegant, without being vulgar or affected; the words, though common, being taken under a metaphor, are ſo far eſtranged by this metaphorical uſe, that they acquire, through the change, a competent dignity, and yet, without becoming vulgar, remain intelligible and clear. *Harris.*

§ 197. *On the Metaphor.*

Knowing the ſtreſs laid by the ancient critics on the Metaphor, and viewing its admirable effects in the decorating of Diction, we think it may merit a farther regard.

There is not perhaps any figure of ſpeech ſo pleaſing as the Metaphor. It is at times the language of every individual, but, above all, is peculiar to the man of genius. His ſagacity diſcerns not only common analogies, but thoſe others more remote, which eſcape the vulgar, and which, though they ſeldom invent, they ſeldom fail to recognize, when they hear them from perſons more ingenious than themſelves.

It has been ingeniouſly obſerved, that the Metaphor took its riſe from the poverty of language. Men, not finding upon every occaſion words ready made for their ideas, were compelled to have recourſe to words analogous, and transfer them from their original meaning to the meaning then required. But though the Metaphor began in poverty, it did not end there. When the analogy was juſt (and this often happened) there was ſomething peculiarly pleaſing in what was both new, and yet familiar; ſo that the Metaphor was then cultivated, not out of neceſſity, but for ornament. It is thus that cloaths were firſt aſſumed to defend us againſt the cold, but came afterwards to be worn for diſtinction and decoration.

It muſt be obſerved, there is a force in the united words, *new* and *familiar*. What is new, but not familiar, is often unintelligible; what is familiar, but not new, is no better than common-place. It is in the union of the two, that the obſcure and the vulgar are happily removed; and it is in this union, that we view the character of a juſt Metaphor.

But after we have ſo praiſed the Metaphor, it is fit at length we ſhould explain what it is; and this we ſhall attempt, as well by a deſcription, as by examples.

"A Metaphor is the transferring of a "word from its uſual meaning to an ana- "logous meaning, and then the employing "it agreeably to ſuch transfer." For example, the uſual meaning of evening is the concluſion of the day. But age too is a concluſion; the concluſion of human life. Now there being an analogy in all concluſions, we arrange in order the two we have alledged, and ſay, that, as evening is to the day, ſo is age to human life. Hence, by an eaſy permutation (which furniſhes at once two metaphors) we ſay alternately, that evening is the age of the day; and that age is the evening of life.

There are other metaphors equally pleaſing, but which we only mention, as their analogy cannot be miſtaken. It is thus that old men have been called ſtubble; and the ſtage, or theatre, the mirror of human life.

In language of this ſort there is a double ſatisfaction: it is ſtrikingly clear; and yet raiſed, though clear, above the low and vulgar idiom. It is a praiſe too of ſuch metaphors, to be quickly comprehended. The ſimilitude and the thing illuſtrated are commonly diſpatched in a ſingle word, and comprehended by an immediate and inſtantaneous intuition.

Thus a perſon of wit, being dangerouſly ill, was told by his friends, two more phyſicians were called in. So many! ſays he—do they fire then in platoons?—— *Ibid.*

§ 198. *What*

§ 198. *What Metaphors the beſt.*

Theſe inſtances may aſſiſt us to diſcover what metaphors may be called the beſt.

They ought not, in an elegant and polite ſtyle (the ſtyle of which we are ſpeaking) to be derived from meanings too ſublime; for then the diction would be turgid and bombaſt. Such was the language of that poet who, deſcribing the footman's flambeaux at the end of an opera, ſung or ſaid,

Now blaz'd a thouſand flaming ſuns, and bade
Grim night retire———

Nor ought a metaphor to be far-fetched, for then it becomes an enigma. It was thus a gentleman once puzzled his country friend, in telling him, by way of compliment, that he was become a perfect centaur. His honeſt friend knew nothing of centaurs, but being fond of riding, was hardly ever off his horſe.

Another extreme remains, the reverſe of the too ſublime, and that is, the transferring from ſubjects too contemptible. Such was the caſe of that poet quoted by Horace, who to deſcribe winter, wrote——

Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conſpuit Alpes.
(Hor. L. II. Sat. 5.)
O'er the cold Alps Jove ſpits his hoary Snow.

Nor was that modern poet more fortunate, whom Dryden quotes, and who, trying his genius upon the ſame ſubject, ſuppoſed winter——

To periwig with ſnow the baldpate woods.

With the ſame claſs of wits we may arrange that pleaſant fellow, who, ſpeaking of an old lady whom he had affronted, gave us in one ſhort ſentence no leſs than three choice metaphors. I perceive (ſaid he) her back is up;—I muſt curry favour—or the fat will be in the fire.

Nor can we omit that the ſame word, when transferred to different ſubjects, produces metaphors very different, as to propriety or impropriety.

It is with propriety that we transfer the words *to embrace*, from human beings to things purely ideal. The metaphor appears juſt, when we ſay, to embrace a propoſition; to embrace an offer; to embrace an opportunity. Its application perhaps was not quite ſo elegant, when the old ſteward wrote to his lord, upon the ſubject of his farm, that "if he met any oxen, he "would not fail to embrace them."

If then we are to avoid the turgid, the enigmatic, and the baſe or ridiculous, no other metaphors are left, but ſuch as may be deſcribed by negatives; ſuch as are neither turgid, nor enigmatic, nor baſe and ridiculous.

Such is the character of many metaphors already alledged; among others that of Shakeſpeare's, where tides are transferred to ſpeedy and determined conduct. Nor does his Wolſey with leſs propriety moralize upon his fall, in the following beautiful metaphor, taken from vegetable nature.

This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And——nips his root———

In ſuch metaphors (beſides their intrinſic elegance) we may ſay the reader is flattered; I mean flattered by being left to diſcover ſomething for himſelf.

There is one obſervation, which will at the ſame time ſhew both the extent of this figure, and how natural it is to all men.

There are metaphors ſo obvious, and of courſe ſo naturalized, that, ceaſing to be metaphors, they become (as it were) the proper words. It is after this manner we ſay, a ſharp fellow; a great orator; the foot of a mountain; the eye of a needle; the bed of a river; to ruminate, to ponder, to edify, &c. &c.

Theſe we by no means reject, and yet the metaphors we require we wiſh to be ſomething more, that is, to be formed under the reſpectable conditions here eſtabliſhed.

We obſerve too, that a ſingular uſe may be made of metaphors either to exalt or to depreciate, according to the ſources from which we derive them. In ancient ſtory, Oreſtes was by ſome called the murtherer of his mother; by others, the avenger of his father. The reaſons will appear, by referring to the fact. The poet Simonides was offered money to celebrate certain mules, that had won a race. The ſum being pitiful, he ſaid, with diſdain, he ſhould not write upon demi-aſſes— A more competent ſum was offered, he then began,

Hail! Daughters of the generous horſe,
That ſkims, like wind, along the courſe.

There are times, when, in order to exalt, we may call beggars, petitioners; and pick-pockets, collectors: other times, when, in order to depreciate, we may call petitioners, beggars; and collectors, pick-pockets.— But enough of this.

We

We say no more of metaphors, but that it is a general caution with regard to every species, not to mix them, and that more particularly, if taken from subjects which are contrary.

Such was the case of that orator, who once asserted in his oration, that—" If cold " water were thrown upon a certain mea- " sure, it would kindle a flame that would " obscure the lustre," &c. &c.

Harris.

§ 199. *On Enigmas and Puns.*

A word remains upon Enigmas and Puns. It shall indeed be short, because, though they resemble the metaphor, it is as brass and copper resemble gold.

A pun seldom regards meaning, being chiefly confined to sound.

Horace give a sad sample of this spurious wit, where (as Dryden humourously translates it) he makes Persius the buffoon exhort the Patriot Brutus to kill Mr. King, that is, Rupilius Rex, because Brutus, when he slew Cæsar, had been accustomed to king-killing.

Hunc Regem occide; operum hoc mihi crede tuorum est. Horat. Sat. Lib. I. VII.

We have a worse attempt in Homer, where Ulysses makes Polypheme believe his name was ΟΥΤΙΣ, and where the dull Cyclops, after he had lost his eye, upon being asked by his brethren, who had done him so much mischief, replies it was done by ΟΥΤΙΣ, that is, by nobody.

Enigmas are of a more complicated nature, being involved either in pun, or metaphor, or sometimes in both.

Ἀνδρ' ἐιδον πυρὶ χαλκὸν ἐπ' ἀνέρι κολλήσαντα.

I saw a man, who, unprovok'd with ire,
Struck brass upon another's back by fire.

This enigma is ingenious, and means the operation of cupping, performed in ancient days by a machine of brass.

In such fancies, contrary to the principles of good metaphor and good writing, a perplexity is caused, not by accident but by design, and the pleasure lies in the being able to resolve it. *Ibid.*

§ 200. *Rules defended.*

Having mentioned Rules, and indeed this whole theory having been little more than rules developed, we cannot but remark upon a common opinion, which seems to have arisen either from prejudice or mistake.

" Do not rules," say they, " cramp " genius? Do they not abridge it of cer- " tain privileges?"

'Tis answered, If the obeying of rules were to induce a tyranny like this; to defend them would be absurd, and against the liberty of genius. But the truth is, rules, supposing them good, like good government, take away no privileges. They do no more, than save genius from error, by shewing it, that a right to err is no privilege at all.

'Tis surely no privilege to violate in grammar the rules of syntax; in poetry, those of metre; in music, those of harmony; in logic, those of syllogism; in painting, those of perspective; in dramatic poetry, those of probable imitation. *Ibid.*

§ 201. *The flattering Doctrine that Genius will suffice, fallacious.*

It must be confessed, 'tis a flattering doctrine, to tell a young beginner, that he has nothing more to do than to trust his own genius, and to contemn all rules, as the tyranny of pedants. The painful toils of accuracy by this expedient are eluded, for geniuses, like Milton's Harps, (Par. Lost, Book III. v. 365, 366.) are supposed to be ever tuned.

But the misfortune is, that genius is something rare; nor can he who possesses it, even then, by neglecting rules, produce what is accurate. Those, on the contrary, who, though they want genius, think rules worthy their attention, if they cannot become good authors, may still make tolerable critics; may be able to shew the difference between the creeping and the simple; the pert and the pleasing; the turgid and the sublime; in short, to sharpen like the whetstone, that genius in others, which nature in her frugality has not given to themselves. *Ibid.*

§ 202. *No Genius never acted without Rules.*

Indeed I have never known, during a life of many years, and some small attention paid to letters, and literary men, that genius in any art had been ever crampt by rules. On the contrary, I have seen great geniuses, miserably err by transgressing them, and, like vigorous travellers, who lose their way, only wander the wider on account of their own strength.

And yet 'tis somewhat singular in literary compositions, and perhaps more so in poetry than elsewhere, that many things have been done in the best and purest taste, long before rules were established and systematized

tematized in form. This we are certain was true with reſpect to Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and other Greeks. In modern times it appears as true of our admired Shakeſpeare; for who can believe that Shakeſpeare ſtudied rules, or was ever verſed in critical ſyſtems?

Harris.

§ 203. *There never was a Time when Rules did not exiſt.*

A ſpecious objection then occurs. "If "theſe great writers were ſo excellent be- "fore rules were eſtabliſhed, or at leaſt "were known to them, what had they to "direct their genius, when rules (to them "at leaſt) did not exiſt?"

To this queſtion 'tis hoped the anſwer will not be deemed too hardy, ſhould we aſſert, that there never was a time when rules did not exiſt; that they always made a part of that immutable truth, the natural object of every penetrating genius; and that if, at that early Greek period, ſyſtems of rules were not eſtabliſhed, thoſe great and ſublime authors were a rule to themſelves. They may be ſaid indeed to have excelled, not by art, but by nature; yet by a nature which gave birth to the perfection of art.

The caſe is nearly the ſame with reſpect to our Shakeſpeare. There is hardly any thing we applaud, among his innumerable beauties, which will not be found ſtrictly conformable to the rules of ſound and ancient criticiſm.

That this is true with reſpect to his characters and his ſentiment, is evident hence, that in explaining theſe rules, we have ſo often recurred to him for illuſtrations.

Beſides quotations already alledged, we ſubjoin the following as to character.

When Falſtaff and his ſuit are ſo ignominiouſly routed, and the ſcuffle is by Falſtaff ſo humouroufly exaggerated; what can be more natural than ſuch a narrative to ſuch a character, diſtinguiſhed for his humour, and withal for his want of veracity and courage?

The ſagacity of common poets might not perhaps have ſuggeſted ſo good a narrative, but it certainly would have ſuggeſted ſomething of the kind; and 'tis in this we view the eſſence of dramatic character, which is, when we conjecture what any one will do or ſay, from what he has done or ſaid already.

If we paſs from characters (that is to ſay manners) to ſentiment, we have already given inſtances, and yet we ſhall ſtill give another.

When Roſincroſſe and Guildernſtern wait upon Hamlet, he offers them a recorder or pipe, and deſires them to play—they reply, they cannot—He repeats his requeſt—they anſwer, they have never learnt—He aſſures them nothing was ſo eaſy—they ſtill decline.—'Tis then he tells them, with diſdain, "There is much muſic in this little "organ; and yet you cannot make it ſpeak "—Do you think I am eaſier to be played "on than a pipe?" Hamlet, Act III.

This I call an elegant ſample of ſentiment, taken under its comprehenſive ſenſe. But we ſtop not here—We conſider it as a complete inſtance of Socratic reaſoning, though 'tis probable the author knew nothing how Socrates uſed to argue.

To explain—Xenophon makes Socrates reaſon as follows with an ambitious youth, by name Euthydemus.

"'Tis ſtrange (ſays he) that thoſe who "deſire to play upon the harp, or upon "the flute, or to ride the managed horſe, "ſhould not think themſelves worth notice, "without having practiſed under the beſt "maſters—while there are thoſe who aſ- "pire to the governing of a ſtate, and can "think themſelves completely qualified, "though it be without preparation or la- "bour." Xenoph. Mem. IV. c. 2. ſ. 6.

Ariſtotle's Illuſtration is ſimilar, in his reaſoning againſt men choſen by lot for magiſtrates. "'Tis (ſays he) as if wreſtlers were to be appointed by lot, and not thoſe that are able to wreſtle: or, as if from among ſailors we were to chuſe a pilot by lot, and that the man ſo elected was to navigate, and not the man who knew the buſineſs." Rhetor. L. II. c. 20. p. 94. Edit. Sylb.

Nothing can be more ingenious than this mode of reaſoning. The premiſes are obvious and undeniable; the concluſion cogent and yet unexpected. It is a ſpecies of that argumentation, called in dialectic Ἐπαγωγὴ, or induction.

Ariſtotle in his Rhetoric (as above quoted) calls ſuch reaſonings τὰ Σωκρατικὰ, the Socratics; in the beginning of his Poetics, he calls them the Σωκρατικοὶ λόγοι, the Socratic diſcourſes; and Horace, in his Art of Poetry, calls them the Socraticæ chartæ.

Ibid.

§ 204. *The Connexion between Rules and Genius.*

If truth be always the ſame, no wonder geniuſes

geniuſes ſhould coincide, and that too in philoſophy, as well as in criticiſm.

We venture to add, returning to rules, that if there be any things in Skakeſpeare objectionable (and who is hardy enough to deny it?) the very objections, as well as the beauties, are to be tried by the ſame rules; as the ſame plummet alike ſhews both what is out of the perpendicular, and in it; the ſame rules alike prove both what is crooked and what is ſtraight.

We cannot admit that geniuſes, though prior to ſyſtems, were prior alſo to rules, becauſe rules from the beginning exiſted in their own minds, and were a part of that immutable truth, which is eternal and every where. Ariſtotle, we know, did not form Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides; 'twas Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides, that formed Ariſtotle.

And this ſurely ſhould teach us to pay attention to rules, in as much as they and genius are ſo reciprocally connected, that 'tis genius which diſcovers rules; and then rules which govern genius.

'Tis by this amicable concurrence, and by this alone, that every work of art juſtly merits admiration, and is rendered as highly perfect as, by human power, it can be made. *Harris.*

§ 205. *We ought not to be content with knowing what we like, but what is really worth liking.*

'Tis not however improbable, that ſome intrepid ſpirit may demand again, What avail theſe ſubtleties?—Without ſo much trouble, I can be full enough pleaſed—I know what I like.—We anſwer, And ſo does the carrion-crow, that feeds upon a carcaſe. The difficulty lies not in knowing what we like, but in knowing how to like, and what is worth liking. 'Till theſe ends are obtained, we may admire Durſey before Milton; a ſmoking boor of Hemſkirk, before an apoſtle of Raphael.

Now as to the knowing how to like, and then what is worth liking; the firſt of theſe, being the object of critical diſquiſition, has been attempted to be ſhewn through the courſe of theſe inquiries.

As to the ſecond, what is worth our liking, this is beſt known by ſtudying the beſt authors, beginning from the Greeks; then paſſing to the Latins; nor on any account excluding thoſe who have excelled among the moderns.

And here, if, while we peruſe ſome author of high rank, we perceive we don't inſtantly reliſh him, let us not be diſheartened—let us even feign a reliſh, till we find a reliſh come. A morſel perhaps pleaſes us—let us cheriſh it—Another morſel ſtrikes us—let us cheriſh this alſo.—Let us thus proceed, and ſteadily perſevere, till we find we can reliſh, not morſels, but wholes; and feel, that what began in fiction terminates in reality. The film being in this manner removed, we ſhall diſcover beauties which we never imagined; and contemn for puerilities, what we once fooliſhly admired.

One thing however in this proceſs is indiſpenſably required; we are on no account to expect that fine things ſhould deſcend to us; our taſte, if poſſible, muſt be made to aſcend to them.

This is the labour, this the work; there is pleaſure in the ſucceſs, and praiſe even in the attempt.

This ſpeculation applies not to literature only: it applies to muſic, to painting, and, as they are all congenial, to all the liberal arts. We ſhould in each of them endeavour to inveſtigate what is beſt, and there (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) fix our abode.

By only ſeeking and peruſing what is truly excellent, and by contemplating always this and this alone, the mind inſenſibly becomes accuſtomed to it, and finds that in this alone it can acquieſce with content. It happens indeed here, as in a ſubject far more important, I mean in a moral and a virtuous conduct: If we chuſe the beſt life, uſe will make it pleaſant. *Ibid.*

§ 206. *Character of the* English, *the* Oriental, *the* Latin, *and the* Greek *Languages.*

We Britons in our time have been remarkable borrowers, as our multiform language may ſufficiently ſhew. Our terms in polite literature prove, that this came from Greece; our terms in muſic and painting, that theſe came from Italy; our phraſes in cookery and war, that we learnt theſe from the French; and our phraſes in navigation, that we were taught by the Flemings and Low Dutch. Theſe many and very different ſources of our language may be the cauſe why it is ſo deficient in regularity and analogy. Yet we have this advantage to compenſate the defect, that what we want in elegance, we gain in copiouſneſs, in which laſt reſpect few languages will be found ſuperior to our own.

Let us paſs from ourſelves to the nations of the Eaſt. The eaſtern world, from the

earlieſt days, has been at all times the ſeat of enormous monarchy *: on its natives fair liberty never ſhed its genial influence. If at any time civil diſcords aroſe among them (and ariſe there did innumerable) the conteſt was never about the form of their government (for this was an object of which the combatants had no conception;) it was all from the poor motive of, who ſhould be their maſter; whether a Cyrus or an Artaxerxes, a Mahomet or a Muſtapha.

Such was their condition; and what was the conſequence?—Their ideas became conſonant to their ſervile ſtate, and their words became conſonant to their ſervile ideas. The great diſtinction for ever in their ſight, was that of tyrant and ſlave; the moſt unnatural one conceivable, and the moſt ſuſceptible of pomp and empty exaggeration. Hence they talked of kings as gods; and of themſelves as the meaneſt and moſt abject reptiles. Nothing was either great or little in moderation, but every ſentiment was heightened by incredible hyperbole. Thus, though they ſometimes aſcended into the great and magnificent †, they as frequently degenerated into the tumid and bombaſt. The Greeks too of Aſia became infected by their neighbours, who were often, at times, not only their neighbours, but their maſters; and hence that luxuriance of the Aſiatic ſtyle, unknown to the chaſte eloquence and purity of Athens. But of the Greeks we forbear to ſpeak now, as we ſhall ſpeak of them more fully, when we have firſt conſidered the nature or genius of the Romans.

And what ſort of people may we pronounce the Romans?—A nation engaged in wars and commotions, ſome foreign, ſome domeſtic, which for ſeven hundred years wholly engroſſed their thoughts. Hence therefore their language became, like their ideas, copious in all terms expreſſive of things political, and well adapted to the purpoſes both of hiſtory and popular eloquence.——But what was their philoſophy?—As a nation it was none, if we may credit their ableſt writers. And hence the unfitneſs of their language to this ſubject; a defect, which even Cicero is compelled to confeſs, and more fully makes appear, when he writes philoſophy himſelf, from the number of terms which he is obliged to invent ‡. Virgil ſeems to have judged the moſt truly of his countrymen, when, knowledging the difficulty of writing philoſophy in Latin, both from the poverty of the tongue, and from the novelty of the ſubject.

> Nec me animi fallit, Graiorum obſcura reperta
> Difficile inluſtrare Latinis verſibus eſſe,
> (Multa novis rebus præſertim quum ſit agendum,)
> Propter egeſtatem linguæ et rerum novitatem;
> Sed tua me virtus tamen, et ſperata voluptas
> Suavis amicitiæ quemvis perferre laborem
> Suadet—— Lucr. l. 237.

In the ſame age, Varro, among his numerous works, wrote ſome in the way of philoſophy; as did the patriot Brutus a treatiſe concerning virtue, much applauded by Cicero; but theſe works are now loſt.

Soon after the writers above mentioned came Horace, ſome of whoſe ſatires and epiſtles may be juſtly ranked among the moſt valuable pieces of Latin philoſophy, whether we conſider the purity of their ſtyle, or the great addreſs with which they treat the ſubject.

After Horace, though with as long an interval as from the days of Auguſtus to thoſe of Nero, came the ſatiriſt Perſius, the friend and diſciple of the ſtoic Cornutus; to whoſe precepts, as he did honour by his virtuous life, ſo his works, though ſmall, ſhew an early proficiency in the ſcience of morals. Of him it may be ſaid that he is almoſt the ſingle difficult writer among the Latin claſſics, whoſe meaning has ſufficient merit &c.

* For the Barbarians, by being more ſlaviſh in their manners than the Greeks, and thoſe of Aſia than thoſe of Europe, ſubmit to deſpotic government without murmuring or diſcontent. Ariſt. Polit. III. 4.

† The trueſt ſublime of the Eaſt may be found in the ſcriptures, of which perhaps the principal cauſe is the intrinſic greatneſs of the ſubject there treated; the creation of the univerſe, the diſpenſations of divine providence, &c.

‡ See Cic. de Fin. I. C. 1, 2, 3. III. C. 1, 2. 4, &c. but in particular Tuſc. Diſp. I. 3. where he ſays, "Philoſophia jacuit uſque ad hanc ætatem, nec ullum habuit lumen literarum Latinarum; quæ illuſtranda & excitanda nobis eſt; ut ſi," &c. See alſo Tuſc. Diſp. IV. 3. and Acad. 1. 2. where it appears, that until Cicero applied himſelf to the writing of philoſophy, the Romans had nothing of the kind in their language, except ſome mean performances of Amafanius the Epicurean, and others of the ſame ſect. How far the Romans were indebted to Cicero for philoſophy, and with what induſtry, as well as eloquence, he cultivated the ſubject, may be ſeen not only from the titles of thoſe works that are now loſt, but much more from the many noble ones ſtill fortunately preſerved.

The Epicurean poet Lucretius, who flouriſhed nearly at the ſame time, ſeems by his ſilence to have overlooked the Latin writers of his own ſect; deriving all his philoſophy, as well as Cicero, from Grecian ſources; and, like him, ac-

when, admitting their inferiority in the more elegant arts, he concludes at laſt, with his uſual majeſty.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
(Hæ tibi erunt artes) paciſque imponere morem,
Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos.

From conſidering the Romans, let us paſs to the Greeks. The Grecian commonwealths, while they maintained their liberty, were the moſt heroic confederacy that ever exiſted. They were the politeſt, the braveſt, and the wiſeſt, of men. In the ſhort ſpace of little more than a century they became ſuch ſtateſmen, warriors, orators, hiſtorians, phyſicians, poets, critics, painters, ſculptors, architects, and (laſt of all) philoſophers, that one can hardly help conſidering that golden period, as a providential event in honour of human nature, to ſhew to what perfection the ſpecies might aſcend *.

Now

to make it worth while to labour through his obſcurities.

In the ſame degenerate and tyrannic period lived alſo Seneca; whoſe character, both as a man and a writer, is diſcuſſed with great accuracy by the noble author of the Characteriſtics, to whom we refer.

Under a milder dominion, that of Hadrian and the Antonines, lived Aulus Gellius, or (as ſome call him) Agellius, an entertaining writer in the miſcellaneous way, well ſkilled in criticiſm and antiquity; who, though he can hardly be entitled to the name of a philoſopher, yet deſerves not to paſs unmentioned here, from the curious fragments of philoſophy interſperſed in his works.

With Aulus Gellius we range Macrobius, not becauſe a contemporary (for he is ſuppoſed to have lived under Honorius and Theodoſius) but from his near reſemblance, in the character of a writer. His works, like the other's, are miſcellaneous; filled with mythology and ancient literature, ſome philoſophy being intermixed. His Commentary upon the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero may be conſidered as wholly of the philoſophical kind.

In the ſame age with Aulus Gellius, flouriſhed Apuleius of Madura in Africa, a Platonic writer, whoſe matter in general far exceeds his perplexed and affected ſtyle, too conformable to the falſe rhetoric of the age when he lived.

Of the ſame country, but of a later age, and a harſher ſtyle, was Martianus Capella, if indeed he deſerve not the name rather of a philologiſt, than of a philoſopher.

After Capella we may rank Chalcidius the Platonic, though both his age, and country, and religion, are doubtful. His manner of writing is rather more agreeable than that of the two preceding, nor does he appear to be their inferior in the knowledge of philoſophy, his work being a laudable commentary upon the Timæus of Plato.

The laſt Latin philoſopher was Boëthius, who was deſcended from ſome of the nobleſt of the Roman families, and was conſul in the beginning of the ſixth century. He wrote many philoſophical works, the greater part in the logical way. But his ethic piece, "On the Conſolation of Philoſophy," and which is partly proſe and partly verſe, deſerves great encomiums both for the matter and for the ſtyle; in which laſt he approaches the purity of a far better age than his own, and is in all reſpects preferable to thoſe crabbed Africans already mentioned. By command of Theodoric, king of the Goths, it was the hard fate of this worthy man to ſuffer death; with whom the Latin tongue, and the laſt remains of Roman dignity, may be ſaid to have ſunk in the weſtern world.

There were other Romans, who left philoſophical writings; ſuch as Muſonius Rufus, and the two emperors, Marcus Antoninus and Julian; but as theſe preferred the uſe of the Greek tongue to their own, they can hardly be conſidered among the number of Latin writers.

And ſo much (by way of ſketch) for the Latin authors of philoſophy; a ſmall number for ſo vaſt an empire, if we conſider them as all the product of near ſix ſucceſſive centuries.

* If we except Homer, Heſiod, and the Lyric poets, we hear of few Grecian writers before the expedition of Xerxes. After that monarch had been defeated, and the dread of the Perſian power was at end, the effulgence of the Grecian genius (if I may uſe the expreſſion) broke forth, and ſhone till the time of Alexander the Macedonian, after whom it diſappeared, and never roſe again. This is that golden period ſpoken of above. I do not mean that Greece had not many writers of great merit ſubſequent to that period, and eſpecially of the philoſophic kind; but the great, the ſtriking, the ſublime (call it as you pleaſe) attained at that time to a height, to which it never could aſcend in any after-age.

The ſame kind of fortune befel the people of Rome. When the Punic wars were ended, and Carthage, their dreaded rival, was no more, then, (as Horace informs us) they began to cultivate the politer arts. It was ſoon after this their great orators, and hiſtorians, and poets, aroſe, and Rome, like Greece, had her golden period, which laſted to the death of Octavius Cæſar.

I call theſe two periods, from the two greateſt geniuſes that flouriſhed in each, one the Socratic period, the other the Ciceronian.

There are ſtill farther analogies ſubſiſting between them. Neither period commenced, as long as ſolicitude for the common welfare engaged men's attentions, and ſuch wars impended as threatened their deſtruction by foreigners and barbarians. But when once theſe fears were over, a general ſecurity ſoon enſued, and inſtead of attending to the arts of defence and ſelf-preſervation, they began to cultivate thoſe of ele-

Now the language of theſe Greeks was truly like themſelves; it was conformable to their tranſcendant and univerſal genius. Where matter ſo abounded, words followed of courſe, and thoſe exquiſite in every kind, as the ideas for which they ſtood. And hence it followed, there was not a ſubject to be found which could not with propriety be expreſſed in Greek.

Here were words and numbers for the humour of an Ariſtophanes; for the native elegance of a Philemon or Menander; for the amorous ſtrains of a Mimnermus or Sappho; for the rural lays of a Theocritus or Bion; and for the ſublime conceptions of a Sophocles or Homer. The ſame in proſe. Here Iſocrates was enabled to diſplay his art, in all the accuracy of periods and the nice counterpoiſe of diction. Here Demoſthenes found materials for that nervous compoſition, that manly force of unaffected eloquence, which ruſhed like a torrent, too impetuous to be withſtood.

Who were more different in exhibiting their philoſophy, than Xenophon, Plato, and his diſciple Ariſtotle? Different, I ſay, in their character of compoſition; for, as to their philoſophy itſelf, it was in reality the ſame. Ariſtotle, ſtrict, methodic, and orderly; ſubtle in thought, ſparing in ornament; with little addreſs to the paſſions or imagination; but exhibiting the whole with ſuch a pregnant brevity, that in every ſentence we ſeem to read a page. How exquiſitely is this all performed in Greek! Let thoſe, who imagine it may be done as well in another language, ſatisfy themſelves, either by attempting to tranſlate him, or by peruſing his tranſlations already made by men of learning. On the contrary, when we read either Xenophon or Plato, nothing of this method and ſtrict order appears. The formal and didactic is wholly dropt. Whatever they may teach, it is without profeſſing to be teachers; a train of dialogue and truly polite addreſs, in which, as in a mirror, we behold human life adorned in all its colours of ſentiment and manners.

And yet, though theſe differ in this manner from the Stagyrite, how different are they likewiſe in character from each other? —Plato, copious, figurative, and majeſtic; intermixing at times the facetious and ſatiric; enriching his works with tales and fables, and the myſtic theology of ancient times. Xenophon, the pattern of perfect ſimplicity: every where ſmooth, harmonious and pure; declining the figurative, the marvellous, and the myſtic; aſcending but rarely into the ſublime; nor then ſo much truſting to the colours of ſtyle, as to the intrinſic dignity of the ſentiment itſelf.

The language, in the mean time, in which he and Plato wrote, appears to ſuit ſo accurately with the ſtyle of both, that, when we read either of the two, we cannot help thinking, that it is he alone who has

gance and pleaſure. Now, as theſe naturally produced a kind of wanton inſolence (not unlike the vicious temper of high-fed animals) ſo by this the bands of union were inſenſibly diſſolved. Hence then, among the Greeks, that fatal Peloponneſian war, which, together with other wars, its immediate conſequence, broke the confederacy of their commonwealths; waſted their ſtrength; made them jealous of each other; and thus paved a way for the contemptible kingdom of Macedon to enſlave them all, and aſcend in a few years to univerſal monarchy.

A like luxuriance of proſperity ſowed diſcord among the Romans; raiſed thoſe unhappy conteſts between the ſenate and the Gracchi; between Sylla and Marius; between Pompey and Cæſar; till at length, after the laſt ſtruggle for liberty by thoſe brave patriots, Brutus and Caſſius at Philippi, and the ſubſequent defeat of Antony at Actium, the Romans became ſubject to the dominion of a fellow citizen.

It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that after Alexander and Octavius had eſtabliſhed their monarchies, there were many bright geniuſes, who were eminent under their government. Ariſtotle maintained a friendſhip and epiſtolary correſpondence with Alexander. In the time of the ſame monarch lived Theophraſtus, and the cynic Diogenes. Then alſo Demoſthenes and Æſchines ſpoke their two celebrated orations. So likewiſe, in the time of Octavius, Virgil wrote his Æneid, and with Horace, Varius, and many other fine writers, partook of his protection and royal munificence. But then it muſt be remembered, that theſe men were bred and educated in the principles of a free government. It was hence they derived that high and manly ſpirit which made them the admiration of after-ages. The ſucceſſors and forms of government left by Alexander and Octavius, ſoon ſtopt the growth of any thing farther in the kind. So true is that noble ſaying of Longinus—Θρέψαι τε γὰρ ἱκανὴ τὰ φρονήματα τῶν μεγαλοφρόνων ἡ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑ, καὶ ἐπελπίσαι, καὶ ἅμα διωθεῖν τὸ πρόθυμον τῆς πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔριδος, καὶ τῆς περὶ τὰ πρωτεῖα φιλοτιμίας. "It is liberty that is formed to nurſe the ſentiments of great geniuſes; to inſpire them with hope; to puſh forward the propenſity of conteſt one with another, and the generous emulation of being the firſt in rank." De Subl. Sect. 44.

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hit its character, and that it could not have appeared so elegant in any other manner.

And thus is the Greek tongue, from its propriety and universality, made for all that is great and all that is beautiful, in every subject and under every form of writing;

Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui.

It were to be wished, that those amongst us, who either write or read with a view to employ their liberal leisure (for as to such as do either from views more sordid, we leave them, like slaves, to their destined drudgery) it were to be wished, I say, that the liberal, (if they have a relish for letters) would inspect the finished models of Grecian literature; that they would not waste those hours, which they cannot recal, upon the meaner productions of the French and English press; upon that fungous growth of novels and of pamphlets, where it is to be feared, they rarely find any rational pleasure, and more rarely still any solid improvement.

To be competently skilled in ancient learning is by no means a work of such insuperable pains. The very progress itself is attended with delight, and resembles a journey through some pleasant country, where, every mile we advance, new charms arise. It is certainly as easy to be a scholar, as a gamester, or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The same application, the same quantity of habit, will fit us for one as completely as for the other. And as to those who tell us, with an air of seeming wisdom, that it is men, and not books, we must study to become knowing; this I have always remarked, from repeated experience, to be the common consolation and language of dunces. They shelter their ignorance under a few bright examples, whose transcendent abilities, without the common helps, have been sufficient of themselves to great and important ends. But, alas!

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile—

In truth, each man's understanding, when ripened and mature, is a composite of natural capacity, and of superinduced habit. Hence the greatest men will be necessarily those who possess the best capacities, cultivated with the best habits. Hence also moderate capacities, when adorned with valuable science, will far transcend others the most acute by nature, when either neglected, or applied to low and base purposes. And thus, for the honour of culture and good learning, they are able to render a man, if he will take the pains, intrinsically more excellent than his natural superiors.

Harris.

§ 207. *History of the Limits and Extent of The Middle Age.*

When the magnitude of the Roman empire grew enormous, and there were two imperial cities, Rome and Constantinople, then that happened which was natural; out of one empire it became two, distinguished by the different names of the Western, and the Eastern.

The Western empire soon sunk. So early as in the fifth century, Rome, once the mistress of nations, beheld herself at the feet of a Gothic sovereign. The Eastern Empire lasted many centuries longer, and, though often impaired by external enemies, and weakened as often by internal factions, yet still it retained traces of its ancient splendor, resembling, in the language of Virgil, some fair but faded flower.

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recessit. VIRG.

At length, after various plunges and various escapes, it was totally annihilated in the fifteenth century by the victorious arms of Mahomet the Great.

The interval between the fall of these two empires (the Western or Latin in the fifth century, the Eastern or Grecian in the fifteenth) making a space of near a thousand years, constitutes what we call the Middle Age.

Dominion passed during this interval into the hands of rude, illiterate men: men who conquered more by multitude than by military skill; and who, having little or no taste either for sciences or arts, naturally despised those things from which they had reaped no advantage.

This was the age of Monkery and Legends; of Leonine verses, (that is, of bad Latin put into Rhime;) of projects to decide truth by ploughshares and battoons; of crusades, to conquer infidels, and extirpate heretics; of princes deposed, not as Crœsus was by Cyrus, but by one who had no armies, and who did not even wear a sword.

Different portions of this age have been distinguished by different descriptions: such as Sæculum Monotheleticum, Sæculum Iconoclasticum, Sæculum Obscurum, Sæculum

lum Ferreum, Sæculum Hildibrandinum, &c. ſtrange names it muſt be confeſt, ſome more obvious, others leſs ſo, yet none tending to furniſh us with any high or promiſing ideas.

And yet we muſt acknowledge, for the honour of humanity and of its great and divine Author, who never forſakes it, that ſome ſparks of intellect were at all times viſible, through the whole of this dark and dreary period. It is here we muſt look for the taſte and literature of the times.

The few who were enlightened, when arts and ſciences were thus obſcured, may be ſaid to have happily maintained the continuity of knowledge; to have been (if I may uſe the expreſſion) like the twilight of a ſummer's night; that auſpicious gleam between the ſetting and the riſing ſun, which, though it cannot retain the luſtre of the day, helps at leaſt to ſave us from the totality of darkneſs. *Harris.*

§ 208. *An Account of the Deſtruction of the Alexandrian Library.*

"When Alexandria was taken by the "Mahometans, Amrus, their commander, "found there Philoponus, whoſe converſation highly pleaſed him, as Amrus was "a lover of letters, and Philoponus a learned "man. On a certain day Philoponus ſaid "to him: 'You have viſited all the re"poſitories or public warehouſes in Alex"andria, and you have ſealed up things of "every ſort that are found there. As to "thoſe things that may be uſeful to you, I "preſume to ſay nothing; but as to things "of no ſervice to you, ſome of them per"haps may be more ſuitable to me.' Amrus "ſaid to him: 'And what is it you "want?' 'The philoſophical books (re"plied he) preſerved in the royal libraries.' "'This (ſaid Amrus) is a requeſt upon "which I cannot decide. You deſire a "thing where I can iſſue no orders till I "have leave from Omar, the commander "of the faithful.'—Letters were accordingly written to Omar, informing him of "what Philoponus had ſaid; and an"ſwer was returned by Omar, to the fol"lowing purport: 'As to the books of "which you have made mention, if there "be contained in them what accords with "the book of God (meaning the Alcoran) "there is without them, in the book of "God, all that is ſufficient. But if there "be any thing in them repugnant to that "book, we in no reſpect want them. Order "them therefore to be all deſtroyed.' Amrus, upon this, ordered them to be diſ"perſed through the baths of Alexandria, "and to be there burnt in making the "baths warm. After this manner, in the "ſpace of ſix months, they were all con"ſumed."

The hiſtorian, having related the ſtory, adds from his own feelings, "Hear what "was done, and wonder!"

Thus ended this noble library; and thus began, if it did not begin ſooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance. *Ibid.*

§ 209. *A ſhort hiſtorical Account of* Athens, *from the Time of her* Persian *Triumphs to that of her becoming ſubject to the* Turks.—*Sketch, during this long Interval, of her Political and Literary State; of her Philoſophers; of her Gymnaſia; of her good and bad Fortune, &c. &c.—Manners of the preſent Inhabitants.—Olives and Honey.*

When the Athenians had delivered themſelves from the tyranny of Piſiſtratus, and after this had defeated the vaſt efforts of the Perſians, and that againſt two ſucceſſive invaders, Darius and Xerxes, they may be conſidered as at the ſummit of their national glory. For more than half a century afterwards they maintained, without controul, the ſovereignty of Greece *.

As their taſte was naturally good, arts of every kind ſoon roſe among them, and flouriſhed. Valour had given them reputation; reputation gave them an aſcendant; and that aſcendant produced a ſecurity, which left their minds at eaſe, and gave them leiſure to cultivate every thing liberal or elegant.

It was then that Pericles adorned the city with temples, theatres, and other beautiful public buildings. Phidias, the great ſculptor, was employed as his architect; who, when he had erected edifices, adorned them himſelf, and added ſtatues and baſſo-relievos, the admiration of every beholder. It was then that Polygnotus and Myro painted; that Sophocles and Euripides wrote; and, not long after, that they ſaw the divine Socrates.

Human affairs are by nature prone to change; and ſtates, as well as individuals, are born to decay. Jealouſy and ambition inſenſibly fomented wars; and ſucceſs in theſe wars, as in others, was often various. The military ſtrength of the Athenians was

* For theſe hiſtorical facts conſult the ancient and modern authors of Grecian hiſtory.

firſt

firſt impaired by the Lacedemonians; after that, it was again humiliated, under Epaminondas, by the Thebans; and, laſt of all, it was wholly cruſhed by the Macedonian Philip.

But though their political ſovereignty was loſt, yet, happily for mankind, their love of literature and arts did not ſink along with it.

Juſt at the cloſe of their golden days of empire, flouriſhed Xenophon and Plato, the diſciples of Socrates; and from Plato deſcended that race of philoſophers called the Old Academy.

Ariſtotle, who was Plato's diſciple, may be ſaid not to have invented a new philoſophy, but rather to have tempered the ſublime and rapturous myſteries of his maſter with method, order, and a ſtricter mode of reaſoning.

Zeno, who was himſelf alſo educated in the principles of Platoniſm, only differed from Plato in the comparative eſtimate of things, allowing nothing to be intrinſically good but virtue, nothing intrinſically bad but vice, and conſidering all other things to be in themſelves indifferent.

He too, and Ariſtotle, accurately cultivated logic, but in different ways: for Ariſtotle chiefly dwelt upon the ſimple ſyllogiſm; Zeno upon that which is derived out of it, the compound or hypothetic. Both too, as well as other philoſophers, cultivated rhetoric along with logic; holding a knowledge in both to be requiſite for thoſe who think of addreſſing mankind with all the efficacy of perſuaſion. Zeno elegantly illuſtrated the force of theſe two powers by a ſimile, taken from the hand: the cloſe power of logic he compared to the fiſt, or hand compreſt; the diffuſe power of logic, to the palm, or hand open.

I ſhall mention but two ſects more, the New Academy, and the Epicurean.

The New Academy, ſo called from the Old Academy (the name given to the ſchool of Plato) was founded by Arceſilas, and ably maintained by Carneades. From a miſtaken imitation of the great parent of philoſophy, Socrates, (particularly as he appears in the dialogues of Plato) becauſe Socrates doubted ſome things, therefore Arceſilas and Carneades doubted all.

Epicurus drew from another ſource; Democritus had taught him atoms and a void. By the fortuitous concourſe of atoms he fancied he could form a world, while by a feigned veneration he complimented away his gods, and totally denied their providential care, leſt the trouble of it ſhould impair their uninterrupted ſtate of bliſs. Virtue he recommended, though not for the ſake of virtue, but pleaſure; pleaſure, according to him, being our chief and ſovereign good. It muſt be confeſt, however, that though his principles were erroneous, and even bad, never was a man more temperate and humane; never was a man more beloved by his friends, or more cordially attached to them in affectionate eſteem.

We have already mentioned the alliance between philoſophy and rhetoric. This cannot be thought wonderful, if rhetoric be the art by which men are perſuaded, and if men cannot be perſuaded without a knowledge of human nature: for what, but philoſophy, can procure us this knowledge?

It was for this reaſon the ableſt Greek philoſophers not only taught (as we hinted before) but wrote alſo treatiſes upon rhetoric. They had a farther inducement, and that was the intrinſic beauty of their language, as it was then ſpoken among the learned and polite. They would have been aſhamed to have delivered philoſophy, as it has been too often delivered ſince, in compoſitions as clumſy as the common dialect of the mere vulgar.

The ſame love of elegance, which made them attend to their ſtyle, made them attend even to the places where their philoſophy was taught.

Plato delivered his lectures in a place ſhaded with groves, on the banks of the river Iliſſus; and which, as it once belonged to a perſon called Academus, was called after his name, the Academy. Ariſtotle choſe another ſpot of a ſimilar character, where there were trees and ſhade; a ſpot called the Lycæum. Zeno taught in a portico or colonnade, diſtinguiſhed from other buildings of that ſort (of which the Athenians had many) by the name of the Variegated Portico, the walls being decorated with various paintings of Polygnotus and Myro, two capital maſters of that tranſcendent period. Epicurus addreſſed his hearers in thoſe well-known gardens called, after his own name, the gardens of Epicurus.

Some of theſe places gave names to the doctrines which were taught there. Plato's philoſophy took its name of Academic, from the Academy; that of Zeno was called the Stoic, from a Greek word ſignifying a portico.

The ſyſtem indeed of Ariſtotle was not denominated from the place, but was called

Peripatetic, from the manner in which he taught; from his walking about at the time when he diſſerted. The term Epicurean philoſophy needs no explanation.

Open air, ſhade, water, and pleaſant walks, ſeem above all things to favour that exerciſe the beſt ſuited to contemplation, I mean gentle walking, without inducing fatigue. The many agreeable walks in and about Oxford may teach my own countrymen the truth of this aſſertion, and beſt explain how Horace lived, while a ſtudent at Athens, employed (as he tells us)

——inter ſilvas Academi quærere verum.

Theſe places of public inſtitution were called among the Greeks by the name of Gymnaſia, in which, whatever that word might have originally meant, were taught all thoſe exerciſes, and all thoſe arts which tended to cultivate not only the body but the mind. As man was a being conſiſting of both, the Greeks could not conſider that education as complete in which both were not regarded, and both properly formed. Hence their Gymnaſia, with reference to this double end, were adorned with two ſtatues, thoſe of Mercury and of Hercules; the corporeal accompliſhments being patronized (as they ſuppoſed) by the God of ſtrength, the mental accompliſhments, by the God of ingenuity.

It is to be feared, that many places, now called Academies, ſcarce deſerve the name upon this extenſive plan, if the profeſſors teach no more than how to dance, fence, and ride upon horſes.

It was for the cultivation of every liberal accompliſhment that Athens was celebrated (as we have ſaid) during many centuries, long after her political influence was loſt, and at an end.

When Alexander the Great died, many tyrants, like many hydras, immediately ſprung up. Athens then, though ſhe ſtill maintained the form of her ancient government, was perpetually checked and humiliated by their inſolence. Antipater deſtroyed her orators, and ſhe was ſacked by Demetrius. At length ſhe became ſubject to the all-powerful Romans, and found the cruel Sylla her ſevereſt enemy.

His face (which perhaps indicated his manners) was of a purple red, intermixed with white. This circumſtance could not eſcape the witty Athenians: they deſcribed him in a verſe, and ridiculouſly ſaid,

Sylla's face is a mulberry, ſprinkled with meal.

The devaſtations and carnage which he cauſed ſoon after, gave them too much reaſon to repent their ſarcaſm.

The civil war between Cæſar and Pompey ſoon followed, and their natural love of liberty made them ſide with Pompey. Here again they were unfortunate, for Cæſar conquered. But Cæſar did not treat them like Sylla. With that clemency, which made ſo amiable a part of his character, he diſmiſſed them, by a fine alluſion to their illuſtrious anceſtors, ſaying, 'that 'he ſpared the living for the ſake of the 'dead.'

Another ſtorm followed ſoon after this, the wars of Brutus and Caſſius with Auguſtus and Antony. Their partiality for liberty did not here forſake them; they took part in the conteſt with the two patriot Romans, and erected their ſtatues near their own ancient deliverers, Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, who had ſlain Hipparchus. But they were ſtill unhappy, for their enemies triumphed.

They made their peace however with Auguſtus; and, having met afterwards with different treatment under different emperors, ſometimes favourable, ſometimes harſh, and never more ſevere than under Veſpaſian, their oppreſſions were at length relieved by the virtuous Nerva and Trajan.

Mankind, during the interval which began from Nerva, and which extended to the death of that beſt of emperors, Marcus Antoninus, felt a reſpite from thoſe evils which they had ſo ſeverely felt before, and which they felt ſo ſeverely revived under Commodus, and his wretched ſucceſſors.

Athens, during the above golden period, enjoyed more than all others the general felicity, for ſhe found in Adrian ſo generous a benefactor, that her citizens could hardly help eſteeming him a ſecond founder. He reſtored their old privileges, gave them new; repaired their ancient buildings, and added others of his own. Marcus Antoninus, although he did not do ſo much, ſtill continued to ſhew them his benevolent attention.

If from this period we turn our eyes back, we ſhall find, for centuries before, that Athens was the place of education, not only for Greeks, but for Romans. 'Twas hither that Horace was ſent by his father; 'twas here that Cicero put his ſon Marcus under Cratippus, one of the ableſt philoſophers then belonging to that city.

The ſects of philoſophers which we have already deſcribed, were ſtill exiſting when St. Paul came thither. We cannot enough admire

admire the ſuperior eloquence of that apoſtle, in his manner of addreſſing ſo intelligent an audience. We cannot enough admire the ſublimity of his exordium; the propriety of his mentioning an altar which he had found there; and his quotation from Aratus, one of their well-known poets. Acts xvii. 22.

Nor was Athens only celebrated for the reſidence of philoſophers, and the inſtitution of youth: Men of rank and fortune found pleaſure in a retreat which contributed ſo much to their liberal enjoyment.

The friend and correſpondent of Cicero, T. Pomponius, from his long attachment to this city and country, had attained ſuch a perfection in its arts and language, that he acquired to himſelf the additional name of Atticus. This great man may be ſaid to have lived during times of the worſt and cruelleſt factions. His youth was ſpent under Sylla and Marius; the middle of his life during all the ſanguinary ſcenes that followed; and when he was old, he ſaw the proſcriptions of Antony and Octavius. Yet though Cicero and a multitude more of the beſt men periſhed, he had the good fortune to ſurvive every danger. Nor did he ſeek a ſafety for himſelf alone: his virtue ſo recommended him to the leaders of every ſide, that he was able to ſave not himſelf alone, but the lives and fortunes of many of his friends.

When we look to this amiable character, we may well ſuppoſe, that it was not merely for amuſement that he choſe to live at Athens; but rather that, by reſiding there, he might ſo far realize philoſophy, as to employ it for the conduct of life, and not merely for oſtentation.

Another perſon, during a better period (that I mean between Nerva and Marcus Antoninus), was equally celebrated for his affection to this city. By this perſon I mean Herodes Atticus, who acquired the laſt name from the ſame reaſons for which it had formerly been given to Pomponius.

We have remarked already, that viciſſitudes befal both men and cities, and changes too often happen from proſperous to adverſe. Such was the ſtate of Athens, under the ſucceſſors of Alexander, and ſo on from Sylla down to the time of Auguſtus. It ſhared the ſame hard fate with the Roman empire in general, upon the acceſſion of Commodus.

At length, after a certain period, the Barbarians of the North began to pour into the South. Rome was taken by Alaric, and Athens was beſieged by the ſame. Yet here we are informed (at leaſt we learn ſo from hiſtory) that it was miraculouſly ſaved by Minerva and Achilles. The goddeſs, it ſeems, and the hero, both of them appeared, compelling the invader to raiſe the ſiege. *Harris.*

§ 210. *The Account given by* Synesius *of* Athens, *and its ſubſequent Hiſtory.*

Syneſius, who lived in the fifth century, viſited Athens, and gives, in his epiſtles, an account of his viſit. Its luſtre appears at that time to have been greatly diminiſhed. Among other things he informs us, that the celebrated portico or colonnade, the Greek name of which gave name to the ſect of Stoics, had, by an oppreſſive proconſul, been deſpoiled of its fine pictures; and that, on this devaſtation, it had been forſaken by thoſe philoſophers.

In the thirteenth century, when the Grecian empire was cruelly oppreſſed by the cruſaders, and all things in confuſion, Athens was beſieged by one Segurus Leo, who was unable to take it; and, after that, by a Marquis of Montſerrat, to whom it ſurrendered.

Its fortune after this was various; and it was ſometimes under the Venetians, ſometimes under the Catalonians, till Mahomet the Great made himſelf maſter of Conſtantinople. This fatal cataſtrophe (which happened near two thouſand years after the time of Piſiſtratus) brought Athens, and with it all Greece, into the hands of the Turks, under whoſe deſpotic yoke it has continued ever ſince.

The city from this time has been occaſionally viſited, and deſcriptions of it publiſhed by different travellers. Wheeler was there along with Spon, in the time of our Charles the Second, and both of them have publiſhed curious and valuable narratives. Others, as well natives of this iſland as foreigners, have been there ſince, and ſome have given (as Monſr. Le Roy) ſpecious publications of what we are to ſuppoſe they ſaw. None however have equalled the truth, the accuracy, and the elegance of Mr. Stuart, who after having reſided there between three and four years, has given ſuch plans and elevations of the capital buildings now ſtanding, together with learned comments to elucidate every part, that he ſeems, as far as was poſſible for the power of deſcription, to have reſtored the city to its ancient ſplendour.

He has not only given us the greater outlines

lines and their measures, but separate measures and drawings of the minuter decorations; so that a British artist may (if he please) follow Phidias, and build in Britain as Phidias did at Athens.

Spon, speaking of Attica, says, 'that the road near Athens was pleasing, and the very peasants polished.' Speaking of the Athenians in general, he says of them—"ils ont une politesse d'esprit naturelle, & beaucoup d'addresse dans toutes les affaires, qu'ils entreprenent."

Wheeler, who was Spon's fellow-traveller, says as follows, when he and his company approached Athens: "We began now to think ourselves in a more civilized country than we had yet past: for not a shepherd that we met, but bid us welcome, and wished us a good journey." p. 335. Speaking of the Athenians, he adds, "This must with great truth be said of them, their bad fortune hath not been able to take from them what they have by nature, that is, much subtlety or wit." p. 347. And again, "The Athenians, notwithstanding the long possession that barbarism hath had of this place, seem to be much more polished, in point of manners and conversation, than any other in these parts; being civil, and of respectful behaviour to all, and highly complimental in their discourse." p. 356.

Stuart says of the present Athenians, what Spon and Wheeler said of their forefathers;—he found in them the same address, the same natural acuteness, though severely curbed by their despotic masters.

One custom I cannot omit. He tells me, that frequently at their convivial meetings, one of the company takes what they now call a lyre, though it is rather a species of guitar, and after a short prelude on the instrument, as if he were waiting for inspiration, accompanies his instrumental music with his voice, suddenly chanting some extempore verses, which seldom exceed two or three distichs; that he then delivers the lyre to his neighbour, who, after he has done the same, delivers it to another; and that so the lyre circulates, till it has past round the table.

Nor can I forget his informing me, that, notwithstanding the various fortune of Athens, as a city, Attica was still famous for Olives, and Mount Hymettus for Honey. Human institutions perish, but Nature is permanent. *Harris.*

§ 211. *Anecdote of the Modern* GREEKS.

I shall quit the Greeks, after I have related a short narrative; a narrative, so far curious, as it helps to prove, that even among the present Greeks, in the day of servitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not totally extinct.

When the late Mr. Anson (Lord Anson's brother) was upon his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the isle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said with some satisfaction, "There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr. Anson demanded, "What fleet?" "What fleet!" replied the old man (a little piqued at the question) "why our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy*." *Ibid.*

§ 212. *On the different Modes of History.*

The modes indeed of history appear to be different. There is a mode which we may call historical declamation; a mode, where the author, dwelling little upon facts, indulges himself in various and copious reflections.

Whatever good (if any) may be derived from this method, it is not likely to give us much knowledge of facts.

Another mode is that which I call general or rather public history; a mode abundant in facts, where treaties and alliances, battles and sieges, marches and retreats, are accurately detailed; together with dates, descriptions, tables, plans, and all the collateral helps both of chronology and geography.

In this, no doubt, there is utility: yet the sameness of the events resembles not a little the sameness of human bodies. One head, two shoulders, two legs, &c. seem equally to characterise an European and an African; a native of old Rome, and a native of modern.

A third species of history still behind, is that which gives a sample of sentiments and manners.

If the account of these last be faithful, it cannot fail being instructive, since we view through these the interior of human nature. 'Tis by these we perceive what sort of animal man is: so that while not only Europeans are distinguished from Asiatics, but English from French, French from Italians, and (what is still more) every individual from his neighbour; we view at the same time one nature, which is common to them all.

Horace informs us, that a drama, where the sentiments and manners are well pre-

* This story was told the author, Mr. Harris, by Mr. Anson himself.

served,

ſerved, will pleaſe the audience more than a pompous fable, where they are wanting. Perhaps what is true in dramatic compoſition, is not leſs true in hiſtorical.

Plutarch, among the Greek hiſtorians, appears in a peculiar manner to have merited this praiſe.

Nor ought I to omit (as I ſhall ſoon refer to them) ſome of our beſt Monkiſh hiſtorians, though prone upon occaſion to degenerate into the incredible. As they often lived during the times which they deſcribed, 'twas natural they ſhould paint the life and the manners which they ſaw.

Harris.

§ 213. *Concerning Natural Beauty; its Idea the ſame in all Times.*—THESSALIAN TEMPE.—*Taſte of* VIRGIL, *and* HORACE—*of* MILTON, *in deſcribing Paradiſe—exhibited of late years firſt in Pictures—thence tranſferred to* ENGLISH *Gardens—not wanting to the enlightened Few of the middle Age—proved in* LELAND, PETRARCH, *and* SANNAZARIUS.—*Compariſon between the Younger* CYRUS, *and* PHILIP LE BEL *of* FRANCE.

Let us paſs for a moment from the elegant works of Art, to the more elegant works of Nature. The two ſubjects are ſo nearly allied, that the ſame taſte uſually reliſhes them both.

Now there is nothing more certain, than that the face of inanimate nature has been at all times captivating. The vulgar, indeed, look no farther than to ſcenes of culture, becauſe all their views merely terminate in utility. They only remark, that 'tis fine barley; that 'tis rich clover; as an ox or an aſs, if they could ſpeak, would inform us. But the liberal have nobler views; and though they give to culture its due praiſe, they can be delighted with natural beauties, where culture was never known.

Ages ago they have celebrated with enthuſiaſtic rapture, "a deep retired vale, "with a river ruſhing through it; a vale "having its ſides formed by two immenſe "and oppoſite mountains, and thoſe ſides "diverſified by woods, precipices, rocks, "and romantic caverns." Such was the ſcene produced by the river Peneus, as it ran between the mountains Olympus and Oſſa, in that well-known vale the Theſſalian Tempe.

Virgil and Horace, the firſt for taſte among the Romans, appear to have been enamoured with the beauties of this character. Horace prayed for a villa, where there was a garden, a rivulet, and above theſe a little grove:

> Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
> Et paulùm ſylvæ ſuper his foret.
>
> Sat. VI. 2.

Virgil wiſhed to enjoy rivers and woods, and to be hid under an immenſe ſhade in the cool valleys of mount Hæmus——

> —O! qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
> Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?
>
> Georg. II. 486.

The great elements of this ſpecies of beauty, according to theſe principles, were water, wood, and uneven ground; to which may be added a fourth, that is to ſay, lawn. 'Tis the happy mixture of theſe four that produces every ſcene of natural beauty, as 'tis a more myſterious mixture of other elements (perhaps as ſimple, and not more in number) that produces a world or univerſe.

Virgil and Horace having been quoted, we may quote, with equal truth, our great countryman, Milton. Speaking of the flowers of Paradiſe, he calls them flowers,

> ——which not nice Art
> In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon
> Pours forth profuſe on hill, and dale, and plain.
>
> P. L. IV. 245.

Soon after this he ſubjoins—

> ——this was the place,
> A happy rural ſeat, of various view.

He explains this variety, by recounting the lawns, the flocks, the hillocks, the valleys, the grots, the waterfalls, the lakes, &c. &c. And in another book, deſcribing the approach of Raphael, he informs us, that this divine meſſenger paſt

> ——through groves of myrrh,
> And flow'ring odors, caſſia, nard, and balm,
> A wilderneſs of ſweets; for nature here
> Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
> Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
> Wild above rule or art, enormous bliſs!——
>
> IV. 292.

The painters in the preceding century ſeem to have felt the power of theſe elements, and to have transferred them into their landſcapes with ſuch amazing force, that they appear not ſo much to have followed as to have emulated nature. Claude de Lorraine, the Pouſſins, Salvator Roſa, and a few more, may be called ſuperior artiſts in this exquiſite taſte.

Our gardens in the mean time were taſteleſs

leſs and inſipid. Thoſe who made them thought the farther they wandered from nature, the nearer they approached the ſublime. Unfortunately, where they travelled, no ſublime was to be found; and the farther they went, the farther they left it behind.

But perfection, alas! was not the work of a day. Many prejudices were to be removed; many gradual aſcents to be made; aſcents from bad to good, and from good to better, before the delicious amenities of a Claude or a Pouſſin could be rivalled in a Stour-head, a Hagley, or a Stow; or the tremendous charms of a Salvator Roſa be equalled in the ſcenes of a Piercefield, or a Mount Edgecumb.

Not however to forget the ſubject of our inquiry.—Though it was not before the preſent century, that we eſtabliſhed a chaſter taſte; though our neighbours at this inſtant are but learning it from us; and though to the vulgar every where it is totally incomprehenſible (be they vulgar in rank, or vulgar in capacity): yet, even in the darkeſt periods we have been treating, periods when taſte is often thought to have been loſt, we ſhall ſtill diſcover an enlightened few, who were by no means inſenſible to the power of theſe beauties.

How warmly does Leland deſcribe Guy's Cliff; Sannazarius, his villa of Mergilline; and Petrarch, his favourite Vaucluſe!

Take Guy's Cliff from Leland in his own old Engliſh, mixt with Latin—"It is a "place meet for the Muſes; there is ſy- "lence; a praty wood; antra in vivo ſaxo "(grottos in the living rock); the river "rolling over the ſtones with a praty "noyſe." His Latin is more elegant— "Nemuſculum ibidem opacum, fontes li- "quidi et gemmei, prata, florida, antra "muſcoſa, rivi levis et per ſaxa decurſus, "necnon ſolitudo et quies Muſis amiciſ- "ſima."—Vol. iv. p. 66.

Mergilline, the villa of Sannazarius, near Naples, is thus ſketched in different parts of his poems:

Exciſo in ſcopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Deſpiciens, celſo ſe culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautiſque procul venientibus offert.
Sannaz. De partu Virgin. I. 25.

Rupis O! ſacræ, pelagique cuſtos,
Villa, Nympharum cuſtos et propinquæ
Doridos———.
Tu mihi ſolos nemorum receſſus
Das, et hærentes per opaca lauros
Saxa: Tu, fontes, Aganippedumque
Antra recludis.
Ejuſd. Epigr. I. 2.

———quæque in primis mihi grata miniſtrat
Otia, Muſarumque cavas per ſaxa latebras,
Mergillina; novos fundunt ubi citria flores,
Citria, Medorum ſacros referentia lucos.
Ejuſd. De partu Virgin. III. ſub. fin.

De Fonte Mergillino.

Eſt mihi rivo vitreus perenni
Fons, arenoſum prope littus, unde
Sæpè deſcendens ſibi nauta rores
Haurit amicos, &c.
Ejuſd. Epigr. II. 36.

It would be difficult to tranſlate theſe elegant morſels.—It is ſufficient to expreſs what they mean, collectively—"that the "villa of Mergillina had ſolitary woods; "had groves of laurel and citron; had "grottos in the rock, with rivulets and "ſprings; and that from its lofty ſituation "it looked down upon the ſea, and com- "manded an extenſive proſpect."

It is no wonder that ſuch a villa ſhould enamour ſuch an owner. So ſtrong was his affection for it, that when, during the ſubſequent wars in Italy, it was demoliſhed by the imperial troops, this unfortunate event was ſuppoſed to have haſtened his end.

Vaucluſe (Vallis Clauſa) the favourite retreat of Petrarch, was a romantic ſcene, not far from Avignon.

"It is a valley, having on each hand, "as you enter, immenſe cliffs, but cloſed "up at one of its ends by a ſemicircular "ridge of them; from which incident it "derives its name. One of the moſt ſtu- "pendous of theſe cliffs ſtands in the front "of the ſemicircle, and has at its foot an "opening into an immenſe cavern. Within "the moſt retired and gloomy part of this "cavern is a large oval baſon, the produc- "tion of nature, filled with pellucid and "unfathomable water; and from this re- "ſervoir iſſues a river of reſpectable mag- "nitude, dividing, as it runs, the meadows "beneath, and winding through the pre- "cipices that impend from above."

This is an imperfect ſketch of that ſpot, where Petrarch ſpent his time with ſo much delight, as to ſay that this alone was life to him, the reſt but a ſtate of puniſhment.

In the two preceding narratives I ſeem to ſee an anticipation of that taſte for natural beauty, which now appears to flouriſh through Great Britain in ſuch perfection. It is not to be doubted that the owner of Mergillina would have been charmed with Mount Edgecumb; and the owner of Vaucluſe have been delighted with Piercefield.

When

When we read in Xenophon, that the younger Cyrus had with his own hand planted trees for beauty, we are not surprised, though pleased with the story, as the age was polished, and Cyrus an accomplished prince. But when we read, that in the beginning of the 14th century, a king of France (Philip le Bel) should make it penal to cut down a tree, *qui a este gardè pour sa beautè*, 'which had been preserved for its beauty;' though we praise the law, we cannot help being surprised, that the prince should at such a period have been so far enlightened. *Harris.*

§ 214. *Superior Literature and Knowledge both of the Greek and Latin Clergy, whence.—Barbarity and Ignorance of the Laity, whence.—Samples of Lay Manners, in a Story from Anna Comnena's History.—Church Authority ingenuously employed to check Barbarity—the same Authority employed for other good Purposes—to save the poor Jews—to stop Trials by Battle.—More suggested concerning Lay Manners.—Ferocity of the Northern Laymen, whence—different Causes assigned.—Inventions during the dark Ages—great, though the Inventors often unknown.—Inference arising from these Inventions.*

Before I quit the Latins, I shall subjoin two or three observations on the Europeans in general.

The superior characters for literature here enumerated, whether in the Western or Eastern Christendom (for it is of Christendom only we are now speaking) were by far the greatest part of them ecclesiastics.

In this number we have selected from among the Greeks the patriarch of Constantinople, Photius; Michael Psellus; Eustathius and Eustratius, both of episcopal dignity; Planudes; Cardinal Bessario—from among the Latins, venerable Bede; Gerbertus, afterwards Pope Silvester the Second; Ingulphus, Abbot of Croyland; Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours; Peter Abelard; John of Salisbury, Bishop of Chartres; Roger Bacon; Francis Petrarch; many Monkish historians; Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius the Second, &c.

Something has been already said concerning each of these, and other ecclesiastics. At present we shall only remark, that it was necessary, from their very profession, that they should read and write; accomplishments at that time usually confined to themselves.

Those of the Western Church were obliged to acquire some knowledge of Latin; and for Greek, to those of the Eastern Church it was still (with a few corruptions) their native language.

If we add to these preparations their mode of life, which, being attended mostly with a decent competence, gave them immense leisure; it was not wonderful that, among such a multitude, the more meritorious should emerge and soar, by dint of genius, above the common herd. Similar effects proceed from similar causes. The learning of Egypt was possest by their priests; who were likewise left from their institution to a life of leisure.

For the laity, on the other side, who, from their mean education, wanted all these requisites, they were in fact no better than what Dryden calls them, a tribe of Issachar; a race, from their cradle bred in barbarity and ignorance.

A sample of these illustrious laymen may be found in Anna Comnena's history of her father Alexius, who was Grecian emperor in the eleventh century, when the first Crusade arrived at Constantinople. So promiscuous a rout of rude adventurers could not fail of giving umbrage to the Byzantine court, which was stately and ceremonious, and conscious withal of its internal debility.

After some altercation, the court permitted them to pass into Asia through the Imperial territories, upon their leaders taking an oath of fealty to the emperor.

What happened at the performance of this ceremonial, is thus related by the fair historian above mentioned.

" All the commanders being assembled,
" and Godfrey of Bulloign himself among
" the rest, as soon as the oath was finished,
" one of the counts had the audaciousness
" to seat himself beside the emperor upon
" his throne. Earl Baldwin, one of their
" own people, approaching, took the count
" by the hand, made him rise from the
" throne, and rebuked him for his in-
" solence.

" The count rose, but made no reply,
" except it was in his own unknown jargon,
" to mutter abuse upon the emperor.

" When all things were dispatched, the
" emperor sent for this man, and demanded
" who he was, whence he came, and of
" what lineage?—His answer was as fol-
" lows—I am a genuine Frank, and in the
" number of their nobility. One thing I
" know; which is, that in a certain part of
" the country I came from, and in a place
" where three ways meet, there stands an

" ancient

" ancient church, where every one who " has a defire to engage in fingle combat, " having put himfelf into fighting order, " comes, and there implores the aſſiſtance " of the Deity, and then waits in expecta- " tion of fome one that will dare attack " him. On this ſpot I myſelf waited a " long time, expecting and ſeeking ſome " one that would arrive and fight me. But " the man, that would dare this, was no " where to be found.

" The emperor, having heard this " ſtrange narrative, replied pleaſantly— " If at the time when you ſought war, you " could not find it, a ſeaſon is now coming " in which you will find wars enough. I " therefore give you this advice; not to " place yourſelf either in the rear of the " army, or in the front, but to keep " among thoſe who ſupport the centre; for " I have long had knowledge of the Turkiſh " method in their wars."

This was one of thoſe counts, or barons, the petty tyrants of Weſtern Europe; men, who, when they were not engaged in general wars (ſuch as the ravaging of a neighbouring kingdom, the maſſacring of infidels, heretics, &c.) had no other method of filling up their leiſure, than, through help of their vaſſals, by waging war upon one another.

And here the humanity and wiſdom of the church cannot enough be admired, when by her authority (which was then mighty) ſhe endeavoured to ſhorten that ſcene of bloodſhed, which ſhe could not totally prohibit. The truce of God (a name given it purpoſely to render the meaſure more ſolemn) enjoined theſe ferocious beings, under the terrors of excommunication, not to fight from Wedneſday evening to Monday morning, out of reverence to the myſteries accompliſhed on the other four days; the aſcenſion on Thurſday; the crucifixion on Friday; the deſcent to hell on Saturday; and the reſurrection on Sunday.

I hope a farther obſervation will be pardoned, when I add that the ſame humanity prevailed during the fourteenth century, and that the terrors of church power were then held forth with an intent equally laudable. A dreadful plague at that period deſolated all Europe. The Germans, with no better reaſon than their own ſenſeleſs ſuperſtition, imputed this calamity to the Jews, who then lived among them in great opulence and ſplendour. Many thouſands of theſe unhappy people were inhumanly maſſacred, till the pope benevolently interfered, and prohibited, by the ſevereſt bulls, ſo mad and ſanguinary a proceeding.

I could not omit two ſuch ſalutary exertions of church power, as they both occur within the period of this inquiry. I might add a third, I mean the oppoſing and endeavouring to check that abſurdeſt of all practices, the trial by battle, which Spelman expreſsly tells us, that the church in all ages condemned.

It muſt be confeſſed, that the fact juſt related, concerning the unmannered count, at the court of Conſtantinople, is rather againſt the order of Chronology, for it happened during the firſt cruſades. It ſerves, however, to ſhew the manners of the Latin, or Weſtern laity, in the beginning of that holy war. They did not in a ſucceſſion of years, grow better, but worſe.

It was a century after, that another cruſade, in their march againſt the infidels, ſacked this very city; depoſed the then emperor; and committed deva ſtations, which no one would have committed but the moſt ignorant, as well as cruel barbarians.

But a queſtion here occurs, eaſier to propoſe than to anſwer—" To what are we to " attribute this character of ferocity, which " ſeems to have then prevailed through the " laity of Europe?"

Shall we ſay it was climate, and the nature of the country?—Theſe, we muſt confeſs, have, in ſome inſtances, great influence.

The Indians, ſeen a few years ſince by Mr. Byron in the ſouthern parts of South America, were brutal and ſavage to an enormous exceſs. One of them, for a trivial offence, murdered his own child (an infant) by daſhing it againſt the rocks.—The Cyclopes, as deſcribed by Homer, were much of the ſame ſort; each of them gave law to his own family, without regard for one another; and beſides this, they were Atheiſts and Man-eaters.

May we not ſuppoſe, that a ſtormy ſea, together with a frozen, barren, and inhoſpitable ſhore, might work on the imagination of theſe Indians, ſo as, by baniſhing all pleaſing and benign ideas, to fill them with habitual gloom, and a propenſity to be cruel?—Or might not the tremendous ſcenes of Ætna have had a like effect upon the Cyclopes, who lived amid ſmoke, thunderings, eruptions of fire, and earthquakes? If we may believe Fazelius, who wrote upon Sicily about two hundred years ago, the inhabitants near Ætna were in his time a ſimilar race.

If

If therefore these limited regions had such an effect upon their natives, may not a similar effect be presumed from the vast regions of the North? may not its cold, barren, uncomfortable climate, have made its numerous tribes equally rude and savage?

If this be not enough, we may add another cause, I mean their profound ignorance. Nothing mends the mind more than culture; to which these emigrants had no desire, either from example or education, to lend a patient ear.

We may add a farther cause still, which is, that when they had acquired countries better than their own, they settled under the same military form through which they had conquered; and were in fact, when settled, a sort of army after a campaign, quartered upon the wretched remains of the ancient inhabitants, by whom they were attended under the different names of serfs, vassals, villains, &c.

It was not likely the ferocity of these conquerors should abate with regard to their vassals, whom, as strangers, they were more likely to suspect than to love.

It was not likely it should abate with regard to one another, when the neighbourhood of their castles, and the contiguity of their territories, must have given occasions (as we learn from history) for endless altercation. But this we leave to the learned in feudal tenures.

We shall add to the preceding remarks, one more, somewhat singular, and yet perfectly different; which is, that though the darkness in Western Europe, during the period here mentioned, was (in Scripture language) "a darkness that might be felt," yet it is surprising, that during a period so obscure, many admirable inventions found their way into the world; I mean such as clocks, telescopes, paper, gunpowder, the mariner's needle, printing, and a number here omitted.

It is surprising too, if we consider the importance of these arts, and their extensive utility, that it should be either unknown, or at least doubtful, by whom they were invented.

A lively fancy might almost imagine, that every art, as it was wanted, had suddenly started forth, addressing those that sought it, as Eneas did his companions—

——Coram, quem quæritis, adsum. Virg.

And yet, fancy apart, of this we may be assured, that though the particular inventors may unfortunately be forgotten, the inventions themselves are clearly referable to man; to that subtle and active principle, human wit, or ingenuity.

Let me then submit the following query—

If the human mind be as truly of divine origin as every other part of the universe; and if every other part of the universe bear testimony to its author; do not the inventions above mentioned give us reason to assert, that God, in the operations of man, never leaves himself without a witness?

Harris.

§ 215. *Opinions on Past Ages and the Present.—Conclusion arising from the Discussion of these Opinions.—Conclusion of the Whole.*

And now having done with the Middle Age, we venture to say a word upon the Present.

Every past age has in its turn been a present age. This indeed is obvious, but this is not all; for every past age, when present, has been the object of abuse. Men have been represented by their contemporaries not only as bad, but degenerate; as inferior to their predecessors both in morals and bodily powers.

This is an opinion so generally received, that Virgil (in conformity to it) when he would express former times, calls them simply better, as if the term, *better*, implied *former* of course.

Hic genus antiquum Teucri, pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis.
Æn. vi. 648.

The same opinion is ascribed by Homer to old Nestor, when that venerable chief speaks of those heroes whom he had known in his youth. He relates some of their names. Perithous, Dryas, Cæneus, Theseus; and some also of their exploits; as how they had extirpated the savage Centaurs.—He then subjoins,

——κείνοισι δ' ἂν οὔτις,
Τῶν οἱ νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι, μαχέοιτο.
Il. A. 271.

——with these no one
Of earthly race, as men are now, could fight.

As these heroes were supposed to exceed in strength those of the Trojan war, so were the heroes of that period to exceed those that came after. Hence, from the time of the Trojan war to that of Homer, we learn that human strength was decreased by a complete half.

Thus

Thus the ſame Homer,

——— ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρί
Τυδείδης, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ οὐ δύο γ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν,
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσ'· ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος.
Il. E. 302.

Then graſp'd Tydides in his hand a ſtone,
A bulk immenſe, which not two men could bear,
As men are now, but he alone with eaſe
Hurl'd at———

Virgil goes farther, and tells us, that not twelve men of his time (and thoſe too choſen ones) could even carry the ſtone which Turnus flung:

Vix illud lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus:
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hoſtem.
Æn. xii. 899.

Thus human ſtrength, which in Homer's time was leſſened to half, in Virgil's time was leſſened to a twelfth. If ſtrength and bulk (as commonly happens) be proportioned, what pygmies in ſtature muſt the men of Virgil's time have been, when their ſtrength, as he informs us, was ſo far diminiſhed! A man only eight times as ſtrong (and not, according to the poet, twelve times) muſt at leaſt have been between five and ſix feet higher than they were.

But we all know the privilege claimed by poets and painters.

It is in virtue of this privilege that Horace, when he mentions the moral degeneracies of his contemporaries, aſſerts that "their fathers were worſe than their grand-"fathers; that they were worſe than their "fathers; and that their children would be "worſe than they were;" deſcribing no fewer, after the grandfather, than three ſucceſſions of degeneracy:

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorum.
Hor. Od. L. iii. 6.

We need only aſk, were this a fact, what would the Romans have been, had they degenerated in this proportion for five or ſix generations more?

Yet Juvenal, ſubſequent to all this, ſuppoſes a ſimilar progreſſion; a progreſſion in vice and infamy, which was not complete till his own times.

Then truly we learn, it could go no farther:

Nil erit ulterius, noſtris quod moribus addat
Poſteritas, &c.
Omne in præcipiti vitium ſtetit, &c.
Sat. i. 147, &c.

But even Juvenal, it ſeems, was miſtaken, bad as we muſt allow his times to have been. Several centuries after, without regard to Juvenal, the ſame doctrine was inculcated with greater zeal than ever.

When the Weſtern empire began to decline, and Europe and Africa were ravaged by barbarians, the calamities then happening (and formidable they were) naturally led men, who felt them, to eſteem their own age the worſt.

The enemies of Chriſtianity (for Paganiſm was not then extinct) abſurdly turned theſe calamities to the diſcredit of the Chriſtian religion, and ſaid, the times were ſo unhappy, becauſe the gods were diſhonoured, and the ancient worſhip neglected. Oroſius, a Chriſtian, did not deny the melancholy facts, but, to obviate an objection ſo diſhonourable to the true religion, he endeavours to prove from hiſtorians, both ſacred and profane, that calamities of every ſort had exiſted in every age, as many and as great as thoſe that exiſted then.

If Oroſius has reaſoned right (and his work is an elaborate one) it follows, that the lamentations made then, and made ever ſince, are no more than natural declamations incidental to man; declamations naturally ariſing (let him live at any period) from the ſuperior efficacy of preſent events upon preſent ſenſations.

There is a praiſe belonging to the paſt, congenial with this cenſure; a praiſe formed from negatives, and beſt illuſtrated by examples.

Thus a declaimer might aſſert, (ſuppoſing he had a wiſh, by exalting the eleventh century, to debaſe the preſent) that "in "the time of the Norman conqueror we "had no routs, no ridottos, no Newmar-"kets, no candidates to bribe, no voters "to be bribed, &c." and ſtring on negatives, as long as he thought proper.

What then are we to do, when we hear ſuch panegyric?—Are we to deny the facts?—That cannot be.—Are we to admit the concluſion?—That appears not quite agreeable.—No method is left, but to compare evils with evils; the evils of 1066 with thoſe of 1780; and ſee whether the former age had not evils of its own, ſuch as the preſent never experienced, becauſe they do not now exiſt.

We may allow the evils of the preſent day to be real—we may even allow that a much larger number might have been added—but then we may alledge evils, by way of return,

return, felt in thoſe days ſeverely, but now not felt at all.

We may aſſert, "we have not now, as "happened then, ſeen our country con- "quered by foreign invaders, nor our pro- "perty taken from us, and diſtributed "among the conquerors; nor ourſelves, "from freemen, debaſed into ſlaves; nor "our rights ſubmitted to unknown laws, "imported, without our conſent, from "foreign countries."

Should the ſame reaſonings be urged in favour of times nearly as remote, and other imputations of evil be brought, which, though well known now, did not then exiſt, we may ſtill retort that—"we are no longer "now, as they were then, ſubject to feudal "oppreſſion; nor dragged to war, as they "were then, by the petty tyrant of a "neighbouring caſtle; nor involved in "ſcenes of blood, as they were then, and "that for many years, during the unin- "tereſting diſputes between a Stephen and "a Maud."

Should the ſame declaimer paſs to a later period, and praiſe, after the ſame manner, the reign of Henry the Second, we have then to retort, "that we have now no Bec- "kets." Should he proceed to Richard the Firſt, "that we have now no holy wars" —to John Lackland, and his ſon Henry, "that we have now no barons wars"—and with regard to both of them, "that, though "we enjoy at this inſtant all the benefits of "Magna Charta, we have not been com- "pelled to purchaſe them at the price of "our blood."

A ſeries of convulſions brings us, in a few years more, to the wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter—thence from the fall of the Lancaſter family to the calamities of the York family, and its final deſtruction in Richard the Third—thence to the oppreſſive period of his avaricious ſucceſſor; and from him to the formidable reign of his relentleſs ſon, when neither the coronet, nor the mitre, nor even the crown, could protect their wearers; and when (to the amazement of poſterity) thoſe, by whom church authority was denied, and thoſe, by whom it was maintained, were dragged together to Smithfield, and burnt at one and the ſame ſtake.

The reign of his ſucceſſor was ſhort and turpid, and ſoon followed by the gloomy one of a bigotted woman.

We ſtop here, thinking we have inſtances enough. Thoſe, who hear any portion of theſe paſt times praiſed for the invidious purpoſe above mentioned, may anſwer by thus retorting the calamities and crimes which exiſted at the time praiſed, but which now exiſt no more. A true eſtimate can never be formed, but in conſequence of ſuch a compariſon; for if we drop the laudable, and alledge only the bad, or drop the bad, and alledge only the laudable, there is no age, whatever its real character, but may be made to paſs at pleaſure either for a good one, or a bad one.

If I may be permitted in this place to add an obſervation, it ſhall be an obſervation founded upon many years experience. I have often heard declamations againſt the preſent race of men; declamations againſt them, as if they were the worſt of animals; treacherous, falſe, ſelfiſh, envious, oppreſſive, tyrannical, &c. &c. This (I ſay) I have often heard from grave declaimers, and have heard the ſentiment delivered with a kind of oracular pomp.—Yet I never heard any ſuch declaimer ſay (what would have been ſincere at leaſt, if it had been nothing more) "I prove my aſſertion by an example "where I cannot err; I aſſert myſelf to be "the wretch I have been juſt deſcribing."

So far from this, it would be perhaps dangerous to aſk him, even in a gentle whiſper—"You have been talking, with much confidence, about certain profligate beings—Are you certain, that you yourſelf are not one of the number?"

I hope I may be pardoned for the following anecdote, although compelled, in relating it, to make myſelf a party.

"Sitting once in my library with a "friend, a worthy but melancholy man, I "read to him, out of a book, the following "paſſage——

"In our time it may be ſpoken more "truly than of old, that virtue is gone; the "church is under foot; the clergy is in "error; the devil reigneth, &c. &c. My "friend interrupted me with a ſigh, and "ſaid, Alas! how true! How juſt a pic- "ture of the times!—I aſked him, of what "times?—Of what times! replied he with "emotion; can you ſuppoſe any other but "the preſent? were any before ever ſo "bad, ſo corrupt, ſo &c.?—Forgive me "(ſaid I) for ſtopping you—the times I am "reading of are older than you imagine; "the ſentiment was delivered about four "hundred years ago; its author Sir John "Mandeville, who died in 1371."

As man is by nature a ſocial animal, good-humour ſeems an ingredient highly neceſſary to his character. It is the ſalt

which gives a seasoning to the feast of life; and which, if it be wanting, surely renders the feast incomplete. Many causes contribute to impair this amiable quality, and nothing perhaps more than bad opinions of mankind. Bad opinions of mankind naturally lead us to Misanthropy. If these bad opinions go farther; and are applied to the universe, then they lead to something worse, for they lead to Atheism. The melancholy and morose character being thus insensibly formed, morals and piety sink of course; for what equals have we to love, or what superior have we to revere, when we have no other objects left than those of hatred or of terror?

It should seem then expedient, if we value our better principles, nay, if we value our own happiness, to withstand such dreary sentiments. It was the advice of a wise man—"Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." Eccl. vii. 10.

Things present make impressions amazingly superior to things remote; so that, in objects of every kind, we are easily mistaken as to their comparative magnitude. Upon the canvass of the same picture a near sparrow occupies the space of a distant eagle; a near mole-hill, that of a distant mountain. In the perpetration of crimes there are few persons, I believe, who would not be more shocked at actually seeing a single man assassinated (even taking away the idea of personal danger) than they would be shocked in reading the massacre of Paris.

The wise man, just quoted, wishes to save us from these errors. He has already informed us—"The thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us." He then subjoins the cause of this apparent novelty—things past, when they return, appear new, if they are forgotten; and things present will appear so, should they too be forgotten, when they return. Eccl. i. 9. ii. 16.

This forgetfulness of what is similar in events which return (for in every returning event such similarity exists) is the forgetfulness of a mind uninstructed and weak; a mind ignorant of that great, that providential circulation, which never ceases for a moment through every part of the universe.

It is not like that forgetfulness which I once remember in a man of letters; who when, at the conclusion of a long life, he found his memory began to fail, said chearfully—"Now I shall have a pleasure I "could not have before; that of reading "my old books, and finding them all new."

There was in this consolation something philosophical and pleasing. And yet perhaps it is a higher philosophy (could we attain it) not to forget the past, but in contemplation of the past to view the future; so that we may say, on the worst prospects, with a becoming resignation, what Æneas said of old to the Cumean Propheteſs,

> ——Virgin, no scenes of ill
> To me, or new, or unexpected rise;
> I've seen 'em all; have seen, and long before
> Within myself revolv'd 'em in my mind.
> Æn. VI. 103, 104, 105.

In such a conduct, if well founded, there is not only fortitude, but piety: Fortitude, which never sinks, from a conscious integrity; and Piety, which never resists, by referring all to the Divine Will. *Harris.*

§ 216. *The Character of the Man of Business often united with, and adorned by that of the Scholar and Philosopher.*

Philosophy, taking its name from the love of wisdom, and having for its end the investigation of truth, has an equal regard both to practice and speculation, in as much as truth of every kind is similar and congenial. Hence we find that some of the most illustrious actors upon the great theatre of the world have been engaged at times in philosophical speculation. Pericles, who governed Athens, was the disciple of Anaxagoras; Epaminondas spent his youth in the Pythagorean school; Alexander the Great had Aristotle for his preceptor; and Scipio made Polybius his companion and friend. Why need I mention Cicero, or Cato, or Brutus? The orations, the epistles, and the philosophical works of the first, shew him sufficiently conversant both in action and contemplation. So eager was Cato for knowledge, even when surrounded with business, that he used to read philosophy in the senate-house, while the senate was assembling; and as for the patriot Brutus, though his life was a continual scene of the most important actions, he found time not only to study, but to compose a Treatise upon Virtue.

When these were gone, and the worst of times succeeded, Thrasea Pætus, and Helvidius Priscus, were at the same period both

both senators and philosophers; and appear to have supported the severest trials of tyrannic oppression, by the manly system of the Stoic moral. The best emperor whom the Romans, or perhaps any nation, ever knew, Marcus Antoninus, was involved during his whole life in business of the last consequence; sometimes conspiracies forming, which he was obliged to dissipate; formidable wars arising at other times, when he was obliged to take the field. Yet during none of these periods did he forsake philosophy, but still persisted in meditation, and in committing his thoughts to writing, during moments, gained by stealth from the hurry of courts and campaigns.

If we descend to later ages, and search our own country, we shall find Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Milton, Algernon Sidney, Sir William Temple, and many others, to have been all of them eminent in public life, and yet at the same time conspicuous for their speculations and literature. If we look abroad, examples of like characters will occur in other countries. Grotius, the poet, the critic, the philosopher, and the divine, was employed by the court of Sweden as ambassador to France; and De Witt, that acute but unfortunate statesman, that pattern of parsimony and political accomplishments, was an able mathematician, wrote upon the Elements of Curves, and applied his algebra with accuracy to the trade and commerce of his country.

And so much in defence of Philosophy, against those who may possibly undervalue her, because they have succeeded without her; those I mean (and it must be confessed they are many) who, having spent their whole lives in what Milton calls the "busy hum of men," have acquired to themselves habits of amazing efficacy, unassisted by the helps of science and erudition. To such the retired student may appear an awkward being, because they want a just standard to measure his merit. But let them recur to the bright examples before alledged; let them remember that these were eminent in their own way; were men of action and business; men of the world; and yet did they not disdain to cultivate philosophy, nay, were many of them perhaps indebted to her for the splendor of their active character.

This reasoning has a farther end. It justifies me in the address of these philosophical arrangements, as your Lordship* has been distinguished in either character, I mean in your public one, as well as in your private. Those who know the history of our foreign transactions, know the reputation that you acquired in Germany, by negotiations of the last importance: and those who are honoured with your nearer friendship, know that you can speculate as well as act, and can employ your pen both with elegance and instruction.

It may not perhaps be unentertaining to your Lordship to see in what manner the 'Preceptor of Alexander the Great arranged his pupil's ideas, so that they might not cause confusion, for want of accurate disposition.' It may be thought also a fact worthy your notice, that he became acquainted with this method from the venerable Pythagoras, who, unless he drew it from remoter sources, to us unknown, was, perhaps, himself its inventor and original teacher. *Harris.*

§ 217. *The Progressions of Art disgustful, the Completion beautiful.*

Fables relate that Venus was wedded to Vulcan, the goddess of beauty to the god of deformity. The tale, as some explain it, gives a double representation of art; Vulcan shewing us the progressions of art, and Venus the completions. The progressions, such as the hewing of stone, the grinding of colours, the fusion of metals, these all of them are laborious, and many times disgustful; the completions, such as the temple, the palace, the picture, the statue, these all of them are beauties, and justly call for admiration.

Now if logic be one of those arts, which help to improve human reason, it must necessarily be an art of the progressive character; an art which, not ending with itself, has a view to something farther. If then, in the speculations upon it, it should appear dry rather than elegant, severe rather than pleasing, let it plead, by way of defence, that, though its importance may be great, it partakes from its very nature (which cannot be changed) more of the deformed god, than of the beautiful goddess. *Ibid.*

§ 218. *Thoughts on Elegance.*

Having answered the objections usually

* Addressed to the right honourable Thomas Lord Hyde, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, &c.

brought againſt a permanent ſenſe of beauty, let us now proceed to ſingle out the particular ſpecies or kinds of beauty; and begin with elegance of perſon, that ſo wonderfully elevates the human character.

Elegance, the moſt undoubted offspring and viſible image of fine taſte, the moment it appears, is univerſally admired: men diſagree about the other conſtituent parts of beauty, but they all unite without heſitation to acknowledge the power of elegance.

The general opinion is, that this moſt conſpicuous part of beauty, that is perceived and acknowledged by every body, is yet utterly inexplicable, and retires from our ſearch when we would diſcover what it is. Where ſhall I find the ſecret retreat of the graces, to explain to me the elegance they dictate, and to paint in viſible colours the fugitive and varying enchantment that hovers round a graceful perſon, yet leaves us for ever in agreeable ſuſpenſe and confuſion? I need not ſeek for them, madam; the graces are but emblems of the human mind, in its loveliеſt appearances; and while I write for you, it is impoſſible not to feel their influence.

Perſonal elegance, for that is the object of our preſent enquiry, may be defined the image and reflection of the grandeur and beauty of the inviſible ſoul. Grandeur and beauty in the ſoul itſelf are not objects of ſenſe; colours cannot paint them, but they are united to ſentiments that appear viſible; they beſtow a noble meaning and importance of attitude, and diffuſe inexpreſſible lovelineſs over the perſon.

When two or more paſſions or ſentiments unite, they are not ſo readily diſtinguiſhed, as if they had appeared ſeparate; however, it is eaſy to obſerve, that the complacency and admiration we feel in the preſence of elegant perſons, is made up of reſpect and affection; and that we are diſappointed when we ſee ſuch perſons act a baſe or indecent part. Theſe ſymptoms plainly ſhew, that perſonal elegance appears to us to be the image and reflection of an elevated and beautiful mind. In ſome characters, the grandeur of ſoul is predominant; in whom beauty is majeſtic and awful. In this ſtile is Miſs F——. In other characters, a ſoft and attracting grace is more conſpicuous: this latter kind is more pleaſing, for an obvious reaſon. But elegance cannot exiſt in either alone, without a mixture of the other; for majeſty without the beautiful, would be haughty and diſguſting; and eaſy acceſſible beauty would loſe the idea of elegance, and become an object of contempt.

The grandeur and beauty of the ſoul charm us univerſally, who have all of us implanted in our boſoms, even in the midſt of miſery, paſſions of high deſcent, immenſe ambition, and romantic hopes. You may conceive an impriſoned bird, whoſe wild notes, prompted by the approach of ſpring, gave her a confuſed notion of joy, although ſhe has no diſtinct idea of airy flights and ſummer groves; ſo when man emerging from wretchedneſs aſſumes a nobler character, and the elevation of the human genius appears openly, we view, with ſecret joy and delightful amazement, the ſure evidence and pledge of our dignity: the mind catches fire by a train that lies within itſelf, and expands with conſcious pride and merit, like a generous youth over the images of his country's heroes. Of the ſoftened and engaging part of elegance, I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak at large hereafter.

Perſonal elegance or grace is a fugitive luſtre, that never ſettles in any part of the body; you ſee it glance and diſappear in the features and motions of a graceful perſon; it ſtrikes your view; it ſhines like an exhalation: but the moment you follow it, the wandering flame vaniſhes, and immediately lights up ſomething elſe: you may as well think of fixing the pleaſing deluſion of your dreams, or the colours of a diſſolving rainbow.

You have ariſen early at times, in the ſummer ſeaſon, to take the advantage of the cool of the morning, to ride abroad. Let us ſuppoſe you have miſtaken an hour or two, and juſt got out a few minutes before the riſing of the ſun. You ſee the fields and woods, that lay the night before in obſcurity, attiring themſelves in beauty and verdure; you ſee a profuſion of brilliants ſhining in the dew; you ſee the ſtream gradually admitting the light into its pure boſom; and you hear the birds, which are awakened by a rapture, that comes upon them from the morning. If the eaſtern ſky be clear, you ſee it glow with the promiſe of a flame that has not yet appeared; and if it be overcaſt with clouds, you ſee thoſe clouds ſtained by a bright red, bordered with gold or ſilver, that by the changes appear volatile, and ready to vaniſh. How various and beautiful are thoſe appearances, which are not the ſun, but the diſtant effects of it over different objects.

jects. In like manner the soul flings inexpressible charms over the human person and actions; but then the cause is less known, because the soul for ever shines behind a cloud, and is always retired from our senses.

You conceive why elegance is of a fugitive nature, and exists chiefly in motion: as it is communicated by the principle of action that governs the whole person, it is found over the whole body, and is fixed no where. The curious eye with eagerness pursues the wandering beauty, which it sees with surprize at every turn, but is never able to overtake. It is a waving flame, that, like the reflection of the sun from water, never settles; it glances on you in every motion and disposition of the body; its different powers through attitude and motion seem to be collected in dancing, wherein it plays over the arms, the legs, the breast, the neck, and in short the whole frame: but if grace has any fixed throne, it is in the face, the residence of the soul, where you think a thousand times it is just issuing into view.

Elegance assumes to itself an empire equal to that of the soul; it rules and inspires every part of the body, and makes use of all the human powers; but it particularly takes the passions under its charge and direction, and turns them into a kind of artillery, with which it does infinite execution.

The passions that are favourites with the graces are modesty, good-nature, particularly when it is heightened by a small colouring of affection into *sweetness*, and that fine languor which seems to be formed of a mixture of still joy and hope. Surprize, shame, and even grief and anger, have appeared pleasing under proper restrictions; for it must be observed, that all excess is shocking and disagreeable, and that even the most pleasing passions appear to most advantage when the tincture they cast over the countenance is enfeebled and gentle. The passions that are enemies to the graces are, impudence, affectation, strong and harsh degrees of pride, malice, and austerity.

There is an union of the fine passions, but so delicate that you cannot conceive any one of them separate from the rest, called *sensibility*, which is requisite in an elegant deportment; it chiefly resides in the eye, which indeed is the seat of the passions.

I have spoken of the passions only as they are subservient to grace, which is the object of our present attention. The face is the mother country, if I may call it so, or the habitation of grace; and it visits the other parts of the body only as distant provinces, with some little partiality to the neck, and the fine basis that supports it; but the countenance is the very palace in which it takes up its residence; it is there it revels through its various apartments: you see it wrapped in clouded majesty upon the brow; you discover it about the lips hardly rising to a smile, and vanishing in a moment, when it is rather perceived than seen; and then by the most engaging vicissitudes, it enlivens, flames, and dissolves in the eye.

You have, I suppose, all along observed, that I am not treating of beauty, which depends on different principles, but of that elegance which is the effect of a delicate and awakened taste, and in every kind of form is the enchantment that attracts and pleases universally, even without the assistance of any other charm; whereas without it no degree of beauty is charming. You have undoubtedly seen women lovely without much beauty, and handsome without being lovely; it is gracefulness causes this variation, and throws a lustre over disagreeable features, as the sun paints a showery cloud with the colours of the rainbow.

I before remarked, that the grace of every elegant person is varied agreeably to the character and disposition of the person it beautifies; I am sensible you readily conceive the reason. Elegance is the natural habit and image of the soul beaming forth in action; it must therefore be expressed by the peculiar features, air, and disposition of the person; it must arise from nature, and flow with ease and a propriety that distinguishes it. The imitation of any particular person, however graceful, is dangerous, lest the affectation appear; but the unstudied elegance of nature is acquired by the example and conversation of several elegant persons of different characters, which people adapt to the import of their own gestures, without knowing how.

It is also because elegance is the reflection of the soul appearing in action, that good statues, and pictures drawn from life, are laid before the eye in motion. If you look at the old Gothic churches built in barbarous ages, you will see the statues reared up dead and inanimate against the walls.

I said, at the beginning of this little discourse, that the beauty of dress results

from mode or fashion, and it certainly does so in a great measure, but I must limit that assertion by the following observation, that there is also a real beauty in attire that does not depend on the mode: those robes which leave the whole person at liberty in its motions, and that give to the imagination the natural proportions and symmetry of the body, are always more becoming than such as restrain any part of the body, or in which it is lost and disfigured. You may easily imagine how a pair of stays laced tightly about the Minerva we admired, would oppress the sublime beauty of her comportment and figure. Since persons of rank cannot chuse their own dress, but must run along with the present fashion, the secret of dressing gracefully must consist in the slender variations that cannot be observed to desert the fashion, and yet approach nigher to the complexion and import of the countenance, and that at the same time allow to the whole body the greatest possible freedom, ease, and imagery: by imagery I mean, that as a good painter will shew the effect of the muscles that do not appear to the eye, so a person skilful in dress will display the elegance of the form, though it be covered and out of view. As the taste of dress approaches to perfection, all art disappears, and it seems the effect of negligence and instinctive inattention; for this reason its beauties arise from the manner and general air rather than from the richness, which last, when it becomes too gross and oppressive, destroys the elegance. A brilliancy and parade in dress is therefore the infallible sign of bad taste, that in this contraband manner endeavours to make amends for the want of true elegance, and bears a relation to the heaps of ornament that encumbered the Gothic buildings. Apelles observing an Helen painted by one of his scholars, that was overcharged with a rich dress, "I find, young man," said he, "not being able to paint her beautiful, you have made her fine."

Harsh and violent motions are always unbecoming. Milton attributes the same kind of motion to his angels that the Heathens did to their deities, *soft sliding without step*. It is impossible to preserve the attractions in a country dance that attend on a minuet; as the step quickens, the most delicate of the graces retire. The rule holds universally through all actions, whether quick or slow; it should always partake of the same polished and softened motion, particularly in the transitions of the countenance, where the genius of the person seems to hover and reside.

The degrees run very high upon the scale of elegance, and probably few have arrived near the highest pitch; but it is certain, that the idea of surprising beauty, that was familiar in Greece, has been hardly conceived by the moderns: many of their statues remain the objects of our admiration, but wholly superior to imitation; their pictures, that have sunk in the wreck of time, appear in the descriptions made of them to have equal imaginations with the statues; and their poetry abounds with the same celestial imagery. But what puts this matter out of doubt is, that their celebrated beauties were the models of their artists, and it is known, that the elegancies of Thais and Phryne were copied by the famous painters of Greece, and consigned to canvass and marble to astonish and charm distant ages.

Personal elegance, in which taste assumes the most conspicuous and noble appearance, confuses us in our enquiries after it, by the quickness and variety of its changes, as well as by a complication that is not easily unravelled. I defined it to be the image and reflection of a great and beautiful soul; let us separate the distinct parts of this variety; when they appear asunder you will find them perfectly familiar and intelligible.

The first, and most respectable part that enters into the composition of elegance, is the lofty consciousness of worth or virtue, which sustains an habitual decency, and becoming pride.

The second, and most pleasing part, is a display of good-nature approaching to affection, of gentle affability, and, in general, of the pleasing passions. It seems difficult to reconcile these two parts, and in fact it is so; but when they unite, then they appear like a reserved and virgin kindness, that is at once noble and soft, that may be won, but must be courted with delicacy.

The third part of elegance is the appearance of a polished and tranquil habit of mind, that softens the actions and emotions, and gives a covert prospect of innocence and undisturbed repose. I will treat of these separate, and first of dignity of soul.

I observed, near the beginning of this discourse, in answer to an objection you made, that the mind has always a taste for truth, for gratitude, for generosity, and

and greatneſs of ſoul: theſe, which are peculiarly called *ſentiments*, ſtamp upon the human ſpirit a dignity and worth not to be found in any other animated being. However great and ſurpriſing the moſt glorious objects in nature be, the heaving ocean, the moon that guides it, and caſts a ſoftened luſtre over the night, the ſtarry firmament, or the ſun itſelf; yet their beauty and grandeur inſtantly appear of an inferior kind, beyond all compariſon, to this of the ſoul of Man. Theſe ſentiments are united under the general name of virtue: and ſuch are the embelliſhments they diffuſe over the mind, that Plato, a very polite philoſopher, ſays finely, "If Virtue was to appear in a viſible ſhape, all men would be enamoured of her."

Virtue and truth are inſeparable, and take their flight together. A mind devoid of truth is a frightful wreck; it is like a great city in ruins, whoſe mouldring towers juſt bring to the imagination the mirth and life that once was there, and is now no more. Truth is the genius of taſte, and enters into the eſſence of ſimple beauty, in wit, in writing, and throughout the fine arts.

Generoſity covers almoſt all other defects, and raiſes a blaze around them in which they diſappear and are loſt: like ſovereign beauty, it makes a ſhort cut to our affections; it wins our hearts without reſiſtance or delay, and unites all the world to favour and ſupport its deſigns.

Grandeur of ſoul, fortitude, and a reſolution that haughtily ſtruggles with deſpair, and will neither yield to, nor make terms with misfortunes; which, through every ſituation, repoſes a noble confidence in itſelf, and has an immoveable view to future glory and honour, aſtoniſhes the world with admiration and delight. We, as it were, lean forward with ſurpriſe and trembling joy to behold the human ſoul collecting its ſtrength, and aſſerting a right to ſuperior fates. When you leave man out of your account, and view the whole viſible creation beſide, you indeed ſee ſeveral traces of grandeur and unſpeakable power, and the intermixture of a rich ſcenery of beauty; yet ſtill the whole appears to be but a ſolemn abſurdity, and to have a littleneſs and inſignificancy. But when you reſtore man to proſpect, and put him at the head of it, endued with genius and an immortal ſoul; when you give him a paſſion for truth, boundleſs views that ſpread along through eternity, and a fortitude that ſtruggles with fate, and yields not to misfortunes, then the ſkies, the ocean, and the earth, take the ſtamp of worth and dignity from the noble inhabitant whoſe purpoſes they ſerve.

A mind fraught with the virtues is the natural foil of elegance. Unaffected truth, generoſity, and grandeur of ſoul, for ever pleaſe and charm: even when they break from the common forms, and appear wild and unmethodized by education, they are ſtill beautiful. On the contrary, as ſoon as we diſcover that outward elegance, which is formed by the mode, to want truth, generoſity, or grandeur of ſoul, it inſtantly ſinks in our eſteem like counterfeit coin, and we are ſenſible of a reluctant diſappointment, like that of the lover in the epigram, who became enamoured with the lady's voice and the ſoftneſs of her hand in the dark, but was cured of his paſſion as ſoon as he had light to view her.

Let us now paſs on to the moſt pleaſing part of elegance, an habitual diſplay of the kind and gentle paſſions.

We are naturally inclined to love thoſe who bear an affection to us; and we are charmed with the homage that is paid to our merit: by theſe weakneſſes politeneſs attacks us. The well-bred gentleman always in his behaviour inſinuates a regard to others, tempered with reſpect. His attention to pleaſe confeſſes plainly his kindneſs to you, and the high eſteem he holds you in. The aſſiduous prevention of our wiſhes, and that yielding ſweetneſs complaiſance puts on for our ſake, are irreſiſtible; and although we know this kind flattery to be proſtitute and habitual, yet it is not indifferent to us; we receive it in a manner that ſhows how much it gratifies us.

The deſire of being agreeable, finds out the art of being ſo without ſtudy or labour. Ruſtics who fall in love, grow unuſually polite and engaging. This new charm, that has altered their natures, and ſuddenly endued them with the powers of pleaſing, is nothing more than an enlivened attention to pleaſe, that has taken poſſeſſion of their minds, and tinctured their actions. We ought not to wonder that love is thus enchanting: its tender aſſiduity is but the natural addreſs of the paſſion; politeneſs borrows the flattering form of affection, and becomes agreeable by the appearance of kindneſs.

What pleaſes us generally appears beautiful. Complaiſance, that is ſo engaging, gives an agreeableneſs to the whole perſon,

and creates a beauty that nature gave not to the features; it ſubmits, it promiſes, it applauds in the countenance; the heart lays itſelf in ſmiles at your feet, and a voice that is indulgent and tender, is always heard with pleaſure.

The laſt conſtituent part of elegance is the picture of a tranquil ſoul that appears in ſoftening the actions and emotions, and exhibits a retired proſpect of happineſs and innocence.

A calm of mind that is ſeen in graceful eaſy action, and in the enfeeblement of our paſſions, gives us an idea of the golden age, when human nature, adorned with innocence, and the peace that attends it, repoſed in the arms of content. This ſerene proſpect of human nature always pleaſes us; and although the content, whoſe image it is, be viſionary in this world, and we cannot arrive at it, yet it is the point in imagination we have finally in view, in all the purſuits of life, and the native home for which we do not ceaſe to languiſh.

The ſentiment of tranquillity particularly beautifies paſtoral poetry. The images of calm and happy quiet that appear in ſhaded groves, in ſilent vales, and ſlumbers by falling ſtreams, invite the poet to indulge his genius in rural ſcenes. The muſic that lulls and compoſes the mind, at the ſame time enchants it. The hue of this beauteous eaſe, caſt over the human actions and emotions, forms a very delightful part of elegance, and gives the other conſtituent parts an appearance of nature and truth: for in a tranquil ſtate of mind, undiſturbed by wants or fears, the views of men are generous and elevated. From the combination of theſe fine parts, grandeur of ſoul, complacency, and eaſe, ariſe the enchantments of elegance; but the appearance of the two laſt are oftener found together, and then they form Politeneſs.

When we take a view of the ſeparate parts that conſtitute perſonal elegance, we immediately know the ſeeds that are proper to be cheriſhed in the infant mind, to bring forth the beauteous production. The virtues ſhould be cultivated early with ſacred care. Good-nature, modeſty, affability, and a kind concern for others, ſhould be carefully inculcated; and an eaſy unconſtrained dominion acquired by habit over the paſſions. A mind thus finely prepared, is capable of the higheſt luſtre of elegance; which is afterwards attained with as little labour as our firſt language, by only aſſociating with graceful people of different characters, from whom an habitual gracefulneſs will be acquired, that will bear the natural unaffected ſtamp of our own minds; in ſhort, it will be our own character and genius ſtripped of its native rudeneſs, and enriched with beauty and attraction.

Nature, that beſtows her favours without reſpect of perſons, often denies to the great the capacity of diſtinguiſhed elegance, and flings it away in obſcure villages. You ſometimes ſee it at a country fair ſpread an amiableneſs over a ſun-burnt girl, like the light of the moon through a miſt; but ſuch, madam, is the neceſſity of habitual elegance acquired by education and converſe, that if even you were born in that low claſs, you could be no more than the faireſt damſel at the may-pole, and the object of the hope and jealouſy of a few ruſtics.

People are rendered totally incapable of elegance by the want of good-nature, and the other gentle paſſions; by the want of modeſty and ſenſibility; and by a want of that noble pride, which ariſes from a conſciouſneſs of lofty and generous ſentiments. The abſence of theſe native charms is generally ſupplied by a briſk ſtupidity, an impudence unconſcious of defect, a caſt of malice, and an uncommon tendency to ridicule; as if nature had given theſe her ſtep-children an inſtinctive intelligence, that they can riſe out of contempt only by the depreſſion of others. For the ſame reaſon it is, that perſons of true and finiſhed taſte ſeldom affect ridicule, becauſe they are conſcious of their own ſuperior merit. Pride is the cauſe of ridicule in the one, as it is of candour in the other; but the effects differ, as the ſtudied parade of poverty does from the negligent grandeur of riches. You will ſee nothing more common in the world, than for people, who by ſtupidity and inſenſibility are incapable of the graces, to commence wits on the ſtrength of the *petite* talents of mimicry, and the briſk tartneſs that ill-nature never fails to ſupply.

From what I have ſaid it appears, that a ſenſe of elegance is a ſenſe of dignity, of virtue, and innocence, united. Is it not natural then to expect, that in the courſe of a liberal education, men ſhould cultivate the generous qualities they approve and aſſume? But inſtead of them, men only aim at the appearances, which require no ſelf-denial; and thus, without acquiring the virtues, they ſacrifice their honeſty and ſincerity: whence it comes to paſs, that there is often the leaſt virtue, where there is the greateſt

greateſt appearance of it; and that the poliſhed part of mankind only arrive at the ſubtile corruption, of uniting vice with the dreſs and complexion of virtue.

I have dwelt on perſonal elegance, becauſe the ideas and principles in this part of good taſte are more familiar to you. We may then take them for a foundation, in our future obſervations, ſince the ſame principles of eaſy grace and ſimple grandeur, will animate our ideas with an unſtudied propriety, and enlighten our judgments in beauty, in literature, in ſculpture, painting, and the other departments of fine taſte.

Uſher.

§ 219. *On Perſonal Beauty.*

I ſhall but ſlightly touch on our taſte of perſonal beauty, becauſe it requires no directions to be known. To aſk what is beauty, ſays a philoſopher, is the queſtion of a blind man. I ſhall therefore only make a few reflections on this head, that lie out of the common track. But prior to what I have to ſay, it is neceſſary to make ſome obſervations on phyſiognomy.

There is an obvious relation between the mind and the turn of the features, ſo well known by inſtinct, that every one is more or leſs expert at reading the countenance. We look as well as ſpeak our minds; and amongſt people of little experience, the look is generally moſt ſincere. This is ſo well underſtood, that it is become a part of education to learn to diſguiſe the countenance, which yet requires a habit from early youth, and the continual practice of hypocriſy, to deceive an intelligent eye. The natural virtues and vices not only have their places in the aſpect, even acquired habits that much affect the mind ſettle there; contemplation, in length of time, gives a caſt of thought to the countenance.

Now to come back to our ſubject. The aſſemblage called beauty, is the image of noble ſentiments and amiable paſſions in the face; but ſo blended and confuſed that we are not able to ſeparate and diſtinguiſh them. The mind has a ſenſibility, and clear knowledge, in many inſtances without reflection, or even the power of reaſoning upon its own perceptions. We can no more account for the relation between the paſſions of the mind and a ſet of features, than we can account for the relation between the ſounds of muſic and the paſſions; the eye is judge of the one without principles or rules, as the ear is of the other. It is impoſſible you ſhould not take notice of the remarkable difference of beauty in the ſame face, in a good and in ill humour; and if the gentle paſſions, in an indifferent face, do not change it to perfect beauty, it is becauſe nature did not originally model the features to the juſt and familiar expreſſion of thoſe paſſions, and the genuine expreſſions of nature can never be wholly obliterated. But it is neceſſary to obſerve, that the engaging import that forms beauty, is often the ſymbol of paſſions that, although pleaſing, are dangerous to virtue; and that a firmneſs of mind, whoſe caſt of feature is much leſs pleaſing, is more favourable to virtue. From the affinity between beauty and the paſſions it muſt follow, that beauty is relative, that is, a ſenſe of human beauty is confined to our ſpecies; and alſo, as far as we have power over the paſſions, we are able to improve the face, and tranſplant charms into it; both of which obſervations have been often made. From the various principles of beauty, and the agreeable combinations, of which the face gives intelligence, ſprings that variety found in the ſtyle of beauty.

Complexion is a kind of beauty that is only pleaſing by aſſociation. The brown, the fair, the black, are not any of them original beauty; but when the complexion is united in one picture on the imagination, with the aſſemblage that forms the image of the tender paſſions, with gentle ſmiles, and kind endearments, it is then inſeparable from our idea of beauty, and forms a part of it. From the ſame cauſe, a national ſet of features appear amiable to the inhabitants, who have been accuſtomed to ſee the amiable diſpoſitions through them. This obſervation reſolves a difficulty, that often occurs in the reflections of men on our preſent ſubject. We all ſpeak of beauty as if it were acknowledged and ſettled by a public ſtandard; yet we find, in fact, that people, in placing their affections, often have little regard to the common notions of beauty. The truth is, complexion and form being the charms that are viſible and conſpicuous, the common ſtandard of beauty is generally reſtrained to thoſe general attractions: but ſince perſonal grace and the engaging paſſions, although they cannot be delineated, have a more univerſal and uniform power, it is no wonder people, in reſigning their hearts, ſo often contradict the common received ſtandard. Accordingly, as the engaging paſſions and the addreſs are diſcovered in converſation, the tender attachments of people are generally fixed by an inter-

intercourſe of ſentiment, and ſeldom by a tranſient view, except in romances and novels. It is further to be obſerved, that when once the affections are fixed, a new face with a higher degree of beauty will not always have a higher degree of power to remove them, becauſe our affections ariſe from a ſource within ourſelves, as well as from external beauty; and when the tender paſſion is attached by a particular object, the imagination ſurrounds that object with a thouſand ideal embelliſhments that exiſt only in the mind of the lover.

The hiſtory of the ſhort life of beauty may be collected from what I have ſaid. In youth that borders on infancy, the paſſions are in a ſtate of vegetation, they only appear in full bloom in maturity; for which reaſon the beauty of youth is no more than the dawn and promiſe of future beauty. The features, as we grow into years, gradually form along with the mind: different ſenſibilities gather into the countenance, and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip, and enrich it. When the eloquent force and delicacy of ſentiment has continued ſome little time, age begins to ſtiffen the features, and deſtroy the engaging variety and vivacity of the countenance, the eye gradually loſes its fire, and is no longer the mirror of the agreeable paſſions. Finally, old age furrows the face with wrinkles, as a barbarous conqueror overturns a city from the foundation, and tranſitory beauty is extinguiſhed.

Beauty and elegance are nearly related, their difference conſiſts in this, that elegance is the image of the mind diſplayed in motion and deportment; beauty is an image of the mind in the countenance and form; conſequently beauty is of a more fixed nature, and owes leſs to art and habit.

When I ſpeak of beauty, it is not wholly out of my way to make a ſingular obſervation on the tender paſſion in our ſpecies. Innocent and virtuous love caſts a beauteous hue over human nature; it quickens and ſtrengthens our admiration of virtue, and our deteſtation of vice; it opens our eyes to our imperfections, and gives us a pride in excelling; it inſpires us with heroic ſentiments, generoſity, a contempt of life, a boldneſs for enterprize, chaſtity, and purity of ſentiment. It takes a ſimilitude to devotion, and almoſt deifies the object of paſſion. People whoſe breaſts are dulled with vice, or ſtupified by nature, call this paſſion romantic love, but when it was the mode, it was the diagnoſtic of a virtuous age. Theſe ſymptoms of heroiſm ſpring from an obſcure principle, that in a noble mind unites itſelf with every paſſionate view in life; this nameleſs principle is diſtinguiſhed by endowing people with extraordinary powers and enthuſiaſm in the purſuit of their favourite wiſhes, and by diſguſt and diſappointment when we arrive at the point where our wiſhes ſeem to be compleated. It has made great conquerors deſpiſe dangers and death in their way to victory, and ſigh afterwards when they had no more to conquer. *Uſher.*

§ 220. *On Converſation.*

From external beauty we come to the charms of converſation and writing. Words, by repreſenting ideas, become the picture of our thoughts, and communicate them with the greateſt fidelity. But they are not only the ſigns of ſenſible ideas, they exhibit the very image and diſtinguiſhing likeneſs of the mind that uſes them.

Converſation does not require the ſame merit to pleaſe that writing does. The human ſoul is endued with a kind of natural expreſſion, which it does not acquire. The expreſſion I ſpeak of conſiſts in the ſignificant modulations and tones of voice, accompanied, in unaffected people, by a propriety of geſture. This native language was not intended by nature to repreſent the tranſitory ideas that come by the ſenſes to the imagination, but the paſſions of the mind and its emotions only; therefore modulation and geſture give life and paſſion to words; their mighty force in oratory is very conſpicuous: but although their effects be milder in converſation, yet they are very ſenſible; they agitate the ſoul by a variety of gentle ſenſations, and help to form that ſweet charm that makes the moſt trifling ſubjects engaging. This fine expreſſion, which is not learned, is not ſo much taken notice of as it deſerves, becauſe it is much ſuperſeded by the uſe of artificial and acquired language. The modern ſyſtem of philoſophy has alſo concurred to ſhut it out from our reflections.

It is in converſation people put on all their graces, and appear in the luſtre of good-breeding. It is certain, good-breeding, that ſets ſo great a diſtinction between individuals of the ſame ſpecies, creates nothing new (I mean a good education) but only draws forth into proſpect, with ſkill and addreſs, the agreeable diſpoſitions and ſentiments that lay latent in the mind. You may

may call good-breeding artificial; but it is like the art of a gardener, under whose hand a barren tree puts forth its own bloom, and is enriched with its specific fruit. It is scarce possible to conceive any scene so truly agreeable as an assembly of people elaborately educated, who assume a character superior to ordinary life, and support it with ease and familiarity.

The heart is won in conversation by its own passions. Its pride, its grandeur, its affections, lay it open to the enchantment of an insinuating address. Flattery is a gross charm, but who is proof against a gentle and yielding disposition, that infers your superiority with a delicacy so fine, that you cannot see the lines of which it is composed? Generosity, disinterestedness, a noble love of truth that will not deceive, a feeling of the distresses of others, and greatness of soul, inspire us with admiration along with love, and take our affections as it were by storm; but above all, we are seduced by a view of the tender and affectionate passions; they carry a soft infection, and the heart is betrayed to them by its own forces. If we are to judge from symptoms, the soul that engages us so powerfully by its reflected glances, is an object of infinite beauty. I observed before, that the modulations of the human voice that express the soul, move us powerfully; and indeed we are affected by the natural emotions of the mind expressed in the simplest language: in short, the happy art, that, in conversation and the intercourse of life, lays hold upon our affections, is but a just address to the engaging passions in the human breast. But this syren power, like beauty, is the gift of nature.

Soft pleasing speech and graceful outward show,
No arts can gain them, but the gods bestow.
Pope's Hom.

From the various combinations of the several endearing passions and lofty sentiments, arise the variety of pleasing characters that beautify human society.

There is a different source of pleasure in conversation from what I have spoken of, called wit; which diverts the world so much, that I cannot venture to omit it, although delicacy and a refined taste hesitate a little, and will not allow its value to be equal to its currency. Wit deals largely in allusion and whimsical similitudes; its countenance is always double, and it unites the true and the fantastic by a nice gradation of colouring that cannot be perceived. You observe that I am only speaking of the ready wit of conversation.

Wit is properly called in to support a conversation where the heart or affections are not concerned; and its proper business is to relieve the mind from solitary inattention, where there is no room to move it by passion; the mind's eye, when disengaged, is diverted by being fixed upon a vapour, that dances, as it were, on the surface of the imagination, and continually alters its aspect: the motley image, whose comic side we had only time to survey, is too unimportant to be attentively considered, and luckily vanishes before we can view it on every side. Shallow folks expect that those who diverted them in conversation, and made happy *bon mots*, ought to write well; and imagine that they themselves were made to laugh by the force of genius: but they are generally disappointed when they see the admired character descend upon paper. The truth is, the frivolous turn and habit of a comic companion, is almost diametrically opposite to true genius, whose natural exercise is deep and slow-paced reflection. You may as well expect that a man should, like Cæsar, form consistent schemes for subduing the world, and employ the principal part of his time in catching flies. I have often heard people express a surprise, that Swift and Addison, the two greatest masters of humour of the last age, were easily put out of countenance, as if pun, mimicry, or repartee, were the offspring of genius.

Whatever similitude may be between humour in writing, and humour in conversation, they are generally found to require different talents. Humour in writing is the offspring of reflection, and is by nice touches and labour brought to wear the negligent air of nature; whereas, wit in conversation is an enemy to reflection, and glows brightest when the imagination flings off the thought the moment it arises, in its genuine new-born dress. Men a little elevated by liquor seem to have a peculiar facility at striking out the capricious and fantastic images that raise our mirth; in fact, what we generally admire in sallies of wit, is the nicety with which they touch upon the verge of folly, indiscretion, or malice, while at the same time they preserve thought, subtlety, and good-humour; and what we laugh at is the motley appearance, whose whimsical consistency we cannot account for.

People are pleased at wit for the same reason

reaſon that they are fond of diverſion of any kind, not for the worth of the thing, but becauſe the mind is not able to bear an intenſe train of thinking; and yet the ceaſing of thought is inſufferable, or rather impoſſible. In ſuch an uneaſy dilemma, the unſteady excurſions of wit give the mind its natural action, without fatigue, and relieve it delightfully, by employing the imagination without requiring any reflection. Thoſe who have an eternal appetite for wit, like thoſe who are ever in queſt of diverſion, betray a frivolous minute genius, incapable of thinking. *Uſher.*

§ 221. *On Muſic.*

There are few who have not felt the charms of muſic, and acknowledged its expreſſions to be intelligible to the heart. It is a language of delightful ſenſations, that is far more eloquent than words: it breathes to the ear the cleareſt intimations; but how it was learned, to what origin we owe it, or what is the meaning of ſome of its moſt affecting ſtrains, we know not.

We feel plainly that muſic touches and gently agitates the agreeable and ſublime paſſions; that it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates in joy; that it diſſolves and inflames; that it melts us in tenderneſs, and rouſes to rage: but its ſtrokes are ſo fine and delicate, that, like a tragedy, even the paſſions that are wounded pleaſe; its ſorrows are charming, and its rage heroic and delightful; as people feel the particular paſſions with different degrees of force, their taſte of harmony muſt proportionably vary. Muſic then is a language directed to the paſſions; but the rudeſt paſſions put on a new nature, and become pleaſing in harmony: let me add, alſo, that it awakens ſome paſſions which we perceive not in ordinary life. Particularly the moſt elevated ſenſation of muſic ariſes from a confuſed perception of ideal or viſionary beauty and rapture, which is ſufficiently perceivable to fire the imagination, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This ſhadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languiſhing curioſity, to collect into a diſtinct object of view and comprehenſion; but it ſinks and eſcapes, like the diſſolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of the memory, nor yet totally fled. The nobleſt charm of muſic then, though real and affecting, ſeems too confuſed and fluid to be collected into a diſtinct idea. Harmony is always underſtood by the crowd, and almoſt always miſtaken by muſicians; who are, with hardly any exceptions, ſervile followers of the taſte in mode, and who having expended much time and pains on the mechanic and practical part, lay a ſtreſs on the dexterities of hand, which yet have no real value, but as they ſerve to produce thoſe collections of ſound that move the paſſions. The preſent Italian taſte for muſic is exactly correſpondent to the taſte of tragi-comedy, that about a century ago gained ground upon the ſtage. The muſicians of the preſent day are charmed at the union they form between the grave and the fantaſtic, and at the ſurpriſing tranſitions they make between extremes; while every hearer who has the leaſt remainder of the taſte of nature left, is ſhocked at the ſtrange jargon. If the ſame taſte ſhould prevail in painting, we muſt ſoon expect to ſee the woman's head, a horſe's body, and a fiſh's tail, united by ſoft gradations, greatly admired at our public exhibitions. Muſical gentlemen ſhould take particular care to preſerve in its full vigour and ſenſibility their original natural taſte, which alone feels and diſcovers the true beauty of muſic.

If Milton, Shakeſpeare, or Dryden, had been born with the ſame genius and inſpiration for muſic as for poetry, and had paſſed through the practical part without corrupting the natural taſte, or blending with it a prepoſſeſſion in favour of the ſlights and dexterities of hand, then would their notes be tuned to paſſions and to ſentiments as natural and expreſſive as the tones and modulations of the voice in diſcourſe. The muſic and the thought would not make different expreſſions: the hearers would only think impetuouſly; and the effect of the muſic would be to give the ideas a tumultuous violence and divine impulſe upon the mind. Any perſon converſant with the claſſic poets, ſees inſtantly that the paſſionate power of muſic I ſpeak of, was perfectly underſtood and practiſed by the ancients; that the muſes of the Greeks always ſung, and their ſong was the echo of the ſubject, which ſwelled their poetry into enthuſiaſm and rapture. An enquiry into the nature and merits of the ancient muſic, and a compariſon thereof with modern compoſition, by a perſon of poetic genius and an admirer of harmony, who is free from the ſhackles of practice, and the prejudices of the mode, aided by the countenance of a few men of rank, of elevated and true taſte, would probably lay the preſent half-Gothic mode of muſic in ruins, like thoſe towers of whoſe

whose little laboured ornaments it is an exact picture, and restore the Grecian taste of passionate harmony once more, to the delight and wonder of mankind. But as from the disposition of things, and the force of fashion, we cannot hope in our time to rescue the sacred lyre, and see it put into the hands of men of genius, I can only recal you to your own natural feeling of harmony, and observe to you, that its emotions are not found in the laboured, fantastic, and surprising compositions that form the modern style of music; but you meet them in some few pieces that are the growth of wild unvitiated taste; you discover them in the swelling sounds that wrap us in imaginary grandeur; in those plaintive notes that make us in love with woe; in the tones that utter the lover's sighs, and fluctuate the breast with gentle pain; in the noble strokes that coil up the courage and fury of the soul, or that lull it in confused visions of joy: in short, in those affecting strains that find their way to the inward recesses of the heart:

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. MILTON: *Usher.*

§ 222. *On Sculpture and Painting.*

Sculpture and painting have their standard in nature; and their principles differ only according to the different materials made use of in these arts. The variety of his colours, and the flat surface on which the painter is at liberty to raise his magic objects, give him a vast scope for ornament, variety, harmony of parts, and opposition, to please the mind, and divert it from too strict an examination. The sculptor, being so much confined, has nothing to move with but beauty, passion, and force of attitude; sculpture therefore admits of no mediocrity; its works are either intolerable, or very fine. In Greece, the finishing of a single statue was often the work of many years.

Sculpture and painting take their merit from the same spirit that poetry does; a justness, a grandeur, and force of expression: and their principal objects are, the sublime, the beautiful, and the passionate. Painting, on account of its great latitude, approaches also very near to the variety of poetry; in general their principles vary only according to the different materials of each.

Poetry is capable of taking a series of successive facts, which comprehend a whole action from the beginning. It puts the passions in motion gradually, and winds them up by successive efforts, that all conduce to the intended effect; the mind could never be agitated so violently, if the storm had not come on by degrees: besides, language, by its capacity of representing thoughts, of forming the communication of mind with mind, and describing emotions, takes in several great, awful, and passionate ideas that colours cannot represent; but the painter is confined to objects of vision, and to one point or instant of time: and is not to bring into view any events which did not, or at least might not happen, at one and the same instant. The chief art of the history painter, is to hit upon a point of time, that unites the whole successive action in one view, and strikes out the emotion you are desirous of raising. Some painters have had the power of preserving the traces of a receding passion, or the mixed disturbed emotions of the mind, without impairing the principal passion. The Medea of Timomachus was a miracle of this kind; her wild love, her rage, and her maternal pity were all poured forth to the eye, in one portrait. From this mixture of passions, which is in nature, the murderess appeared dreadfully affecting.

It is very necessary, for the union of design in painting, that one principal figure appear eminently in view, and that all the rest be subordinate to it; that is, the passion or attention of that principal object should give a cast to the whole piece: for instance, if it be a wrestler, or a courser in the race, the whole scene should not only be active, but the attentions and passions of the rest of the figures should all be directed by that object. If it be a fisherman over the stream, the whole scene must be silent and meditative; if ruins, a bridge, or waterfall, even the living persons must be subordinate, and the traveller should gaze and look back with wonder. This strict union and concord is rather more necessary in painting than in poetry: the reason is, painting is almost palpably a deception, and requires the utmost skill in selecting a vicinity of probable ideas, to give it the air of reality and nature. For this reason also nothing strange, wonderful, or shocking to credulity, ought to be admitted in paintings that are designed after real life.

The principal art of the landscape painter lies in selecting those objects of view that are beautiful or great, provided there be a propriety and a just neighbourhood preserved in the assemblage, along with a careless distribution that solicits your eye to the

principal object where it rests; in giving such a glance or confused view of those that retire out of prospect, as to raise curiosity, and create in the imagination affecting ideas that do not appear; and in bestowing as much life and action as possible, without overcharging the piece. A landscape is enlivened by putting the animated figures into action; by flinging over it the chearful aspect which the sun bestows, either by a proper disposition of shade, or by the appearances that beautify his rising or setting; and by a judicious prospect of water, which always conveys the ideas of motion: a few dishevelled clouds have the same effect, but with somewhat less vivacity.

The excellence of portrait-painting and sculpture springs from the same principles that affect us in life; they are not the persons who perform at a comedy or tragedy we go to see with so much pleasure, but the passions and emotions they display: in like manner, the value of statues and pictures rises in proportion to the strength and clearness of the expression of the passions, and to the peculiar and distinguishing air of character. Great painters almost always chuse a fine face to exhibit the passions in. If you recollect what I said on beauty, you will easily conceive the reason why the agreeable passions are most lively in a beautiful face; beauty is the natural vehicle of the agreeable passions. For the same reason the tempestuous passions appear strongest in a fine face; it suffers the most violent derangement by them. To which we may add, upon the same principle, that dignity or courage cannot be mixed in a very ill-favoured countenance; and that the painter, after exerting his whole skill, finds in their stead pride and terror. These observations, which have been often made, serve to illustrate our thoughts on beauty. Besides the strict propriety of nature, sculpture and figure-painting is a kind of description, which, like poetry, is under the direction of genius; that, while it preserves nature, sometimes, in a fine flight of fancy, throws an ideal splendor over the figures that never existed in real life. Such is the sublime and celestial character that breathes over the Apollo Belvedere, and the inexpressible beauties that dwell upon the Venus of Medici, and seem to shed an illumination around her. This superior beauty must be varied with propriety, as well as the passions; the elegance of Juno must be decent, lofty, and elated; of Minerva, masculine, confident, and chaste; and of Venus, winning, soft, and conscious of pleasing. These sister arts, painting and statuary, as well as poetry, put it out of all doubt, that the imagination carries the ideas of the beautiful and the sublime far beyond visible nature; since no mortal ever possessed the blaze of divine charms that surrounds the Apollo Belvedere, or the Venus of Medici, I have just mentioned.

A variety and flush of colouring is generally the refuge of painters, who are not able to animate their designs. We may call a lustre of colouring, the rant and fustian of painting, under which are hid the want of strength and nature. None but a painter of real genius can be severe and modest in his colouring, and please at the same time. It must be observed, that the glow and variety of colours give a pleasure of a very different kind from the object of painting. When foreign ornaments, gilding, and carving come to be considered as necessary to the beauty of pictures, they are a plain diagnostic of a decay in taste and power. *Usher.*

§ 223. *On Architecture.*

A free and easy proportion, united with simplicity, seem to constitute the elegance of form in building. A subordination of parts to one evident design forms simplicity; when the members thus evidently related are great, the union is always very great. In the proportions of a noble edifice, you see the image of a creating mind result from the whole. The evident uniformity of the rotunda, and its unparalleled simplicity, are probably the sources of its superior beauty. When we look up at a vaulted roof, that seems to rest upon our horizon, we are astonished at the magnificence, more than at the visible extent.

When I am taking a review of the objects of beauty and grandeur, can I pass by unnoticed the source of colours and visible beauty? When the light is withdrawn all nature retires from view, visible bodies are annihilated, and the soul mourns the universal absence in solitude; when it returns, it brings along with it the creation, and restores joy as well as beauty. *Ibid.*

§ 224. *Thoughts on Colours and Light.*

If I should distinguish the perceptions of the senses from each other, according to the strength of the traces left on the imagination, I should call those of hearing, feeling, smelling, and tasting, *notions*, which impress the memory but weakly; while those of colours I should call ideas, to denote their strength

ſtrength and peculiar clearneſs upon the imagination. This diſtinction deſerves particular notice. The author of nature has drawn an impenetrable veil over the fixed material world that ſurrounds us: ſolid matter refuſes our acquaintance, and will be known to us only by reſiſting the touch; but how obſcure are the informations of feeling? light comes like an intimate acquaintance to relieve us; it introduces all nature to us, the fields, the trees, the flowers, the cryſtal ſtreams, and azure ſky. But all this beauteous diverſity is no more than an agreeable enchantment formed by the light that ſpreads itſelf to view; the fixed parts of nature are eternally entombed beneath the light, and we ſee nothing in fact but a creation of colours. Schoolmen, with their uſual arrogance, will tell you their ideas are tranſcripts of nature, and aſſure you that the veracity of God requires they ſhould be ſo, becauſe we cannot well avoid thinking ſo: but nothing is an object of viſion but light; the picture we ſee is not annexed to the earth, but comes with angelic celerity to meet our eyes. That which is called body or ſubſtance, that reflects the various colours of the light, and lies hid beneath the appearance, is wrapt in impenetrable obſcurity; it is fatally ſhut out from our eyes and imagination, and only cauſes in us the ideas of feeling, taſting, or ſmelling, which yet are not reſemblances of any part of matter. I do not know if I appear too ſtrong when I call colours the expreſſion of the Divinity. Light ſtrikes with ſuch vivacity and force, that we can hardly call it inanimate or unintelligent. *Uſher.*

§ 225. *On Uniformity.*

Shall we admit uniformity into our liſt of beauty, or firſt examine its real merits? When we look into the works of nature, we cannot avoid obſerving that uniformity is but the beauty of minute objects. The oppoſite ſides of a leaf divided in the middle, and the leaves of the ſame ſpecies of vegetables, retain a ſtriking uniformity; but the branch, the tree, and foreſt, deſert this ſimilarity, and take a noble irregularity with vaſt advantage. Cut a tree into a regular form, and you change its lofty port for a minute prettineſs. What forms the beauty of country ſcenes, but the want of uniformity? No two hills, vales, rivers, or proſpects, are alike; and you are charmed by the variety. Let us now ſuppoſe a country made up of the moſt beautiful hills and deſcents imaginable, but every hill and every vale alike, and at an equal diſtance; they ſoon tire you, and you find the delight vaniſhes with the novelty.

There are, I own, certain aſſemblages that form a powerful beauty by their union, of which a fine face is inconteſtible evidence. But the charm does not ſeem by any means to reſide in the uniformity, which in the human countenance is not very exact. The human countenance may be planned out much more regularly, but I fancy without adding to the beauty, for which we muſt ſeek another ſource. In truth, the fineſt eye in the world without meaning, and the fineſt mouth without a ſmile, are inſipid. An agreeable countenance includes in the idea thereof an agreeable and gentle diſpoſition. How the countenance, and an arrangement of colours and features, can expreſs the idea of an unſeen mind, we know not; but ſo the fact is, and to this fine intelligent picture, whether it be falſe or true, certain I am, that the beauty of the human countenance is owing, more than to uniformity. Shall we then ſay, that the greateſt uniformity, along with the greateſt variety, forms beauty? But this is a repetition of words without diſtinct ideas, and explicates a well-known effect by an obſcure cauſe. Uniformity, as far as it extends, excludes variety; and variety, as far as it reaches, excludes uniformity. Variety is by far more pleaſing than uniformity, but it does not conſtitute beauty; for it is impoſſible that can be called beauty, which, when well known, ceaſes to pleaſe: whereas a fine piece of muſic ſhall charm after being heard a hundred times; and a lovely countenance makes a ſtronger impreſſion on the mind by being often ſeen, becauſe there beauty is real. I think we may, upon the whole, conclude, that if uniformity be a beauty, it is but the beauty of minute objects; and that it pleaſes only by the viſible deſign, and the evident footſteps of intelligence it diſcovers. *Ibid.*

§ 226. *On Novelty.*

I muſt ſay ſomething of the evaneſcent charms of novelty. When our curioſity is excited at the opening of new ſcenes, our ideas are affecting and beyond life, and we ſee objects in a brighter hue than they after appear in. For when curioſity is ſated, the objects grow dull, and our ideas fall to their diminutive natural ſize. What I have ſaid may account for the raptured proſpect of our youth we ſee backward; novelty always recommends, becauſe expectations of the unknown

known are ever high; and in youth we have an eternal novelty: unexperienced credulous youth gilds our young ideas, and ever meets a freſh luſtre that is not yet allayed by doubts. In age, experience corrects our hopes, and the imagination cools; for this reaſon, wiſdom and high pleaſure do not reſide together.

I have obſerved through this diſcourſe, that the delight we receive from the viſible objects of nature, or from the fine arts, may be divided into the conceptions of the ſublime, and conceptions of the beautiful. Of the origin of the ſublime I ſpoke hypothetically, and with diffidence; all we certainly know on this head is, that the ſenſations of the ſublime we receive from external objects, are attended with obſcure ideas of power and immenſity; the origin of our ſenſations of beauty are ſtill more unintelligible: however, I think there is ſome foundation for claſſing the objects of beauty under different heads, by a correſpondence or ſimilarity, that may be obſerved between ſeveral particulars. *Uſher.*

§ 227. *On the Origin of our general Ideas of Beauty.*

A full and conſiſtent evidence of deſign, eſpecially if the deſign be attended with an important effect, gives the idea of beauty: thus a ſhip under ſail, a greyhound, a well-ſhaped horſe, are beautiful, becauſe they diſplay with eaſe a great deſign. Birds and beaſts of prey, completely armed for deſtruction, are for the ſame reaſon beautiful, although objects of terror.

Where different deſigns, at a ſingle view, appear to concur to one effect, the beauty accumulates; as in the Grecian architecture: where different deſigns, leading to different effects, unite in the ſame whole, they cauſe confuſion, and diminiſh the idea of beauty, as in the Gothic buildings. Upon the ſame principle, confuſion and diſorder are ugly or frightful; the figures made by ſpilled liquors are always ugly. Regular figures are handſome; and the circular, the moſt regular, is the moſt beautiful. This regulation holds only where the ſublime does not enter; for in that caſe the irregularity and careleſſneſs add to the ideas of power, and raiſe in proportion our admiration. The confuſion in which we ſee the ſtars ſcattered over the heavens, and the rude arrangement of mountains, add to their grandeur.

A mixture of the ſublime aids exceedingly the idea of beauty, and heightens the horrors of diſorder and uglineſs. Perſonal beauty is vaſtly raiſed by a noble air; on the contrary, the diſſolution and ruins of a large city, diſtreſs the mind proportionally: but while we mourn over great ruins, at the deſtruction of our ſpecies, we are alſo ſoothed by the generous commiſeration we feel in our own breaſts, and therefore ruins give us the ſame kind of grateful melancholy we feel at a tragedy. Of all the objects of diſcord and confuſion, no other is ſo ſhocking as the human ſoul in madneſs. When we ſee the principle of thought and beauty diſordered, the horror is too high, like that of a maſſacre committed before our eyes, to ſuffer the mind to make any reflex act on the godlike traces of pity that diſtinguiſh our ſpecies; and we feel no ſenſations but thoſe of diſmay and terror.

Regular motion and life ſhewn in inanimate objects, give us alſo the ſecret pleaſure we call beauty. Thus waves ſpent, and ſucceſſively breaking upon the ſhore, and waving fields of corn and graſs in continued motion, are ever beautiful. The beauty of colours may perhaps be arranged under this head: colours, like notes of muſic, affect the paſſions; red incites to anger, black to melancholy; white brings a gentle joy to the mind; the ſofter colours refreſh or relax it. The mixtures and gradations of colours have an effect correſpondent to the tranſitions and combinations of ſounds; but the ſtrokes are too tranſient and feeble to become the objects of expreſſion.

Beauty alſo reſults from every diſpoſition of nature that plainly diſcovers her favour and indulgence to us. Thus the ſpring ſeaſon, when the weather becomes mild, the verdant fields, trees loaded with fruit or covered with ſhade, clear ſprings, but particularly the human face, where the gentle paſſions are delineated, are beyond expreſſion beautiful. On the ſame principle, inclement wintery ſkies, trees ſtripped of their verdure, deſert barren lands, and above all death, are frightful and ſhocking. I muſt, however, obſerve, that I do not by any means ſuppoſe, that the ſentiment of beauty ariſes from a reflex conſiderate act of the mind, upon the obſervation of the deſigns of nature or of art; the ſentiment of beauty is inſtantaneous, and depends upon no prior reflections. All I mean is, that deſign and beauty are in an arbitrary manner united together; ſo that where we ſee the one, whether we reflect on it or no, we perceive the other. I muſt further add, that there may be other diviſions of beauty eaſily diſcoverable, which I have not taken notice of.

The general ſenſe of beauty, as well as of grandeur, ſeems peculiar to man in the creation. The herd in common with him enjoy the gentle breath of ſpring; they lie down to repoſe on the flowery bank, and hear the peaceful humming of the bee; they enjoy the green fields and paſtures: but we have reaſon to think, that it is man only who ſees the image of beauty over the happy proſpect, and rejoices at it; that it is hid from the brute creation, and depends not upon ſenſe, but on the intelligent mind.

We have juſt taken a tranſient view of the principal departments of taſte; let us now, madam, make a few general reflections upon our ſubject. *Uſher.*

§ 228. *Senſe, Taſte, and Genius diſtinguiſhed.*

The human genius, with the beſt aſſiſtance, and the fineſt examples, breaks forth but ſlowly; and the greateſt men have but gradually acquired a juſt taſte, and chaſte ſimple conceptions of beauty. At an immature age, the ſenſe of beauty is weak and confuſed, and requires an exceſs of colouring to catch its attention. It then prefers extravagance and rant to juſtneſs, a groſs falſe wit to the engaging light of nature, and the ſhewy, rich, and glaring, to the fine and amiable. This is the childhood of taſte; but as the human genius ſtrengthens and grows to maturity, if it be aſſiſted by a happy education, the ſenſe of univerſal beauty awakes; it begins to be diſguſted with the falſe and miſhapen deceptions that pleaſed before, and reſts with delight on elegant ſimplicity, on pictures of eaſy beauty and unaffected grandeur.

The progreſs of the fine arts in the human mind may be fixed at three remarkable degrees, from their foundation to the loftieſt height. The baſis is a ſenſe of beauty and of the ſublime, the ſecond ſtep we may call taſte, and the laſt genius.

A ſenſe of the beautiful and of the great is univerſal, which appears from the uniformity thereof in the moſt diſtant ages and nations. What was engaging and ſublime in ancient Greece and Rome, are ſo at this day: and, as I obſerved before, there is not the leaſt neceſſity of improvement or ſcience, to diſcover the charms of a graceful or noble deportment. There is a fine, but an ineffectual light in the breaſt of man. After nightfall we have admired the planet Venus; the beauty and vivacity of her luſtre, the immenſe diſtance from which we judged her beams iſſued, and the ſilence of the night, all concurred to ſtrike us with an agreeable amazement. But ſhe ſhone in diſtinguiſhed beauty, without giving ſufficient light to direct our ſteps, or ſhew us the objects around us. Thus in unimproved nature, the light of the mind is bright and uſeleſs. In utter barbarity, our proſpect of it is ſtill leſs fixed; it appears, and then again ſeems wholly to vaniſh in the ſavage breaſt, like the ſame planet Venus, when ſhe has but juſt raiſed her orient beams to mariners above the waves, and is now deſcried, and now loſt, through the ſwelling billows.

The next ſtep is taſte, the ſubject of our enquiry, which conſiſts in a diſtinct, unconfuſed knowledge of the great and beautiful. Although you ſee not many poſſeſſed of a good taſte, yet the generality of mankind are capable of it. The very populace of Athens had acquired a good taſte by habit and fine examples, ſo that a delicacy of judgment ſeemed natural to all who breathed the air of that elegant city: we find a manly and elevated ſenſe diſtinguiſh the common people of Rome and of all the cities of Greece, while the level of mankind was preſerved in thoſe cities; while the Plebeians had a ſhare in the government, and an utter ſeparation was not made between them and the nobles, by wealth and luxury. But when once the common people are rent aſunder wholly from the great and opulent, and made ſubſervient to the luxury of the latter; then the taſte of nature infallibly takes her flight from both parties. The poor by a ſordid habit, and an attention wholly confined to mean views, and the rich by an attention to the changeable modes of fancy, and a vitiated preference for the rich and coſtly, loſe view of ſimple beauty and grandeur. It may ſeem a paradox, and yet I am firmly perſuaded, that it would be eaſier at this day to give a good taſte to the young ſavages of America, than to the noble youth of Europe.

Genius, the pride of man, as man is of the creation, has been poſſeſſed but by few, even in the brighteſt ages. Men of ſuperior genius, while they ſee the reſt of mankind painfully ſtruggling to comprehend obvious truths, glance themſelves through the moſt remote conſequences, like lightning through a path that cannot be traced. They ſee the beauties of nature with life and warmth, and paint them forcibly without effort, as the morning ſun does the ſcenes he riſes upon; and in ſeveral inſtances, communicate to objects a morning freſhneſs and unaccountable luſtre, that is not ſeen in the creation

of nature. The poet, the ſtatuary, the painter, have produced images that left nature far behind.

The conſtellations of extraordinary perſonages who appeared in Greece and Rome, at or near the ſame period of time, after ages of darkneſs to which we know no beginning; and the long barrenneſs of thoſe countries after in great men, prove that genius owes much of its luſtre to a perſonal conteſt of glory, and the ſtrong rivalſhip of great examples within actual view and knowledge; and that great parts alone are not able to lift a perſon out of barbarity. It is further to be obſerved, that when the inſpiring ſpirit of the fine arts retired, and left inanimate and cold the breaſts of poets, painters, and ſtatuaries, men of taſte ſtill remained, who diſtinguiſhed and admired the beauteous monuments of genius; but the power of execution was loſt; and although monarchs loved and courted the arts, yet they refuſed to return. From whence it is evident, that neither taſte, nor natural parts, form the creating genius that inſpired the great maſters of antiquity, and that they owed their extraordinary powers to ſomething different from both.

If we conſider the numbers of men who wrote well, and excelled in every department of the liberal arts, in the ages of genius, and the ſimplicity that always attends beauty; we muſt be led to think, that although few perhaps can reach to the ſupreme beauty of imagination diſplayed by the firſt-rate poets, orators, and philoſophers; yet moſt men are capable of juſt thinking and agreeable writing. Nature lies very near our reflections, and will appear, if we be not miſled and prejudiced before the ſenſe of beauty grows to maturity. The populace of Athens and Rome prove ſtrongly, that uncommon parts or great learning are not neceſſary to make men think juſtly. *Uſher.*

§ 229. *Thoughts on the Human Capacity.*

We know not the bounds of taſte, becauſe we are unacquainted with the extent and boundaries of the human genius. The mind in ignorance is like a ſleeping giant; it has immenſe capacities, without the power of uſing them. By liſtening to the lectures of Socrates, men grew heroes, philoſophers, and legiſlators; for he, of all mankind, ſeemed to have diſcovered the ſhort and lightſome path to the faculties of the mind. To give you an inſtance of the human capacity, that comes more immediately within your notice, what graces, what ſentiments have been tranſplanted into the motion of a minuet, of which a ſavage has no conception! We know not to what degree of rapture harmony is capable of being carried, nor what hidden powers may be in yet unexperienced beauties of the imagination, whoſe objects are in ſcenes and in worlds we are ſtrangers to. Children, who die young, have no conception of the ſentiment of perſonal beauty. Are we certain that we are not yet children in reſpect to ſeveral ſpecies of beauties? We are ignorant whether there be not paſſions in the ſoul, that have hitherto remained unawaked and undiſcovered for want of objects to rouſe them: we feel plainly, that ſome ſuch are gently agitated and moved by certain notes of muſic. In reality, we know not but the taſte and capacity of beauty and grandeur in the ſoul, may extend as far beyond all we actually perceive, as this whole world exceeds the ſphere of a cockle or an oyſter. *Ibid.*

§ 230. *Taſte how depraved and loſt.*

Let us now conſider by what means taſte is uſually depraved and loſt in a nation, that is neither conquered by barbarians nor has loſt the improvements in agriculture, huſbandry, and defence, that allow men leiſure for reflection and embelliſhment. I obſerved before, that this natural light is not ſo clear in the greateſt men, but it may lie oppreſſed by barbarity. When people of mean parts, and of pride without genius, get into elevated ſtations, they want a taſte for ſimple grandeur, and miſtake for it what is uncommonly glaring and extraordinary; whence proceeds falſe wit of every kind, a gaudy richneſs in dreſs, an oppreſſive load of ornament in building, and a grandeur overſtrained and puerile univerſally. I muſt obſerve, that people of bad taſte and little genius almoſt always lay a great ſtreſs on trivial matters, and are oſtentatious and exact in ſingularities, or in a decorum in trifles. When people of mean parts appear in high ſtations, and at the head of the faſhionable world, they cannot fail to introduce a falſe-embroidered habit of mind: people of nearly the ſame genius, who make up the crowd, will admire and follow them; and at length ſolitary taſte, adorned only by noble ſimplicity, will be loſt in the general example.

Alſo when a nation is much corrupted; when avarice and a love of gain have ſeized upon the hearts of men; when the nobles ignominiouſly bend their necks to corruption and bribery, or enter into the baſe myſteries

myſteries of gaming; then decency, elevated principles, and greatneſs of ſoul, expire; and all that remains is a comedy or puppet-ſhew of elegance, in which the dancing-maſter and peer are upon a level, and the mind is underſtood to have no part in the drama of politeneſs, or elſe to act under a mean diſguiſe of virtues which it is not poſſeſſed of. *Uſher.*

§ 231. *Some Reflections on the Human Mind.*

Upon putting together the whole of our reflections, you ſee two different natures laying claim to the human race, and dragging it different ways. You ſee a neceſſity, that ariſes from our ſituation and circumſtances, bending us down into unworthy miſery and ſordid baſeneſs; and you ſee, when we can eſcape from the inſulting tyranny of our fate, and acquire eaſe and freedom, a generous nature, that lay ſtupified and oppreſſed, begin to awake and charm us with proſpects of beauty and glory. This awakening genius gazes in rapture at the beauteous and elevating ſcenes of nature. The beauties of nature are familiar, and charm it like a mother's boſom; and the objects which have the plain marks of immenſe power and grandeur, raiſe in it a ſtill, an inquiſitive, and trembling delight: but genius often throws over the objects of its conceptions colours finer than thoſe of nature, and opens a paradiſe that exiſts no where but in its own creations. The bright and peaceful ſcenes of Arcadia, and the lovely deſcriptions of paſtoral poetry, never exiſted on earth, no more than Pope's ſhepherds, or the river gods of Windſor foreſt: it is all but a charming illuſion, which the mind firſt paints with celeſtial colours, and then languiſhes for. Knight-errantry is another kind of deluſion, which, though it be fictitious in fact, yet is true in ſentiment. I believe there are few people who in their youth, before they be corrupted by the commerce of the world, are not knight-errants and princeſſes in their hearts. The ſoul, in a beauteous ecſtacy, communicates a flame to words which they had not; and poetry, by its quick tranſitions, bold figures, lively images, and the variety of efforts to paint the latent rapture, bears witneſs, that the confuſed ideas of the mind are infinitely ſuperior, and beyond the reach of all deſcription. It is this divine ſpirit that, when roufed from its lethargy, breathes in noble ſentiments, that charms in elegance, that ſtamps upon marble or canvaſs the figures of gods and heroes, that inſpires them with an air above humanity, and leads the ſoul through the enchanting meanders of muſic in a waking viſion, through which it cannot break, to diſcover the near objects that charm it.

How ſhall we venture to trace the object of this ſurpriſing beauty peculiar to genius which evidently does not come to the mind from the ſenſes? It is not conveyed in ſound, for we feel the ſounds of muſic charm us by gently agitating and ſwelling the paſſions, and ſetting ſome paſſions afloat, for which we have no name, and knew not until they were awaked in the mind by harmony. This beauty does not arrive at the mind by the ideas of viſion, though it be moved by them; for it evidently beſtows on the mimic repreſentations and images the mind makes of the objects of ſenſe, an enchanting lovelineſs that never exiſted in thoſe objects. Where ſhall the ſoul find this amazing beauty, whoſe very ſhadow, glimmering upon the imagination, opens unſpeakable raptures in it, and diſtracts it with languiſhing pleaſure? What are thoſe ſtranger ſentiments that lie in wait in the ſoul, until muſic calls them forth? What is the obſcure but unavoidable value or merit of virtue? or who is the law-maker in the mind who gives it a worth and dignity beyond all eſtimation, and puniſhes the breach of it with conſcious terror, and deſpair? What is it in objects of immeaſurable power and grandeur that we look for with ſtill amazement, and awful delight?—But I find, madam, we have been inſenſibly led into ſubjects too abſtruſe and ſevere; I muſt not put the graces with whom we have been converſing to flight, and draw the ſerious air of meditation over that countenance where the ſmiles naturally dwell.

I have, in conſequence of your permiſſion, put together ſuch thoughts as occurred to me on good taſte. I told you, if I had leiſure hereafter, I would diſpoſe of them with more regularity, and add any new obſervations that I may make. Before I finiſh, I muſt in juſtice make my acknowledgments of the aſſiſtance I received. I took notice at the beginning, that Rollin's Obſervations on Taſte gave occaſion to this diſcourſe. Sir Harry Beaumont's poliſhed dialogue on beauty, called Crito, was of ſervice to me; and I have availed myſelf of the writings and ſentiments of the ancients, particularly of the poets and ſtatuaries of Greece, which

was the native and original country of the graces and fine arts. But I ſhould be very unjuſt, if I did not make my chief acknowledgments where they are more peculiarly due. If your modeſty will not ſuffer me to draw that picture from which I borrowed my ideas of elegance, I am bound at leaſt, in honeſty, to diſclaim every merit but that of copying from a bright original. *Uſher.*

§ 232. *General Reflections upon what is called Good Taſte. From* Rollin's *Belles Lettres.*

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This happy faculty, which it is more eaſy to conceive than define, is leſs the effect of genius than judgment, and a kind of natural reaſon wrought up to perfection by ſtudy. It ſerves in compoſition to guide and direct the underſtanding. It makes uſe of the imagination, but without ſubmitting to it, and keeps it always in ſubjection. It conſults nature univerſally, follows it ſtep by ſtep, and is a faithful image of it. Reſerved and ſparing in the midſt of abundance and riches, it diſpenſes the beauties and graces of diſcourſe with temper and wiſdom. It never ſuffers itſelf to be dazzled with falſhood, how glittering a figure ſoever it may make. 'Tis equally offended with too much and too little. It knows preciſely where it muſt ſtop, and cuts off, without regret or mercy, whatever exceeds the beautiful and perfect. 'Tis the want of this quality which occaſions the various ſpecies of bad ſtyle; as bombaſt, conceit, and witticiſm; in which, as Quintilian ſays, the genius is void of judgment, and ſuffers itſelf to be carried away with an appearance of beauty, *quoties ingenium judicio caret, & ſpecie boni fallitur.*

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But how depraved ſoever the taſte may be, it is never abſolutely loſt. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the underſtanding, wherein all men agree. Where theſe ſecret ſeeds are cultivated with care, they may be carried to a far greater height of perfection. And if it ſo happens, that any freſh light awakens theſe firſt notions, and renders the mind attentive to the immutable rules of truth and beauty, ſo as to diſcover the natural and neceſſary conſequences of them, and ſerves at the ſame time for a model to facilitate the application of them; we generally ſee, that men of the beſt ſenſe gladly caſt off their ancient errors, correct the miſtakes of their former judgments, and return to the juſtneſs, and delicacy, which are the effects of a refined taſte, and by degrees draw others after them into the ſame way of thinking.

To be convinced of this, we need only look upon the ſucceſs of certain great orators and celebrated authors, who, by their natural talents, have recalled theſe primitive ideas, and given freſh life to theſe ſeeds, which lie concealed in the mind of every man. In a little time they united the voices of thoſe who made the beſt uſe of their reaſon, in their favour; and ſoon after gained the applauſe of every age and condition, both ignorant and learned. It would be eaſy to point out amongſt us the date of the good taſte, which now reigns in all arts and ſciences, and by tracing each up to its original, we ſhould ſee that a ſmall number of men of genius have acquired the nation this glory and advantage.

Even thoſe who live in the politer ages, without any application to learning or ſtudy, do not fail to gain ſome tincture of the prevailing good taſte which has a ſhare, without their perceiving it themſelves, in their converſation, letters, and behaviour. There are few of our ſoldiers at preſent, who would not write more correctly and elegantly than Ville-Hardouin, and the other officers who lived in a ruder and more barbarous age.

From what I have ſaid, we may conclude, that rules and precepts may be laid down for the improvement of this diſcerning faculty; and I cannot perceive why Quintilian, who juſtly ſets ſuch a value upon it, ſhould ſay that it is no more to be obtained by art than the taſte or ſmell; *Non magis arte traditur, quam guſtus aut odor*; unleſs he meant, that ſome perſons are ſo ſtupid, and have ſo little uſe of their judgment, as might tempt one to believe, that it was in reality the gift of nature alone.

Neither do I think that Quintilian is abſolutely in the right in the inſtance he produces, at leaſt with reſpect to taſte. We need only imagine what paſſes in certain nations, in which long cuſtom has introduced a fondneſs for certain odd and extravagant diſhes. They readily commend good liquors, elegant food, and good cookery. They ſoon learn to diſcern the delicacy of the ſeaſoning, when a ſkilful maſter in that way has pointed it out to them, and to prefer it to the groſſneſs of their former diet. When I talk thus, I would not be underſtood to think thoſe nations had great cauſe to complain for the want of knowledge and ability in what is become ſo fatal to us. But we may judge from hence the reſemblance there is between the taſte of the body and mind, and how proper the firſt is to deſcribe the characters of the ſecond.

The good taſte we ſpeak of, which is that of literature, is not limited to what we call the ſciences, but extends itſelf imperceptibly to other arts, ſuch as architecture, painting, ſculpture, and muſic. 'Tis the ſame diſcerning faculty which introduces univerſally the ſame elegance, the ſame ſymmetry, and the ſame order in the diſpoſition of the parts; which inclines us to a noble ſimplicity, to natural beauties, and a judicious choice of ornaments. On the other hand, the depravation of taſte in arts has been always a mark and conſequence of the depravation of taſte in literature. The heavy, confuſed, and groſs ornaments of the old Gothic buildings, placed uſually without elegance, contrary to all good rules, and out of all true proportions, were the image of the writings of the authors of the ſame age.

The good taſte of literature reaches alſo to public cuſtoms and the manner of living. An habit of conſulting the beſt rules upon one ſubject, naturally leads to the doing it alſo upon others. Paulus Æmilius, whoſe genius was ſo univerſally extenſive, having made a great feaſt for the entertainment of all Greece upon the conqueſt of Macedon, and obſerving that his gueſts looked upon it as conducted with more elegance and art than might be expected from a ſoldier, told them they were much in the wrong to be ſurpriſed at it; for the ſame genius which taught how to draw up an army to advantage, naturally pointed out the proper diſpoſition of a table.

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But how depraved ſoever the taſte may be, it is never abſolutely loſt. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the underſtanding, wherein all men agree. Where theſe ſecret ſeeds are cultivated with care, they may be carried to a far greater height of perfection. And if it ſo happens, that any freſh light awakens theſe firſt notions, and renders the mind attentive to the immutable rules of truth and beauty, ſo as to diſcover the natural and neceſſary conſequences of them, and ſerves at the ſame time for a model to facilitate the application of them; we generally ſee, that men of the beſt ſenſe gladly caſt off their ancient errors, correct the miſtakes of their former judgments, and return to the juſtneſs, and delicacy, which are the effects of a refined taſte, and by degrees draw others after them into the ſame way of thinking.

To be convinced of this, we need only look upon the ſucceſs of certain great orators and celebrated authors, who, by their natural talents, have recalled theſe primitive ideas, and given freſh life to theſe ſeeds, which lie concealed in the mind of every man. In a little time they united the voices of thoſe who made the beſt uſe of their reaſon, in their favour; and ſoon after gained the applauſe of every age and condition, both ignorant and learned. It would be eaſy to point out amongſt us the date of the good taſte, which now reigns in all arts and ſciences, and by tracing each up to its original, we ſhould ſee that a ſmall number of men of genius have acquired the nation this glory and advantage.

Even thoſe who live in the politer ages, without any application to learning or ſtudy, do not fail to gain ſome tincture of the prevailing good taſte which has a ſhare, without their perceiving it themſelves, in their converſation, letters, and behaviour. There are few of our ſoldiers at preſent, who would not write more correctly and elegantly than Ville-Hardouin, and the other officers who lived in a ruder and more barbarous age.

From what I have ſaid, we may conclude, that rules and precepts may be laid down for the improvement of this diſcerning faculty; and I cannot perceive why Quintilian, who juſtly ſets ſuch a value upon it, ſhould ſay that it is no more to be obtained by art than the taſte or ſmell; *Non magis arte traditur, quam guſtus aut odor*; unleſs he meant, that ſome perſons are ſo ſtupid, and have ſo little uſe of their judgment, as might tempt one to believe, that it was in reality the gift of nature alone.

Neither do I think that Quintilian is abſolutely in the right in the inſtance he produces, at leaſt with reſpect to taſte. We need only imagine what paſſes in certain nations, in which long cuſtom has introduced a fondneſs for certain odd and extravagant diſhes. They readily commend good liquors, elegant food, and good cookery. They ſoon learn to diſcern the delicacy of the ſeaſoning, when a ſkilful maſter in that way has pointed it out to them, and to prefer it to the groſſneſs of their former diet. When I talk thus, I would not be underſtood to think thoſe nations had great cauſe to complain for the want of knowledge and ability in what is become ſo fatal to us. But we may judge from hence the reſemblance there is between the taſte of the body and mind, and how proper the firſt is to deſcribe the characters of the ſecond.

The good taſte we ſpeak of, which is that of literature, is not limited to what we call the ſciences, but extends itſelf imperceptibly to other arts, ſuch as architecture, painting, ſculpture, and muſic. 'Tis the ſame diſcerning faculty which introduces univerſally the ſame elegance, the ſame ſymmetry, and the ſame order in the diſpoſition of the parts; which inclines us to a noble ſimplicity, to natural beauties, and a judicious choice of ornaments. On the other hand, the depravation of taſte in arts has been always a mark and conſequence of the depravation of taſte in literature. The heavy, confuſed, and groſs ornaments of the old Gothic buildings, placed uſually without elegance, contrary to all good rules, and out of all true proportions, were the image of the writings of the authors of the ſame age.

The good taſte of literature reaches alſo to public cuſtoms and the manner of living. An habit of conſulting the beſt rules upon one ſubject, naturally leads to the doing it alſo upon others. Paulus Æmilius, whoſe genius was ſo univerſally extenſive, having made a great feaſt for the entertainment of all Greece upon the conqueſt of Macedon, and obſerving that his gueſts loooked upon it as conducted with more elegance and art than might be expected from a ſoldier, told them they were much in the wrong to be ſurpriſed at it; for the ſame genius which taught how to draw up an army to advantage, naturally pointed out the proper diſpoſition of a table.

But by a ſtrange, though frequent revolution, which is one great proof of the weakneſs, or rather the corruption of human underſtanding, this very delicacy and elegance, which the good taſte of literature and eloquence uſually introduces into common life, for buildings for inſtance and entertainments, coming by little and little to degenerate into exceſs and luxury, introduces in its turn the bad taſte in literature and eloquence. This Seneca informs us, in a very ingenious manner, in one of his epiſtles, where he ſeems to have drawn a good deſcription of himſelf, though he did not perceive it.

One of his friends had aſked him, whence the alteration could poſſibly ariſe which was ſometimes obſervable in eloquence, and which carried moſt people into certain general faults; ſuch as the affectation of bold and extravagant figures, metaphors ſtruck off without meaſure or caution, ſentences ſo ſhort and abrupt, that they left people rather to gueſs what they meant, than conveyed a meaning.

Seneca anſwers this queſtion by a common proverb among the Greeks; "As is their life, ſo is their diſcourſe," *Talis hominibus fuit oratio, qualis vita.* As a private perſon lets us into his character by his diſcourſe, ſo the reigning ſtyle is oft an image of the public manners. The heart carries the underſtanding away with it, and communicates its vices to it, as well as its virtues. When men ſtrive to be diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of the world by novelty, and refinement in their furniture, buildings, and entertainments, and a ſtudious ſearch after every thing that is not in common uſe; the ſame taſte will prevail in eloquence, and introduce novelty and irregularity there. When the mind is once accuſtomed to deſpiſe rules in manners, it will not follow them in ſtyle. Nothing will then go down but what ſtrikes by its being new and glaring, extraordinary and affected. Trifling and childiſh thoughts will take place of ſuch as are bold and overſtrained to an exceſs. We ſhall affect a ſleek and florid ſtyle, and an elocution pompous indeed, but with little more than mere ſound in it.

And this ſort of faults is generally the effect of a ſingle man's example, who, having gained reputation enough to be followed by the multitude, ſets up for a maſter, and gives the ſtrain to others. 'Tis thought honourable to imitate him, to obſerve and copy after him, and his ſtyle becomes the rule and model of the public taſte.

As then luxury in diet and dreſs is a plain indication that the manners are not under ſo good a regulation as they ſhould be; ſo a licentiouſneſs of ſtyle, when it becomes public and general, ſhews evidently a depravation and corruption of the underſtandings of mankind.

To remedy this evil, and reform the thoughts and expreſſions uſed in ſtyle, it will be requiſite to cleanſe the ſpring from whence they proceed. 'Tis the mind that muſt be cured. When that is ſound and vigorous, eloquence will be ſo too; but it becomes feeble and languid when the mind is enfeebled and enervated by pleaſures and delights. In a word, it is the mind which preſides, and directs, and gives motion to the whole, and all the reſt follows its impreſſions.

He has obſerved elſewhere, that a ſtyle too ſtudied and far-fetched is a mark of a little genius. He would have an orator, eſpecially when upon a grave and ſerious ſubject, be leſs curious about words, and the manner of placing them, than of his matter, and the choice of his thoughts. When you ſee a diſcourſe laboured and poliſhed with ſo much carefulneſs and ſtudy, you may conclude, ſays he, that it comes from a mean capacity, that buſies itſelf in trifles. A writer of great genius will not ſtand for ſuch minute things. He thinks and ſpeaks with more nobleneſs and grandeur, and we may diſcern, in all he ſays, a certain eaſy and natural air, which argues a man of real riches, who does not endeavour to appear ſo. He then compares this florid prinked eloquence to young people curled out and powdered, and continually before their glaſs and the toilet: *Barba et coma nitidos, de capſula totos.* Nothing great and ſolid can be expected from ſuch characters. So alſo with orators. The diſcourſe is in a manner the viſage of the mind. If it is decked out, tricked up, and painted, it is a ſign there is ſome defect in the mind, and all is not ſound within. So much finery, diſplayed with ſuch art and ſtudy, is not the proper ornament of eloquence. *Non eſt ornamentum virile, concinnitas.*

Who would not think, upon hearing Seneca talk thus, that he was a declared enemy of bad taſte, and that no one was more capable of oppoſing and preventing it than he? And yet it was he, more than any other, that contributed to the depravation of taſte, and

and corruption of eloquence. I ſhall take occaſion to ſpeak upon this ſubject in another place, and ſhall do it the more freely, as there is cauſe to fear leſt the bad taſte for bright thoughts, and turns of expreſſion, which is properly the character of Seneca, ſhould prevail in our own age. And I queſtion whether this be not a mark and preſage of the ruin of eloquence we are threatened with, as the immoderate luxury that now reigns more than ever, and the almoſt general decay of good manners, are perhaps alſo the fatal harbingers of it.

One ſingle perſon of reputation ſometimes, as Seneca obſerves, and he himſelf is an inſtance of it, who by his eminent qualifications ſhall have acquired the eſteem of the public, may ſuffice to introduce this bad taſte and corrupt ſtyle. Whilſt moved by a ſecret ambition, a man of this character ſtrives to diſtinguiſh himſelf from the reſt of the orators and writers of his age, and to open a new path, where he thinks it better to march alone at the head of his new diſciples, than follow at the heels of the old maſters; whilſt he prefers the reputation of wit to that of ſolidity, purſues what is bright rather than what is ſolid, and ſets the marvellous above the natural and true; whilſt he chooſes rather to apply to the fancy than to the judgment, to dazzle reaſon than convince it, to ſurpriſe the hearer into an approbation, rather than deſerve it; and by a kind of deluſion and ſoft enchantment carry off the admiration and applauſes of ſuperficial minds (and ſuch the multitude always are), other writers ſeduced by the charms of novelty, and the hopes of a like ſucceſs, will ſuffer themſelves inſenſibly to be hurried down the ſtream, and add ſtrength to it by following it. And thus the old taſte, though better in itſelf, ſhall give way to the new one without redreſs, which ſhall preſently aſſume the force of a law, and draw a whole nation after it.

This ſhould awaken the diligence of the maſters in the univerſity, to prevent and hinder, as much as in them lies, the ruin of good taſte; and as they are entruſted with the public inſtruction of youth, they ſhould look upon this care as an eſſential part of their duty. The cuſtoms, manners, and laws of the ancients have changed; they are often oppoſite to our way of life, and the uſages that prevail amongſt us; and the knowledge of them may be therefore leſs neceſſary for us. Their actions are gone and cannot return; great events have had their courſe without any reaſon left for us to expect the like; and the revolutions of ſtates and empires have perhaps very little relation to their preſent ſituation and wants, and therefore become of leſs concern to us. But good taſte, which is grounded upon immutable principles, is always the ſame in every age; and it is the principal advantage that young perſons ſhould be taught to obtain from reading of ancient authors, who have ever been looked upon with reaſon as the maſters, depoſitories, and guardians of ſound eloquence and good taſte. In fine, of all that may any wiſe contribute to the cultivating the mind, we may truly ſay this is the moſt eſſential part, and what ought to be preferred before all others.

This good taſte is not confined to literature; it takes in alſo, as we have already ſuggeſted, all arts and ſciences, and branches of knowledge. It conſiſts therefore in a certain juſt and exact diſcernment, which points out to us, in each of the ſciences and branches of knowledge, whatever is moſt curious, beautiful, and uſeful, whatever is moſt eſſential, ſuitable, or neceſſary to thoſe who apply to it; how far conſequently we ſhould carry the ſtudy of it; what ought to be removed from it; what deſerves a particular application and preference before the reſt. For want of this diſcernment, a man may fall ſhort of the moſt eſſential part of his profeſſion, without perceiving it: nor is the caſe ſo rare as one might imagine. An inſtance taken from the Cyropædia of Xenophon will ſet the matter in a clear light.

The young Cyrus, ſon of Cambyſes King of Perſia, had long been under the tuition of a maſter in the art of war, who was without doubt a perſon of the greateſt abilities and beſt reputation in his time. One day, as Cambyſes was diſcourſing with his ſon, he took occaſion to mention his maſter, whom the young Prince had in great veneration, and from whom he pretended he had learnt in general whatever was neceſſary for the command of an army. Has your maſter, ſays Cambyſes, given you any lectures of œconomy; that is, has he taught you how to provide your troops with neceſſaries, to ſupply them with proviſions, to prevent the diſtempers that are incident to them, to cure them when they are ſick, to ſtrengthen their bodies by frequent exerciſe, to raiſe emulation among them, how to make yourſelf obeyed, eſteemed, and beloved by them? Upon all theſe points, anſwered Cyrus, and ſeveral others the King ran over to him, he has not ſpoke one word, and they are all new to me. And what has

he taught you then? To exercise my arms, replies the young Prince, to ride, to draw the bow, to cast a spear, to form a camp, to draw the plan of a fortification, to range my troops in order of battle, to make a review, to see that they march, file off, and encamp. Cambyses smiled, and let his son see that he had learnt nothing of what was most essential to the making of a good officer, and an able general; and taught him far more in one conversation, which certainly deserves well to be studied by young gentlemen that are designed for the army, than his famous master had done in many years.

Every profession is liable to the same inconvenience, either from our not being sufficiently attentive to the principal end we should have in view in our applications to it, or from taking custom for our guide, and blindly following the footsteps of others, who have gone before us. There is nothing more useful than the knowledge of history. But if we rest satisfied in loading our memory with a multitude of facts, of no great curiosity or importance, if we dwell only upon dates and difficulties in chronology or geography, and take no pains to get acquainted with the genius, manners, and characters of the great men we read of, we shall have learnt a great deal, and know but very little. A treatise of rhetoric may be extensive, enter into a long detail of precept, define very exactly every trope and figure, explain well their differences, and largely treat such questions as were warmly debated by the rhetoricians of old; and with all this be very like that discourse of rhetoric Tully speaks of, which was only fit to teach people not to speak at all, or not to the purpose. *Scripsit artem rhetoricam cleanthes, sed sic, ut, si quis obmutescere concupierit, nihil aliud legere debeat.* In philosophy one might spend abundance of time in knotty and abstruse disputes, and even learn a great many fine and curious things, and at the same time neglect the essential part of the study, which is to form the judgment and direct the manners.

In a word, the most necessary qualification, not only in the art of speaking and the sciences, but in the whole conduct of our life, is that taste, prudence, and discretion, which, upon all subjects, and on every occasion, teaches us what we should do, and how to do it. *Illud dicere satis habeo, nihil esse, non modo in orando, sed in omni vita, prius consilio.*

Rollin.

§ 233. *A classical contrasted with a fashionable Education.*

However widely the thinking part of mankind may have differed as to the proper mode of conducting education, they have always been unanimous in their opinion of its importance. The outward effects of it are observed by the most inattentive. They know that the *clown* and the *dancing-master* are the same from the hand of nature; and, although a little farther reflection is requisite to perceive the effects of culture on the internal senses, it cannot be disputed, that the mind, like the body, when arrived at firmness and maturity, retains the impressions it received in a more pliant and tender age.

The greatest part of mankind, born to labour for their subsistence, are fixed in habits of industry by the iron hand of necessity. They have little time or opportunity for the cultivation of the understanding; the errors and immoralities in their conduct, that flow from the want of those sentiments which education is intended to produce, will, on that account, meet with indulgence from every benevolent mind. But those who are placed in a conspicuous station, whose vices become more complicated and destructive, by the abuse of knowledge, and the misapplication of improved talents, have no title to the same indulgence. Their guilt is heightened by the rank and fortune which protect them from punishment, and which, in some degree, preserve them from that infamy their conduct has merited.

I hold it, then, uncontrovertible, that the higher the rank, the more urgent is the necessity for storing the mind with the principles, and directing the passions to the practice, of public and private virtue. Perhaps it might not be impossible to form plans of education, to lay down rules, and contrive institutions, for the instruction of youth of all ranks, that would have a general influence upon manners. But this is an attempt, too arduous for a private hand; it can be expected only from the great council of the nation, when they shall be pleased to apply their experienced wisdom and penetration to so material an object, which, in some future period, may be found not less deserving their attention than those important debates in which they are frequently engaged, which they conduct with an elegance, a decorum, and a public spirit, becoming the incorrupted, disinterested,

virtuous repreſentatives of a great and flouriſhing people.

While in expectation of this, perhaps diſtant, æra, I hope it will not be unacceptable to my readers to ſuggeſt ſome hints that may be uſeful in the education of the gentleman, to try if it be not poſſible to form an alliance between the virtues and the graces, the man and the citizen, and produce a being leſs diſhonourable to the ſpecies than the courtier of Lord *Cheſterfield*, and more uſeful to ſociety than the ſavage of *Rouſſeau*.

The ſagacious *Locke*, toward the end of the laſt century, gave to the Public ſome thoughts on education, the general merit of which leaves room to regret that he did not find time, as he ſeemed once to have intended, to reviſe what he had written, and give a complete treatiſe on the ſubject. But, with all the veneration I feel for that great man, and all the reſpect that is due to him, I cannot help being of opinion, that ſome of his obſervations have laid the foundation of that defective ſyſtem of education, the fatal conſequences of which are ſo well deſcribed by my corrreſpondent in the letter publiſhed in my Fourth Number. Mr. *Locke*, ſenſible of the labyrinth with which the pedantry of the learned had ſurrounded all the avenues to ſcience, ſucceſsfully employed the ſtrength of his genius to trace knowledge to her ſource, and point out the direct road to ſucceeding generations. Diſguſted with the ſchoolmen, he, from a prejudice to which even great minds are liable, ſeems to have contracted a diſlike to every thing they taught, and even to the languages in which they wrote. He ſcruples not to ſpeak of *grammar* as unneceſſary to the perfect knowledge either of the dead or living languages, and to affirm, that a part of the years thrown away in the ſtudy of *Greek* and *Latin*, would be better employed in learning the trades of *gardeners* and *turners*; as if it were a fitter and more uſeful recreation for a gentleman to plant potatoes, and to make cheſs-boards, and ſnuff-boxes, than to ſtudy the beauties of *Cicero* and *Homer*.

It will be allowed by all, that the great purpoſe of education is to form the man and the citizen, that he may be virtuous, happy in himſelf, and uſeful to ſociety. To attain this end, his education ſhould begin, as it were, from his birth, and be continued till he arrive at firmneſs and maturity of mind, as well as of body. Sincerity, truth, juſtice, and humanity are to be cultivated from the firſt dawnings of memory and obſervation. As the powers of theſe increaſe, the genius and diſpoſition unfold themſelves; it then becomes neceſſary to check, in the bud, every propenſity to folly or to vice; to root out every mean, ſelfiſh, and ungenerous ſentiment; to warm and animate the heart in the purſuit of virtue and honour. The experience of ages has hitherto diſcovered no ſurer method of giving right impreſſions to young minds, than by frequently exhibiting to them thoſe bright examples which hiſtory affords, and, by that means, inſpiring them with thoſe ſentiments of public and private virtue which breathe in the writings of the ſages of antiquity.

In this view, I have ever conſidered the acquiſition of the dead languages as a moſt important branch in the education of a gentleman. Not to mention that the ſlowneſs with which he acquires them, prevents his memory from being loaded with facts faſter than his growing reaſon can compare and diſtinguiſh, he becomes acquainted by degrees with the virtuous characters of ancient times; he admires their juſtice, temperance, fortitude, and public ſpirit, and burns with a deſire to imitate them. The impreſſions theſe have made, and the reſtraints to which he has been accuſtomed, ſerve as a check to the many tumultuous paſſions which the ideas of religion alone would, at that age, be unable to controul. Every victory he obtains over himſelf ſerves as a new guard to virtue. When he errs, he becomes ſenſible of his weakneſs, which, at the ſame time that it teaches him moderation, and forgiveneſs to others, ſhows the neceſſity of keeping a ſtricter watch over his own actions. During theſe combats, his reaſoning faculties expand, his judgment ſtrengthens, and, while he becomes acquainted with the corruptions of the world, he fixes himſelf in the practice of virtue.

A man thus educated, enters upon the theatre of the world with many and great advantages. Accuſtomed to reflection, acquainted with human nature, the ſtrength of virtue, and depravity of vice, he can trace actions to their ſource, and be enabled, in the affairs of life, to avail himſelf of the wiſdom and experience of paſt ages.

Very different is the modern plan of education followed by many, eſpecially with the children of perſons in ſuperior rank. They are introduced into the world almoſt from their very infancy. In place of having

ing their minds ſtored with the bright examples of antiquity, or thoſe of modern times, the firſt knowledge they acquire is of the vices with which they are ſurrounded; and they learn what mankind are, without ever knowing what they ought to be. Poſſeſſed of no ſentiment of virtue, of no ſocial affection, they indulge, to the utmoſt of their ability, the gratification of every ſelfiſh appetite, without any other reſtraint than what ſelf-intereſt dictates. In men thus educated, youth is not the ſeaſon of virtue; they have contracted the cold indifference and all the vices of age, long before they arrive at manhood. If they attain to the great offices of the ſtate, they become miniſters as void of knowledge as of principle; equally regardleſs of the national honour as of their own, their ſyſtem of government (if it can be called a ſyſtem) looks not beyond the preſent moment, and any apparent exertions for the public good, are meant only as props to ſupport themſelves in office. In the field, at the head of armies, indifferent as to the fate of their fellow-ſoldiers, or of their country, they make their power the miniſter of their pleaſures. If the wiſdom of their ſovereign ſhould, happily for himſelf and his country, ſhut them out from his councils, ſhould they be confined to a private ſtation, finding no entertainment in their own breaſts, as void of friends as incapable of friendſhip, they ſink reflection in a life of diſſipation.

If the probable conſequences of thoſe different modes of education be ſuch as I have mentioned, there can be little doubt to which the preference belongs, even though that which is preferred ſhould be leſs conducive than its oppoſite to thoſe elegant accompliſhments which decorate ſociety. But, upon examination, I believe even this objection will vaniſh; for, although I willingly admit, that a certain degree of pedantry is inſeparable from the learning of the divine, the phyſician, or the lawyer, which a late commerce with the world is unable to wear off, yet learning is in no reſpect inconſiſtent, either with that graceful eaſe and elegance of addreſs peculiar to men of faſhion, or with what, in modern phraſe, is called knowledge of the world. The man of ſuperior accompliſhments will, indeed, be indifferent about many things which are the chief objects of attention to the modern fine gentleman. To conform to all the minute changes of the mode, to be admired for the gaudineſs of his equipage, to boaſt of his ſucceſs in intrigue, or publiſh favours he never received, will to him appear frivolous and diſhonourable.

As many of the bad effects of the preſent ſyſtem of education may be attributed to a premature introduction into the world, I ſhall conclude this paper, by reminding thoſe parents and guardians, who are ſo anxious to bring their children and pupils early into public life, that one of the fineſt gentlemen, the brighteſt geniuſes, the moſt uſeful and beſt-informed citizens of which antiquity has left us an example, did not think himſelf qualified to appear in public till the age of twenty-ſix, and continued his ſtudies for ſome years after, under the eminent teachers of Greece and Rome.

Mirror.

§ 234. *Defence of literary Studies and Amuſements in Men of Buſineſs.*

Among the cautions which prudence and worldly wiſdom inculcate on the young, or at leaſt among thoſe ſober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is ſaid to reſult from the purſuit of letters and of ſcience, in men deſtined for the labours of buſineſs, for the active exertions of profeſſional life. The abſtraction of learning, the ſpeculations of ſcience, and the viſionary excurſions of fancy, are fatal, it is ſaid, to the ſteady purſuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding induſtry which ordinary buſineſs demands. The fineneſs of mind, which is created or increaſed by the ſtudy of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is ſuppoſed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which profeſſional eminence is gained; as a nicely-tempered edge applied to a coarſe and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more common inſtrument would have ſucceſsfully atchieved. A young man deſtined for law or commerce is adviſed to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and Dullneſs is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddeſs, under whoſe protection the honours of ſtation, and the bleſſings of opulence, are to be attained; while Learning and Genius are proſcribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence and merited neglect. In doubting the truth of theſe aſſertions, I think I ſhall not entertain any hurtful degree of ſcepticiſm, becauſe the general current of opinion ſeems of late years to have ſet too ſtrongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavour to prop the falling cauſe of litera-

literature, without being accuſed of blameable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce, of idleneſs, of diſſipation, and of poverty, brought on by an indulgence of literary or poetical enthuſiaſm, the evidence muſt neceſſarily be on one ſide of the queſtion only. Of the few whom learning or genius have led aſtray, the ill ſucceſs or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the ſufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown from the inſignificance of thoſe by whom it was endured. If we may reaſon *a priori* on the matter, the chances, I think, ſhould be on the ſide of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural averſion to the drudgery of buſineſs, which is ſeldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progreſs of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enliſted on the ſide of their profeſſion, by the opening proſpects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labour, relief is commonly ſought from ſome favourite avocation or amuſement, for which a young man either finds or ſteals a portion of his time, either patiently plods through his taſk, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival, by deſerting his work before the legal period for amuſement is arrived. It may fairly be queſtioned, whether the moſt innocent of thoſe amuſements is either ſo honourable or ſo ſafe, as the avocations of learning or of ſcience. Of minds uninformed and groſs, whom youthful ſpirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amuſements will generally be either boiſterous or effeminate, will either diſſipate their attention, or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by thoſe rigid maſters who exact the moſt ſcrupulous obſervance of the periods deſtined for buſineſs. The waſte of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loſs; but the waſte or the depravation of mind is a loſs of a much higher denomination. The votary of ſtudy, or the enthuſiaſt of fancy, may incur the firſt; but the latter will be ſuffered chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagination, has left to the groſſneſs of mere ſenſual enjoyments.

In this, as in other reſpects, the love of letters is friendly to ſober manners and virtuous conduct, which in every profeſſion is the road to ſucceſs and to reſpect. Without adopting the common-place reflections againſt ſome particular departments, it muſt be allowed, that in mere men of buſineſs, there is a certain profeſſional rule of right, which is not always honourable, and though meant to be ſelfiſh, very ſeldom profits. A ſuperior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the ſenſe of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a deſertion of thoſe principles.

The moral beauty of thoſe diſpoſitions may perhaps rather provoke the ſmile, than excite the imitation, of mere men of buſineſs and the world. But I will venture to tell them, that, even on their own principles, they are miſtaken. The qualities which they ſometimes prefer as more calculated for puſhing a young man's way in life, ſeldom attain the end, in contemplation of which they are not ſo nice about the means. This is ſtrongly exemplified by the ill ſucceſs of many, who, from their earlieſt youth, had acquired the higheſt reputation for ſharpneſs and cunning. Thoſe trickiſh qualities look to ſmall advantages unfairly won, rather than to great ones honourably attained. The direct, the open, and the candid, are the ſureſt road to ſucceſs in every department of life. It needs a certain ſuperior degree of ability to perceive and to adopt this; mean and uninformed minds ſeize on corners, which they cultivate with narrow views to very little advantage: enlarged and well-informed minds embrace great and honourable objects; and if they fail of obtaining them, are liable to none of thoſe pangs which rankle in the boſom of artifice defeated, or of cunning over-matched.

To the improvement of our faculties, as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favourable. Letters require a certain ſort of application, though of a kind perhaps very different from that which buſineſs would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themſelves, as that word is uſed in the language of the world; yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amuſement of ſome uſe, as thoſe ſports of children in which numbers are uſed, familiariſe them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exerciſe of that diſcernment, that compariſon of objects, that diſtinction of cauſes, which is to increaſe the ſkill of the phyſician, to guide the ſpeculations of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and though ſome profeſſions employ but very few faculties of the mind,

yet

yet there is scarce any branch of business in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labour. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it in a degree above their fellows, have found, from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and to wealth.

But I must often repeat, that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity: a truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told. The influx of foreign riches, and of foreign luxury, which this country has of late experienced, has almost levelled every distinction but that of money among us. The crest of noble or illustrious ancestry has sunk before the sudden accumulation of wealth in vulgar hands: but that were little, had not the elegance of manners, had not the dignity of deportment, had not the pride of virtue, which used to characterise some of our high-born names, given way to that tide of fortune which has lifted the low, the illiterate, and the unfeeling, into stations of which they were unworthy. Learning and genius have not always resisted the torrent; but I know no bulwarks better calculated to resist it. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain classical pride, which, from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge, nor ennobled by virtue. The "non omnis moriar" of the Poet draws on futurity for the deficiencies of the present; and even in the present, those avenues of more refined pleasure, which the cultivation of knowledge, of fancy, and of feeling, opens to the mind, give to the votary of Science a real superiority of enjoyment in what he possesses, and free him from much of that envy and regret which less cultivated spirits feel from their wants.

In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained, in that rest and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened, and his cares were soothed, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy, as one ought, is an easy art; but to know how to be idle, is a very superior accomplishment. This difficulty is much increased with persons to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertion necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idleness as he did fortune from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and mortifications of the "retired pleasures" of men of business have been frequently matter of speculation to the moralist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusement with professional labour, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when unbent from business, some employment for those hours which retirement or solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the Man of Letters enjoys; while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thraldom of business, only to become the slaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.

But the situation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters bestow are chiefly conspicuous, is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the bustle of affairs and the amusements of his youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental exertion or employment, often settles into the gloom of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man whose gratifications were solely derived from those sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from those trivial amusements of which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoyment. But to him who has stored his mind with the information, and can still employ it in the amusement of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, and he feels with that literary world whose society he can at all times enjoy. There is perhaps no state more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which such an old age affords; it is then the twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated but not extinguished, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our days, in alliance with reason, and in amity with virtue.

Nor perhaps, if fairly estimated, are the little polish and complacencies of social life less

leſs increaſed by the cultivation of letters, than the enjoyment of ſolitary or retired leiſure. To the politeneſs of form and the eaſe of manner, buſineſs is naturally unfavourable, becauſe buſineſs looks to the uſe, not the decoration of things. But the man of buſineſs who has cultivated letters, will commonly have ſoftened his feelings, if he has not ſmoothed his manner or poliſhed his addreſs. He may be awkward, but will ſeldom be rude; may treſpaſs in the ignorance of ceremonial, but will not offend againſt the ſubſtantial rules of civility. In converſation, the pedantry of profeſſion unavoidably inſinuates itſelf among men of every calling. The lawyer, the merchant, and the ſoldier, (this laſt perhaps, from obvious enough cauſes, the moſt of the three), naturally ſlide into the accuſtomed train of thinking, and the accuſtomed ſtyle of converſation. The pedantry of the man of learning is generally the moſt tolerable and the leaſt tireſome of any; and he who has mixed a certain portion of learning with his ordinary profeſſion, has generally corrected, in a conſiderable degree, the abſtraction of the one and the coarſeneſs of the other.

In the more important relations of ſociety, in the cloſer intercourſe of friend, of huſband, and of father, that ſuperior delicacy and refinement of feeling which the cultivation of the mind beſtows, heighten affection into ſentiment, and mingle with ſuch connections a dignity and tenderneſs which give its deareſt value to our exiſtence. In fortunate circumſtances thoſe feelings enhance proſperity; but in the decline of fortune, as in the decline of life, their influence and importance are chiefly felt. They ſmooth the harſhneſs of adverſity, and on the brow of misfortune print that languid ſmile, which their votaries would often not exchange for the broadeſt mirth of thoſe unfeelingly proſperous men, who poſſeſs good fortune, but have not a heart for happineſs. *Lounger.*

§ 235. Dr. Johnson's *Preface to his Edition of* Shakespeare.

That praiſes are without reaſon laviſhed on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by thoſe, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the hereſies of paradox; or thoſe, who, being forced by diſappointment upon conſolatory expedients, are willing to hope from poſterity what the preſent age refuſes, and flatter themſelves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at laſt beſtowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reaſon, but from prejudice. Some ſeem to admire indiſcriminately whatever has been long preſerved, without conſidering that time has ſometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour paſt than preſent excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the ſhade of age, as the eye ſurveys the ſun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticiſm is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we eſtimate his powers by his worſt performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his beſt.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not abſolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raiſed upon principles demonſtrative and ſcientific, but appealing wholly to obſervation and experience, no other teſt can be applied than length of duration and continuance of eſteem. What mankind have long poſſeſſed they have often examined and compared; and if they perſiſt to value the poſſeſſion, it is becauſe frequent compariſons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; ſo, in the productions of genius, nothing can be ſtyled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the ſame kind. Demonſtration immediately diſplays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental muſt be eſtimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is diſcovered in a long ſucceſſion of endeavours. Of the firſt building that was raiſed, it might be with certainty determined, that it was round or ſquare; but whether it was ſpacious or lofty muſt have been referred to time. The Pythagorean ſcale of numbers was at once diſcovered to be perfect: but the poems of Homer we yet know not to tranſcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than tranſpoſe his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphraſe his ſentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long ſubſiſted, ariſes, therefore, not from any credulous confidence in the ſuperior wiſdom of paſt ages or gloomy perſuaſion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the conſequence of acknowledged and indubitable poſitions, that what has been longeſt known has been moſt conſidered, and what is moſt conſidered is beſt underſtood.

The poet, of whoſe works I have undertaken the reviſion, may now begin to aſſume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of eſtabliſhed fame and preſcriptive veneration. He has long out-lived his century, the term commonly fixed as the teſt of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from perſonal alluſion, local cuſtoms, or temporary opinions, have for many years been loſt; and every topic of merriment, or motive of ſorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obſcure the ſcenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendſhips and his enmities has periſhed; his works ſupport no opinion with arguments, nor ſupply any faction with inveCtives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reaſon than the deſire of pleaſure, and are therefore praiſed only as pleaſure is obtained: yet, thus unaſſiſted by intereſt or paſſions, they have paſt through variations of taſte and change of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every tranſmiſſion.

But becauſe human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or faſhion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakeſpeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can pleaſe many, and pleaſe long, but juſt repreſentations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common fatiety of life ſends us all in queſt; but the pleaſures of ſudden wonder are ſoon exhauſted, and the mind can only repoſe on the ſtability of truth.

Shakeſpeare is, above all writers, at leaſt above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the cuſtoms of particular places, unpractiſed by the reſt of the world; by the peculiarities of ſtudies or profeſſions, which can operate but upon ſmall numbers; or by the accidents of tranſient faſhions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, ſuch as the world will always ſupply, and obſervation will always find. His perſons act and ſpeak by the influence of thoſe general paſſions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole ſyſtem of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in thoſe of Shakeſpeare it is commonly a ſpecies.

It is from this wide extenſion of deſign that ſo much inſtruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakeſpeare with practical axioms and domeſtic wiſdom. It was ſaid of Euripides, that every verſe was a precept; and it may be ſaid of Shakeſpeare, that from his works may be collected a ſyſtem of civil and œconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not ſhewn in the ſplendor of particular paſſages, but by the progreſs of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by ſelect quotations, will ſucceed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his houſe to ſale, carried a brick in his pocket as a ſpecimen.

It will not eaſily be imagined how much Shakeſpeare excels in accommodating his ſentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was obſerved of the ancient ſchools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the ſtudent diſqualified for the world, becauſe he found nothing there which he ſhould ever meet in any other place. The ſame remark may be applied to every ſtage but that of Shakeſpeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by ſuch characters as were never ſeen, converſing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never ariſe in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often ſo evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is purſued with ſo much eaſe and ſimplicity, that it ſeems ſcarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent ſelection out of common converſation and common occurrences.

Upon every other ſtage the univerſal agent is love, by whoſe power all good and evil is diſtributed, and every action quickened

ened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harrass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no greater influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters, thus ample and general, were not easily discriminated and preserved; yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen; but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstacies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or Kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakespeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion, and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the

the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect, among the Greeks or Romans, a single writer who attempted both.

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters; and in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us; and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, than in the history of Richard the Second. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakespeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakespeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels: Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shake-

Shakeſpeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed; he had no example of ſuch fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of ſuch authority as might reſtrain his extravagance; he therefore indulged his natural diſpoſition; and his diſpoſition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes, with great appearance of toil and ſtudy, what is written at laſt with little felicity; but in his comic ſcenes, he ſeems to produce, without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always ſtruggling after ſome occaſion to be comic; but in comedy he ſeems to repoſe, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic ſcenes there is always ſomething wanting; but his comedy often ſurpaſſes expectation or deſire. His comedy pleaſes by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy, for the greater part, by incident and action. His tragedy ſeems to be ſkill, his comedy to be inſtinct.

The force of his comic ſcenes has ſuffered little diminution, from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his perſonages act upon principles ariſing from genuine paſſion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleaſures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of perſonable habits are only ſuperficial dyes, bright and pleaſing for a little while, yet ſoon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former luſtre; but the diſcriminations of true paſſion are the colours of nature: they pervade the whole maſs, and can only periſh with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compoſitions of heterogeneous modes are diſſolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform ſimplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increaſe, nor ſuffers decay. The ſand heaped by one flood is ſcattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The ſtream of time, which is continually waſhing the diſſoluble fabrics of other poets, paſſes without injury by the adamant of Shakeſpeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a ſtyle which never becomes obſolete, a certain mode of phraſeology ſo conſonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its reſpective language, as to remain ſettled and unaltered; this ſtyle is probably to be ſought in the common intercourſe of life, among thoſe who ſpeak only to be underſtood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modiſh innovations, and the learned depart from eſtabliſhed forms of ſpeech, in hopes of finding or making better; thoſe who wiſh for diſtinction, forſake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a converſation above groſſneſs, and below refinement, where propriety reſides, and where this poet ſeems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the preſent age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deſerves to be ſtudied as one of the original maſters of our language.

Theſe obſervations are to be conſidered not as unexceptionably conſtant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakeſpeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be ſmooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedneſs or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has ſpots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praiſed as natural, though their ſentiments are ſometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is ſpherical, though its ſurface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakeſpeare with his excellencies has likewiſe faults, and faults ſufficient to obſcure and overwhelm any other merit. I ſhall ſhew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or ſuperſtitious veneration. No queſtion can be more innocently diſcuſſed than a dead poet's pretenſions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which ſets candor higher than truth.

His firſt defect is that to which may be imputed moſt of the evil in books or in men. He ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and is ſo much more careful to pleaſe than to inſtruct, that he ſeems to write without any moral purpoſe. From his writings, indeed, a ſyſtem of ſocial duty may be ſelected, for he that thinks reaſonably muſt think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop caſually from him; he makes no juſt diſtribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to ſhew in the virtuous a diſapprobation of the wicked; he carries his perſons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the cloſe diſmiſſes them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always

a writer's duty to make the world better, and juſtice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often ſo looſely formed, that a very ſlight conſideration may improve them, and ſo careleſsly purſued, that he ſeems not always fully to comprehend his own deſign. He omits opportunities of inſtructing or delighting, which the train of his ſtory ſeems to force upon him, and apparently rejects thoſe exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the ſake of thoſe which are more eaſy.

It may be obſerved, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himſelf near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he ſhortened the labour to ſnatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he ſhould moſt vigorouſly exert them, and his cataſtrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly repreſented.

He had no regard to diſtinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without ſcruple, the cuſtoms, inſtitutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of poſſibility. Theſe faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Ariſtotle, when we ſee the loves of Theſeus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies. Shakeſpeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology; for, in the ſame age, Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his Arcadia, confounded the paſtoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and ſecurity, with thoſe of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic ſcenes he is ſeldom very ſucceſsful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of ſmartneſs and conteſts of ſarcaſm; their jeſts are commonly groſs, and their pleaſantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he repreſented the real converſation of his time is not eaſy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly ſuppoſed to have been a time of ſtateline ſs, formality, and reſerve; yet, perhaps the relaxations of that ſeverity were not very elegant. There muſt, however, have been always ſome modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chooſe the beſt.

In tragedy, his performance ſeems conſtantly to be worſe, as his labour is more. The effuſions of paſſion, which exigence forces out, are for the moſt part ſtriking and energetic; but whenever he ſolicits his invention or ſtrains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanneſs, tediouſneſs, and obſcurity.

In narration, he affects a diſproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearieſome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obſtructs the progreſs of the action; it ſhould therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakeſpeare found it an incumbrance, and inſtead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and ſplendor.

His declamations, or ſet ſpeeches, are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and, inſtead of inquiring what the occaſion demanded, to ſhew how much his ſtores of knowledge could ſupply, he ſeldom eſcapes without the pity or reſentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy ſentiment, which he cannot well expreſs, and will not reject; he ſtruggles with it a while, and, if it continues ſtubborn, comprizes it in words ſuch as occur, and leaves it to be diſentangled and evolved by thoſe who have more leiſure to beſtow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is ſubtile, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the quality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial ſentiments and vulgar ideas diſappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by ſonorous epithets and ſwelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have moſt reaſon to complain when he approaches neareſt to his higheſt excellence, and ſeems fully reſolved to ſink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatneſs, the danger of innocence, or the croſſes of love. What he does beſt, he ſoon ceaſes to do. He is not long ſoft and pathetic without ſome idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no ſooner begins to move, than he counteracts himſelf; and terror and pity, as they are riſing in the mind, are checked and blaſted by ſudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakeſpeare, what lumi-

nous

nous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge, or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it; for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakespeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, should lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time, therefore, to tell him, by the authority of Shakespeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable, in its materiality, was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria; and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a

voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the ſtage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Deluſion, if deluſion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the ſpectator can be once perſuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæſar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharſalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a ſtate of elevation above the reach of reaſon, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may deſpiſe the circumſpections of terreſtrial nature. There is no reaſon why a mind thus wandering in ecſtacy, ſhould count the clock; or why an hour ſhould not be a century in that calenture of the brain that can make the ſtage a field.

The truth is, that the ſpectators are always in their ſenſes, and know, from the firſt act to the laſt, that the ſtage is only a ſtage, and that the players are only players. They came to hear a certain number of lines recited with juſt geſture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to ſome action, and an action muſt be in ſome place; but the different actions that complete a ſtory may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the abſurdity of allowing that ſpace to repreſent firſt Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By ſuppoſition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapſes for the moſt part between the acts; for, of ſo much of the action as is repreſented, the real and poetical duration is the ſame. If, in the firſt act, preparations for war againſt Mithridates are repreſented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without abſurdity, be repreſented, in the cataſtrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits ſucceſſive imitations of ſucceſſive actions; and why may not the ſecond imitation repreſent an action that happened years after the firſt, if it be ſo connected with it, that nothing but time can be ſuppoſed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of exiſtence, moſt obſequious to the imagination; a lapſe of years is as eaſily conceived as a paſſage of hours. In contemplation we eaſily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only ſee their imitation.

It will be aſked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited? It is credited with all credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a juſt picture of a real original; as repreſenting to the auditor what he would himſelf feel, if he were to do or ſuffer what is there feigned to be ſuffered or to be done. The reflection that ſtrikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourſelves may be expoſed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourſelves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the poſſibility, than ſuppoſe the preſence of miſery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when ſhe remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our conſciouſneſs of fiction; if we thought murders and treaſons real, they would pleaſe no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleaſure, not becauſe they are miſtaken for realities, but becauſe they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landſcape, the trees are not ſuppoſed capable to give us ſhade, or the fountains coolneſs; but we conſider how we ſhould be pleaſed with ſuch fountains playing beſide us, and ſuch woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the hiſtory of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increaſe or diminiſh its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always leſs. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what geſture can hope to add dignity or force to the ſoliloquy of Cato?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not ſuppoſed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or ſhorter time may be allowed to paſs, and that no more account of ſpace or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may paſs in an hour, the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakeſpeare knew the unities, and rejected them by deſign, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impoſſible to decide, and uſeleſs to inquire. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that, when he roſe to notice, he did not want

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the counſels and admonitions of ſcholars and critics, and that he at laſt deliberately perſiſted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is eſſential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place ariſe evidently from falſe aſſumptions, and, by circumſcribing the extent of the drama, leſſen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not obſerved: nor, if ſuch another poet could ariſe, ſhould I very vehemently reproach him, that his firſt act paſſed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules, merely poſitive, become the comprehenſive genius of Shakeſpeare, and ſuch cenſures are ſuitable to the minute and ſlender criticiſm of Voltaire:

Non uſque adeo permiſcuit imis
Longus ſumma dies, ut non, ſi voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæſare tolli.

Yet when I ſpeak thus ſlightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced againſt me; before ſuch authorities I am afraid to ſtand, not that I think the preſent queſtion one of thoſe that are to be decided by mere authority, but becauſe it is to be ſuſpected, that theſe perhaps have not been ſo eaſily received, but for better reaſons than I have yet been able to find. The reſult of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boaſt of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not eſſential to a juſt drama; that though they may ſometimes conduce to pleaſure, they are always to be ſacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and inſtruction; and that a play written with nice obſervation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curioſity, as the product of ſuperfluous and oſtentatious art, by which is ſhewn, rather what is poſſible than what is neceſſary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, ſhall preſerve all the unities unbroken, deſerves the like applauſe with the architect, who ſhall diſplay all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its ſtrength: but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greateſt graces of a play are to copy nature, and inſtruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almoſt frighted at my own temerity; and when I eſtimate the fame and the ſtrength of thoſe that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to ſink down in reverential ſilence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he ſaw Neptune ſhaking the wall, and Juno heading the beſiegers.

Thoſe whom my arguments cannot perſuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakeſpeare, will eaſily, if they conſider the condition of his life, make ſome allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly eſtimated, muſt be compared with the ſtate of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worſe or better for the circumſtances of the author, yet as there is always a ſilent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the inquiry, how far man may extend his deſigns, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we ſhall place any particular performance, curioſity is always buſy to diſcover the inſtruments, as well as to ſurvey the workmanſhip, to know how much is to be aſcribed to original powers, and how much to caſual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houſes of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with aſtoniſhment, who remembered that they were built without the uſe of iron?

The Engliſh nation, in the time of Shakeſpeare, was yet ſtruggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been tranſplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been ſucceſsfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Aſcham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal ſchools; and thoſe who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spaniſh poets. But literature was yet confined to profeſſed ſcholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was groſs and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accompliſhment ſtill valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people, newly awakened to literary curioſity, being yet unacquainted with the true ſtate of things, knows not how to judge of that which is propoſed as its reſemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childiſh credulity; and of a

country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The ſtudy of thoſe who then aſpired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The Death of Arthur was the favourite volume.

The mind, which was feaſted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, had no taſte of the inſipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of Palmerin and Guy of Warwick, have made little impreſſion; he that wrote for ſuch an audience was under the neceſſity of looking round for ſtrange events and fabulous tranſactions; and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings to unſkilful curioſity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that he choſe the moſt popular, ſuch as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the ſtory in their hands.

The ſtories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time acceſſible and familiar. The fable of 'As you like It,' which is ſuppoſed to be copied from Chaucer's Gamelyn, was a little pamphlet of thoſe times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of Hamlet in plain Engliſh proſe, which the critics have now to ſeek in Saxo Grammaticus.

His Engliſh hiſtories he took from Engliſh chronicles and Engliſh ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by verſions, they ſupplied him with new ſubjects; he dilated ſome of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been tranſlated by North.

His plots, whether hiſtorical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more eaſily caught than by ſentiment or argumentation; and ſuch is the power of the marvellous, even over thoſe who deſpiſe it, that every man finds his mind more ſtrongly ſeized by the tragedies of Shakeſpeare than of any other writer: others pleaſe us by particular ſpeeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has, perhaps, excelled all but Homer in ſecuring the firſt purpoſe of a writer, by exciting reſtleſs and unquenchable curioſity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The ſhows and buſtle, with which his plays abound, have the ſame original. As knowledge advances, pleaſure paſſes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Thoſe to whom our author's labours were exhibited, had more ſkill in pomps or proceſſions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted ſome viſible and diſcriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he ſhould moſt pleaſe; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we ſtill find, that on our ſtage ſomething muſt be done as well as ſaid, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however muſical or elegant, paſſionate or ſublime.

Voltaire expreſſes his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has ſeen the tragedy of Cato. Let him be anſwered, that Addiſon ſpeaks the language of poets, and Shakeſpeare of men. We find in Cato innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we ſee nothing that acquaints us with human ſentiments or human actions; we place it with the faireſt and the nobleſt progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offſpring of obſervation impregnated by genius. Cato affords a ſplendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers juſt and noble ſentiments, in diction eaſy, elevated and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the compoſition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addiſon.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with ſhades, and ſcented with flowers; the compoſition of Shakeſpeare is a foreſt, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interſperſed ſometimes with weeds and brambles, and ſometimes giving ſhelter to myrtles and to roſes; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endleſs diverſity. Other poets diſplay cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finiſhed, wrought into ſhape, and poliſhed into brightneſs. Shakeſpeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhauſtible plenty, though clouded by incruſtations, debaſed by impurities, and mingled with a maſs of meaner minerals.

It has been much diſputed, whether Shake-

Shakeſpeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of ſcholaſtic education, the precepts of critical ſcience, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakeſpeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much ſkill in the dead languages. Jonſon, his friend, affirms, that *he had ſmall Latin and leſs Greek*; who, beſides that he had no imaginable temptation to falſehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquiſitions of Shakeſpeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controverſy, unleſs ſome teſtimony of equal force could be oppoſed.

Some have imagined, that they have diſcovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books tranſlated in his time; or were ſuch eaſy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who conſider the ſame ſubjects; or ſuch remarks on life, or axioms of morality, as float in converſation, and are tranſmitted through the world in proverbial ſentences.

I have found it remarked, that in this important ſentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a tranſlation of *I præ, ſequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleaſing dream, ſays, *I cry'd to ſleep again*; the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the ſame wiſh on the ſame occaſion.

There are a few paſſages which may paſs for imitations, but ſo few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations or by oral communication; and as he uſed what he had, would have uſed more if he had obtained it.

The Comedy of Errors is confeſſedly taken from the Menæchmi of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in Engliſh. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that would have copied more; but that thoſe which were not tranſlated were inacceſſible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have ſome French ſcenes, proves but little; he might eaſily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without aſſiſtance. In the ſtory of Romeo and Juliet, he is obſerved to have followed the Engliſh tranſlation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this, on the other part, proves nothing againſt his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himſelf, but what was known to his audience.

It is moſt likely that he had learned Latin ſufficiently to make him acquainted with conſtruction, but that he never advanced to an eaſy peruſal of the Roman authors. Concerning his ſkill in modern languages, I can find no ſufficient ground of determination; but, as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been diſcovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in eſteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than Engliſh, and thoſe for his fables only ſuch tales as he found tranſlated.

That much knowledge is ſcattered over his works is very juſtly obſerved by Pope, but it is often ſuch knowledge as books did not ſupply. He that will underſtand Shakeſpeare muſt not be content to ſtudy him in the cloſet, he muſt look for his meaning ſometimes among the ſports of the field, and ſometimes among the manufactures of the ſhop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then ſo indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curioſity without excurſion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were tranſlated, and ſome of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; moſt of the topics of human diſquiſition had found Engliſh writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but ſucceſs. This was a ſtock of knowledge ſufficient for a mind ſo capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the Engliſh ſtage in a ſtate of the utmoſt rudeneſs; no eſſays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be diſcovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet underſtood. Shakeſpeare may be truly ſaid to have introduced them both amongſt us, and in ſome of his happier ſcenes to have carried them both to the utmoſt height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not eaſily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unſettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like thoſe of*

other writers, in his leaſt perfect works; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that for aught I know, ſays he, *the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, were the beſt.* But the power of nature is only the power of uſing, to any certain purpoſe, the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity ſupplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and, when images are collected by ſtudy and experience, can only aſſiſt in combining or applying them. Shakeſpeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and, as he muſt increaſe his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquiſition, he, like them, grew wiſer as he grew older, could diſplay life better, as he knew it more, and inſtruct with more efficacy, as he was himſelf more amply inſtructed.

There is a vigilance of obſervation, and accuracy of diſtinction, which books and precepts cannot confer; from this, almoſt all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakeſpeare muſt have looked upon mankind with perſpicacity, in the higheſt degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diverſify them only by the accidental appendages of preſent manners; the dreſs is a little varied, but the body is the ſame. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in Engliſh, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which ſhewed life in its native colours.

The conteſt about the original benevolence or malignity of man, had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyſe the mind, to trace the paſſions to their ſources, to unfold the ſeminal principles of vice and virtue, or ſound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All thoſe inquiries, which, from the time that human nature became the faſhionable ſtudy, have been made ſometimes with nice diſcernment, but often with idle ſubtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was ſatisfied, exhibited only the ſuperficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the cauſes, and were formed for ſuch as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be ſtudied in the cloſet; he that would know the world, was under the neceſſity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could, in its buſineſs and amuſements.

Boyle congratulated himſelf upon his high birth, becauſe it favoured his curioſity, by facilitating his acceſs. Shakeſpeare had no ſuch advantage, he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in ſtates of life that appear very little favourable to thought, or to enquiry; ſo many, that he who conſiders them, is inclined to think that he ſees enterprize and perſeverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vaniſh before them. The genius of Shakeſpeare was not to be depreſſed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow converſation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were ſhaken from his mind, *as dew-drops from a lion's mane.*

Though he had ſo many difficulties to encounter, and ſo little aſſiſtance to ſurmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many caſts of native diſpoſitions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice diſtinctions; and to ſhew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has been himſelf imitated by all ſucceeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether, from all his ſucceſſors, more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact ſurveyor of the inanimate world; his deſcriptions have always ſome peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exiſt. It may be obſerved, that the oldeſt poets of many nations preſerve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a ſhort celebrity, ſink into oblivion. The firſt, whoever they be, muſt take their ſentiments and deſcriptions immediately from knowledge; the reſemblance is therefore juſt; their deſcriptions are verified by every eye, and their ſentiments acknowledged by every breaſt. Thoſe whom their fame invites to the ſame ſtudies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain ſuch authority, as to ſtand in the place of nature to another; and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at laſt capricious and caſual. Shakeſpeare, whether life or nature be his ſubject, ſhews plainly that he has ſeen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or

distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakespeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. *He seems*, says Dennis, *to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trissyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use, makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.*

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critic rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confessedly before our author; yet in *Hieronymo* *, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours, indeed, commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakespeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best, will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakespeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity; which may be at least forgiven him by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which, perhaps, never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state. *Johnson.*

§ 236. Pope's *Preface to his* Homer.

Homer is universally allowed to have had the greatest Invention of any writer whatever. The praise of Judgment Virgil has

* It appears, from the introduction of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*, to have been acted before the year 1590. Steevens.

has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees diſtinguiſhes all great geniuſes: the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſters every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itſelf can at beſt but ſteal wiſely: for Art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a ſingle beauty in them to which the invention muſt not contribute: as in the moſt regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradiſe, where if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nurſery, which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are overrun and oppreſt by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true political ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads him. What he writes, is of the moſt animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes:

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

"They pour along like a fire that ſweeps "the whole earth before it." It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor: it grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this "vivida vis animi," in a very few. Even in works where all thoſe are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendor. This fire is diſcerned in Virgil, but diſcerned as through a glaſs, reflected from Homer, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant: in Lucan and Statius, it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakeſpeare, it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

I ſhall here endeavour to ſhew, how this vaſt Invention exerts itſelf in a manner ſuperior to that of any poet, through all the main conſtituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ſtar, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its vortex. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature, to ſupply his maxims and reflections; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to furniſh his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his deſcriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of fable. That which Ariſtotle calls the "Soul of poetry," was firſt breathed into it by Homer. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it

it is naturally the firſt; and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. The probable fable is the recital of ſuch actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe of nature: or of ſuch as, though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an epic poem, the return of Ulyſſes, the ſettlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that ever was choſen by any poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking in a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes; and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemoras. If Ulyſſes viſits the ſhades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, Virgil and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable: if we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample ſcene of wonder may this conſideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and perſons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they ſhadowed! This is a field in which no ſucceeding poets could diſpute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reaſonable in the more modern poets to lay it aſide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumſtance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of ſo great an invention, as might be capable of furniſhing all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the machines of the gods. He ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry, and ſuch a one as makes its greateſt importance and dignity. For we find thoſe authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, conſtantly laying their accuſation againſt Homer as the chief ſupport of it. But whatever cauſe there might be to blame his machines in a philoſophical or religious view, they are ſo perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet: every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his perſons; and here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurpriſing a variety, or given us ſuch lively

lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of courage is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening to advice, and ſubject to command: that of Ajax is heavy, and ſelf-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inſpirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with ſoftneſs and tenderneſs for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct ſoldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and aſtoniſhing diverſity to be found only in the principal quality which conſtitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulyſſes and Neſtor conſiſt in wiſdom; and they are diſtinct in this, that the wiſdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open, and regular. But they have, beſides, characters of courage; and this quality alſo takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends ſtill upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endleſs to produce inſtances of theſe kinds.—The characters of Virgil are far from ſtriking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently, affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſthus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will purſue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely ſuperior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The ſpeeches are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, ſo there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it) that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcribed: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the ſentiments, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the ſcripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we obſerve his deſcriptions, images, and ſimiles, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art, and individual of nature ſummoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide-views, unobſerved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurpriſing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the Iliad, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety

variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any epic poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the expreſſion, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that language of the gods to men. His expreſſion is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, he was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirſts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. It is the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: for in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more perſpicuous: like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it aſſiſted and filled the numbers with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the images. On this laſt conſideration I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he has managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet κορυθαίολος, the landſcape of mount Neritus in that of ἰνοσίφυλλος, and ſo of others; which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (though but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, one of theſe epithets in a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his verſification, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of praiſe is due to his invention in that. He was not ſatisfied with his language as he found it ſettled in any one part of Greece, but ſearched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he conſidered theſe as they had a greater mixture of vowels or conſonants, and accordingly employed them as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions, and from its cuſtom of reſolving the diphthongs into two ſyllables, ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aſpirate, or takes off its accent; and compleated this variety by altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſures, inſtead of being fetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther repreſentation of his motions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian operas) will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt as to aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed, the Greek has ſome advantages, both from the natural ſound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verſe, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe.

ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is, that fewer critics have underſtood one language than the other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the Compoſition of Words. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the Muſes dictated: and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpiriting vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extenſive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and ſtrongly marked, his ſpeeches more affecting and tranſported, his ſentiments more warm and ſublime, his images and deſcriptions more full and animated, his expreſſion more raiſed and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been ſaid of Virgil, with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhing excellence of each: it is in that we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree, or that Virgil wanted Invention, becauſe Homer poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius; Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion; Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets reſemble the heroes they celebrate; Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues, they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion or extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundancy or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief objections againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among theſe we may reckon ſome of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his ſpeaking horſes, and Virgil his myrtles diſtilling blood, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a Deity to ſave the probability.

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his ſimiles have been thought too exuberant and full of circumſtances. The force of this faculty is ſeen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: it runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which however are ſo managed as not to overpower

power the main one. His ſimiles are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is alſo ſet off with occaſional ornaments and proſpects. The ſame will account for his manner of heaping a number of compariſons together in one breath, when his fancy ſuggeſted to him at once ſo many various and correſpondent images. The reader will eaſily extend this obſervation to more objections of the ſame kind.

If there are others which ſeem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowneſs of genius, than an exceſs of it; thoſe ſeeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his groſſer repreſentations of the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes; but I muſt here ſpeak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the cenſurers and defenders of Homer. It muſt be a ſtrange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, "that * thoſe "times and manners are ſo much the more "excellent, as they are more contrary to "ours." Who can be ſo prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of thoſe ages, when a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was ſhewn but for the ſake of lucre; when the greateſt princes were put to the ſword, and their wives and daughters made ſlaves and concubines? On the other ſide, I would not be ſo delicate as thoſe modern critics, who are ſhocked at the ſervile offices and mean employments in which we ſometimes ſee the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleaſure in taking a view of that ſimplicity in oppoſition to the luxury of ſucceeding ages, in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princeſſes drawing water from the ſprings. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the moſt ancient author in the heathen world; and thoſe who conſider him in this light will double their pleaſure in the peruſal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are ſtepping almoſt three thouſand years back into the remoteſt antiquity, and entertaining themſelves with a clear and ſurpriſing viſion of things no where elſe to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may farther ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame epithets to his gods and heroes, ſuch as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the ſwift-footed Achilles, &c. which ſome have cenſured as impertinent and tediouſly repeated. Thoſe of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and ſolemn devotions in which they were uſed; they were a ſort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of ſurnames, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſsly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like: as Alexander the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer therefore, complying with the cuſtom of his country, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have ſomething parallel to theſe in modern times, ſuch as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironſide, Edward Long-ſhanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I ſhall add a farther conjecture: Heſiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "Heroes diſtinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the iſlands of the bleſſed †." Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this alſo in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the ſolemnity of an epithet, and ſuch as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raiſed againſt Homer, are ſuch as hardly deſerve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the courſe of the work. Many have been occaſioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the ſame, as if one ſhould think to raiſe the ſu-

* Preface to her Homer.

† Heſiod, lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

perſtructure

perſtructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole courſe of their parallels, that theſe critics never ſo much as heard of Homer's having written firſt; a conſideration which whoever compares theſe two poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuſe him for the ſame things which they overlook or praiſe in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to thoſe of the Iliad, for the ſame reaſons which might ſet the Odyſſes above the Æneis: as that the hero is a wiſer man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or elſe they blame him for not doing what he never deſigned; as becauſe Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his compariſon of Homer and Virgil. Others ſelect thoſe particular paſſages of Homer, which are not ſo laboured as ſome that Virgil drew out of them: this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetices. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expreſſions, ſometimes through a falſe delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardneſs of their own tranſlations; this is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer and that of his work; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of thoſe that followed: and in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The ſame might as well be ſaid of Virgil, or any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monſ. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteriſtic of poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one ſort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit; nature and art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as that is ſeen in the main parts of the poem, ſuch as the fable, manners, and ſentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile, whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion. If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but thoſe which are neceſſary for transfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of

of the tranſlation: and I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his ſafeſt way to be content with preſerving this to his utmoſt in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great ſecret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modeſtly in his footſteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where he is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure of a mere Engliſh critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken than the juſt pitch of his ſtyle: ſome of his tranſlators having ſwelled into fuſtian in a proud confidence of the ſublime; others ſunk into flatneſs in a cold and timorous notion of ſimplicity. Methinks I ſee theſe different followers of Homer, ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent leaps and bounds, (the certain ſigns of falſe mettle); others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his train, while the poet himſelf is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majeſty before them. However, of the two extremes, one could ſooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for ſuch commendations as he may gain by that character of ſtyle, which his friends muſt agree together to call ſimplicity, and the reſt of the world will call dulneſs. There is a graceful and dignified ſimplicity, as well as a bald and ſordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dreſſed at all. Simplicity is the mean between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is no where in ſuch perfection as in the Scripture and our author. One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpired writings, that the divine ſpirit made uſe of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the parity of ſome of his thoughts) may methinks induce a tranſlator on the one hand to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament; as on the other, to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a farther preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs with all plainneſs thoſe moral ſentences and proverbial ſpeeches which are ſo numerous in this poet. They have ſomething venerable, and I may ſay oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome Greciſms and old words, after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen) cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a ſort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers look upon them as defects, and thoſe who are, ſeem pleaſed with them as beauties. I ſpeak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into Engliſh without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retained as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an Engliſh compound, without violence to the ear, or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanction from the authority of our beſt poets, and are become familiar through their uſe of them; ſuch as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the reſt, whenever any can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſſed in a ſingle word as in a compound one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet εἰνοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally "leaf-ſhaking," but affords a majeſtic idea in the periphraſis: "The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or "far-ſhooting," is capable of two explications; one literal in reſpect to the darts and bow, the enſigns of that god; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the ſun: therefore in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a god in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three ſorts; of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn forms of prayer, oaths, or the like. In other caſes, I believe, the beſt rule is, to be guided by the nearneſs, or diſtance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too cloſe, one may vary the expreſſion; but it is a queſtion, whether a profeſſed tranſlator be authoriſed to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to anſwer for it.

It only remains to ſpeak of the Verſification. Homer (as has been ſaid) is perpetually applying the ſound to the ſenſe, and varying it on every new ſubject. This is indeed one of the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am ſenſible it is what may ſometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully poſſeſſed of his image: however it may be reaſonably believed they deſigned this, in whoſe verſe it ſo manifeſtly appears in a ſuperior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but thoſe who have, will ſee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I muſt confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire tranſlation in verſe has yet done. We have only thoſe of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeaſurable length of verſe, notwithſtanding which, there is ſcarce any paraphraſe more looſe and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or ſix lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odyſſes, ver. 312, where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner that one might think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, inſomuch as to promiſe, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the myſteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to ſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Buſſy d'Amboiſe, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears, from his preface and remarks, to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the Iliad in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general: but for particulars

ticulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similies and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the Iliad. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which, if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers, though they are confessedly the first in the common-wealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fulness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator, who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the epic poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion, in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer; as I wish, for the sake of the world, he had prevented me in the rest. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good-nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely

undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the Great have done me, while the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these, it is a particular pleasure to me to find that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet: that his grace the duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent Essay) so complete a praise.

" Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
" For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
" Verse will seem Prose; but still persist to read,
" And Homer will be all the books you need."

That the earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a genius as my lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer.

And that so excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the earl of Carnarvon; but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence; and I am satisfied I can no better way oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shewn me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. If my author had the wits of after ages for his defenders, his translator has had the beauties of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

Pope.

§ 237. *An Essay on Virgil's Georgics, prefixed to Mr. Dryden's Translation.*

Virgil may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three of the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroics; but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Æneids, but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with Pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in Pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in

in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules therefore that relate to Pastoral can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry which consist in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius: or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from our ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us, and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description. 'A Georgic 'therefore is some part of the science of 'husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and 'set off with all the beauties and embellish-'ments of poetry.' Now since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shews his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them, that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner; for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
——Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes,
Castaneæ fagus, ornusque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: *Glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.*
——Nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept,

that enters, as it were, through a bye-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet must take care not to incumber his poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest a while, for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's description of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus. But it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines:

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterwards, speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

——Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis;
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought, in particular, to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse, in all the pomp of numbers and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too a great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *sydere* in his first verse; and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves; and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal; he lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in describing month after month, with its proper seasons and employments, is

too

too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurpriſe and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanac in verſe. The reader is carried through a courſe of weather, and may before-hand gueſs whether he is to meet with ſnow or rain, clouds or ſunſhine, in the next deſcription. His deſcriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. Thus when he ſpeaks of January, "The wild "beaſts," ſays he, "run ſhivering through "the woods, with their heads ſtoop-"ing to the ground, and their tails clapt "between their legs; the goats and oxen "are almoſt flea'd with cold; but it is "not ſo bad with the ſheep, becauſe they "have a thick coat of wool about them. "The old men too are bitterly pinched with "the weather; but the young girls feel no-"thing of it, who ſit at home with their "mothers by a warm fire-ſide." Thus does the old gentleman give himſelf up to a looſe kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a juſt poetical deſcription. Nor has he ſhewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are ſown ſo very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often ſo minute and full of circumſtances, that they weaken and unnerve his verſe. But after all, we are beholden to him for the firſt rough ſketch of a Georgic: where we may ſtill diſcover ſomething venerable in the antiqueneſs of the work; but if we would ſee the deſign enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finiſhed, we muſt expect it from a greater maſter's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Heſiod has diſpatched in half a one; but has ſo raiſed the natural rudeneſs and ſimplicity of his ſubject, with ſuch a ſignificancy of expreſſion, ſuch a pomp of verſe, ſuch variety of tranſitions, and ſuch a ſolemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we ſee in one the plainneſs of a downright countryman, and in the other ſomething of ruſtic majeſty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meaneſt of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and toſſes the dung about with an air of gracefulneſs. His prognoſtications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may ſee how judiciouſly he has picked out thoſe that are moſt proper for his huſbandman's obſervation; how he has enforced the expreſſion and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The ſecond book has more wit in it, and a greater boldneſs in its metaphors, than any of the reſt. The poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, deſire, and the like, to his trees. The laſt Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not ſo daring as this; for human thoughts and paſſions may be more naturally aſcribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleaſures of a country life, as they are deſcribed by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can ſcarce be of Virgil's mind, in preferring even the life of a philoſopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his deſcription; for he ſeems to have been in a ſweat at the writing of it:

——O quis me gelidis ſub montibus Hæmi
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleaſures, the coolneſs of his ſhades and rivers, vales and grottos; which a more northern poet would have omitted, for the deſcription of a ſunny hill and fire-ſide.

The third Georgic ſeems to be the moſt laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and ſpirit in the deſcription of the horſe and chariot-race. The force of love is repreſented in noble inſtances, and very ſublime expreſſions. The Scythian winter-piece appears ſo very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can ſcarce look on it without ſhivering. The murrain at the end has all the expreſſiveneſs that words can give. It was here that the poet ſtrained hard to out-do Lucretius in the deſcription of his plague; and if the reader would ſee what ſucceſs he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil ſeems no where ſo well pleaſed as when he is got among his bees, in the fourth Georgic; and ennobles the actions of ſo trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the moſt important concerns of mankind. His verſes are not in a greater noiſe and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two ſwarms. And as in his Æneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to thoſe of bees and piſmires, here he compares the labours of the bees to thoſe of the Cyclops. In ſhort, the laſt Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well ſhewed what the poet could do in the deſcription of what was really great, by his deſcribing the mock grandeur of an inſect with ſo good a grace.

There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's life time; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod—*Nudus ara, sere nudus*.—And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and plowing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Dryden's Miscellany Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneis, indeed, is of a nobler kind; but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

Addison.

§ 238. *History of the* Heathen Deities.

1. Coelus and Terra. Cœlus is said to be the son of the Air, great father of the Gods, and husband of Terra the daughter of the Earth; by whom he had the Cyclops, Oceanus, Titan, the Hundred Giants, and many other children, the most eminent of which was Saturn.

Nothing is more uncertain than what is related of Cœlus and Terra; and the whole fable plainly seems to signify that the Air and Earth were the common father and parent of all created beings. Cœlus was called Uranus by the Greeks, and Terra was also named Vesta; she presided over all feasts and banquets; and the first fruits of the earth were offered to her in the most solemn sacrifices. According to the fable, Cœlus was dethroned by his youngest son Saturn, and wounded by him, to prevent his having more children.

2. Saturn. Saturn was the son of Cœlus and Terra, and the most ancient of all the Gods. Titan, his elder brother, resigned his birth-right to him, on condition that he should destroy all his male issue, that the empire of the world might in time fall to his posterity. Saturn accepted of this condition; but Titan afterwards suspecting that his brother had broke the contract between them, made war against him, and kept him in prison; from whence he was released by his son Jupiter, and re-instated in his government: he was afterwards dethroned by Jupiter himself.

Saturn being driven from his throne, left the kingdom, and went into Italy, and there lived with king Janus. That part of Italy where he concealed himself was called Latium.

He is represented as the emblem of Time, with a scythe in his hand; and in his time, it is said, was the golden age of the earth, when the ground yielded all sorts of fruits without culture, and Astræa, or Justice, dwelt among men, who lived together in perfect love and amity.

The Saturnalia, or Feasts of Saturn, were instituted by Tullus king of the Romans; or, according to Livy, by Sempronius and Minutius the consuls.

3. Cybele. Cybele was the wife of Saturn, and accounted mother of the gods: she was called Ops by the Latins, and Rhea by the Greeks. She was also named Bona Mater, Vesta, and Terra.

Cybele hath her head crowned with towers, and is the goddess of cities, garrisons, and all things that the earth sustains. She is the Earth itself, on which are built many towers and castles.

In her hand she carries a key, because, in winter, the earth locks up her treasures, which in the spring she unlooses, brings forth, and dispenses with a plentiful hand.

She is seated in a chariot, because the earth hangs in the air, being poised by its own weight. Her garments were painted with flowers of various colours, and figured with images of several creatures; which needs no explanation, since every one knows, that such a dress is suitable to the earth.

Divine honours were daily paid to this goddess; and the priests of Cybele performed their sacrifices with a confused noise of timbrels, pipes, cymbals, and other instruments; and the sacrificants profaned both the temple of their goddess, and the ears of their hearers, with howling, riot, and every kind of wantonness.

The priests of this goddess were called Galli, from a river in Phrygia. They were also called Curetes, Corybantes, Telchines, Cabiri, and Idæi Dactyli.

4. Jupiter. Jupiter, son of Saturn and Cybele, or Ops, is the father and king of gods and men. He is represented sitting on a throne of ivory and gold, holding thunder in his right hand, and in the left, a sceptre made of cyprus; which wood, being free from corruption, is a symbol of eternal empire. On this sceptre sits an eagle; either because he was brought up by that bird, or that heretofore the eagle sitting upon his head, portended his reign; or because in the war against the Giants, it brought him the thunder, and thence was called his Armour-bearer. He had golden shoes, and an embroidered cloak, adorned with various flowers, and figures of animals.

He was educated, as well as born, upon Ida, a mountain in Crete; but by whom, the variety of opinions is wonderful.

There are some who affirm, that he was nursed by the Curetes, or Corybantes; some by the Nymphs; and some by Amalthea, daughter of Melissus king of that island. Others, on the contrary, have recorded, that he was fed by the bees with honey; others, by goat's milk.

They add besides, that the goat being dead, and the skin pulled off, Jupiter made of it a shield, called Ægis, which he used afterwards in the battle against the Giants.

Jupiter, after he had deposed his father Saturn from the throne, and expelled him the kingdom, divided the paternal inheritance with his two brothers, Neptune and Pluto. He so obliged and assisted mankind by great favours, that he not only got the title of Jupiter, but also obtained divine honours, and was esteemed the common father of gods and men.

Jupiter had names almost innumerable; which he obtained, either from the places where he lived, and wherein he was worshipped, or from the various actions of his life.

The Greeks called him Ammon or Hammon, which signifies *sandy*. He obtained this name first in Lybia, where he was worshipped under the figure of a ram; because when Bacchus was athirst in the deserts of Arabia, and implored the assistance of Jupiter, Jupiter appeared in the form of a ram, opened a fountain with his foot, and discovered it to him.

He was called Capitolinus, from the Capitoline hill, on the top whereof he had the first temple that ever was built in Rome; which Tarquin the Elder first vowed to build, Tarquin the Proud did build, and Horatius the Consul dedicated. He was besides called Tarpeius, from the Tarpeian rock on which this temple was built. He was also styled Optimus Maximus, from his power and willingness to profit all men.

The title of Dodonæus was given Jupiter from the city Dodona, in Chaonia, which was so called from Dodona, a nymph of the sea. Near to this city was a grove sacred to him, which was planted with oaks, and famous, because in it was the most ancient oracle of all Greece.

The name Feretrius was given him, because after the Romans had overcome their enemies, they carried the imperial spoils (Spolia Opima) to his temple. Romulus first presented such spoils to Jupiter, after he had slain Acron, king of Cænina; and Cornelius Gallus offered the same spoils, after he had conquered Tolumnius, king of Hetruria; and thirdly, M. Marcellus, when he had vanquished Viridomarus, king of the Gauls.

Those spoils were called Opima, which one general took from the other in battle.

He is also named Olympius from Olympus, the name of the master who taught him, and of the heaven wherein he resides.

The Greeks called him Σωτὴρ (*Soter*) Servator, the Saviour, because he delivered them from the Medes.

He was likewise called Xenius, or Hospitalis; because he was thought the author of the laws and customs concerning hospitality.

5. Juno.

5. Juno. Juno was the Queen of Heaven, both the ſiſter and wife of Jupiter; the daughter of Saturn and Ops; born in the iſland Samos, where ſhe lived while ſhe continued a virgin.

Juno became extremely jealous of Jupiter, and never ceaſed to perplex the children he had by his miſtreſſes. She was mother of Vulcan, Mars, and Hebe; ſhe was alſo called Lucina, and preſided over marriages and births; and is repreſented in a chariot drawn by peacocks, with a ſcepter in her right hand, and a crown on her head: her perſon was auguſt, her carriage noble, and her dreſs elegant and neat.

Iris, the daughter of Thaumas and Electra, was the ſervant and peculiar meſſenger of Juno. Becauſe of her ſwiftneſs, ſhe is painted with wings, ſitting on a rainbow. It was her office to unlooſe the ſouls of dying women from the chains of the body.

6. Apollo. Apollo is deſcribed as a beardleſs youth, with long hair, crowned with laurel, and ſhining in an embroidered veſtment; holding a bow and arrows in his right hand, and a harp in the left. Sometimes he is ſeen with a ſhield in the one hand, and the Graces in the other. The power of this god is threefold; in heaven, where he is called Sol; in earth, where he is named Liber Pater; and in hell, where he is ſtyled Apollo. He generally is painted with a harp, ſhield, and arrows.

He was the ſon of Jupiter and Latona. His mother, who was the daughter of Cæus the Titan, conceived twins by Jupiter: at which Juno being incenſed, ſent the ſerpent Python againſt her; Latona, to avoid the intended miſchief, fled into the iſland Delos, where ſhe brought forth Apollo and Diana at the ſame birth.

By the invention of phyſic, muſic, poetry, and rhetoric, he deſervedly preſided over the Muſes. He alſo taught the arts of foretelling and archery; by which he ſo much obliged mankind, that he was enrolled in the number of the gods.

He deſtroyed all the Cyclops, the forgers of Jupiter's thunderbolts, with his arrows, to revenge the death of his ſon Æſculapius, whom Jupiter had killed with his thunder, becauſe, by the power of phyſic, he reſtored the dead to life again.

He fell violently in love with the virgin Daphne, ſo famous for her modeſty. When he purſued her ſhe was changed into a laurel, the moſt chaſte of trees; which is never corrupted with the violence of heat or cold, but remains always flouriſhing, always pure.

Apollo raiſed the walls of the city of Troy by the muſic of his harp alone; and was challenged by Marſyas, a proud muſician; but the god flayed him alive, becauſe he preſumed to contend with him in his own art, and afterwards turned him into a river. Alſo when Midas, king of Phrygia, fooliſhly determined the victory to the god Pan, when Apollo and he ſang together, Apollo ſtretched his ears to the length and ſhape of aſſes ears.

This god had many names. He is called Cynthius, from the mountain Cynthus, in the iſland of Delos; from whence Diana is alſo called Cynthia; and Delius, from the ſame iſland, becauſe he was born there.

He is called Delphicus from the city Delphi, in Bœotia, where he had the moſt famous temple in the world. They ſay, that this famous oracle became dumb at the birth of our Saviour; and when Auguſtus deſired to know the reaſon of its ſilence, the oracle anſwered him, That, in Judæa, a child was born, who was the Supreme God, and had commanded him to depart, and return no more anſwers.

He is called Pæan, either from allaying ſorrows, or from his exact ſkill in hunting, wherefore he is armed with arrows.

He is called Phœbus, from the ſwiftneſs of his motion, or from his method of healing by purging.

He was named Pythius, not only from the ſerpent Python, which he had killed, but likewiſe from aſking and conſulting; for none among the gods delivered more reſponſes than he; eſpecially in the temple which he had at Delphi, to which all nations reſorted, ſo that it was called the oracle of all the earth. Theſe oracles were given out by a young virgin, called Pythia from Pythius, one of Apollo's names.

7. Sol. Sol, who enlighteneth the world, is eſteemed the ſame as Apollo. He was the father of Phaëton by Clymene; and, as a proof of his paternal affection, promiſed to grant his ſon whatever he ſhould requeſt. The raſh youth aſked the guidance of his chariot for one day: Sol in vain uſed every argument to diſſuade him from the enterprize; but having ſworn by the river Styx, an oath it was unlawful for the gods to violate, unwillingly granted his requeſt, and gave him the neceſſary inſtructions for his behaviour.

Phaëton,

Phaëton, tranſported with joy, mounted the chariot, and began to laſh the flaming ſteeds; but they, finding the ignorance of their new driver, ran through the air, and ſet both heaven and earth on fire. Jupiter, to prevent a total conflagration, ſtruck Phaëton with thunder from his chariot, and plunged him into the river Po. His ſiſters, Phaëthuſa, Lampetia, and Phœbe, and alſo Cycnus his friend, immoderately bewailed his death on the banks of the river; and, by the pity of the gods, his ſiſters were changed into poplar trees, and his friend Cycnus into a ſwan.

8. Mercury. Mercury, ſon of Jupiter and Maia, daughter of Atlas, was the god of eloquence and merchandize, and meſſenger of the gods.

He is repreſented a young man, with a cheerful countenance, an honeſt look, and lively eyes; fair without paint, with winged ſhoes and hat, and holding in his hand a winged rod, bound about with two ſerpents.

He had many remarkable qualities, on account of which they worſhipped him as a god. He is ſaid to have invented letters, and the uſe of them: it is evident, that he excelled in eloquence, and the faculty of ſpeaking; and therefore was accounted the god of rhetoric and oratory. He is reported to have been the firſt inventor of contracts, weights, and meaſures: he alſo taught the arts of buying, ſelling, and traffic; and thence was called the god of merchants, and of gain.

In the art of thieving he far exceeded all the ſharpers that ever have been, and is named the Prince and God of Tricking. The very day in which he was born, he ſtole away the cows of king Admetus, though attended by Apollo himſelf; who, while he complained of the theft, and bent his bow with an intent of revenge, found himſelf robbed of his quiver and arrows alſo.

He was a wonderful maſter at making peace; and pacified not only mortals, but alſo the gods themſelves, when they quarrelled. This faculty is ſignified by the rod which he holds in his hand, and which formerly he got from Apollo, to whom he had before given a harp.

He had divers offices: the chief were, to carry the commands of Jupiter; alſo to attend perſons dying, to unlooſe their ſouls from the chains of the body, and carry them down to hell; likewiſe to revive, and replace in new bodies, thoſe that had already compleated their time in the Elyſian fields.

9. Mars. Mars, the ſon of Jupiter and Juno, or, as is related by Ovid, of Juno only, who conceived him by the touch of a flower ſhewed her by Flora.

Mars is the god of war, fierce in aſpect, ſtern in countenance, and terrible in dreſs; he ſits in a chariot drawn by two horſes, which are driven by a diſtracted woman. He is covered with armour, and brandiſhes a ſpear in his right hand. Sometimes he is repreſented ſitting on horſeback, formidable with his whip and ſpear, with a cock near him, the emblem of watchfulneſs.

His ſervants are Fear and Terror. Diſcord alſo goes before in a tattered garment, and Clamour and Anger follow him.

Bellona, goddeſs of war, is the companion of Mars, or, according to others, his ſiſter or wife. She prepares for him his chariot and horſes, when he goes to battle.

His name, Mars, ſets forth the power and influence he has in war, where he preſides over the ſoldiers.

He is called Gradivus, from his ſtatelineſs in marching, or from his vigour in brandiſhing his ſpear.

He is called Quirinus from Quris, or Quiris, ſignifying a ſpear. This name was afterwards attributed to Romulus, who, with Remus, was eſteemed the ſon of Mars; from whom the Romans were called Quirites.

10. Bacchus. Bacchus was ſon of Jupiter and Semele, and is ſaid to have been nouriſhed by Jupiter in his thigh on the death of his mother. As ſoon as he was born, he was committed to the care of Silenus and the Nymphs, to be brought up; and, in reward for their ſervice, the Nymphs were received into heaven, and there changed into ſtars called the Hyades.

Bacchus is a filthy, ſhameful, and immodeſt god; with a body naked, red face, laſcivious look, ſwoln cheeks and belly, diſpirited with luxury, and intoxicated with wine.

He is crowned with ivy and vine leaves, and in his hand holds a thyrſus for a ſcepter. His chariot is drawn ſometimes by tygers and lions, ſometimes by lynxes and panthers: a drunken band of Satyrs, Demons, and Nymphs preſiding over the wine-preſſes, fairies of the fountains, and prieſteſſes, attend him as his guard, and old Silenus, riding on an aſs, brings up the rear.

Bacchus

Bacchus invented ſo many things uſeful to mankind, either in finiſhing controverſies, building cities, enacting laws, or obtaining victories, that for this reaſon he was admitted into the council of the gods, by the joint ſuffrages of the whole world.

He firſt planted the vine and drank the juice of the grape; the tillage of the ground, and making honey, are attributed to Bacchus: when he was king of Phœnicia, he inſtructed his ſubjects in trade and navigation. He promoted ſociety amongſt men, and brought them over to religion and the knowledge of the gods.

He ſubdued the Indians, and many other nations, and triumphed in a chariot drawn by tygers. Riding on an elephant, he traverſed Ægypt, Syria, Phrygia, and all the Eaſt, gained many and great victories, and there erected pillars, as Hercules did in the Weſt.

He had various names: he was called Bromius, from the crackling of fire, and noiſe of thunder, that was heard when his mother was killed in the embraces of Jupiter.

Bimater, becauſe he had two mothers.

Evius, or Evous; for in the war with the Giants, when Jupiter did not ſee Bacchus, he thought that he was killed; and cried out, *Alas, Son!* Or, becauſe when he found that Bacchus had overcome the Giants, by changing himſelf into a lion, he cried out again, *Well done, Son!*

Evan, from the acclamations of the Bacchantes, who were therefore called Evantes.

Eleleus and Eleus, from the acclamation wherewith they animated the ſoldiers before the fight, or encouraged them in the battle itſelf. The ſame acclamation was alſo uſed in celebrating the Orgia, which were ſacrifices offered up to Bacchus.

Iacchus was alſo one of the names given to Bacchus, from the noiſe which men when drunk make.

Liber, and Liber Pater, from *libero*, as in Greek they call him Ἐλευθέριος [*Eleutherios*] the Deliverer.

Alſo Lenæus, and Lyæus; for wine frees the mind from cares, and thoſe who have drank plentifully, ſpeak too often whatſoever comes into their minds.

11. Minerva. Minerva, or Pallas, the goddeſs of wiſdom, war, arts, and ſciences, was the daughter of Jupiter; who finding no likelihood of having children by Juno, it is ſaid, deſired Vulcan to ſtrike his forehead with his hammer; and, after three months, he brought forth Minerva. She was called Minerva, as ſome ſay, from the threats of her ſtern and fierce look. Inſtead of a woman's dreſs, ſhe is arrayed in armour; wears a golden head-piece, and on it glittering creſts; a brazen coat of mail covers her breaſt; ſhe brandiſhes a lance in her right hand, and in her left holds a ſhield, whereon is painted the grieſly head of Meduſa, one of the Gorgons, rough and formidable with ſnakes.

Upon the head of this goddeſs there was an olive crown, which is the ſymbol of peace; either becauſe war is only made that peace may follow; or becauſe ſhe taught men the uſe of that tree.

There were five Minervas; but that one, to whom the reſt are referred, was deſcended of Jupiter. For he, as ſome ſay, finding that his wife was barren, through grief ſtruck his forehead, and brought forth Minerva.

This goddeſs, like Veſta and Diana, was a perpetual virgin; and ſo great a lover of chaſtity, that ſhe deprived Tireſias of his eyes, becauſe he ſaw her bathing in the fountain of Helicon.

Minerva was the inventreſs of divers arts, eſpecially of ſpinning; and therefore the diſtaff is aſcribed to her.

The Athenians were much devoted to her worſhip; and ſhe had been adored by that people before Athens itſelf was built. The Rhodians alſo paid great honour to this goddeſs. She was extremely jealous leſt any one ſhould excel her in any art; and near her are placed divers mathematical inſtruments, as goddeſs of arts and ſciences. The cock and the owl are ſacred to her; the firſt being expreſſive of courage and watchfulneſs, and the latter the emblem of caution and foreſight.

Minerva repreſents wiſdom, that is, uſeful knowledge, joined with diſcreet practice; and comprehends the underſtanding of the moſt noble arts, together with all the virtues, but more eſpecially that of chaſtity. Her birth from Jupiter's head, is moſt certainly an emblem that all human arts and ſciences are the production of the mind of man, directed by ſuperior wiſdom.

12. Venus. Venus is ſaid to be the daughter of Jupiter and Dione. She is ſtyled the goddeſs of the Graces, Eloquence, Beauty, Neatneſs, and Chearfulneſs; in her countenance many charms abound.

She is cloathed with a purple mantle glittering with diamonds, and refulgent with a roſy

roſy crown; ſhe breathes pleaſures, and flows in ſoftneſs. Two Cupids attend at her ſides, the Graces ſtand round her, and the lovely Adonis follows after, gently holding up her train. Her chariot is of ivory, finely carved, beautifully painted and gilt, faſhioned in form of a ſhell, and drawn by ſwans, doves, and ſwallows, and ſometimes by ſparrows, as ſhe directs, when ſhe pleaſes to mount it.

She is ſaid to have ſprung from the froth of the ſea; and, being laid in a ſhell, as it were in a cradle, to have been driven by Zephyrus upon the iſland of Cyprus, where the Horæ received her, cheriſhed her in their boſoms, educated, and adorned her; and when ſhe was grown up, they carried her into heaven, and preſented her to the gods, who, being taken with her beauty, all ſtrove to marry her; but at laſt ſhe was betrothed to Vulcan, to whom afterwards ſhe was given in wedlock.

The firſt of Venus's companions was Hymenæus, the god of marriage, and protector of virgins. Maids newly married offered ſacrifices to him, as alſo to the goddeſs Concordia.

Cupid, the god of love, was the next of Venus's companions. She alſo paſſionately loved Adonis, a beautiful youth.

The poets ſpeak of two Cupids; one of which is an ingenious youth, the ſon of Jupiter and Venus, a celeſtial deity; the other a debauchee, the ſon of Nox and Erebus, whoſe companions are Drunkenneſs, Sorrow, Enmity, Contention, and other plagues of that kind.

The Graces, called Charities, were three ſiſters, daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, or Venus.—Theſe will be more particularly mentioned in a future place.

Venus was worſhipped under various names: Cypris and Cypria, Cytheris and Cytherea, from the iſlands of Cyprus and Cythera, whither ſhe was firſt carried in a ſea ſhell.

Erycina, from the mountain Eryx, in the iſland of Sicily; upon which Æneas built a ſplendid and famous temple to her honour, becauſe ſhe was his mother.

Idalia and Acidalia, from the mountain Idalus, in the iſland Cyprus, and the fountain Acidalius, in Bœotia.

Marina, becauſe ſhe was born of the ſea, and begotten of the froth of the waters.

From thence ſhe is called Aphroditis and Anadyomone, that is, *emerging out of the waters*, as Apelles painted her.

She is called Paphia, from the city Paphos in the iſland of Cyprus, where they ſacrificed flowers and frankincenſe to her: alſo the Leſbian Queen, from Leſbos, in the ſame iſland.

On a diſpute at a feaſt of the gods, between Juno, Pallas, and Venus, for the pre-eminence of beauty, Jupiter, not being able to bring them to an agreement, referred the deciſion to Paris, a ſhepherd on Mount Ida, with direction that a golden apple ſhould be given to the faireſt. Paris determined the prize in favour of Venus, and aſſigned to her the golden reward. Venus, in return for this ſingular regard to her, promiſed Paris Helena, the faireſt beauty in the world. Paris ſailed into Greece with a great fleet, and brought away Helen, who had been betrothed to Menelaus, king of Sparta; but he being then abſent, Paris carried her away with him to Troy, which brought on the famous ſiege of that city, as is related in the Grecian Hiſtory.

[Theſe were the principal, or firſt claſs of Deities in the Heathen Mythology; the *Dii Majores*, to whom the higheſt degree of worſhip was paid; as it was univerſally imagined, that theſe deities were more eminently employed in the government of the world, and preſided over the immediate concerns of mankind.

Vulcan, Neptune, Pluto, and ſome others, are alſo eſteemed principal Deities; but mention will be made of theſe as they occur in the ſeveral orders or ranks of Terreſtrial, Marine, and Infernal Deities.]

I. Terrestrial.

1. Titan. Titan, the elder brother of Saturn, though not a god, claims the firſt place, being the eldeſt ſon of Cœlus and Terra; and, on an agreement with Jupiter his younger brother, he yielded to him his birthright, as is before mentioned. His ſons were the Giants, called from him Titans.

2. Vesta. Veſta, the eldeſt of all the goddeſſes, the mother of Saturn, and the wife of Cœlus, is repreſented as a matron ſitting and holding a drum. She is not reckoned among the Celeſtials, ſhe being the Earth herſelf. Veſta is her name from cloathing, becauſe the earth is cloathed with plants and fruits. She ſits, becauſe the earth being immoveable, reſts in the loweſt part of the world. She carries a drum, becauſe the earth contains the boiſterous winds in its boſom.

Her

Her head is alſo ſurrounded with divers flowers and plants, voluntarily weaving themſelves into a crown, while animals of every kind play about, and fawn upon her. By reaſon the earth is round, Veſta's temple at Rome was built round; and they ſay, that her image was orbicular in ſome places.

It is no wonder that the firſt oblations were offered to her, ſince all the ſacrifices ſpring from the earth; and the Greeks both began and concluded all ſacrifices with this goddeſs.

3. Vulcan. Vulcan, the huſband of Venus, was ſon of Jupiter and Juno (ſome ſay of Juno only); but, being born deformed, he was caſt down from heaven by Jupiter as ſoon as he was born, and in the fall broke his leg. He was the god of ſubterraneous fires, and preſided over metals.

He firſt made his addreſſes to Minerva, and was refuſed by her: he afterwards married Venus, but that goddeſs diſregarded him for his deformity.

Vulcan made the chariot of the ſun, and ſupplied Jupiter with thunder: he fixed his forges on Mount Ætna, but chiefly in the iſland Lemnos, where he worked for the gods, and taught the natives the art of working iron by fire. His forgemen were the Cyclops, who are repreſented as having only one eye, in the middle of their foreheads. Apollo, it is ſaid, ſlew them all, for having forged the thunder with which Jupiter ſtruck Æſculapius, the god of phyſic. The principal temple of Vulcan was on Mount Ætna; and he is painted with a hat of blue colour, the ſymbol of fire.

He was called Mulciber, or Multifer, from his ſoftening and poliſhing iron.

4. Janus. Janus was the ſon of Cœlus and Hecate. He had a double face and forehead in one and the ſame head; hence he was called the two-faced God; and therefore is ſaid to ſee things placed behind his back, as well as before his face. In his right hand he holds a key, and in his left a rod; and beneath his feet are twelve altars.

He had ſeveral temples built and dedicated to him, ſome of which had double doors, others four gates; becauſe he was ſometimes repreſented with four faces.

It was a cuſtom among the Romans, that, in his temple, the conſuls were inaugurated, and from thence ſaid to open the year on the kalends of January, when new laurel was put on the ſtatue of the god. The temple of Janus was held in great veneration by the Romans, and was kept open in the time of war, and ſhut in the time of peace; and it is remarkable, that, within the ſpace of ſeven hundred years, this temple was ſhut only thrice; once by Numa; afterwards by the conſuls Marcus Attilius and Titus Manlius, after a league ſtruck up with the Carthaginians; and, laſtly, by Auguſtus, after the victory of Actium.

5. Latona. Latona was the daughter of Phœbe, and Cœus the Titan; whom, for her great beauty, Jupiter loved and deflowered.

When Juno perceived her with child, ſhe caſt her out of heaven to the earth, having firſt obliged Terra to ſwear, that ſhe would not give her any where an habitation to bring forth her young: and beſides, ſhe ſent the ſerpent Python to perſecute the harlot all over the world. But in vain; for in the iſland Delos, under a palm or an olive-tree, Latona brought forth Diana and Apollo.

6. Diana. Diana, goddeſs of hunting, was the daughter of Ceres and Jupiter, and ſiſter of Apollo. She is uſually painted in a hunting habit, with a bow in her hand, a quiver full of arrows hanging down from her ſhoulders, and her breaſt covered with the ſkin of a deer: ſhe was the goddeſs of hunting and chaſtity.

She has three different names, and as many offices: in the heavens ſhe is called Luna and Phœbe, on the earth Diana, and in hell Hecate. In the heavens ſhe enlightens all things by her rays; on the earth ſhe ſubdues all the wild beaſts by her bow and darts; and in hell keeps in ſubjection the ghoſts and ſpirits, by her power and authority.

Diana was expoſed by her mother in the ſtreets, and was nouriſhed by ſhepherds: for which reaſon, ſhe was worſhipped in the ſtreets, and her ſtatue uſually ſet before the doors of the houſes.

Many temples were erected to this goddeſs, of which, that of Epheſus was the chief. The woods, groves, and foreſts, were alſo conſecrated to her.

Actæon, grandſon of Cadmus, a famous hunter, intruding himſelf into the privacy of Diana, whilſt ſhe was bathing in a fountain, the goddeſs changed him into a ſtag, and he was devoured by his dogs.

7. Aurora. Aurora was the daughter

of Terra and Titan, the ſiſter of the ſun and moon, and mother of all the ſtars.

She ſits high in a golden chariot, drawn by white horſes. She was much taken with the love of Cephalus, a very beautiful youth; and when ſhe could by no perſuaſion move him to violate his faith, plighted to his wife Procris, daughter of the king of Athens, ſhe carried him up into heaven by force.

Aurora, being alſo charmed with the ſingular beauty of Tithonus, ſon of Laomedon, and brother of Priamus, carried him up into heaven, joined him to herſelf in wedlock, and from the Fates obtained immortality for him inſtead of a portion.

Memnon was the ſon of this marriage, who, when he came to Troy, to bring aſſiſtance to Priamus, fighting in a ſingle combat with Achilles, was ſlain.

8. Ceres. Ceres is repreſented as a lady, tall in ſtature, venerable with majeſty, beautified with yellow hair, and crowned with a turban compoſed of the ears of corn. She holds in her right hand a burning torch, and, in her left, a handful of poppies and ears of corn.

She was daughter of Saturn and Ops, and of ſo great beauty, that ſhe drew the gods into the love and admiration of her perſon.

She firſt invented and taught the art of tilling the earth, and ſowing pulſe and corn, and of making bread; whereas before men eat only acorns. As ſoon as agriculture was introduced, and men began to contend about the limits of thoſe fields, which before were common and uncultivated, ſhe enacted laws, and determined the rights and properties of each perſon when diſputes aroſe.

Ceres is beautiful, becauſe the earth, which ſhe reſembles, gives a very delightful and beautiful ſpectacle to beholders: eſpecially when it is arrayed with plants, diverſified with trees, adorned with flowers, enriched with fruits, and covered with green herbs; when it diſplays the honours of the Spring, and pours forth the gifts of Autumn with a bountiful hand.

She holds a lighted torch, becauſe when Proſerpine was ſtolen away by Pluto, ſhe lighted torches with the flames of Mount Ætna, and with them ſought her daughter through the whole world. She alſo carries poppies, becauſe when ſpent with grief, and when ſhe could not obtain the leaſt reſt or ſleep, Jupiter gave her poppies to eat, which plant, they ſay, has a power of creating ſleep and forgetfulneſs.

Among various nations, the firſt fruits of the earth were offered to Ceres, as goddeſs of corn and agriculture; and the Cerealia, or Myſteries inſtituted in honour of Ceres, both in Greece and Sicily, were of two ſorts: the greater, or chief, were peculiar to Ceres, and called Eleuſinia, from Eleuſis, a city of Attica; and, in the leſſer, ſacrifices were made alſo to Proſerpine.

In theſe feaſts, the votaries ran through the public ſtreets with great noiſe and lamentation, carrying lighted torches in their hands, in repreſentation of the ſearch made by Ceres after her daughter, when ſtolen by Pluto.

II. Marine Deities.

1. Neptune. Neptune was the ſon of Saturn and Ops, and brother of Jupiter and Pluto. His mother preſerved him from the devouring jaws of his father, who eat up all the male children, and conveyed him to ſhepherds to be brought up as is before mentioned. In the diviſion of his father's dominions by Jupiter, the empire of the ſea was allotted to Neptune.

He having joined with Apollo in a conſpiracy againſt Jupiter, they were both driven from heaven; and, by Jupiter's command, forced to ſerve Laomedon in building the walls of Troy. Neptune, not receiving the reward of his ſervice, ſent a ſea-monſter on the coaſts, which ravaged the country.

Neptune afterwards became charmed with the beauty of Amphitrite, and long bore her diſdain; at laſt, by the aſſiſtance of a Dolphin, and the power of flattery, he drew her into marriage. Neptune, as an acknowledgment for this kindneſs, placed the dolphin among the ſtars, and he became a conſtellation.

As to the actions of this god; the poets ſay, that in a diſpute with Minerva, who ſhould give a name to Athens, the capital city of Greece, he ſtruck the ground with his trident, and produced a horſe; for which reaſon the Athenians ſacrificed to him that animal. Neptune was called Poſeidon by the Greeks: the Romans gave him alſo the name of Conſus, and erected an altar to him in the circus of Rome. The Circenſian games, or horſe-races, inſtituted in honour of him, were, from this name, called Conſualia. In theſe games, which were celebrated in the months of February and July, the rape of the Sabine virgins was repreſented.

Neptune

Neptune is eſteemed governor of the ſea, and father of the rivers and fountains. He is repreſented riding on the ſea in a car, in the form of a ſhell, drawn by ſea-horſes, preceded by Tritons. He holds a trident in his hand, as an emblem of his ſovereignty, and is attended by the younger Tritons, and ſea-nymphs.

The other Deities *are,*

1. *Oceanus*, a marine deity, deſcended from Cœlus and Veſta; and by the ancients was called, not only the father of rivers, but alſo of animals, and of the gods themſelves.

2. *Thetis*, goddeſs of the ſea, wife of Oceanus, by whom ſhe is ſaid to have had many ſons; the chief of whom was Nereus, who dwelt in the Ægean ſea, and by his wife Doris had fifty daughters, called from him Nereides. Thetis is repreſented ſitting in a chariot, in the form of a ſhell, drawn by dolphins.

3. *Amphitrite*, daughter of Oceanus and Doris, goddeſs of the ſea, and wife of Neptune. She is by the poets frequently taken for the ſea itſelf; and by ſome writers, Thetis and Amphitrite are ſaid to be the ſame perſon.

4. *Triton*, the ſon of Neptune and Amphitrite, was alſo his companion and trumpeter. In the upper part of his body he bears the reſemblance of a man, and of a fiſh in the lower part. Moſt of the ſea-gods from him are called Tritons.

5. The *Syrens* were inhabitants of the ſea. They had faces of women, but the bodies of flying fiſh. Their names were Parthenope, Ligæa, and Leucoſia. Theſe dwelt near the coaſt of Sicily, and drew to them all paſſengers by the ſweetneſs of their ſinging, and then devoured them.

III. Infernal Deities.

1. Pluto. Pluto, ſon of Saturn and Rhea, and brother of Jupiter and Neptune. In the diviſion of his father's kingdom, when he was dethroned by Jupiter, Pluto had the weſtern parts aſſigned to him, which gave riſe to the poetical fable, that he was the god of hell.

Theſe infernal kingdoms are attributed to him, not only becauſe the weſtern part of the world fell to him by lot; but alſo becauſe he introduced the uſe of burying and funeral obſequies: hence he is believed to exerciſe a ſovereignty over the dead. He ſits on a dark throne, holding a key inſtead of a ſcepter, and wearing a crown of ebony. Sometimes he is crowned with a diadem, ſometimes with cypreſs, and ſometimes with a daffodil, which flower Proſerpine was gathering when he ſtole her away. He is called Dis by the Latins, and Hades by the Greeks, which laſt ſignifies dark and gloomy. His horſes and chariot are of a black colour; and himſelf is often painted with a rod in his hand for a ſcepter, and covered with a head-piece.

2. Proserpine. Proſerpine is queen of hell, the infernal Juno, and wife of Pluto. She was daughter of Jupiter and Ceres.

When none of the goddeſſes would marry Pluto, becauſe of his deformity, the god being vexed that he was deſpiſed, and forced to live a ſingle life, in a rage mounted his chariot, and ſuddenly ſprung up from a den in Sicily amongſt a company of very beautiful virgins, who were gathering flowers in the fields of Enna. Pluto, inflamed with the love of Proſerpine, carried her off with him, and ſunk into the earth, not far from Syracuſe, where ſuddenly a lake aroſe.

The nymphs, her companions, being ſtruck with terror, acquainted her mother with the loſs of her daughter. Ceres, with lighted torches from Mount Ætna, long ſought her in vain: but at laſt, being informed by the nymph Arethuſa, that ſhe was ſtolen by Pluto, ſhe went down into hell, where ſhe found Proſerpine queen of thoſe dark dominions. The enraged mother complained to Jupiter of the violence offered to her daughter by his brother Pluto. Jupiter promiſed that ſhe ſhould return to the earth, provided ſhe had eat nothing in hell: hereupon Ceres went down rejoicing; and Proſerpine was returning with tranſport, when Aſcalaphus declared, that he ſaw Proſerpine eat ſome grains of a pomegranate which ſhe gathered in Pluto's orchard: by this diſcovery her return was ſtopped. The mother, incenſed at this intelligence, changed Aſcalaphus into an owl; and, by her importunate intreaty, extorted from Jupiter, that Proſerpine ſhould live one half of the year with her, and the reſt of the time with her huſband Pluto. Proſerpine afterwards ſo loved this diſagreeable huſband, that ſhe became jealous of him, and changed his miſtreſs Mentha into the herb named Mint.

The other Deities *are,*

1. *Plutus*, either from the affinity of the name, or that both were gods of riches,

is frequently joined to Pluto. He was said to be blind, void of judgment, and of a nature quite timorous, all which qualities denote some peculiar property of this god: blind, and void of judgment, in the unequal distribution of riches, as he frequently passes by good men, whilst the wicked are loaded with wealth; and timorous, by reason the rich are constantly in fear, and watch over their treasures with great care and anxiety.

2. *Nox*, goddess of darkness, is the most ancient of all the goddesses. She married the river Erebus in hell, by whom she had many daughters. Nox is painted in black robes beset with stars.

3. *Charon*, the son of Erebus and Nox, is the ferryman of hell. He is represented by the poets as a terrible, grim, dirty old fellow. According to the fable, he attended with his boat, and, for a small piece of money, carried over the river Styx the souls of the dead; yet not all promiscuously, but only those whose bodies were committed to the grave; for the unburied shades wandered about the shores an hundred years, and then were admitted into the boat, and ferried over the lake.

4. The *Giants* or *Titans* were the first inhabitants of the earth; who, trusting to their great stature and strength, waged war against Jupiter, and attempted to dethrone him from the possession of heaven. In this battle, they heaped up mountains upon mountains, and from thence darted trees of fire into heaven. They hurled also prodigious stones and solid rocks, which falling again upon the earth, or in the sea, became mountains or islands: but being unsuccessful in their attempt, and destroyed by the thunder of Jupiter, with the assistance of the other gods, they were driven from the earth and cast into hell.

5. The *Fates* were three in number, daughters of Erebus and Nox. These were said to preside over time past, present, and to come. Their names are Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. Their office is to superintend the thread of life; Clotho holds the distaff, and draws the thread, Lachesis turns the spindle, and Atropos cuts the thread with her scissars; that is, the first calls us into life, the second determines our lot and condition, and the third finishes our life.

6. The *Furies*, or *Eumenides*, were daughters of Nox and Acheron. They were three, namely, Alecto, Megæra, Tisiphone: their abode was in hell, to torment the wicked; they were armed with blazing torches, and surrounded with snakes, and other instruments of horror.

The Rivers *of* Hell *were*,

1. *Acheron*, Son of Sol and Terra. He supplied the Titans with water when they waged war against Jupiter; who, for this reason, changed him into a river, and cast him into hell. The waters of this river are extremely muddy and bitter.

2. *Styx*, the principal river of hell; and held in so great veneration by the gods, that whoever broke the oath he had once made by this river, was deprived of his divinity for one hundred years.

3. *Cocytus*. This river is increased by the tears of the wicked; and flows with a lamentable noise, imitating the damned.

4. *Phlegethon*. This river swells with fiery waves, and rolls streams of fire. The souls of the dead, having passed over these rivers, are carried to Pluto's palace.

5. *Lethe* is a river in hell. If the ghosts of the dead drink the waters of this river, they are said to lose the remembrance of all that had passed in this world.

[It may here be very properly observed, that these infernal regions, the residence of Pluto, are said to be a subterraneous cavern, whither the shades or souls of mortals descended, and were judged by Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, appointed by Pluto judges of hell. This place contained Tartarus, the abode of the unhappy; also Elysium, the abode of those that had lived well. Cerberus, a dog with three heads, was door-keeper, and covered with serpents, always waited at the infernal gate, to prevent mortals from entering, or the manes or shades from going out. Charon, as is said before, was ferryman of hell, and conducted the departed souls to the tribunal of Minos. The Harpies, or birds of prey, were also inhabitants of hell. These were indifferently called Furiæ, Ocypetæ, and Lamiæ; and were instruments in the hands of the gods to raise wars in the world, and disturb the peace of mankind.]

Fable relates two remarkable punishments in hell. 1. Ixion, for attempting to seduce Juno, was by Jupiter cast into hell, and condemned to be chained to a wheel, which continually whirled round. 2. Sysiphus, the son of Æolus, was doomed in hell to roll a huge round stone from the bottom to the top of a mountain, whence it immediately descended. This punishment was allotted

lotted him, becauſe he revealed the ſecrets of the gods, and diſcovered to Aſopus the place where Jupiter had concealed his daughter Ægina.

Inferior Deities.

In the Heathen Mythology, there are many other deities or gods of inferior note, ſtyled *Dii Minores*; and as theſe frequently occur in the writings of the poets, it is neceſſary to make brief mention of them.

The Muses, daughters of Jupiter and Mnemoſyne, goddeſs of memory, were the reputed goddeſſes of the ſeveral arts and ſciences, and preſided over the feaſts and ſolemnities of the gods. They were the companions of Apollo, and inhabited with him chiefly on the hills of Parnaſſus, Helicon, and Pindus. The Hippocrene, and other fountains at the foot of Parnaſſus, were ſacred to them; as were alſo the palm-tree and the laurel. They are repreſented young and very handſome, and are nine in number.

1. *Clio* is ſaid to be the chief muſe. She derives her name from glory and renown. She preſided over hiſtory, and is ſaid to be the inventreſs of the lute.

2. *Calliope*, ſo called from the ſweetneſs of her voice. She preſided over eloquence and heroic poeſy.

3. *Erato*, or the Lovely. She preſided over lyric poetry.

4. *Thalia*, from the gaiety and pleaſantry of her ſongs, called the Flouriſhing Maid. She invented comedy and geometry.

5. *Melpomene* was the muſe of that age. She preſided over tragedy, and melancholy ſubjects.

6. *Terpſichore*, or the Jovial. She preſided over muſic and dancing.

7. *Euterpe*, ſo called becauſe ſhe imparts joy. She invented the flute, and preſided over muſic: ſhe is alſo ſaid to be the patroneſs of logic.

8. *Polyhymnia*, ſo called from multiplicity of ſongs. She is ſaid to excel in memory, and preſide over hiſtory.

9. *Urania*, or, the Celeſtial Muſe. She preſided over divine poeſy, and is ſaid to be the inventreſs of aſtronomy.

The Muſes are diſtinguiſhed by maſks, lyres, garlands, globes, and other emblems, expreſſive of their different offices or accompliſhments.

Pegasus, the famous horſe of ancient fable, was an attendant on Apollo and the Muſes; he inhabited the hills of Parnaſſus, Helicon, and other mountains. He is ſaid to be ſprung from the blood of Meduſa, killed by Perſeus, and is repreſented by the poets with wings to his ſides, expreſſive of the flights and elevation of the mind in poetry. When Perſeus cut off the head of Meduſa, the horſe Pegaſus ſtruck the ground with his foot; upon which, at the bottom of the hill, a fountain aroſe named Hippocrene. This fountain was ſacred to Apollo and the Muſes.

The Graces, called alſo Charities, were three ſiſters, daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, or Venus. The firſt was named Aglaia from her chearfulneſs; the ſecond Thalia from her perpetual verdure; and the third Euphroſyne, from delight. They were companions of the Muſes and Mercury, and attendants on Venus. They are repreſented with pleaſing countenances and naked, to denote that our actions ſhould be free and candid, not covered over with diſſimulation or deceit. A chain binds their arms together, to expreſs that the link of love and harmony ſhould be united and unbroken.

Themis, Astrea, and Nemesis, were three goddeſſes: the firſt of law and peace; the ſecond of juſtice; and the third, a rewarder of virtue, and puniſher of vice.

Æolus, god of the winds, and ſon of Jupiter and Aceſta.

Momus, ſon of Nox and Somnus, and god of banter or jeſting.

Pan, ſon of Mercury and Penelope, was the god of the woods and ſhepherds. He is repreſented half man, and half goat, with a large pair of horns on his head, a crook in one hand, a pipe, compoſed of reeds, in the other. The Arcadians much admired his muſic, and paid him divine honours. The Romans alſo built a temple to Pan, at the foot of Mount Palatine, and his feaſts were called Lupercalia. Sylvanus and Faunus were alſo gods of the foreſts, from whom were deſcended the other rural deities, as Satyrs, Sylvans, Fauns, Nymphs, or Dryades, who were all inhabitants of the woods.

Pales is the goddeſs of the ſhepherds and paſture, and by ſome is called Magna Mater and Veſta. They offered to her milk and wafers of millet for a good growth of paſture. Her feaſts, Palilia, were celebrated about the eleventh or twelfth of the kalends of May, on which day Romulus founded the city of Rome.

Flora, goddeſs of the ſpring and flowers, and

and wife of Zephyrus. She is represented adorned with garlands, and near her is a basket of flowers. Feronia is also counted the goddess of groves and orchards.

Pomona was goddess of the gardens, and all fruit-trees and plants. She was beloved of Vertumnus, as Ovid relates.

Priapus, son of Venus and Bacchus, an obscene deity. He also presided over gardens.

Terminus was a deity who presided over the boundaries of lands, which were held so sacred, that whoever removed a land-mark, or ploughed them up, was subject to death. On the last day of the year, the Romans offered sacrifice to the god Terminus; and these festivals were called Terminalia.

Cupid, god of love, son of Mars and Venus, is represented blind, with a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows on his shoulders, with which he wounds the hearts of lovers.

Hymenæus, or Hymen, son of Apollo and Urania, or, as some say, of Bacchus and Venus. He is the god of marriage; and is represented under the figure of a young man, holding a torch in his hand, with a crown of roses, or sweet marjoram, on his head.

The Penates and Lares were also deemed gods; the first presided over provinces and kingdoms, and the latter over houses and particular families. The Lares also presided over the highways; and they were wont to sacrifice to these household gods, frankincense, wine, bread, corn, and a cock; and, according to some writers, a lamb and a hog.

The Genii also were spirits, or deities, that presided over all persons and places. And indeed so great were the number of these inferior gods, that the ancient mythology furnished almost as many deities as there are things in nature; for there was no part of the body, or action of life, but had a peculiar divinity, by whom it was said to be immediately directed or protected.

Æsculapius, son of Apollo and the nymph Coronis, was the god of physic: he was slain by Jupiter with a thunderbolt forged by the Cyclops, on the complaint of Pluto, for raising the dead, or rather recovering men, by his skill in medicine, from their sickness. He was worshipped under the figure of a serpent; and sometimes he is represented seated on a throne of gold and ivory, with a long beard, holding a rod environed with a serpent, and a dog at his feet.

The Cyclops, four in number, were sons of Neptune and Amphitrite. They were servants to Vulcan, and had only one eye, placed in the middle of their foreheads: they were slain by Apollo, in revenge for forging the thunderbolts with which Jupiter killed Æsculapius, as is before related. They inhabited the island of Sicily; and, on account of their great strength, were deemed giants by the poets.

Silenus was the foster-father of Bacchus. He is accounted the god of abstruse mysteries and knowledge. He is represented as a fat, old, drunken fellow, riding on an ass.

Ægyptian Deities.

Osiris, Apis, and Serapis, are different names of one and the same deity, son of Jupiter by Niobe, and husband to Io, daughter of Inachus and Ismena. Jupiter became passionately in love with Io; and, in order to pursue his unlawful passion, changed her into a cow. Io, to avoid the resentment of Juno, fled into Ægypt; and Osiris, after he had reigned many years over the Argives in Peloponnesus, left his kingdom to his brother Ægialus, and sailed into Ægypt to seek new dominions. He there married Io, who was also named Isis; and, obtaining the government, they taught the Ægyptians husbandry, also every other useful art and science, and governed with great wisdom and equity.

Osiris, having conferred the greatest benefits on his own subjects, committed the regency of his kingdom to Isis; and, with a large body of forces, set out in order to civilize the rest of mankind. This he performed more by the power of persuasion, and the soothing arts of music and poetry, than by the terror of his arms. He marched first into Æthiopia, thence to Arabia and India; and, returning to Ægypt, was slain by his brother Typhon, and buried at Memphis, the chief city of Ægypt.

Isis afterwards vanquished Typhon, reigned happily in Ægypt to her death, and was also buried at Memphis.

Orus, son of Osiris and Isis, succeeded to the government. The Ægyptians deemed him the protector of the river Nile, the averter of evils, governor of the world, and the author of plenty.

These deities of the Ægyptians were held in the greatest veneration. Temples were erected, and divine honours paid to Osiris under the figure of an ox; and the priestesses of Isis sacrificed to that goddess under dif-

ferent ſhapes, according to the purpoſes for which they were intended. And, as fable is ſaid to take its origin from the Ægyptians, it will appear, from their intercourſe with the Jews long reſident in Ægypt, that a mixture of true religion and error increaſed that falſe worſhip, which firſt prevailed in that country, and afterwards ſpread into Rome, and the more diſtant parts of the world. Theſe gods of the Ægyptians were worſhipped under various names and characters, according to the prevailing opinion of different countries, or ſome other incident. Thus, according to Herodotus, Oſiris and Bacchus are the ſame; according to Diodorus the hiſtorian, Oſiris is Sol, Jupiter, &c. and Plutarch ſays, Oſiris, Serapis, and Apis of the Ægyptians, are Pluto, Oceanus, &c. in the Roman mythology.

Iſis is ſaid to be the ſame with the Roman Cybele, Ceres, Minerva, Luna, &c. and was called the mother of the gods. Orus alſo was the ſymbol of light, and was figured as a winged boy. He was named the Hermes of the Greeks, and the Apollo and Cupid of the Romans.

Both in Ægypt and Rome, each deity had his peculiar temple, where the moſt ſolemn ſacrifices were made to them, according to the prevailing notion of their power and influence. The worſhip of theſe gods ſo far prevailed among the Romans, that they erected to their honour a public edifice named the Pantheon, in which, as a general repoſitory, were placed the ſtatues of their ſeveral deities, with their reſpective ſymbols: Jupiter was diſtinguiſhed by a thunderbolt; Juno by a crown; Mars by a helmet; Apollo, or the Sun, by its beams; Diana, or the Moon, by a creſcent; Ceres by a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, or an ear of corn; Cupid by a bundle of arrows; Mercury by wings on his feet, and a caduceus, or wand, in his hand; Bacchus by the ivy; Venus by the beauty of her perſon; and the reſt had the like diſtinguiſhing characters placed above their ſtatues, or in their hands, according to the received opinion of the people, or the ingenuity of the artiſt.

Of Oracles.

The Oracles of the ancients were deemed the predictions, myſterious declarations of the will of the gods: it may, with a kind of certainty, be admitted, that the natural bent of the mind of man to ſearch into futurity gave riſe to this inſtitution.

To whatever cauſe, however, the origin may be aſcribed, the inſtitution of oracles became general, among the idolatrous nations, and increaſed over the face of the whole earth. Not to mention other nations, the oracles of the Ægyptians and Greeks were numerous, eſpecially of the latter people, at leaſt we have a more full account of them. The oracle of Dodona, a city of Epirus in Greece, was ſacred to Jupiter; the oracle of Jupiter Hammon was alſo of ancient date, and famous in Lybia; the oracle of Apollo at Heliopolis was of great note; the oracle alſo of Apollo at Delphos, if not the moſt ancient, was the moſt celebrated of all Greece, inſomuch that it was called the oracle of the whole earth. And, indeed, ſo eſtabliſhed was the credit of theſe oracular declarations, that the enacting laws, the reformation of government, alſo peace or war, were not undertaken by ſtates or princes, and even in the more common concerns of life, no material buſineſs was entered upon without the ſanction of the oracle. Each oracle had its prieſt or prieſteſs, who delivered out the anſwers of the gods. Theſe anſwers, for the moſt part, were in verſe, and couched under ſuch myſterious terms, that they admitted of a double interpretation; inſomuch, that whether the predictions was completed, or the expectation of the ſupplicant diſappointed, the oracle was clear from blame. The oracle of Apollo at Delphos, being in the greateſt reputation, was reſorted to from all parts. The prieſteſs of Apollo was named Pythia, from the ſerpent Python, killed by that god, as is before mentioned. The offerings to the gods on theſe applications were liberal, according to the ability, or the importance of the anſwer required by the ſupplicant; and, it is ſaid, the temple and city of Delphos eſpecially, was, by theſe means, filled with immenſe treaſure.

The principal oracle of the Ægyptians was at Memphis, a royal city of Ægypt, where they erected an altar, and worſhipped their god Apis, under the figure of an ox. His wife Iſis had alſo worſhip, and her prieſts were called Iſiaci.

The Sybilline Oracles were certain women, whom the ancients believed to be endued with the gift of prophecy. They are ſaid to have been ten in number, and were famous in all lands. They had no fixed reſidence, but travelled into different countries, and delivered their predictions in verſe, in the Greek tongue. One of theſe Sybils, named

named Erythræa, or Cumæa, from Cuma, a city in the Ionian sea, according to Virgil, came into Italy, and was held in the highest esteem by the Romans, who consulted the oracle of the Sybil on all occasions that related to the welfare of the republic.

Augury, or the art of divination by birds, the meteors of the heavens, or the entrails of beasts, was held in the highest veneration by the idolatrous nations. The people of God, the Jews, were not free from idolatry in the time of Moses; and we read also in holy writ, that Saul, being vexed in spirit, applied to the seers, or persons skilled in the knowledge of futurity. But not to go so far back, Romulus and Remus consulted the Auguries before they built Rome; and the foundation of that city was determined by the flight of birds. Numa established a college of Augurs, and confirmed his regulation of the Roman state by their sanction. It appears also, in the history of that people, that no national concern was entered upon, without first consulting the Auguries; and, according to the propitious or bad omen, they made peace or war, and appointed magistrates. Indeed the Augurs, and their declarations, were held in so high regard by the Romans, that whoever contemned them was accounted impious and prophane. To conclude, divination, or the spirit of prediction, made a considerable part of the Pagan theology, especially among the Romans, those lords of the world, who fell into the general delusion, and adopted almost all the gods of every people they subdued.

Conclusion. *Of Fabulous History.*

Notwithstanding the origin of fable seems uncertain, and to be lost in antiquity, it may be said to take its rise from truth, or sacred history. And, in the foregoing relation of the Heathen deities, it is evident, many particulars correspond with the history of the most early transactions, as they are recorded by Moses in holy writ. The golden age of Saturn, the wars of the Giants, the deluge of Deucalion, and the repeopling of the earth, declare their origin from divine truth, as received and delivered down by the patriarchs.

On the confusion of tongues at the building of Babel, and the dispersion of mankind, the tradition of the patriarchs became subject to variation; and, as is observed by the learned Rollin, the change of habitation, and diversity of language, opened the door of error, and introduced an alteration in worship, agreeable to the soil, or rather according to the humour, or some accidental event of the respective colonies.

However confused and erroneous the general worship of man became, it is evident, from every circumstance, that, in the first ages of the world, mankind knew but one Deity, the Supreme God, and Creator of the universe; but afterwards, when men abandoned themselves to vice, and, as is said in Scripture, "went a whoring after "their own inventions," and departed from the purity of their forefathers, their ideas of the Divinity became weakened, and instead of the worship of the only True God, they substituted other deities, or objects of worship, more agreeable to the comprehension of their own depraved nature. Thus, by a mixture of truth and fable, one deity became productive of another, till at last the inventive fancy gradually gave life to every visible object, both in the heavens, and on earth. Thus, "having changed the glory "of the uncorruptible God, into an image "made like corruptible man, and to birds, "and four-footed beasts, and creeping "things, and serving the creature more "than the Creator," not only Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and other false deities, but stars, rivers, and fountains, animals, reptiles, and plants, received divine adoration. At length, great men and heroes, who excelled in any useful science, or became famous by conquests, or a superior conduct of life, by an easy transition from admiration to a superstitious respect, were deemed more than human, and had divine honours paid to them also under different names, in different countries; or, probably, prompted by ambition, they assumed to themselves the homage and adoration that was due only to the Divine Creator, the Almighty Lord, and Governor of the world. This accounts for that multitude of deities, both in heaven and on earth, which makes the marvellous part of ancient fiction, and became the object of Pagan divinity, when the earth was overwhelmed with darkness, and, as is expressed in holy writ, "the hearts of men went "after their idols."

The fertile imagination of the poets, who celebrated the exploits of the ancient heroes, and expressed the common actions of life in figurative characters, joined to the extravagance of priests and orators in their panegyrics on the living and the dead, greatly forwarded the work of fable: and in time, learning being obliterated, their writings

were looked upon as regiſters of facts. Thus the world, grown old in error, by the folly and credulity of mankind, fiction got admiſſion into hiſtory, and became at laſt a neceſſary part in compoſing the annals of the early ages of the world.

For this cauſe, an acquaintance with fabulous hiſtory, as is before obſerved, is become a neceſſary part of polite learning in the education of youth, and for the due underſtanding the Greek and Roman authors; alſo the paintings, ſtatues, and other monuments of antiquity. By this knowledge, the tender mind will moreover be inſpired with an early abhorrence of the abſurd ceremonies and impious tenets of the Heathen mythology; and, at the ſame time, be impreſſed with the deepeſt ſenſe and veneration for the Chriſtian religion, the light of the Goſpel in CHRIST JESUS, who, in the fulneſs of time, through the tender mercies of God, diſpelled thoſe clouds of darkneſs, ignorance, and folly, which had long debaſed human nature, and ſpread over the face of the earth the greateſt and moſt abſurd ſuperſtitions, as is before related, and will farther appear from many incidents in the hiſtories of Greece and Rome.

§ 239. *Concerning the Neglect of Oratorical Numbers.—Obſervations upon Dr.* TILLOTSON's *Style.—The Care of the ancient Orators with reſpect to Numerous Compoſition, ſtated and recommended. In a Letter.*

The paſſage you quote is entirely in my ſentiments. I agree with that celebrated author and yourſelf, that our oratory is by no means in a ſtate of perfection; and, though it has much ſtrength and ſolidity, that it may yet be rendered far more poliſhed and affecting. The growth, indeed, of eloquence, even in thoſe countries where ſhe flouriſhed moſt, has ever been exceedingly ſlow. Athens had been in poſſeſſion of all the other polite improvements, long before her pretenſions to the perſuaſive arts were in any degree conſiderable; as the earlieſt orator of note among the Romans did not appear ſooner than about a century before Tully.

That great maſter of perſuaſion, taking notice of this remarkable circumſtance, aſſigns it as an evidence of the ſuperior difficulty of his favourite art. Poſſibly there may be ſome truth in the obſervation: but whatever the cauſe be, the fact, I believe, is undeniable. Accordingly eloquence has by no means made equal advances, in our own country, with her ſiſter arts; and though we have ſeen ſome excellent poets, and a few good painters, riſe up amongſt us, yet I know not whether our nation can ſupply us with a ſingle orator of deſerved eminence. One cannot but be ſurpriſed at this, when it is conſidered, that we have a profeſſion ſet apart for the purpoſes of perſuaſion, and which not only affords the moſt animating and intereſting topics of rhetoric, but wherein a talent of this kind would prove the likelieſt, perhaps, of any other, to obtain thoſe ambitious prizes which were thought to contribute ſo much to the ſucceſsful progreſs of ancient eloquence.

Among the principal defects of our Engliſh orators, their general diſregard of harmony has, I think, been the leaſt obſerved. It would be injuſtice indeed to deny that we have ſome performances of this kind amongſt us tolerably muſical: but it muſt be acknowledged at the ſame time, that it is more the effect of accident than deſign, and rather a proof of the power of our language, than of the art of our orators.

Dr. Tillotſon, who is frequently mentioned as having carried this ſpecies of eloquence to its higheſt perfection, ſeems to have had no ſort of notion of rhetorical numbers: and may I venture to add, without hazarding the imputation of an affected ſingularity, that I think no man had ever leſs pretenſions to genuine oratory than this celebrated preacher? If any thing could raiſe a flame of eloquence in the breaſt of an orator, there is no occaſion upon which one ſhould imagine it would be more likely to break out, than in celebrating departed merit: yet the two ſermons which he preached on the death of Mr. Gouge and Dr. Whichcote, are as cold and languid performances as were ever, perhaps, produced upon ſuch an animating ſubject. One cannot indeed but regret, that he, who abounds with ſuch noble and generous ſentiments, ſhould want the art of ſetting them off with all the advantage they deſerve; that the ſublime in morals ſhould not be attended with a ſuitable elevation of language. The truth however is, his words are frequently ill-choſen, and almoſt always ill-placed: his periods are both tedious and unharmonious; as his metaphors are generally mean, and often ridiculous. It were eaſy to produce numberleſs inſtances in ſupport of this aſſertion. Thus, in his ſermon preached before queen Anne, when ſhe was princeſs of Denmark, he talks of ſqueezing a parable, thruſting religion by, driving a ſtrict bargain with God, ſharking ſhifts, &c. and,

ſpeaking

peaking of the day of judgment, he describes the world as cracking about our ears. I cannot however but acknowledge, in justice to the oratorical character of this most valuable prelate, that there is a noble simplicity, in some few of his sermons; as his excellent Discourse on Sincerity deserves to be mentioned with particular applause.

But to shew his deficiency in the article I am considering at present, the following stricture will be sufficient, among many others that might be cited to the same purpose. "One might be apt," says he, "to think, at first view, that this parable was *over-done*, and wanted something of a due decorum; it being hardly credible, that a man, after he had been so mercifully and generously dealt *withal*, as upon his humble request to have so *huge* a debt so freely forgiven, should, whilst the memory of so much mercy was fresh upon him, even in the very next moment, *handle* his fellow-servant, who had made the same humble request to him which he had *done* to his lord, with so much roughness and cruelty, for so inconsiderable a sum."

This whole period (not to mention other objections which might justly be raised against it) is unmusical throughout; but the concluding members, which ought to have been particularly flowing, are most miserably loose and disjointed. If the delicacy of Tully's ear was so exquisitely refined, as not always to be satisfied even when he read Demosthenes; how would it have been offended at the harshness and dissonance of so unharmonious a sentence!

Nothing, perhaps, throws our eloquence at a greater distance from that of the ancients, than this Gothic arrangement; as those wonderful effects, which sometimes attended their elocution, were, in all probability, chiefly owing to their skill in musical concords. It was by the charm of numbers, united with the strength of reason, that Tully confounded the audacious Catiline, and silenced the eloquent Hortensius. It was this that deprived Curio of all power of recollection, when he rose up to oppose that great master of enchanting rhetoric: it was this, in a word, made even Cæsar himself tremble; nay, what is yet more extraordinary, made Cæsar alter his determined purpose, and acquit the man he had resolved to condemn.

You will not suspect that I attribute too much to the power of numerous composition, when you recollect the instance which Tully produces of its wonderful effect. He informs us, you may remember, in one of his rhetorical treatises, that he was himself a witness of its influence, as Carbo was once haranguing to the people. When that orator pronounced the following sentence, *Patris dictum sapiens, temeritas filii comprobavit*, it was astonishing, says he, to observe the general applause which followed that harmonious close. A modern ear, perhaps, would not be much affected upon this occasion: and, indeed, it is more than probable, that we are ignorant of the art of pronouncing that period with its genuine emphasis and cadence. We are certain, however, that the music of it consisted in the dichoree with which it is terminated; for Cicero himself assures us, that if the final measure had been changed, and the words placed in a different order, their whole effect would have been absolutely destroyed.

This art was first introduced among the Greeks by Thrasymachus, though some of the admirers of Isocrates attributed the invention to that orator. It does not appear to have been observed by the Romans till near the time of Tully, and even then it was by no means universally received. The ancient and less numerous manner of composition had still many admirers, who were such enthusiasts to antiquity as to adopt her very defects. A disposition of the same kind may, perhaps, prevent its being received with us; and while the archbishop shall maintain his authority as an orator, it is not to be expected that any great advancement will be made in this species of eloquence. That strength of understanding likewise, and solidity of reason, which is so eminently our national characteristic, may add somewhat to the difficulty of reconciling us to a study of this kind; as at first glance it may seem to lead an orator from his grand and principal aim, and tempt him to make a sacrifice of sense to sound. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in the times which succeeded the dissolution of the Roman republic, this art was so perverted from its true end, as to become the single study of their enervated orators. Pliny the younger often complains of this contemptible affectation; and the polite author of that elegant dialogue which, with very little probability, is attributed either to Tacitus or Quinctilian, assures us it was the ridiculous boast of certain orators, in the time of the declension of genuine eloquence, that their harangues were capable of being set to music, and sung upon the stage. But it must be

remembered, that the true end of this art I am recommending, is to aid, not to ſuperſede reaſon; that it is ſo far from being neceſſarily effeminate, that it not only adds grace but ſtrength to the powers of perſuaſion. For this purpoſe Tully and Quinctilian, thoſe great maſters of numerous compoſition, have laid it down as a fixed and invariable rule, that it muſt never appear the effect of labour in the orator; that the tuneful flow of his periods muſt always ſeem the caſual reſult of their diſpoſition; and that it is the higheſt offence againſt the art, to weaken the expreſſion, in order to give a more muſical tone to the cadence. In ſhort, that no unmeaning words are to be thrown in merely to fill up the requiſite meaſure; but that they muſt ſtill riſe in ſenſe as they improve in ſound.

Fitzoſborne.

§ 240. *Upon Grace in Writing. In a Letter.*

When I mentioned Grace as eſſential in conſtituting a fine writer, I rather hoped to have found my ſentiments reflected back with a clearer light by yours, than imagined you would have called upon me to explain in form, what I only threw out by accident. To confeſs the truth, I know not whether, after all that can be ſaid to illuſtrate this uncommon quality, it muſt not at laſt be reſolved into the poet's *nequeo monſtrare et ſentio tantùm*. In caſes of this kind, where language does not ſupply us with proper words to expreſs the notions of one's mind, we can only convey our ſentiments in figurative terms: a defect which neceſſarily introduces ſome obſcurity.

I will not, therefore, undertake to mark out with any ſort of preciſion, that idea which I would expreſs by the word Grace: and, perhaps, it can no more be clearly deſcribed, than juſtly defined. To give you, however, a general intimation of what I mean when I apply that term to compoſitions of genius, I would reſemble it to that eaſy air which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhes certain perſons of a genteel and liberal caſt. It conſiſts not only in the particular beauty of ſingle parts, but ariſes from the general ſymmetry and conſtruction of the whole. An author may be juſt in his ſentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expreſſion; yet may have no claim to be admitted into the rank of finiſhed writers. Thoſe ſeveral members muſt be ſo agreeably united as mutually to reflect beauty upon each other; their arrangement muſt be ſo happily diſpoſed as not to admit of the leaſt tranſpoſition, without manifeſt prejudice to the entire piece. The thoughts, the metaphors, the alluſions, and the diction, ſhould appear eaſy and natural, and ſeem to ariſe like ſo many ſpontaneous productions, rather than as the effects of art or labour.

Whatever, therefore, is forced or affected in the ſentiments; whatever is pompous or pedantic in the expreſſion, is the very reverſe of Grace. Her mien is neither that of a prude nor a coquet: ſhe is regular without formality, and ſprightly without being fantaſtical. Grace, in ſhort, is to good writing what a proper light is to a fine picture; it not only ſhews all the figures in their ſeveral proportions and relations, but ſhews them in the moſt advantageous manner.

As gentility (to reſume my former illuſtration) appears in the minuteſt action, and improves the moſt inconſiderable geſture; ſo Grace is diſcovered in the placing even a ſingle word, or the turn of a mere expletive. Neither is this inexpreſſible quality confined to one ſpecies of compoſition only, but extends to all the various kinds; to the humble paſtoral as well as to the lofty epic; from the ſlighteſt letter to the moſt ſolemn diſcourſe.

I know not whether Sir William Temple may not be conſidered as the firſt of our proſe authors, who introduced a graceful manner into our language. At leaſt that quality does not ſeem to have appeared early, or ſpread far, amongſt us. But whereſoever we may look for its origin, it is certainly to be found in its higheſt perfection in the eſſays of a gentleman whoſe writings will be diſtinguiſhed ſo long as politeneſs and good-ſenſe have any admirers. That becoming air which Tully eſteemed the criterion of fine compoſition, and which every reader, he ſays, imagines ſo eaſy to be imitated, yet will find ſo difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteriſtic of all that excellent author's moſt elegant performances. In a word, one may juſtly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, ſays of Ariſtophanes; that the Graces, having ſearched all the world round for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, ſettled at laſt in the breaſt of Mr. Addiſon. *Ibid.*

§ 241. *Concerning the Style of* Horace, *in his Moral Writings. In a Letter.*

Are you aware how far I may miſlead you, when you are willing to reſign yourſelf to my guidance, through the regions of

of criticiſm? Remember, however, that I take the lead in theſe paths, not in confidence of my own ſuperior knowledge of them, but in compliance with a requeſt, which I never yet knew how to refuſe. In ſhort, I give you my ſentiments, becauſe it is my ſentiments you require: but I give them at the ſame time rather as doubts than deciſions.

After having thus acknowledged my inſufficiency for the office you have aſſigned me, I will venture to confeſs, that the poet who has gained over your approbation, has been far leſs ſucceſsful with mine. I have ever thought, with a very celebrated modern writer, that

Le vers le mieux rempli, la plus noble penſée,
Ne peut plaire à l'eſprit quand l'oreille eſt bleſſée.
BOILEAU.

Thus, though I admit there is both wit in the raillery, and ſtrength in the ſentiments of your friend's moral epiſtle, it by no means falls in with thoſe notions I have formed to myſelf, concerning the eſſential requiſites in compoſitions of this kind. He ſeems, indeed, to have widely deviated from the model he profeſſes to have had in view, and is no more like Horace, than Hyperion to a Satyr. His deficiency in point of verſification, not to mention his want of elegance in the general manner of his poem, is ſufficient to deſtroy the pretended reſemblance. Nothing, in truth, can be more abſurd, than to write in poetical meaſure, and yet neglect harmony; as, of all the kinds of falſe ſtyle, that which is neither proſe nor verſe, but I know not what inartificial combination of powerleſs words bordered with rhyme, is far, ſurely, the moſt inſufferable.

But you are of opinion, I perceive (and it is an opinion in which you are not ſingular) that a negligence of this kind may be juſtified by the authority of the Roman ſatiriſt: yet ſurely thoſe who entertain that notion, have not thoroughly attended either to the precepts or the practice of Horace. He has attributed, I confeſs, his ſatirical compoſition to the inſpiration of a certain Muſe, whom he diſtinguiſhes by the title of the *muſa pedeſtris:* and it is this expreſſion which ſeems to have miſled the generality of his imitators. But though he will not allow her to fly, he by no means intends ſhe ſhould creep: on the contrary, it may be ſaid of the Muſe of Horace, as of the Eve of Milton, that

—grace is in all her ſteps.

That this was the idea which Horace himſelf had of her, is evident, not only from the general air which prevails in his Satires and Epiſtles, but from ſeveral expreſs declarations, which he lets fall in his progreſs through them. Even when he ſpeaks of her in his greateſt fits of modeſty, and deſcribes her as exhibited in his own moral writings, he particularly inſiſts upon the eaſe and harmony of her motions. Though he humbly diſclaims, indeed, all pretenſions to the higher poetry, the *acer ſpiritus et vis*, as he calls it; he repreſents his ſtyle as being governed by the *tempora certa modoſque*, as flowing with a certain regular and agreeable cadence. Accordingly, we find him particularly condemning his predeceſſor Lucilius for the diſſonance of his numbers; and he profeſſes to have made the experiment, whether the ſame kind of moral ſubjects might not be treated in more ſoft and eaſy meaſures:

Quid vetat et noſmet Luciſi ſcripta legentes,
Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Verſiculos natura magis factos et euntes
Mollius?

The truth is, a tuneful cadence is the ſingle prerogative of poetry, which he pretends to claim to his writings of this kind; and ſo far is he from thinking it uneſſential, that he acknowledges it as the only ſeparation which diſtinguiſhes them from proſe. If that were once to be broken down, and the muſical order of his words deſtroyed, there would not, he tells us, be the leaſt appearance of poetry remaining:

Non
Invenias etiam diſjecti membra poetæ.

However, when he delivers himſelf in this humble ſtrain, he is not, you will obſerve, ſketching out a plan of this ſpecies of poetry in general; but ſpeaking merely of his own performances in particular. His demands riſe much higher, when he informs us what he expects of thoſe who would ſucceed in compoſitions of this moral kind. He then not only requires flowing numbers, but an expreſſion conciſe and unincumbered; wit exerted with good-breeding, and managed with reſerve; as upon ſome occaſions the ſentiments may be enforced with all the ſtrength of eloquence and poetry: and though in ſome parts the piece may appear with a more ſerious and ſolemn caſt of colouring, yet, upon the whole, he tells us it muſt be lively and *riant*. This I take

take to be his meaning in the following paſſage:

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures;
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poëtæ;
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto.

Such, then, was the notion which Horace had of this kind of writing. And if there is any propriety in theſe his rules, if they are founded on the truth of taſte and art; I fear the performance in queſtion, with numberleſs others of the ſame ſtamp (which have not however wanted admirers) muſt inevitably ſtand condemned. The truth of it is, moſt of the pieces which are uſually produced upon this plan, rather give one an image of Lucilius, than of Horace. the authors of them ſeem to miſtake the awkward negligence of the favourite of Scipio, for the eaſy air of the friend of Mæcenas.

You will ſtill tell me, perhaps, that the example of Horace himſelf is an unanſwerable objection to the notion I have embraced; as there are numberleſs lines in his Satires and Epiſtles, where the verſification is evidently neglected. But are you ſure, Hortenſius, that thoſe lines which ſound ſo unharmonious to a modern ear, had the ſame effect upon a Roman one? For myſelf, at leaſt, I am much inclined to believe the contrary: and it ſeems highly incredible, that he who had ventured to cenſure Lucilius for the uncouthneſs of his numbers, ſhould himſelf be notoriouſly guilty of the very fault againſt which he ſo ſtrongly exclaims. Moſt certain it is, that the delicacy of the ancients with reſpect to numbers, was far ſuperior to any thing that modern taſte can pretend to; and that they diſcovered differences which are to us abſolutely imperceptible. To mention only one remarkable inſtance; a very ancient writer has obſerved upon the following verſe in Virgil,

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

that if inſtead of *primus* we were to pronounce it *primis* (*is* being long, and *us* ſhort) the entire harmony of the line would be deſtroyed.—But whoſe ear is now ſo exquiſitely ſenſible, as to perceive the diſtinction between thoſe two quantities? Some refinement of this kind might probably give muſic to thoſe lines in Horace, which now ſeem ſo untuneable.

In ſubjects of this nature it is not poſſible, perhaps, to expreſs one's ideas in any very preciſe and determinate manner. I will only therefore in general obſerve, with reſpect to the requiſite ſtyle of theſe performances, that it conſiſts in a natural eaſe of expreſſion, an elegant familiarity of phraſe, which, though formed of the moſt uſual terms of language, has yet a grace and energy, no leſs ſtriking than that of a more elevated diction. There is a certain lively colouring peculiar to compoſitions in this way, which, without being ſo bright and glowing as is neceſſary for the higher poetry, is nevertheleſs equally removed from whatever appears harſh and dry. But particular inſtances will, perhaps, better illuſtrate my meaning, than any thing I can farther ſay to explain it. There is ſcarce a line in the Moral Epiſtles of Mr. Pope, which might not be produced for this purpoſe. I chuſe however to lay before you the following verſes, not as preferring them to many others which might be quoted from that inimitable ſatiriſt; but as they afford me an opportunity of comparing them with a verſion of the ſame original lines, of which they are an imitation; and, by that means, of ſhewing you at one view what I conceive is, and is not, in the true manner of Horace:

Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more;
But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore:
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time,
Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burden of ſome merry ſong.

I will refer you to your own memory for the Latin paſſage, from whence Mr. Pope has taken the general hint of theſe verſes; and content myſelf with adding a tranſlation of the lines from Horace by another hand:

Behold me blameleſs bard, how fond of peace!
But he who hurts me (nay, I will be heard)
Had better take a lion by the beard;
His eyes ſhall weep the folly of his tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad ſung.

There is a ſtrength and ſpirit in the former of theſe paſſages, and a flatneſs and languor in the latter, which cannot fail of being diſcovered by every reader of the leaſt delicacy of diſcernment; and yet the words which compoſe them both are equally ſounding and ſignificant. The rules then, which I juſt now mentioned from Horace, will point out the real cauſe of the different effects which theſe two paſſages produce in our minds; as the paſſages themſelves will ſerve to confirm the truth and juſtice of the rules. In the lines of Mr. Pope, one of

of the principal beauties will be found to consist in the shortness of the expression; whereas the sentiments in the other are too much incumbered with words. Thus for instance,

Peace is my dear delight,

is pleasing, because it is concise; as,

Behold me blameless bard, how fond of peace!

is, in comparison of the former, the *verba lassas onerantia aures*. Another distinguishing perfection in the imitator of Horace, is that spirit of gaiety which he has diffused through these lines, not to mention those happy, though familiar, images of *sliding* into verse, and *hitching* in rhyme; which can never be sufficiently admired. But the translator, on the contrary, has cast too serious an air over his numbers, and appears with an emotion and earnestness that disappoints the force of his satire:

Nay, I will be heard,

has the mien of a man in a passion; and

His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,

though a good line in itself, is much too solemn and tragical for the undisturbed pleasantry of Horace.

But I need not enter more minutely into an examination of these passages. The general hints I have thrown out in this letter will suffice to shew you wherein I imagine the true manner of Horace consists. And after all, perhaps, it can no more be explained, than acquired, by rules of art. It is what true genius can only execute, and just taste alone discover. *Fitzosborne.*

§ 242. *Concerning the Criterion of Taste. In a Letter.*

It is well, my friend, that the age of transformation is no more: otherwise I should tremble for your severe attack upon the Muses, and expect to see the story of your metamorphosis embellish the poetical miracles of some modern Ovid. But it is long since the fate of the Pierides has gained any credit in the world, and you may now, in full security, contemn the divinities of Parnassus, and speak irreverently of the daughters of Jove himself. You see, nevertheless, how highly the Ancients conceived of them, when they thus represented them as the offspring of the great father of gods and men. You reject, I know, this article of the heathen creed: but I may venture, however, to assert, that philosophy will confirm what fable has thus invented, and that the Muses are, in strict truth, of heavenly extraction.

The charms of the fine arts are, indeed, literally derived from the Author of all nature, and founded in the original frame and constitution of the human mind. Accordingly, the general principles of taste are common to our whole species, and arise from that internal sense of beauty which every man, in some degree at least, evidently possesses. No rational mind can be so wholly void of all perceptions of this sort, as to be capable of contemplating the various objects that surround him, with one equal coldness and indifference. There are certain forms which must necessarily fill the soul with agreeable ideas; and she is instantly determined in her approbation of them, previous to all reasonings concerning their use and convenience. It is upon these general principles that what is called fine taste in the arts is founded; and consequently is by no means so precarious and unsettled an idea as you choose to describe it. The truth is, taste is nothing more than this universal sense of beauty, rendered more exquisite by genius, and more correct by cultivation: and it is from the simple and original ideas of this sort, that the mind learns to form her judgment of the higher and more complex kinds. Accordingly, the whole circle of the imitative and oratorical arts is governed by the same general rules of criticism; and to prove the certainty of these with respect to any one of them, is to establish their validity with regard to all the rest. I will therefore consider the Criterion of Taste in relation only to fine writing.

Each species of composition has its distinct perfections: and it would require a much larger compass than a letter affords, to prove their respective beauties to be derived from truth and nature; and consequently reducible to a regular and precise standard. I will only mention therefore those general properties which are essential to them all, and without which they must necessarily be defective in their several kinds. These, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in the design, variety and resemblance in the metaphors and similitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now, some or all of these qualities constantly attend our ideas of beauty, and necessarily raise that agreeable perception of the mind, in what object soever they appear. The charms of fine composition

position then, are so far from existing only in the heated imagination of an enthusiastic admirer, that they result from the constitution of nature herself. And perhaps the principles of criticism are as certain and indisputable, even as those of the mathematics. Thus, for instance, that order is preferable to confusion, that harmony is more pleasing than dissonance, with some few other axioms upon which the science is built; are truths which strike at once upon the mind with the same force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both cases, the propositions which rest upon these plain and obvious maxims, seem equally capable of the same evidence of demonstration.

But as every intellectual, as well as animal faculty is improved and strengthened by exercise; the more the soul exerts this her internal sense of beauty upon any particular object, the more she will enlarge and refine her relish for that peculiar species. For this reason the works of those great masters, whose performances have been long and generally admired, supply a farther criterion of fine taste, equally fixed and certain as that which is immediately derived from Nature herself. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raising agreeable sensations of the intellectual kind; and therefore, as by examining those original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what those qualities are which constitute beauty in general; so by observing the peculiar construction of those compositions of genius which have always pleased, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in persons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the test of the true sublime; and he might with equal justice have extended the same criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant composition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great masters of antiquity, is fixed upon just and solid reasons: it is not because Aristotle and Horace have given us the rules of criticism, that we must submit to their authority; it is because those rules are derived from works which have been distinguished by the uninterrupted admiration of all the more improved part of mankind, from their earliest appearance down to this present hour. For whatever, through a long series of ages, has been universally esteemed as beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our just and natural ideas of beauty.

The opposition, however, which sometimes divides the opinions of those whose judgments may be supposed equal and perfect, is urged as a powerful objection against the reality of a fixed canon of criticism: it is a proof, you think, that after all which can be said of fine taste, it must ultimately be resolved into the peculiar relish of each individual. But this diversity of sentiments will not, of itself, destroy the evidence of the criterion; since the same effect may be produced by numberless other causes. A thousand accidental circumstances may concur in counteracting the force of the rule, even allowing it to be ever so fixed and invariable, when left in its free and uninfluenced state. Not to mention that false bias which party or personal dislike may fix upon the mind, the most unprejudiced critic will find it difficult to disengage himself entirely from those partial affections in favour of particular beauties, to which either the general course of his studies, or the peculiar cast of his temper, may have rendered him most sensible. But as perfection in any works of genius results from the united beauty and propriety of its several distinct parts, and as it is impossible that any human composition should possess all those qualities in their highest and most sovereign degree; the mind, when she pronounces judgment upon any piece of this sort, is apt to decide of its merit, as those circumstances which she most admires, either prevail or are deficient. Thus, for instance, the excellency of the Roman masters in painting, consists in beauty of design, nobleness of attitude, and delicacy of expression; but the charms of good colouring are wanting. On the contrary, the Venetian school is said to have neglected design a little too much; but at the same time has been more attentive to the grace and harmony of well-disposed lights and shades. Now it will be admitted by all admirers of this noble art, that no composition of the pencil can be perfect, where either of these qualities are absent; yet the most accomplished judge may be so particularly struck with one or other of these excellencies, in preference to the rest, as to be influenced in his censure or applause of the whole tablature, by the predominancy or deficiency of his favourite beauty. Something of this kind (where the meaner prejudices do not operate) is ever, I am persuaded, the occasion of that diversity of sentences which we occasionally hear pronounced

nounced by the most approved judges on the same piece. But this only shews that much caution is necessary to give a fine taste its full and unobstructed effect; not that it is in itself uncertain and precarious.

Fitzosborne.

§ 243. *Reflections upon seeing Mr.* POPE'S *House at Binfield. In a Letter.*

Your letter found me just upon my return from an excursion into Berkshire, where I have been paying a visit to a friend, who is drinking the waters at Sunning-Hill. In one of my morning rides over that delightful country, I accidentally passed through a little village, which afforded me much agreeable meditation; as in times to come, perhaps, it will be visited by the lovers of the polite arts, with as much veneration as Virgil's tomb, or any other celebrated spot of antiquity. The place I mean is Binfield, where the Poet, to whom I am indebted (in common with every reader of taste) for so much exquisite entertainment, spent the earliest part of his youth. I will not scruple to confess that I looked upon the scene where he planned some of those beautiful performances which first recommended him to the notice of the world, with a degree of enthusiasm; and could not but consider the ground as sacred that was impressed with the footsteps of a genius that undoubtedly does the highest honour to our age and nation.

The situation of mind in which I found myself upon this occasion, suggested to my remembrance a passage in Tully, which I thought I never so thoroughly entered into the spirit of before. That noble author, in one of his philosophical conversation-pieces, introduces his friend Atticus as observing the pleasing effect which scenes of this nature are wont to have upon one's mind: "Move-"mur enim," says that polite Roman, "nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus "eorum, quos diligimus aut admiramur, "adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipsæ illæ "nostræ Athenæ, non tam operibus magni-"ficis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus de-"lectant, quam recordatione summorum "virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, "ubi disputare sit solitus."

Thus, you see, I could defend myself by an example of great authority, were I in danger upon this occasion of being ridiculed as a romantic visionary. But I am too well acquainted with the refined sentiments of Orontes, to be under any apprehension he will condemn the impressions I have here acknowledged. On the contrary, I have often heard you mention with approbation a circumstance of this kind which is related of Silius Italicus. The annual ceremonies which that poet performed at Virgil's sepulchre, gave you a more favourable opinion of his taste, you confessed, than any thing in his works was able to raise.

It is certain that some of the greatest names of antiquity have distinguished themselves by the high reverence they shewed to the poetical character. Scipio, you may remember, desired to be laid in the same tomb with Ennius; and I am inclined to pardon that successful madman Alexander, many of his extravagancies, for the generous regard he paid to the memory of Pindar, at the sacking of Thebes.

There seems, indeed, to be something in poetry that raises the professors of that very singular talent, far higher in the estimation of the world in general, than those who excel in any other of the refined arts. And accordingly we find that poets have been distinguished by antiquity with the most remarkable honours. Thus Homer, we are told, was deified at Smyrna; as the citizens of Mytilene stamped the image of Sappho upon their public coin: Anacreon received a solemn invitation to spend his days at Athens, and Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, fitted out a splendid vessel in order to transport him thither: and when Virgil came into the theatre at Rome, the whole audience rose up and saluted him, with the same respect as they would have paid to Augustus himself.

Painting, one would imagine, has the fairest pretensions of rivalling her sister art in the number of admirers; and yet, where Apelles is mentioned once, Homer is celebrated a thousand times. Nor can this be accounted for by urging that the works of the latter are still extant, while those of the former have perished long since: for is not Milton's Paradise Lost more universally esteemed than Raphael's Cartoons?

The truth, I imagine, is, there are more who are natural judges of the harmony of numbers, than of the grace of proportions. One meets with but few who have not, in some degree at least, a tolerable ear; but a judicious eye is a far more uncommon possession. For as words are the universal medium which all men employ in order to convey their sentiments to each other; it seems a just consequence that they should be more generally formed for relishing and judging of performances in that way: whereas

whereas the art of repreſenting ideas by means of lines and colours, lies more out of the road of common uſe, and is therefore leſs adapted to the taſte of the general run of mankind.

I hazard this obſervation, in the hopes of drawing from you your ſentiments upon a ſubject, in which no man is more qualified to decide; as indeed it is to the converſation of Orontes, that I am indebted for the diſcovery of many refined delicacies in the imitative arts, which, without his judicious aſſiſtance, would have lain concealed to me with other common obſervers. *Fitzoſborne.*

§ 244. *Concerning the Uſe of the Ancient Mythology in Modern Poetry. In a Letter.*

If there was any thing in any former letter inconſiſtent with that eſteem which is juſtly due to the ancients, I deſire to retract it in this; and diſavow every expreſſion which might ſeem to give precedency to the moderns in works of genius. I am ſo far indeed from entertaining the ſentiments you impute to me, that I have often endeavoured to account for that ſuperiority which is ſo viſible in the compoſitions of their poets: and have frequently aſſigned their religion as in the number of thoſe cauſes which probably concurred to give them this remarkable pre-eminence. That enthuſiaſm which is ſo eſſential to every true artiſt in the poetical way, was conſiderably heightened and enflamed by the whole turn of their ſacred doctrines; and the fancied preſence of their Muſes had almoſt as wonderful an effect upon their thoughts and language, as if they had been really and divinely inſpired. Whilſt all nature was ſuppoſed to ſwarm with divinities, and every oak and fountain was believed to be the reſidence of ſome preſiding deity; what wonder if the poet was animated by the imagined influence of ſuch exalted ſociety, and found himſelf tranſported beyond the ordinary limits of ſober humanity? The mind when attended only by mere mortals of ſuperior powers, is obſerved to riſe in her ſtrength; and her faculties open and enlarge themſelves when ſhe acts in the view of thoſe, for whom ſhe has conceived a more than common reverence. But when the force of ſuperſtition moves in concert with the powers of imagination, and genius is enflamed by devotion, poetry muſt ſhine out in all her brighteſt perfection and ſplendor.

Whatever, therefore, the philoſopher might think of the religion of his country; it was the intereſt of the poet to be thoroughly orthodox. If he gave up his creed, he muſt renounce his numbers: and there could be no inſpiration, where there were no Muſes. This is ſo true, that it is in compoſitions of the poetical kind alone that the ancients ſeem to have the principal advantage over the moderns: in every other ſpecies of writing one might venture perhaps to aſſert, that theſe latter ages have, at leaſt, equalled them. When I ſay ſo, I do not confine myſelf to the productions of our own nation, but comprehend likewiſe thoſe of our neighbours: and with that extent the obſervation will poſſibly hold true, even without an exception in favour of hiſtory and oratory.

But whatever may with juſtice be determined concerning that queſtion, it is certain, at leaſt, that the practice of all ſucceeding poets confirms the notion for which I am principally contending. Though the altars of Paganiſm have many ages ſince been thrown down, and groves are no longer ſacred; yet the language of the poets has not changed with the religion of the times, but the gods of Greece and Rome are ſtill adored in modern verſe. Is not this a confeſſion, that fancy is enlivened by ſuperſtition, and that the ancient bards catched their rapture from the old mythology? I will own, however, that I think there is ſomething ridiculous in this unnatural adoption, and that a modern poet makes but an awkward figure with his antiquated gods. When the Pagan ſyſtem was ſanctified by popular belief, a piece of machinery of that kind, as it had the air of probability, afforded a very ſtriking manner of celebrating any remarkable circumſtance, or raiſing any common one. But now that this ſuperſtition is no longer ſupported by vulgar opinion, it has loſt its principal grace and efficacy, and ſeems to be, in general, the moſt cold and unintereſting method in which a poet can work up his ſentiments. What, for inſtance, can be more unaffecting and ſpiritleſs, than the compliment which Boileau has paid to Louis the XIVth on his famous paſſage over the Rhine? He repreſents the Naiads, you may remember, as alarming the god of that river with an account of the march of the French monarch; upon which the river-god aſſumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, and flies to a Dutch fort, in order to exhort the garriſon to ſally out and diſpute the intended paſſage. Accordingly they range themſelves in form of battle, with the Rhine at their head; who, after ſome vain efforts, obſerving

Mars

Mars and Bellona on the side of the enemy, is so terrified with the view of those superior divinities, that he most gallantly runs away, and leaves the hero in quiet possession of his banks. I know not how far this may be relished by critics, or justified by custom; but as I am only mentioning my particular taste, I will acknowledge, that it appears to me extremely insipid and puerile.

I have not, however, so much of the spirit of Typhœus in me, as to make war upon the gods without restriction, and attempt to exclude them from their whole poetical dominions. To represent natural, moral, or intellectual qualities and affections as persons, and appropriate to them those general emblems by which their powers and properties are usually typified in Pagan theology, may be allowed as one of the most pleasing and graceful figures of poetical rhetoric. When Dryden, addressing himself to the month of May as to a person, says,

For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours;

one may consider him as speaking only in metaphor: and when such shadowy beings are thus just shown to the imagination, and immediately withdrawn again, they certainly have a very powerful effect. But I can relish them no farther than as figures only; when they are extended in any serious composition beyond the limits of metaphor, and exhibited under all the various actions of real persons, I cannot but consider them as so many absurdities, which custom has unreasonably patronized. Thus Spenser, in one of his pastorals, represents the god of love as flying, like a bird, from bough to bough. A shepherd, who hears a rustling among the bushes, supposes it to be some game, and accordingly discharges his bow. Cupid returns the shot, and after several arrows had been mutually exchanged between them, the unfortunate swain discovers whom it is he is contending with: but as he is endeavouring to make his escape, receives a desperate wound in the heel. This fiction makes the subject of a very pretty idyllium in one of the Greek poets; yet is extremely flat and disgusting as it is adopted by our British bard. And the reason of the difference is plain: in the former it is supported by a popular superstition; whereas no strain of imagination can give it the least air of probability, as it is worked up by the latter,

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
Hor.

I must confess, at the same time, that the inimitable Prior has introduced this fabulous scheme with such uncommon grace, and has paid so many genteel compliments to his mistress by the assistance of Venus and Cupid, that one is carried off from observing the impropriety of this machinery, by the pleasing address with which he manages it: and I never read his tender poems of this kind, without applying to him what Seneca somewhere says upon a similar occasion: *Major ille est qui judicium abstulit, quam qui meruit.*

To speak my sentiments in one word, I would leave the gods in full possession of allegorical and burlesque poems: in all others I would never suffer them to make their appearance in person, and as agents, but to enter only in simile or allusion. It is thus Waller, of all our poets, has most happily employed them: and his application of the story of Daphne and Apollo will serve as an instance, in what manner the ancient mythology may be adopted with the utmost propriety and beauty. *Fitzosborne.*

§ 245. *On the Delicacy of every Author of Genius with respect to his own Performances. In a Letter.*

If the ingenious piece you communicated to me, requires any farther touches of your pencil, I must acknowledge the truth to be, what you are inclined to suspect, that my friendship has imposed upon my judgment. But though in the present instance your delicacy seems far too refined; yet, in general, I must agree with you, that works of the most permanent kind, are not the effects of a lucky moment, nor struck out at a single heat. The best performances, indeed, have generally cost the most labour; and that ease, which is so essential to fine writing, has seldom been attained without repeated and severe corrections: *Ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur,* is a motto that may be applied, I believe, to most successful authors of genius. With as much facility as the numbers of the natural Prior seem to have flowed from him, they were the result (if I am not misinformed) of much application: and a friend of mine, who undertook to transcribe one of the noblest performances of the finest genius that this, or perhaps any age can boast, has often assured me, that there is not a single line, as it is now published, which stands in conformity with the original manuscript. The truth is, every sentiment has its peculiar expression, and every word its precise place, which do not

not always immediately present themselves, and generally demand frequent trials, before they can be properly adjusted: not to mention the more important difficulties, which necessarily occur in settling the plan and regulating the higher parts which compose the structure of a finished work.

Those, indeed, who know what pangs it costs even the most fertile genius to be delivered of a just and regular production, might be inclined, perhaps, to cry out with the most ancient of authors, *Oh! that mine adversary had written a book!* A writer of refined taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rise above all the powers of his art, and he can but faintly copy out those images of perfection, which are impressed upon his mind. Never was any thing, says Tully, more beautiful than the Venus of Apelles, or the Jove of Phidias; yet were they by no means equal to those high notions of beauty which animated the genuises of those wonderful artists. In the same manner, he observes, the great masters of oratory imagined to themselves a certain perfection of eloquence, which they could only contemplate in idea, but in vain attempted to draw out in expression. Perhaps no author ever perpetuated his reputation, who could write up to the full standard of his own judgment: and I am persuaded that he, who upon a survey of his compositions can with entire complacency pronounce them good, will hardly find the world join with him in the same favourable sentence.

The most judicious of all poets, the inimitable Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those of that animal, who, agreeably to the notions of the Ancients, was supposed to bring forth her young into the world, a mere rude and shapeless mass; he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly we are told, that after having spent eleven years in composing his Æneid, he intended to have set apart three more for the revisal of that glorious performance. But being prevented by his last sickness from giving those finishing touches, which his exquisite judgment conceived to be still necessary, he directed his friends Tucca and Varius to burn the noblest poem that ever appeared in the Roman language. In the same spirit of delicacy, Mr. Dryden tells us, that had he taken more time in translating this author, he might possibly have succeeded better: but never, he assures us, could he have succeeded so well as to have satisfied himself.

In a word, Hortensius, I agree with you, that there is nothing more difficult than to fill up the character of an author, who proposes to raise a just and lasting admiration; who is not contented with those little transient flashes of applause, which attend the ordinary race of writers, but considers only how he may shine out to posterity; who extends his views beyond the present generation, and cultivates those productions which are to flourish in future ages. What Sir William Temple observes of poetry, may be applied to every other work where taste and imagination are concerned: "It requires the greatest contraries to compose "it; a genius both penetrating and solid; "an expression both strong and delicate. "There must be a great agitation of mind "to invent, a great calm to judge and correct: there must be upon the same tree, "and at the same time, both flower and "fruit." But though I know you would not value yourself upon any performance, wherein these very opposite and very singular qualities were not conspicuous; yet I must remind you at the same time, that when the file ceases to polish, it must necessarily weaken. You will remember, therefore, that there is a medium between the immoderate caution of that orator, who was three Olympiads in writing a single oration; and the extravagant expedition of that poet, whose funeral pile was composed of his own numberless productions. *Fitzosborne.*

§ 246. *Reflections upon Style. In a Letter.*

The beauties of Style seem to be generally considered as below the attention both of an author and a reader. I know not, therefore, whether I may venture to acknowledge, that among the numberless graces of your late performance, I particularly admired that strength and elegance with which you have enforced and adorned the noblest sentiments.

There was a time, however, (and it was a period of the truest refinements) when an excellence of this kind was esteemed in the number of the politest accomplishments; as it was the ambition of some of the greatest names of antiquity to distinguish themselves in the improvement of their native tongue. Julius Cæsar, who was not only the greatest hero, but the finest gentleman that ever, perhaps, appeared in the world, was desirous

ous of adding this talent to his other moſt ſhining endowments: and we are told he ſtudied the language of his country with much application: as we are ſure he poſſeſſed it in its higheſt elegance. What a loſs, Euphronius, is it to the literary world, that the treatiſe which he wrote upon this ſubject, is periſhed with many other valuable works of that age! But though we are deprived of the benefit of his obſervations, we are happily not without an inſtance of their effects; and his own memoirs will ever remain as the beſt and brighteſt exemplar, not only of true generalſhip, but of fine writing. He publiſhed them, indeed, only as materials for the uſe of thoſe who ſhould be diſpoſed to enlarge upon that remarkable period of the Roman ſtory; yet the purity and graceſulneſs of his ſtyle were ſuch, that no judicious writer durſt attempt to touch the ſubject after him.

Having produced ſo illuſtrious an inſtance in favour of an art, for which I have ventured to admire you; it would be impertinent to add a ſecond, were I to cite a leſs authority than that of the immortal Tully. This noble author, in his dialogue concerning the celebrated Roman orators, frequently mentions it as a very high encomium, that they poſſeſſed the elegance of their native language; and introduces Brutus as declaring, that he ſhould prefer the honour of being eſteemed the great maſter and improver of Roman eloquence, even to the glory of many triumphs.

But to add reaſon to precedent, and to view this art in its uſe as well as its dignity; will it not be allowed of ſome importance, when it is conſidered, that eloquence is one of the moſt conſiderable auxiliaries of truth? Nothing indeed contributes more to ſubdue the mind to the force of reaſon, than her being ſupported by the powerful aſſiſtance of maſculine and vigorous oratory. As on the contrary, the moſt legitimate arguments may be diſappointed of that ſucceſs they deſerve, by being attended with a ſpiritleſs and enfeebled expreſſion. Accordingly, that moſt elegant of writers, the inimitable Mr. Addiſon, obſerves, in one of his eſſays, that "there is as much difference between "comprehending a thought cloathed in "Cicero's language and that of an ordi-"nary writer, as between ſeeing an object "by the light of a taper and the light of the "ſun."

It is ſurely then a very ſtrange conceit of the celebrated Malbranche, who ſeems to think the pleaſure which ariſes from peruſing a well-written piece, is of the criminal kind, and has its ſource in the weakneſs and effeminacy of the human heart. A man muſt have a very uncommon ſeverity of temper indeed, who can find any thing to condemn in adding charms to truth, and gaining the heart by captivating the ear; in uniting roſes with the thorns of ſcience, and joining pleaſure with inſtruction.

The truth is, the mind is delighted with a fine ſtyle, upon the ſame principle that it prefers regularity to confuſion, and beauty to deformity. A taſte of this ſort is indeed ſo far from being a mark of any depravity of our nature, that I ſhould rather conſider it as an evidence, in ſome degree, of the moral rectitude of its conſtitution, as it is a proof of its retaining ſome reliſh at leaſt of harmony and order.

One might be apt indeed to ſuſpect that certain writers amongſt us had conſidered all beauties of this ſort in the ſame gloomy view with Malbranche: or at leaſt that they avoided every refinement in ſtyle, as unworthy a lover of truth and philoſophy. Their ſentiments are ſunk by the loweſt expreſſions, and ſeem condemned to the firſt curſe, of creeping upon the ground all the days of their life. Others, on the contrary, miſtake pomp for dignity; and, in order to raiſe their expreſſions above vulgar language, lift them up beyond common apprehenſions, eſteeming it (one ſhould imagine) a mark of their genius, that it requires ſome ingenuity to penetrate their meaning. But how few writers, like Euphronius, know to hit that true medium which lies between thoſe diſtant extremes! How ſeldom do we meet with an author, whoſe expreſſions, like thoſe of my friend, are glowing but not glaring, whoſe metaphors are natural but not common, whoſe periods are harmonious but not poetical; in a word, whoſe ſentiments are well ſet, and ſhewn to the underſtanding in their trueſt and moſt advantageous luſtre.

Fitzoſborne.

§ 247. *On Thinking. In a Letter.*

If one would rate any particular merit according to its true valuation, it may be neceſſary, perhaps, to conſider how far it can be juſtly claimed by mankind in general. I am ſure, at leaſt, when I read the very uncommon ſentiments of your laſt letter, I found their judicious author riſe in my eſteem, by reflecting, that there is not a more ſingular character in the world, than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a ſucceſſion of ideas, which lightly

ſkim over the mind, that can with any propriety be ſtiled by that denomination. It is obſerving them ſeparately and diſtinctly, and ranging them under their reſpective claſſes; it is calmly and ſteadily viewing our opinions on every ſide, and reſolutely tracing them through all their conſequences and connections, that conſtitutes the man of reflection, and diſtinguiſhes reaſon from fancy. Providence, indeed, does not ſeem to have formed any very conſiderable number of our ſpecies for an extenſive exerciſe of this higher faculty; as the thoughts of the far greater part of mankind are neceſſarily reſtrained within the ordinary purpoſes of animal life. But even if we look up to thoſe who move in much ſuperior orbits, and who have opportunities to improve, as well as leiſure to exerciſe, their underſtandings; we ſhall find, that thinking is one of the leaſt exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind which meets with many obſtructions to check its juſt and free direction; but there are two principles, which prevail more or leſs in the conſtitutions of moſt men, that particularly contribute to keep this faculty of the ſoul unemployed: I mean, pride and indolence. To deſcend to truth through the tedious progreſſion of well-examined deductions, is conſidered as a reproach to the quickneſs of underſtanding; as it is much too laborious a method for any but thoſe who are poſſeſſed of a vigorous and reſolute activity of mind. For this reaſon, the greater part of our ſpecies generally chooſe either to ſeize upon their concluſions at once, or to take them by rebound from others, as beſt ſuiting with their vanity or their lazineſs. Accordingly Mr. Locke obſerves, that there are not ſo many errors and wrong opinions in the world as is generally imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are by any means uniform in embracing truth; but becauſe the majority of them, he maintains, have no thought or opinion at all about thoſe doctrines concerning which they raiſe the greateſt clamour. Like the common ſoldiers in an army, they follow where their leaders direct, without knowing, or even enquiring, into the cauſe for which they ſo warmly contend.

This will account for the ſlow ſteps by which truth has advanced in the world, on one ſide; and for thoſe abſurd ſyſtems which, at different periods, have had an univerſal currency, on the other. For there is a ſtrange diſpoſition in human nature, either blindly to tread the ſame paths that have been traverſed by others, or to ſtrike out into the moſt devious extravagancies: the greater part of the world will either totally renounce their reaſon, or reaſon only from the wild ſuggeſtions of an heated imagination.

From the ſame ſource may be derived thoſe diviſions and animoſities which break the union both of public and private ſocieties, and turn the peace and harmony of human intercourſe into diſſonance and contention. For while men judge and act by ſuch meaſures as have not been proved by the ſtandard of diſpaſſionate reaſon, they muſt equally be miſtaken in their eſtimates both of their own conduct and that of others.

If we turn our view from active to contemplative life, we may have occaſion, perhaps, to remark, that thinking is no leſs uncommon in the literary than the civil world. The number of thoſe writers who can, with any juſtneſs of expreſſion, be termed thinking authors, would not form a very copious library, though one were to take in all of that kind which both ancient and modern times have produced. Neceſſarily, I imagine, muſt one exclude from a collection of this ſort, all critics, commentators, tranſlators, and, in ſhort, all that numerous under-tribe in the commonwealth of literature, that owe their exiſtence merely to the thoughts of others. I ſhould reject, for the ſame reaſon, ſuch compilers as Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius: though it muſt be owned, indeed, their works have acquired an accidental value, as they preſerve to us ſeveral curious traces of antiquity, which time would otherwiſe have entirely worn out. Thoſe teeming geniuſes likewiſe, who have propagated the fruits of their ſtudies through a long ſeries of tracts, would have little pretence, I believe, to be admitted as writers of reflection. For this reaſon I cannot regret the loſs of thoſe incredible numbers of compoſitions which ſome of the Ancients are ſaid to have produced:

> Quale fuit Caſſi rapido ferventius amni
> Ingenium; capſis quem fama eſt eſſe, libriſque
> Ambuſtum propriis. Hor.

Thus Epicurus, we are told, left behind him three hundred volumes of his own works, wherein he had not inſerted a ſingle quotation; and we have it upon the authority of Varro's own words, that he himſelf compoſed four hundred and ninety books. Seneca aſſures us, that Didymus the Grammarian

marian wrote no leſs than four thouſand; but Origen, it ſeems, was yet more prolific, and extended his performances even to ſix thouſand treatiſes. It is obvious to imagine with what ſort of materials the productions of ſuch expeditious workmen were wrought up: ſound thought and well-matured reflections could have no ſhare, we may be ſure, in theſe haſty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilſt authors are ſcarce; and ſo much eaſier is it to write than to think! But ſhall I not myſelf, Palamedes, prove an inſtance that it is ſo, if I ſuſpend any longer your own more important reflections, by interrupting you with ſuch as mine? *Fitzoſborne.*

§ 248. *Reflections on the Advantages of Converſation.*

It is with much pleaſure I look back upon that philoſophical week which I lately enjoyed at ————; as there is no part, perhaps, of ſocial life which affords more real ſatisfaction than thoſe hours which one paſſes in rational and unreſerved converſation. The free communication of ſentiments amongſt a ſet of ingenious and ſpeculative friends, ſuch as thoſe you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the moſt advantageous exerciſe, and ſhews the ſtrength or weakneſs of its opinions, with greater force of conviction than any other method we can employ.

That "it is not good for man to be alone," is true in more views of our ſpecies than one; and ſociety gives ſtrength to our reaſon, as well as poliſh to our manners. The ſoul, when left entirely to her own ſolitary contemplations, is inſenſibly drawn by a ſort of conſtitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the ſide of her inclinations. Hence it is that ſhe contracts thoſe peculiarities of reaſoning, and little habits of thinking, which ſo often confirm her in the moſt fantaſtical errors. But nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this falſe bent, than the counter-warmth of impartial debate. Converſation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every ſide, and holds them up to a light that diſcovers thoſe latent flaws which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abſtraction. Accordingly, one may remark, that moſt of thoſe wild doctrines, which have been let looſe upon the world, have generally owed their birth to perſons whoſe circumſtances or diſpoſitions have given them the feweſt opportunities of canvaſſing their reſpective ſyſtems in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an extravagant hypotheſis diſcuſſed their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public, the obſervation of Varro had never, perhaps, been made, (or never, at leaſt, with ſo much juſtice) that "there is no "opinion ſo abſurd, but has ſome philo-"ſopher or other to produce in its ſup-"port."

Upon this principle, I imagine, it is that ſome of the fineſt pieces of antiquity are written in the dialogue-manner. Plato and Tully, it ſhould ſeem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage than amidſt the amicable oppoſition of well regulated converſe. It is probable, indeed, that ſubjects of a ſerious and philoſophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman converſations than they are of ours; as the circumſtances of the world had not yet given occaſion to thoſe prudential reaſons which may now, perhaps, reſtrain a more free exchange of ſentiments amongſt us. There was ſomething, likewiſe, in the very ſcenes themſelves where they uſually aſſembled, that almoſt unavoidably turned the ſtream of their converſations into this uſeful channel. Their rooms and gardens were generally adorned, you know, with the ſtatues of the greateſt maſters of reaſon that had then appeared in the world; and while Socrates or Ariſtotle ſtood in their view, it is no wonder their diſcourſe fell upon thoſe ſubjects which ſuch animating repreſentations would naturally ſuggeſt. It is probable, therefore, that many of thoſe ancient pieces which are drawn up in the dialogue-manner, were no imaginary converſations invented by their authors; but faithful tranſcripts from real life. And it is this circumſtance, perhaps, as much as any other, which contributes to give them that remarkable advantage over the generality of modern compoſitions which have been formed upon the ſame plan. I am ſure, at leaſt, I could ſcarce name more than three or four of this kind which have appeared in our language worthy of notice. My lord Shafteſbury's dialogue, intitled "The Moraliſts;" Mr. Addiſon's upon Ancient Coins; Mr. Spence's upon the Odyſſey; together with thoſe of my very ingenious friend, Philemon to Hydaſpes; are, almoſt, the only productions in this way which have hitherto come forth amongſt us with advantage. Theſe, indeed, are all maſter-pieces of the kind, and written in the true ſpirit of

learning and politeneſs. The converſation in each of theſe moſt elegant performances is conducted, not in the uſual abſurd method of introducing one diſputant to be tamely ſilenced by the other; but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a juſt contraſt of characters is preſerved throughout, and where the ſeveral ſpeakers ſupport their reſpective ſentiments with all the ſtrength and ſpirit of a well-bred oppoſition.

Fitzoſborne.

§ 249. *On the Great Hiſtorical Ages.*

Every age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all hiſtories are nearly alike, to thoſe who ſeek only to furniſh their memories with facts; but whoſoever thinks, or, what is ſtill more rare, whoſoever has taſte, will find but four ages in the hiſtory of the world. Theſe four happy ages are thoſe in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by ſerving as the æra of the greatneſs of the human mind, are examples for poſterity.

The firſt of theſe ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demoſthenes, an Ariſtotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxiteles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the reſt of the known world was then in a ſtate of barbariſm.

The ſecond age is that of Cæſar and Auguſtus, diſtinguiſhed likewiſe by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Conſtantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens was ſeen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks.—This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtu, as the firſt Greeks had diſtinguiſhed them by the name of Wiſdom. Every thing tended towards perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Taſſo, and an Arioſto, flouriſhed. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the moſt triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbariſm, which had diſfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good taſte.

The arts, always tranſplanted from Greece to Italy, found themſelves in a favourable ſoil, where they inſtantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather theſe fruits; but either they could not live in thoſe climates, or elſe they degenerated very faſt.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but ſuch as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio: he endeavoured in vain to eſtabliſh ſchools for painting; the Italian maſters whom he invited to France, raiſed no pupils there. Some epigrams, and a few looſe tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only proſe writer in vogue in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in poſſeſſion of every thing that was beautiful, excepting muſic, which was then but in a rude ſtate; and experimental philoſophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Laſtly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the neareſt to perfection of all the four: enriched by the diſcoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than thoſe three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Auguſtus, and Alexander; but human reaſon in general was more improved. In this age we firſt became acquainted with ſound philoſophy. It may truly be ſaid, that from the laſt years of Cardinal Richelieu's adminiſtration till thoſe which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened ſuch a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will ſerve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itſelf to England, where it has ſtirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation ſtood in need of at that time; it has introduced taſte into Germany, and the ſciences into Ruſſia; it has even re-animated Italy, which was languiſhing; and Europe is indebted for its politeneſs and ſpirit of ſociety, to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this ſide the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It muſt be owned that the French, in ſome degree, deſerved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeneſs. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongſt them; which is a proof that the uſeful arts were likewiſe

likewise neglected; for, when once the things of use are carried to perfection, the transition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable; and it is not at all astonishing, that painting, sculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, should be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though possessed of harbours on the Western ocean and the Mediterranean sea, were without ships; and who, though fond of luxury to an excess, were hardly provided with the most common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the English, carried on, in their turns, the trade of France, which was ignorant even of the first principles of commerce. Lewis XIII. at his accession to the crown, had not a single ship; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thousand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; the other cities of the kingdom resembled those pitiful villages which we see on the other side of the Loire. The nobility, who were all stationed in the country, in dungeons surrounded with deep ditches, oppressed the peasant who cultivated the land. The high roads were almost impassable; the towns were destitute of police; and the government had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We must acknowledge, that, ever since the decline of the Carlovingian family, France had languished more or less in this infirm state, merely for want of the benefit of a good administration.

For a state to be powerful, the people must either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority must be fixed beyond all opposition. In France, the people were slaves till the reign of Philip Augustus; the noblemen were tyrants till Lewis XI. and the kings, always employed in maintaining their authority against their vassals, had neither leisure to think about the happiness of their subjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal power, but nothing for the happiness or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation, and all the arts; but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, so that they all perished with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raising France from the calamities and barbarisms in which she had been plunged by thirty years of discord, when he was assassinated in his capital, in the midst of a people whom he had begun to make happy. The Cardinal de Richelieu, busied in humbling the house of Austria, the Calvinists, and the Grandees, did not enjoy a power sufficiently undisturbed to reform the nation; but he had at least the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the space of 900 years, our genius had been almost always restrained under a Gothic government, in the midst of divisions and civil wars; destitute of any laws or fixed customs; changing every second century a language which still continued rude and unformed. The nobles were without discipline, and strangers to every thing but war and idleness: the clergy lived in disorder and ignorance; and the common people without industry, and stupified in their wretchedness.

The French had no share either in the great discoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations: they have no title to the discoveries of printing, gunpowder, glasses, telescopes, the sector, compass, the air-pump, or the true system of the universe: they were making tournaments, while the Portuguese and Spaniards were discovering and conquering new countries from the east to the west of the known world. Charles V. had already scattered the treasures of Mexico over Europe, before the subjects of Francis I. had discovered the uncultivated country of Canada; but, by the little which the French did in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we may see what they are capable of when properly conducted. *Voltaire.*

§ 250. *On the Constitution of* ENGLAND.

In every government there are three sorts of power: the legislative; the executive, in respect to things dependent on the law of nations; and the executive, in regard to things that depend on the civil law.

By virtue of the first, the prince or magistrate enacts temporary or perpetual laws, and amends or abrogates those that have been already enacted. By the second, he makes peace or war, sends or receives embassies, he establishes the public security, and provides against invasions. By the third, he punishes criminals, or determines the disputes that arise between individuals. The latter we shall call the judiciary power, and the other simply the executive power of the state.

The political liberty of the subject is a tranquillity of mind, arising from the opinion each person has of his safety. In order to have this liberty, it is requisite the go-

vernment be ſo conſtituted as one man need not to be afraid of another.

When the legiſlative and executive powers are united in the ſame perſon, or in the ſame body of magiſtrates, there can be no liberty; becauſe apprehenſions may ariſe, leſt the ſame monarch or ſenate ſhould enact tyrannical laws, to execute them in a tyrannical manner.

Again, there is no liberty, if the power of judging be not ſeparated from the legiſlative and executive powers. Were it joined with the legiſlative, the life and liberty of the ſubject would be expoſed to arbitrary controul; for the judge would be then the legiſlator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with all the violence of an oppreſſor.

There would be an end of every thing, were the ſame man, or the ſame body, whether of the nobles, or of the people, to exerciſe thoſe three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing the public reſolutions, and that of judging the crimes or differences of individuals.

Moſt kingdoms of Europe enjoy a moderate government, becauſe the prince, who is inveſted with the two firſt powers, leaves the third to his ſubjects. In Turkey, where theſe three powers are united in the Sultan's perſon, the ſubjects groan under the weight of a moſt frightful oppreſſion.

In the republics of Italy, where theſe three powers are united, there is leſs liberty than in our monarchies. Hence their government is obliged to have recourſe to as violent methods for its ſupport, as even that of the Turks; witneſs the ſtate inquiſitors at Venice, and the lion's mouth, into which every informer may at all hours throw his written accuſations.

What a ſituation muſt the poor ſubject be in under thoſe republics! The ſame body of magiſtrates are poſſeſſed, as executors of the law, of the whole power they have given themſelves in quality of legiſlators. They may plunder the ſtate by their general determinations; and, as they have likewiſe the judiciary power in their hands, every private citizen may be ruined by their particular deciſions.

The whole power is here united in one body; and though there is no external pomp that indicates a deſpotic ſway, yet the people feel the effects of it every moment.

Hence it is that many of the princes of Europe, whoſe aim has been levelled at arbitrary power, have conſtantly ſet out with uniting in their own perſons all the branches of magiſtracy, and all the great offices of ſtate.

I allow, indeed, that the mere hereditary ariſtocracy of the Italian republics does not anſwer exactly to the deſpotic power of the eaſtern princes. The number of magiſtrates ſometimes ſoftens the power of the magiſtracy; the whole body of the nobles do not always concur in the ſame deſigns; and different tribunals are erected, that temper each other. Thus, at Venice, the legiſlative power is in the Council, the executive in the Pregadi, and the judiciary in the Quarantia. But the miſchief is, that theſe different tribunals are compoſed of magiſtrates all belonging to the ſame body, which conſtitutes almoſt one and the ſame power.

The judiciary power ought not to be given to a ſtanding ſenate; it ſhould be exerciſed by perſons taken from the body of the people (as at Athens) at certain times of the year, and purſuant to a form and manner preſcribed by law, in order to erect a tribunal that ſhould laſt only as long as neceſſity requires.

By this means the power of judging, a power ſo terrible to mankind, not being annexed to any particular ſtate or profeſſion, becomes, as it were, inviſible. People have not then the judges continually preſent to their view; they fear the office, but not the magiſtrate.

In accuſations of a deep or criminal nature, it is proper the perſon accuſed ſhould have the privilege of chuſing in ſome meaſure his judges, in concurrence with the law; or at leaſt he ſhould have a right to except againſt ſo great a number, that the remaining part may be deemed his own choice.

The other two powers may be given rather to magiſtrates or permanent bodies, becauſe they are not exerciſed on any private ſubject; one being no more than the general will of the ſtate, and the other the execution of that general will.

But though the tribunals ought not to be fixed, yet the judgments ought, and to ſuch a degree as to be always conformable to the exact letter of the law. Were they to be the private opinion of the judge, people would then live in ſociety without knowing exactly the obligations it lays them under.

The judges ought likewiſe to be in the ſame ſtation as the accuſed, or in other words, his peers, to the end that he may not imagine he is fallen into the hands of perſons inclined to treat him with rigour.

If

If the legiſlature leaves the executive power in poſſeſſion of a right to impriſon thoſe ſubjects who can give ſecurity for their good behaviour, there is an end of liberty; unleſs they are taken up, in order to anſwer without delay to a capital crime: in this caſe they are really free, being ſubject only to the power of the law.

But ſhould the legiſlature think itſelf in danger by ſome ſecret conſpiracy againſt the ſtate, or by a correſpondence with a foreign enemy, it might authoriſe the executive power, for a ſhort and limited time, to impriſon ſuſpected perſons, who in that caſe would loſe their liberty only for a while, to preſerve it for ever.

And this is the only reaſonable method that can be ſubſtituted to the tyrannical magiſtracy of the Ephori, and to the ſtate inquiſitors of Venice, who are alſo deſpotical.

As in a free ſtate, every man who is ſuppoſed a free agent, ought to be his own governor; ſo the legiſlative power ſhould reſide in the whole body of the people. But ſince this is impoſſible in large ſtates, and in ſmall ones is ſubject to many inconveniences, it is fit the people ſhould act by their repreſentatives, what they cannot act by themſelves.

The inhabitants of a particular town are much better acquainted with its wants and intereſts, than with thoſe of other places; and are better judges of the capacity of their neighbours, than of that of the reſt of their countrymen. The members therefore of the legiſlature ſhould not be choſen from the general body of the nation; but it is proper, that in every conſiderable place, a repreſentative ſhould be elected by the inhabitants.

The great advantage of repreſentatives is their being capable of diſcuſſing affairs. For this the people collectively are extremely unfit, which is one of the greateſt inconveniencies of a democracy.

It is not at all neceſſary that the repreſentatives, who have received a general inſtruction from their electors, ſhould wait to be particularly inſtructed in every affair, as is practiſed in the diets of Germany. True it is, that by this way of proceeding, the ſpeeches of the deputies might with greater propriety be called the voice of the nation; but on the other hand, this would throw them into infinite delays, would give each deputy a power of controlling the aſſembly; and on the moſt urgent and preſſing occaſions, the ſprings of the nation might be ſtopped by a ſingle caprice.

When the deputies, as Mr. Sidney well obſerves, repreſent a body of people, as in Holland, they ought to be accountable to their conſtituents: but it is a different thing in England, where they are deputed by boroughs.

All the inhabitants of the ſeveral diſtricts ought to have a right of voting at the election of a repreſentative, except ſuch as are in ſo mean a ſituation, as to be deemed to have no will of their own.

One great fault there was in moſt of the ancient republics; that the people had a right to active reſolutions, ſuch as require ſome execution; a thing of which they are abſolutely incapable. They ought to have no hand in the government, but for the chuſing of repreſentatives, which is within their reach. For though few can tell the exact degree of men's capacities, yet there are none but are capable of knowing, in general, whether the perſon they chuſe is better qualified than moſt of his neighbours.

Neither ought the repreſentative body to be choſen for active reſolutions, for which it is not ſo fit; but for the enacting of laws, or to ſee whether the laws already enacted be duly executed; a thing they are very capable of, and which none indeed but themſelves can properly perform.

In a ſtate, there are always perſons diſtinguiſhed by their birth, riches, or honours; but were they to be confounded with the common people, and to have only the weight of a ſingle vote like the reſt, the common liberty would be their ſlavery, and they would have no intereſt in ſupporting it, as moſt of the popular reſolutions would be againſt them. The ſhare they have, therefore, in the legiſlature, ought to be proportioned to the other advantages they have in the ſtate; which happens only when they form a body that has a right to put a ſtop to the enterprizes of the people, as the people have a right to put a ſtop to theirs.

The legiſlative power is therefore committed to the body of the nobles, and to the body choſen to repreſent the people, which have each their aſſemblies and deliberations apart, each their ſeparate views and intereſts.

Of the three powers above-mentioned, the judiciary is in ſome meaſure next to nothing. There remains therefore only two; and as thoſe have need of a regu-

lating power to temper them, the part of the legiſlative body compoſed of the nobility is extremely proper for this very purpoſe.

The body of the nobility ought to be hereditary. In the firſt place, it is ſo in its own nature: and in the next, there muſt be a conſiderable intereſt to preſerve its privileges; privileges that in themſelves are obnoxious to popular envy, and of courſe, in a free ſtate, are always in danger.

But as an hereditary power might be tempted to purſue its own particular intereſts, and forget thoſe of the people; it is proper that, where they may reap a ſingular advantage from being corrupted, as in the laws relating to the ſupplies, they ſhould have no other ſhare in the legiſlation, than the power of rejecting, and not that of reſolving.

By the power of reſolving, I mean the right of ordaining by their own authority, or of amending what has been ordained by others. By the power of rejecting, I would be underſtood to mean the right of annulling a reſolution taken by another, which was the power of the tribunes at Rome. And though the perſon poſſeſſed of the privilege of rejecting, may likewiſe have the right of approving, yet this approbation paſſes for no more than a declaration that he intends to make no uſe of his privilege of rejecting, and is derived from that very privilege.

The executive power ought to be in the hands of a monarch: becauſe this branch of government, which has always need of expedition, is better adminiſtered by one than by many: whereas, whatever depends on the legiſlative power, is oftentimes better regulated by many than by a ſingle perſon.

But if there was no monarch, and the executive power was committed to a certain number of perſons ſelected from the legiſlative body, there would be an end then of liberty; by reaſon the two powers would be united, as the ſame perſons would actually ſometimes have, and would moreover be always able to have, a ſhare in both.

Were the legiſlative body to be a conſiderable time without meeting, this would likewiſe put an end to liberty. For one of theſe two things would naturally follow; either that there would be no longer any legiſlative reſolutions, and then the ſtate would fall into anarchy; or that theſe reſolutions would be taken by the executive power, which would render it abſolute.

It would be needleſs for the legiſlative body to continue always aſſembled. This would be troubleſome to the repreſentatives, and moreover would cut out too much work for the executive power, ſo as to take off its attention from executing, and oblige it to think only of defending its own prerogatives, and the right it has to execute.

Again, were the legiſlative body to be always aſſembled, it might happen to be kept up only by filling the places of the deceaſed members with new repreſentatives; and in that caſe, if the legiſlative body was once corrupted, the evil would be paſt all remedy. When different legiſlative bodies ſucceed one another, the people, who have a bad opinion of that which is actually ſitting, may reaſonably entertain ſome hopes of the next: but were it to be always the ſame body, the people, upon ſeeing it once corrupted, would no longer expect any good from its laws; and of courſe they would either become deſperate, or fall into a ſtate of indolence.

The legiſlative body ſhould not aſſemble of itſelf. For a body is ſuppoſed to have no will but when it is aſſembled: and beſides, were it not to aſſemble unanimouſly, it would be impoſſible to determine which was really the legiſlative body, the part aſſembled, or the other. And if it had a right to prorogue itſelf, it might happen never to be prorogued; which would be extremely dangerous in caſe it ſhould ever attempt to encroach on the executive power. Beſides, there are ſeaſons, ſome of which are more proper than others, for aſſembling the legiſlative body: it is fit therefore that the executive power ſhould regulate the time of convening as well as the duration of thoſe aſſemblies, according to the circumſtances and exigencies of ſtate known to itſelf.

Were the executive power not to have a right of putting a ſtop to the encroachments of the legiſlative body, the latter would become deſpotic; for as it might arrogate to itſelf what authority it pleaſed, it would ſoon deſtroy all the other powers.

But it is not proper, on the other hand, that the legiſlative power ſhould have a right to ſtop the executive. For as the executive has its natural limits, it is uſeleſs to confine it; beſides, the executive power is generally employed in momentary operations. The power therefore of the Roman tribunes was faulty, as it put a ſtop not only to the legiſlation, but likewiſe to the execution itſelf; which was attended with infinite miſchiefs.

But if the legiſlative power, in a free government, ought to have no right to ſtop the executive, it has a right, and ought to have the means of examining in what manner

ner its laws have been executed; an advantage which this government has over that of Crete and Sparta, where the Cosmi and the Ephori gave no account of their administration.

But whatever may be the issue of that examination, the legislative body ought not to have a power of judging the person, nor of course the conduct, of him who is intrusted with the executive power. His person should be sacred, because, as it is necessary for the good of the state to prevent the legislative body from rendering themselves arbitrary, the moment he is accused or tried, there is an end of liberty.

In this case the state would be no longer a monarchy, but a kind of republican, though not a free government. But as the person intrusted with the executive power cannot abuse it without bad counsellors, and such as hate the laws as ministers, though the laws favour them as subjects; these men may be examined and punished. An advantage which this government has over that of Gnidus, where the law allowed of no such thing as calling the Amymones* to an account, even after their administration†; and therefore the people could never obtain any satisfaction for the injuries done them.

Though, in general, the judiciary power ought not to be united with any part of the legislative, yet this is liable to three exceptions, founded on the particular interest of the party accused.

The great are always obnoxious to popular envy; and were they to be judged by the people, they might be in danger from their judges, and would moreover be deprived of the privilege which the meanest subject is possessed of, in a free state, of being tried by their peers. The nobility, for this reason, ought not to be cited before the ordinary courts of judicature, but before that part of the legislature which is composed of their own body.

It is possible that the law, which is clear-sighted in one sense, and blind in another, might in some cases be too severe. But as we have already observed, the national judges are no more than the mouth that pronounces the words of the law, mere passive beings, incapable of moderating either its force or rigour. That part, therefore, of the legislative body, which we have just now observed to be a necessary tribunal on another occasion, is also a necessary tribunal in this; it belongs to its supreme authority to moderate the law in favour of the law itself, by mitigating the sentence.

It might also happen, that a subject intrusted with the administration of public affairs, might infringe the rights of the people, and be guilty of crimes which the ordinary magistrates either could not, or would not punish. But in general the legislative power cannot judge; and much less can it be a judge in this particular case, where it represents the party concerned, which is the people. It can only therefore impeach: but before what court shall it bring its impeachment? Must it go and abase itself before the ordinary tribunals, which are its inferiors, and being composed moreover of men who are chosen from the people as well as itself, will naturally be swayed by the authority of so powerful an accuser? No: in order to preserve the dignity of the people, and the security of the subject, the legislative part which represents the people must bring in its charge before the legislative part which represents the nobility, who have neither the same interests nor the same passions.

Here is an advantage which this government has over most of the ancient republics, where there was this abuse, that the people were at the same time both judge and accuser.

The executive power, pursuant to what has been already said, ought to have a share in the legislature by the power of rejecting, otherwise it would soon be stripped of its prerogative. But should the legislative power usurp a share of the executive, the latter would be equally undone.

If the prince were to have a share in the legislature by the power of resolving, liberty would be lost. But as it is necessary he should have a share in the legislature, for the support of his own prerogative, this share must consist in the power of rejecting.

The change of government at Rome was owing to this, that neither the senate, who had one part of the executive power, nor the magistrates, who were entrusted with the other, had the right of rejecting, which was entirely lodged in the people.

Here then is the fundamental constitution of the government we are treating of. The legislative body being composed of two parts, one checks the other by the mutual privilege of rejecting: they are both checked by

* These were magistrates chosen annually by the people. See Stephen of Byzantium.

† It was lawful to accuse the Roman magistrates after the expiration of their several offices. See Dionys. Halicarn. l. 9. the affair of Genutius the tribune.

by the executive power, as the executive is by the legiſlative.

Theſe three powers ſhould naturally form a ſtate of repoſe or inaction. But as there is a neceſſity for movement in the courſe of human affairs, they are forced to move, but ſtill to move in concert.

As the executive power has no other part in the legiſlative than the privilege of rejecting, it can have no ſhare in the public debates. It is not even neceſſary that it ſhould propoſe, becauſe, as it may always diſapprove of the reſolutions that ſhall be taken, it may likewiſe reject the deciſions on thoſe propoſals which were made againſt its will.

In ſome ancient commonwealths, where public debates were carried on by the people in a body, it was natural for the executive power to propoſe and debate with the people, otherwiſe their reſolutions muſt have been attended with a ſtrange confuſion.

Were the executive power to ordain the raiſing of public money, otherwiſe than by giving its conſent, liberty would be at an end; becauſe it would become legiſlative in the moſt important point of legiſlation.

If the legiſlative power was to ſettle the ſubſidies, not from year to year, but for ever, it would run the riſk of loſing its liberty, becauſe the executive power would no longer be dependent; and when once it was poſſeſſed of ſuch a perpetual right, it would be a matter of indifference, whether it held it of itſelf, or of another. The ſame may be ſaid, if it ſhould fix, not from year to year, but for ever, the ſea and land forces with which it is to intruſt the executive power.

To prevent the executive power from being able to oppreſs, it is requiſite that the armies with which it is intruſted ſhould conſiſt of the people, and have the ſame ſpirit as the people; as was the caſe at Rome till the time of Marius. To obtain this end, there are only two ways; either that the perſons employed in the army ſhould have ſufficient property to anſwer for their conduct to their fellow-ſubjects, and be enliſted only for a year, as was cuſtomary at Rome: or if there ſhould be a ſtanding army, compoſed chiefly of the moſt deſpicable part of the nation, the legiſlative power ſhould have a right to diſband them as ſoon as it pleaſed; the ſoldiers ſhould live in common with the reſt of the people; and no ſeparate camp, barracks, or fortreſs, ſhould be ſuffered.

When once an army is eſtabliſhed, it ought not to depend immediately on the legiſlative, but on the executive power; and this from the very nature of the thing; its buſineſs conſiſting more in acting than in deliberation.

From a manner of thinking that prevails amongſt mankind, they ſet a higher value upon courage than timorouſneſs, on activity than prudence, on ſtrength than counſel. Hence the army will ever deſpiſe a ſenate, and reſpect their own officers. They will naturally ſlight the orders ſent them by a body of men, whom they look upon as cowards, and therefore unworthy to command them. So that as ſoon as the army depends on the legiſlative body, the government becomes a military one; and if the contrary has ever happened, it has been owing to ſome extraordinary circumſtances. It is becauſe the army has always been kept divided; it is becauſe it was compoſed of ſeveral bodies, that depended each on their particular province: it is becauſe the capital towns were ſtrong places, defended by their natural ſituation, and not garriſoned with regular troops. Holland, for inſtance, is ſtill ſafer than Venice: ſhe might drown or ſtarve the revolted troops; for as they are not quartered in towns capable of furniſhing them with neceſſary ſubſiſtence, this ſubſiſtence is of courſe precarious.

Whoever ſhall read the admirable treatiſe of Tacitus on the manners of the Germans, will find that it is from them the Engliſh have borrowed the idea of their political government. This beautiful ſyſtem was invented firſt in the woods.

As all human things have an end, the ſtate we are ſpeaking of will loſe its liberty, it will periſh. Have not Rome, Sparta, and Carthage periſhed? It will periſh when the legiſlative power ſhall be more corrupted than the executive.

It is not my buſineſs to examine whether the Engliſh actually enjoy this liberty, or not. It is ſufficient for my purpoſe to obſerve, that it is eſtabliſhed by their laws; and I enquire no further.

Neither do I pretend by this to undervalue other governments, nor to ſay that this extreme political liberty ought to give uneaſineſs to thoſe who have only a moderate ſhare of it. How ſhould I have any ſuch deſign, I, who think that even the exceſs of reaſon is not always deſirable, and that mankind generally find their account better in mediums than in extremes.

Harrington, in his Oceana, has alſo inquired into the higheſt point of liberty to which the conſtitution of a ſtate may be carried.

carried. But of him indeed it may be ſaid, that for want of knowing the nature of real liberty, he buſied himſelf in purſuit of an imaginary one; and that he built a Chalcedon, though he had a Byzantium before his eyes. *Monteſquieu.*

§. 251. *Of* COLUMBUS, *and the Diſcovery of* AMERICA.

It is to the diſcoveries of the Portugueſe in the old world, that we are indebted for the new; if we may call the conqueſt of America an obligation, which proved ſo fatal to its inhabitants, and at times to the conquerors themſelves.

This was doubtleſs the moſt important event that ever happened on our globe, one half of which had been hitherto ſtrangers to the other. Whatever had been eſteemed moſt great or noble before, ſeemed abſorbed in this kind of new creation. We ſtill mention with reſpectful admiration, the names of the Argonauts, who did not perform the hundredth part of what was done by the ſailors under Gama and Albuquerque. How many altars would have been raiſed by the ancients to a Greek, who had diſcovered America! and yet Bartholomew and Chriſtopher Columbus were not thus rewarded.

Columbus, ſtruck with the wonderful expeditions of the Portugueſe, imagined that ſomething greater might be done; and from a bare inſpection of the map of our world, concluded that there muſt be another, which might be found by ſailing always weſt. He had courage equal to his genius, or indeed ſuperior, ſeeing he had to ſtruggle with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and the repulſes of ſeveral princes to whom he tendered his ſervices. Genoa, which was his native country, treated his ſchemes as viſionary, and by that means loſt the only opportunity that could have offered of aggrandizing her power. Henry VII. king of England, who was too greedy of money to hazard any on this noble attempt, would not liſten to the propoſals made by Columbus's brother; and Columbus himſelf was rejected by John II. of Portugal, whoſe attention was wholly employed upon the coaſt of Africa. He had no proſpect of ſucceſs in applying to the French, whoſe marine lay totally neglected, and their affairs more confuſed than ever, during the minority of Charles VIII. The emperor Maximilian had neither ports for ſhipping, money to fit out a fleet, nor ſufficient courage to engage in a ſcheme of this nature. The Venetians, indeed, might have undertaken it; but whether the natural averſion of the Genoeſe to theſe people would not ſuffer Columbus to apply to the rivals of his country, or that the Venetians had no idea of any thing more important than the trade they carried on from Alexandria and in the Levant, Columbus at length fixed all his hopes on the court of Spain.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and Iſabella, queen of Caſtile, had by their marriage united all Spain under one dominion, excepting only the kingdom of Grenada, which was ſtill in the poſſeſſion of the Moors; but which Ferdinand ſoon after took from them. The union of theſe two princes had prepared the way for the greatneſs of Spain; which was afterwards begun by Columbus; he was however obliged to undergo eight years of inceſſant application, before Iſabella's court would conſent to accept of the ineſtimable benefit this great man offered it. The bane of all great projects is the want of money. The Spaniſh court was poor; and the prior, Perez, and two merchants, named Pinzono, were obliged to advance ſeventeen thouſand ducats towards fitting out the armament. Columbus procured a patent from the court, and at length ſet ſail from the port of Palos in Andaluſia, with three ſhips, on Auguſt 23, in the year 1492.

It was not above a month after his departure from the Canary iſlands, where he had come to an anchor to get refreſhment, when Columbus diſcovered the firſt iſland in America; and during this ſhort run, he ſuffered more from the murmurings and diſcontent of the people of his fleet, than he had done even from the refuſals of the princes he had applied to. This iſland, which he diſcovered, and named St. Salvador, lies about a thouſand leagues from the Canaries; preſently after, he likewiſe diſcovered the Lucayan iſlands, together with thoſe of Cuba and Hiſpaniola, now called St. Domingo.

Ferdinand and Iſabella were in the utmoſt ſurprize to ſee him return, at the end of nine months, with ſome of the American natives of Hiſpaniola, ſeveral rarities from that country, and a quantity of gold, with which he preſented their majeſties.

The king and queen made him ſit down in their preſence, covered like a grandee of Spain, and created him high admiral and viceroy of the new world. Columbus was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary perſon ſent from heaven. Every one was vying who ſhould be foremoſt in aſſiſting

assisting him in his undertakings, and embarking under his command. He soon set set sail again, with a fleet of seventeen ships. He now made the discovery of several other new islands, particularly the Caribbees and Jamaica. Doubt had been changed into admiration on his first voyage; in this, admiration was turned into envy.

He was admiral and viceroy, and to these titles might have been added that of the benefactor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Nevertheless he was brought home prisoner to Spain, by judges who had been purposely sent out on board to observe his conduct. As soon as it was known that Columbus was arrived, the people ran in shoals to meet him, as the guardian genius of Spain. Columbus was brought from the ship, and appeared on shore chained hands and feet.

He had been thus treated by the orders of Fonseca, bishop of Burgos, the intendant of the expedition, whose ingratitude was as great as the other's services. Isabella was ashamed of what she saw, and did all in her power to make Columbus amends for the injuries done to him: however, he was not suffered to depart for four years, either because they feared that he would seize upon what he had discovered for himself, or that they were willing to have time to observe his behaviour. At length he was sent on another voyage to the new world; and now it was, that he discovered the continent, at six degrees distance from the equator, and saw that part of the coast on which Carthagena has been since built.

At the time that Columbus first promised a new hemisphere, it was insisted upon that no such hemisphere could exist; and after he had made the actual discovery of it, it was pretended that it had been known long before. I shall not mention one Martin Behem, of Nuremburg, who, it is said, went from that city to the straits of Megellan in 1460, with a patent from the Dutchess of Burgundy, who, as she was not alive at that time, could not issue patents. Nor shall I take notice of the pretended charts of this Martin Behem, which are still shewn; nor of the evident contradictions which discredit this story: but, in short, it was not pretended that Martin Behem had peopled America; the honour was given to the Carthaginians, and a book of Aristotle was quoted on the occasion, which he never wrote. Some found out a conformity between some words in the Caribbee and Hebrew languages, and did not fail to follow so fine an opening. Others were positive that the children of Noah, after settling in Siberia, passed from thence over to Canada on the ice; and that their descendants, afterwards born in Canada, had gone and peopled Peru. According to others again, the Chinese and Japanese sent colonies into America, and carried over lions with them for their diversion, though there are no lions either in China or Japan. In this manner have many learned men argued upon the discoveries made by men of genius. If it should be asked, how men first came upon the continent of America? is it not easily answered, that they were placed there by the same Power who causes trees and grass to grow?

The reply which Columbus made to some of those who envied him the high reputation he had gained, is still famous. These people pretended that nothing could be more easy than the discoveries he had made; upon which he proposed to them to set an egg upright on one of its ends; but when they had tried in vain to do it, he broke one end of the egg, and set it upright with ease. They told him any one could do that: How comes it then, replied Columbus, that not one among you thought of it?—This story is related of Brunelleschi, who improved architecture at Florence many years before Columbus was born. Most bonmots are only the repetition of things that have been said before.

The ashes of Columbus cannot be affected by the reputation he gained while living, in having doubled for us the works of the creation. But mankind delight to do justice to the illustrious dead, either from a vain hope that they enhance thereby the merit of the living, or that they are naturally fond of truth. America Vespucci, whom we call Americus Vespusius, a merchant of Florence, had the honour of giving his name to this new half of the globe, in which he did not possess one acre of land, and pretended to be the first who discovered the continent. But supposing it true, that he was the first discoverer, the glory was certainly due to him, who had the penetration and courage to undertake and perform the first voyage. Honour, as Newton says in his dispute with Leibnitz, is due only to the first inventor; those that follow after are only his scholars. Columbus had made three voyages, as admiral and viceroy, five years before Americus Vespusius had made one as a geographer, under the command of admiral Ojeda; but this latter writing to his friends at Florence, that he had discovered a new world, they believed him on his

his word; and the citizens of Florence decreed, that a grand illumination ſhould be made before the door of his houſe every three years, on the feaſt of All Saints. And yet could this man be ſaid to deſerve any honours, for happening to be on board a fleet that, in 1489, ſailed along the coaſt of Brazil, when Columbus had, five years before, pointed out the way to the reſt of the world?

There has lately appeared at Florence a life of this Americus Veſpuſius, which ſeems to be written with very little regard to truth, and without any concluſive reaſoning. Several French authors are there complained of, who have done juſtice to Columbus's merit; but the writer ſhould not have fallen upon the French authors, but on the Spaniſh, who were the firſt that did this juſtice. This writer ſays, that "he will confound "the vanity of the French nation, who "have always attacked with impunity the "honour and ſucceſs of the Italian nation." What vanity can there be in ſaying, that it was a Genoeſe who firſt diſcovered America? or how is the honour of the Italian nation injured in owning, that it was to an Italian, born in Genoa, that we are indebted for the new world? I purpoſely remark this want of equity, good-breeding, and good-ſenſe, as we have too many examples of it; and I muſt ſay, that the good French writers have in general been the leaſt guilty of this inſufferable fault; and one great reaſon of their being ſo univerally read throughout Europe, is their doing juſtice to all nations.

The inhabitants of theſe iſlands, and of the continent, were a new race of men. They were all without beards, and were as much aſtoniſhed at the faces of the Spaniards, as they were at their ſhips and artillery: they at firſt looked upon theſe new viſitors as monſters or gods, who had come out of the ſky or the ſea. Theſe voyages, and thoſe of the Portugueſe, had now taught us how inconſiderable a ſpot of the globe our Europe was, and what an aſtoniſhing variety reigns in the world. Indoſtan was known to be inhabited by a race of men whoſe complexions were yellow. In Africa and Aſia, at ſome diſtance from the equator, there had been found ſeveral kinds of black men; and after travellers had penetrated into America as far as the line, they met with a race of people who were tolerably white. The natives of Brazil are of the colour of bronze. The Chineſe ſtill appear to differ entirely from the reſt of mankind, in the make of their eyes and noſes. But what is ſtill to be remarked is, that into whatſoever regions theſe various races are tranſplanted, their complexions never change, unleſs they mingle with the natives of the country. The mucous membrane of the negroes, which is known to be of a black colour, is a manifeſt proof that there is a differential principle in each ſpecies of men, as well as plants.

Dependant upon this principle, nature has formed the different degrees of genius, and the characters of nations, which are ſeldom known to change. Hence the negroes are ſlaves to other men, and are purchaſed on the coaſt of Africa, like beaſts, for a ſum of money; and the vaſt multitudes of negroes tranſplanted into our American colonies, ſerve as ſlaves under a very inconſiderable number of Europeans. Experience has likewiſe taught us how great a ſuperiority the Europeans have over the Americans, who are every where eaſily overcome, and have not dared to attempt a revolution, though a thouſand to one ſuperior in numbers.

This part of America was alſo remarkable on account of its animals and plants, which are not to be found in the other three parts of the world, and which are of ſo great uſe to us. Horſes, corn of all kinds, and iron, were not wanting in Mexico and Peru; and among the many valuable commodities unknown to the old world, cochineal was the principal, and was brought us from this country. Its uſe in dying has now made us forget the ſcarlet, which for time immemorial had been the only thing known for giving a fine red colour.

The importation of cochineal was ſoon ſucceeded by that of indigo, cacao, vanille, and thoſe woods which ſerve for ornament and medicinal purpoſes, particularly the quinquina, or jeſuits bark, which is the only ſpecific againſt intermitting fevers. Nature has placed this remedy in the mountains of Peru, whilſt ſhe had diſperſed the diſeaſe it cured through all the reſt of the world. This new continent likewiſe furniſhed pearls, coloured ſtones, and diamonds,

It is certain, that America at preſent furniſhes the meaneſt citizen of Europe with his conveniences and pleaſures. The gold and ſilver mines, at their firſt diſcovery, were of ſervice only to the kings of Spain and the merchants; the reſt of the world was impoveriſhed by them, for the great multitudes who did not follow buſineſs, found themſelves poſſeſſed of a very ſmall

quantity of ſpecie, in compariſon with the immenſe ſums accumulated by thoſe, who had the advantage of the firſt diſcoveries. But by degrees, the great quantity of gold and ſilver which was ſent from America, was diſperſed throughout all Europe, and by paſſing into a number of hands, the diſtribution is become more equal. The price of commodities is likewiſe increaſed in Europe, in proportion to the increaſe of ſpecie.

To comprehend how the treaſures of America paſſed from the poſſeſſion of the Spaniards into that of other nations, it will be ſufficient to conſider theſe two things: the uſe which Charles V. and Philip II. made of their money; and the manner in which other nations acquired a ſhare in the wealth of Peru.

The emperor Charles V. who was always travelling, and always at war, neceſſarily diſperſed a great quantity of that ſpecie which he received from Mexico and Peru, through Germany and Italy. When he ſent his ſon Philip over to England, to marry queen Mary, and take upon him the title of King of England, that prince depoſited in the tower of London twenty-ſeven large cheſts of ſilver in bars, and an hundred horſe-loads of gold and ſilver coin. The troubles in Flanders, and the intrigues of the league in France, coſt this Philip, according to his own confeſſion, above three thouſand millions of livres of our money.

The manner in which the gold and ſilver of Peru is diſtributed amongſt all the people of Europe, and from thence is ſent to the Eaſt-Indies, is a ſurpriſing, though well-known circumſtance. By a ſtrict law enacted by Ferdinand and Iſabella, and afterwards confirmed by Charles V. and all the kings of Spain, all other nations were not only excluded the entrance into any of the ports in Spaniſh America, but likewiſe from having the leaſt ſhare, directly or indirectly, in the trade of that part of the world. One would have imagined, that this law would have enabled the Spaniards to ſubdue all Europe; and yet Spain ſubſiſts only by the continual violation of this very law. It can hardly furniſh exports for America to the value of four millions; whereas the reſt of Europe ſometimes ſend over merchandize to the amount of near fifty millions. This prodigious trade of the nations at enmity or in alliance with Spain, is carried on by the Spaniards themſelves, who are always faithful in their dealings with individuals, and always cheating their king. The Spaniards give no ſecurity to foreign merchants for the performance of their contracts; a mutual credit, without which there never could have been any commerce, ſupplies the place of other obligations.

The manner in which the Spaniards for a long time conſigned the gold and ſilver to foreigners, which was brought home by their galleons, was ſtill more ſurpriſing. The Spaniard, who at Cadiz is properly factor for the foreigner, delivered the bullion he received to the care of certain bravoes, called Meteors: theſe, armed with piſtols at their belt, and a long ſword, carried the bullion in parcels properly marked, to the ramparts, and flung them over to other meteors, who waited below, and carried them to the boats which were to receive them, and theſe boats carried them on board the ſhips in the road. Theſe meteors and the factors, together with the commiſſaries and the guards, who never diſturbed them, had each a ſtated fee, and the foreign merchant was never cheated. The king, who received a duty upon this money at the arrival of the galleons, was likewiſe a gainer; ſo that, properly ſpeaking, the law only was cheated; a law which would be abſolutely uſeleſs if not eluded, and which, nevertheleſs, cannot yet be abrogated, becauſe old prejudices are always the moſt difficult to be overcome amongſt men.

The greateſt inſtance of the violation of this law, and of the fidelity of the Spaniards, was in the year 1684, when war was declared between France and Spain. His catholic majeſty endeavoured to ſeize upon the effects of all the French in his kingdom; but he in vain iſſued edicts and admonitions, inquiries and excommunications; not a ſingle Spaniſh factor would betray his French correſpondent. This fidelity, which does ſo much honour to the Spaniſh nation, plainly ſhews, that men only willingly obey thoſe laws, which they themſelves have made for the good of ſociety, and that thoſe which are the mere effects of a ſovereign's will, always meet with oppoſition.

As the diſcovery of America was at firſt the ſource of much good to the Spaniards, it afterwards occaſioned them many and conſiderable evils. One has been, the depriving that kingdom of its ſubjects, by the great numbers neceſſarily required to people the colonies: another was, the infecting the world with a diſeaſe, which was before known only in the new world, and particularly in the iſland of Hiſpaniola. Several of the companions of Chriſtopher Columbus returned home infected with this contagion, which

which afterwards ſpread over Europe. It is certain, that this poiſon, which taints the ſprings of life, was peculiar to America, as the plague and the ſmall pox were diſeaſes originally endemial to the ſouthern parts of Numidia. We are not to believe, that the eating of human fleſh, practiſed by ſome of the American ſavages, occaſioned this diſorder. There were no cannibals on the iſland of Hiſpaniola, where it was moſt frequent and inveterate; neither are we to ſuppoſe, with ſome, that it proceeded from too great an exceſs of ſenſual pleaſures. Nature had never puniſhed exceſſes of this kind with ſuch diſorders in the world; and even to this day, we find that a momentary indulgence, which has been paſſed for eight or ten years, may bring this cruel and ſhameful ſcourge upon the chaſteſt union.

The great Columbus, after having built ſeveral houſes on theſe iſlands, and diſcovered the continent, returned to Spain, where he enjoyed a reputation unſullied by rapine or cruelty, and died at Valladolid in 1506. But the governors of Cuba and Hiſpaniola, who ſucceeded him, being perſuaded that theſe provinces furniſhed gold, reſolved to make the diſcovery at the price of the lives of the inhabitants. In ſhort, whether they thought the natives had conceived an implacable hatred to them; or that they were apprehenſive of their ſuperior numbers; or that the rage of ſlaughter, when once begun, knows no bounds, they in the ſpace of a few years entirely depopulated Hiſpaniola and Cuba, the former of which contained three millions of inhabitants, and the latter above ſix hundred thouſand.

Bartholomew de la Caſas, biſhop of Chiapa, who was an eye-witneſs to theſe deſolations, relates, that they hunted down the natives with dogs. Theſe wretched ſavages, almoſt naked and without arms, were purſued like wild beaſts in the foreſts, devoured alive by dogs, ſhot to death, or ſurpriſed and burnt in their habitations.

He farther declares, from ocular teſtimony, that they frequently cauſed a number of theſe miſerable wretches to be ſummoned by a prieſt to come in, and ſubmit to the Chriſtian religion, and to the king of Spain; and that after this ceremony, which was only an additional act of injuſtice, they put them to death without the leaſt remorſe.—I believe that De la Caſas has exaggerated in many parts of his relation; but, allowing him to have ſaid ten times more than is truth, there remains ough to make us ſhudder with horror.

It may ſeem ſurpriſing, that this maſſacre of a whole race of men could have been carried on in the ſight, and under the adminiſtration of ſeveral religious of the order of St. Jerome; for we know that Cardinal Ximenes, who was prime miniſter of Caſtile, before the time of Charles V. ſent over four monks of this order, in quality of preſidents of the royal council of the iſland. Doubtleſs they were not able to reſiſt the torrent; and the hatred of the natives to their new maſters, being with juſt reaſon become implacable, rendered their deſtruction unhappily neceſſary. *Voltaire.*

§ 252. *The Influence of the Progreſs of Science on the Manners and Characters of Men.*

The progreſs of ſcience and the cultivation of literature, had conſiderable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now diſtinguiſhed. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had loſt that correct taſte which has rendered the productions of their anceſtors the ſtandards of excellence, and models for imitation to ſucceeding ages, ſtill preſerved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude Barbarians were ſo far from being ſtruck with any admiration of theſe unknown accompliſhments, that they deſpiſed them. They were not arrived at that ſtate of ſociety, in which thoſe faculties of the human mind, that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themſelves. They were ſtrangers to all thoſe wants and deſires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they deſtroyed the monuments of them, with induſtry not inferior to that with which their poſterity have ſince ſtudied to preſerve, or to recover them. The convulſions occaſioned by their ſettlement in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they eſtabliſhed; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, baniſhed ſecurity and leiſure; prevented the growth of taſte or the culture of ſcience; and kept Europe, during ſeveral centuries, in a ſtate of ignorance. But as ſoon as liberty and independence began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated ſome taſte of the advantages ariſing from commerce, from

public

public order, and from perſonal ſecurity, the human mind became conſcious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or purſuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we diſcern the firſt ſymptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been ſunk, and obſerve it turning with curioſity and attention towards new objects.

The firſt literary efforts, however, of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain ſome degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exerciſed in ſpeculative or abſtract diſquiſition. Men are poets before they are philoſophers. They feel with ſenſibility, and deſcribe with force, when they have made but little progreſs in inveſtigation or reaſoning. The age of Homer and of Heſiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our anceſtors, deviating from this courſe which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abſtruſe and metaphyſical enquiry. They had been converted to the Chriſtian faith ſoon after they had ſettled in their new conqueſts: but they did not receive it pure. The preſumption of men had added to the ſimple and inſtructive doctrines of Chriſtianity, the theories of a vain philoſophy, that attempted to penetrate into myſteries, and to decide queſtions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to reſolve. Theſe over-curious ſpeculations were incorporated with the ſyſtem of religion, and came to be conſidered as the moſt eſſential part of it. As ſoon, then, as curioſity prompted men to inquire and to reaſon, theſe were the ſubjects which firſt preſented themſelves, and engaged their attention. The ſcholaſtic theology, with its infinite train of bold diſquiſitions, and ſubtile diſtinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reaſon, was the firſt production of the ſpirit of enquiry after it began to reſume ſome degree of activity and vigour in Europe.

It was not this circumſtance alone that gave ſuch a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exerciſe talents which they had ſo long neglected. Moſt of the perſons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received inſtruction, or derived their principles of ſcience from the Greeks in the eaſtern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both theſe people, acute and inquiſitive to exceſs, corrupted thoſe ſciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a ſyſtem of ſpeculative refinement, or of endleſs controverſy. The latter communicated to philoſophy a ſpirit of metaphyſical and frivolous ſubtlety. Miſled by theſe guides, the perſons who firſt applied to ſcience were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Inſtead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce ſuch works of invention as might have improved their taſte, and refined their ſentiments; inſtead of cultivating thoſe arts which embelliſh human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority; they were led aſtray by example, and waſted the whole force of their genius in ſpeculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitleſs and ill-directed as theſe ſpeculations were, their novelty rouſed, and their boldneſs intereſted, the human mind. The ardour with which men purſued theſe uninviting ſtudies was aſtoniſhing. Genuine philoſophy was never cultivated, in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools, upon the model of thoſe inſtituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almoſt in every monaſtery of note. Colleges and univerſities were erected, and formed into communities, or corporations, governed by their own laws, and inveſted with ſeparate and extenſive juriſdiction over their own members. A regular courſe of ſtudies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on maſters and ſcholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented, as a recompence for both. Nor was it in the ſchools alone that ſuperiority in ſcience led to reputation and authority; it became the object of reſpect in life, and advanced ſuch as acquired it to a rank of no inconſiderable eminence. Allured by all theſe advantages, an incredible number of ſtudents reſorted to theſe new ſeats of learning, and crowded with eagerneſs into that new path which was open to fame and diſtinction.

But how conſiderable ſoever theſe firſt efforts may appear, there was one circumſtance which prevented the effects of them from being as extenſive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe, during the period under review *, were barbarous.

* From the ſubverſion of the Roman empire to the beginning of the ſixteenth century.

They

They were deſtitute of elegance, of force, and even of perſpicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to poliſh them. The Latin tongue was conſecrated by the church to religion. Cuſtom, with authority ſcarce leſs ſacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the ſciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with reſpect to them, were written in that language. To have treated of any important ſubject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined ſcience within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was ſhut againſt all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkneſs and ignorance.

But though ſcience was thus prevented, during ſeveral ages, from diffuſing itſelf through ſociety, and its influence was circumſcribed, the progreſs of it may be mentioned, nevertheleſs, among the great cauſes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged, ſpirit of inquiry, which I have deſcribed, occaſioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable, as well as intereſting. It accuſtomed them to exerciſes and occupations which tended to ſoften their manners, and to give them ſome reliſh for thoſe gentle virtues which are peculiar to nations among whom ſcience hath been cultivated with ſucceſs. *Robertſon.*

§ 253. *On the Reſpect paid by the* Lacedæmonians *and* Athenians *to old Age.*

It happened at Athens, during a public repreſentation of ſome play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place ſuitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who obſerved the difficulty and confuſion he was in, made ſigns to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they ſat: the good man buſtled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the ſeats to which he was invited, the jeſt was, to ſit cloſe and expoſe him, as he ſtood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on thoſe occaſions, there were alſo particular places aſſigned for foreigners: when the good man ſkulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honeſt people, more virtuous than polite, roſe up all to a man, and, with the greateſt reſpect, received him among them. The Athenians, being ſuddenly touched with a ſenſe of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applauſe; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians underſtand what is "good, but the Lacedæmonians practiſe "it." *Spectator.*

§ 254. *On* Pætus *and* Arria.

In the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcinna Pætus, was an illuſtrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her huſband and her ſon were both, at the ſame time, attacked with a dangerous illneſs. The ſon died. He was a youth endowed with every quality of mind and perſon which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguiſh of grief; yet ſhe reſolved to conceal the diſtreſſing event from her huſband. She prepared and conducted his funeral ſo privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever ſhe came into her huſband's bed-chamber, ſhe pretended her ſon was better; and, as often as he inquired after his health, would anſwer, that he had reſted well, or had eaten with an appetite. When ſhe found that ſhe could no longer reſtrain her grief, but her tears were guſhing out, ſhe would leave the room, and, having given vent to her paſſion, return again with dry eyes and a ſerene countenance, as if ſhe had left her ſorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms againſt Claudius, Pætus joined himſelf to his party, and was ſoon after taken priſoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ſhip, Arria beſought them that ſhe might be permitted to go with him. "Certainly," ſaid ſhe, "you cannot refuſe a man of conſular dig-"nity, as he is, a few attendants to wait "upon him; but, if you will take me, I "alone will perform their office." This favour, however, was refuſed; upon which ſhe hired a ſmall fiſhing veſſel, and boldly ventured to follow the ſhip.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who preſſing her to diſcover all that ſhe knew of the inſurrection,—"What!" ſaid ſhe, "ſhall I regard thy advice, who ſaw

" thy husband murdered in thy very arms, " and yet survivest him?"

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate resolution to share his fate, and made no secret of her intention. Thrasea, who married her daughter, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose: among other arguments which he used, said to her, " Would you then, if my life were " to be taken from me, advise your daugh- " ter to die with me?" " Most certainly " I would," she replied, " if she had lived " as long, and in as much harmony with " you, as I have lived with Pætus."

Persisting in her determination, she found means to provide herself with a dagger: and one day, when she observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory—perhaps, too, sensible that it was chiefly for her sake that he wished to live—she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, " My Pætus, it is not " painful*." *Pliny.*

§ 255. Abdolonymus *raised to the Government of* Sidon.

The city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephæstion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephæstion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country, to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king, informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation.—At length, however, they convinced him that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander; who, commanding the new-elected prince to be sent for, required of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. " Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, " that I may be able " to bear my crown with equal moderation: " for when I possessed little, I wanted no- " thing: these hands supplied me with " whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

Quintus Curtius.

§ 256. *The Resignation of the Emperor* Charles V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England,

* In the Tatler, No. 72, a fancy piece is drawn, founded on the principal fact in this story, but wholly fictitious in the circumstances of the tale. The author, mistaking Cæcinna Pætus for Thrasea Pætus, has accused even Nero unjustly; charging him with an action which certainly belonged to Claudius. See Pliny's Epistles, Book iii. Ep. 16. Dion. Cassius, Lib. lx. and Tacitus, Lib. xvi. § 35.

where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea: that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years: that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness: that for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you by my "death, this rich inheritance, to which I "have made such large additions, some "regard would have been justly due to my "memory on that account: but now, when "I voluntarily resign to you what I might "still have retained, I may well expect the "warmest expressions of thanks on your "part. With these, however, I dispense; "and shall consider your concern for the "welfare of your subjects, and your love "of them, as the best and most acceptable "testimony of your gratitude to me. It is "in your power, by a wise and virtuous "administration, to justify the extraordi-"nary proof which I this day give of my "paternal affection; and to demonstrate, "that you are worthy of the confidence "which I repose in you. Preserve an in-"violable regard for religion; maintain the "Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws "of your country be sacred in your eyes; "encroach not on the rights and privileges "of your people: and, if the time shall "ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy "the tranquillity of private life, may you "have a son endowed with such qualities, "that you can resign your sceptre to him "with as much satisfaction as I give up "mine to you!"

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign,

vereign, he ſunk into the chair, exhauſted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of ſuch an extraordinary effort. During his diſcourſe, the whole audience melted into tears; ſome, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, ſoftened by the expreſſions of tenderneſs towards his ſon, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepeſt ſorrow, at loſing a ſovereign, who had diſtinguiſhed the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an aſſembly no leſs ſplendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, reſigned to his ſon the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all theſe vaſt poſſeſſions he reſerved nothing to himſelf, but an annual penſion of a hundred thouſand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a ſmall ſum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had choſen for his retreat, was the monaſtery of St. Juſtus, in the province of Eſtremadura. It was ſeated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a ſmall brook, and ſurrounded by riſing grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the ſoil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was eſteemed the moſt healthful and delicious ſituation in Spain. Some months before his reſignation, he had ſent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monaſtery, for his accommodation; but he gave ſtrict orders, that the ſtyle of the building ſhould be ſuch as ſuited his preſent ſituation rather than his former dignity. It conſiſted only of ſix rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet ſquare, were hung with brown cloth, and furniſhed in the moſt ſimple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one ſide, into a garden, of which Charles himſelf had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other ſide, they communicated with the chapel of the monaſtery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly ſufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domeſtics only. He buried there, in ſolitude and ſilence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all thoſe vaſt projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being ſubjected to his power. *Robertſon.*

§ 257. *An Account of* Muly Moluc.

When Don Sebaſtian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and ſet his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a diſtemper which he himſelf knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of ſo formidable an enemy. He was indeed ſo far ſpent with his ſickneſs, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the laſt deciſive battle was given; but knowing the fatal conſequences that would happen to his children and people, in caſe he ſhould die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they ſhould conceal his death from the army, and that they ſhould ride up to the litter in which his corpſe was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as uſual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they ſtood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go againſt him, though he was very near his laſt agonies, he threw himſelf out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the ſide of the Moors. He had no ſooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himſelf utterly ſpent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin ſecrecy to his officers, who ſtood about him, he died a few moments after in that poſture. *Spectator.*

§ 258. *An Account of* Valentine *and* Unnion.

At the ſiege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by captain Pincent, in colonel Frederic Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private centinel: there happened between theſe two men a diſpute about an affair of love, which, upon ſome aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to ſtrike his rival, and profeſs the ſpite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without reſiſtance; but frequently

quently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months in this manner, the one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon-ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcase, crying, "Ah, Valentine! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse. *Tatler.*

§ 259. *An Example of Historical Narration from* SALLUST.

The Trojans (if we may believe tradition) were the first founders of the Roman commonwealth; who, under the conduct of Æneas, having made their escape from their own ruined country, got to Italy, and there for some time lived a rambling and unsettled life, without any fixed place of abode, among the natives, an uncultivated people, who had neither law nor regular government, but were wholly free from all rule or restraint. This mixed multitude, however, crowding together into one city, though originally different in extraction, language, and customs, united into one body, in a surprising short space of time. And as their little state came to be improved by additional numbers, by policy, and by extent of territory, and seemed likely to make a figure among the nations, according to the common course of things, the appearance of prosperity drew upon them the envy of the neighbouring states; so that the princes and people who bordered upon them, begun to seek occasions of quarrelling with them. The alliances they could form were but few: for most of the neighbouring states avoided embroiling themselves on their account. The Romans, seeing that they had nothing to trust to but their own conduct, found it necessary to bestir themselves with great diligence, to make vigorous preparations, to excite one another to face their enemies in the field, to hazard their lives in defence of their liberty, their country, and their families. And when, by their valour, they repulsed the enemy, they gave assistance to their allies, and gained friendships by often giving, and seldom demanding, favours of that sort. They had, by this time, established a regular form of government, to wit, the monarchical. And a senate, consisting of men advanced in years, and grown wise by experience, though infirm of body, consulted with their kings upon all important matters, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called fathers. Afterwards, when kingly power, which was originally established for the preservation of liberty, and the advantage of the state, came to degenerate into lawless tyranny, they found it necessary to alter the form of government, and to put the supreme power into the hands of two chief magistrates, to be held for one year only; hoping, by this contrivance, to prevent the bad effects naturally arising from the exorbitant licentiousness of princes, and the indefeasible tenure by which they generally imagine they hold their sovereignty, &c. *Sall. Bell. Catilinar.*

§ 260. *The Story of* DAMON *and* PYTHIAS.

Damon and Pythias, of the Pythagorean sect in philosophy, lived in the time of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch; as every body was curious to see what should be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he who was gone did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed.

But he ſtill declared, that he had not the leaſt ſhadow of doubt in his mind of his friend's fidelity. The event ſhewed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and ſurrendered himſelf to that fate, which he had no reaſon to think he ſhould eſcape; and which he did not deſire to eſcape by leaving his friend to ſuffer it in his place. Such fidelity ſoftened even the ſavage heart of Dionyſius himſelf. He pardoned the condemned. He gave the two friends to one another; and begged that they would take himſelf in for a third. *Val. Max. Cic.*

§ 261. *The Story of* Dionysius *the Tyrant.*

Dionyſius, the tyrant of Sicily, ſhewed how far he was from being happy, even whilſt he abounded in riches, and all the pleaſures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treaſures, and the magnificence of his royal ſtate, and affirming, that no monarch ever was greater or happier than he. "Have you a mind, "Damocles," ſays the king, "to taſte "this happineſs, and know, by experience, "what my enjoyments are, of which you "have ſo high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet ſhould be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and ſideboards loaded with gold and ſilver plate of immenſe value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the greateſt readineſs, and the moſt profound ſubmiſſion. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the moſt exquiſite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himſelf amongſt the gods. In the midſt of all his happineſs, he ſees, let down from the roof exactly over his neck as he lay indulging himſelf in ſtate, a glittering ſword hung by a ſingle hair. The ſight of deſtruction thus threatening him from on high, ſoon put a ſtop to his joy and reveiling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleaſure. He dreads to ſtretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roſes. He haſtens to remove from his dangerous ſituation, and at laſt begs the king to reſtore him to his former humble condition, having no deſire to enjoy any longer ſuch a dreadful kind of happineſs. *Cic. Tuſc. Queſt.*

§ 262. *A remarkable Inſtance of filial Duty.*

The prætor had given up to the triumvir a woman of ſome rank, condemned, for a capital crime, to be executed in the priſon. He who had charge of the execution, in conſideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have acceſs to her in priſon; carefully ſearching her, however, as ſhe went in, leſt ſhe ſhould carry with her any ſuſtenance; concluding, that in a few days the mother muſt of courſe periſh for want, and that the ſeverity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days paſſing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daughter ſtill came to viſit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter ſhould live ſo long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what paſſed in the interview between them, he found, to his great aſtoniſhment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, ſupported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the priſon every day, to give her mother her breaſts to ſuck. The ſtrange contrivance between them was repreſented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought ſufficient to give to ſo dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a penſion ſettled on them for life. And the ground upon which the priſon ſtood was conſecrated, and a temple to filial piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her impriſoned and condemned mother in ſo unuſual a manner! For what was ever heard of more ſtrange, than a mother ſucking the breaſts of her own daughter? It might even ſeem ſo unnatural as to render it doubtful whether it might not be, in ſome ſort, wrong, if it were not that duty to parents is the firſt law of nature.

Val. Max. Plin.

§ 263. *The Continence of* Scipio Africanus.

The ſoldiers, after the taking of New Carthage, brought before Scipio a young lady of ſuch diſtinguiſhed beauty, that ſhe attracted the eyes of all wherever ſhe went. Scipio, by enquiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that

that she was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be sent for. In the mean time he was informed, that the young prince was so excessively enamoured of his bride, that he could not survive the loss of her. For this reason, as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As you and I are both young," said he, "we can converse together with "greater freedom. When your bride, who "had fallen into the hands of my soldiers, "was brought before me, I was informed "that you loved her passionately; and, in "truth, her perfect beauty left me no room "to doubt of it. If I were at liberty to "indulge a youthful passion, I mean ho"nourable and lawful wedlock, and were "not solely engrossed by the affairs of my "republic, I might have hoped to have "been pardoned my excessive love for so "charming a mistress. But as I am situated, "and have it in my power, with pleasure "I promote your happiness. Your future "spouse has met with as civil and modest "treatment from me, as if she had been "amongst her own parents, who are soon "to be yours too. I have kept her pure, "in order to have it in my power to make "you a present worthy of you and of me. "The only return I ask of you for this fa"vour is, that you will be a friend to the "Roman people; and that if you believe "me to be a man of worth, as the states of "Spain formerly experienced my father "and uncle to be, you may know there "are many in Rome who resemble us; "and that there are not a people in the "universe, whom you ought less to desire "to be an enemy, or more a friend, to you "or yours." The youth, covered with blushes, and full of joy, embraced Scipio's hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himself was not capable to do it in the degree he himself desired, or he deserved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great sum of money to ransom her. But seeing her restored without it, they began to beg Scipio to accept that sum as a present; protesting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the restoring the virgin without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to resist their importunate solicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addressed Allucius: "To the portion "you are to receive from your father-in"law, I add this, and beg you would ac"cept it as a nuptial present." So he desired him to take up the gold, and keep it for himself. Transported with joy at the presents and honours conferred on him, he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio. "There "is come amongst us," said he, "a young "hero, like the gods, who conquers all "things, as well by generosity and bene"ficence, as by arms." For this reason, having raised troops among his own subjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of 1400 horse. *Livy.*

§ 264. *The private Life of* ÆMILIUS SCIPIO.

The taking of Numantia, which terminated a war that disgraced the Roman name, completed Scipio's military exploits. But, in order to have a more perfect idea of his merit and character, it seems that, after having seen him at the head of armies, in the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of triumphs, it will not be lost labour to consider him in the repose of a private life, in the midst of his friends, family, and household. The truly great man ought to be so in all things. The magistrate, general, and prince, may constrain themselves, whilst they are in a manner exhibiting themselves as spectacles to the public, and appear quite different from what they really are. But reduced to themselves, and without the witnesses who force them to wear the mask, all their lustre, like the pomp of the theatre, often abandons them, and leaves little more to be seen in them than meanness and narrowness of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himself in any respect. He was not like certain paintings, that are to be seen only at a distance: he could not but gain by a nearer view. The excellent education which he had had, through the care of his father Paulus Æmilius, who had provided him with the most learned masters of those times, as well in polite learning as the sciences; and the instructions he had received from Polybius, enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he had from public affairs profitably, and to support the leisure of a private life, with pleasure and dignity. This is the glorious testimony given of him by an historian: "Nobody knew better how to mingle lei"sure and action, nor to use the intervals "of rest from public business with more "elegance and taste. Divided between "arms and books, between the military

" labours of the camp, and the peaceful occupations of the closet, he either exercised his body in the dangers and fatigues of war, or his mind in the study of the sciences*."

The first Scipio Africanus used to say, That he was never less idle, than when at leisure, nor less alone, than when alone. A fine saying, cries Cicero, and well worthy of that great man. And it shews that, even when inactive, he was always employed; and that when alone, he knew how to converse with himself. A very extraordinary disposition in persons accustomed to motion and agitation, whom leisure and solitude, when they are reduced to them, plunge into a disgust for every thing, and fill with melancholy; so that they are displeased in every thing with themselves, and sink under the heavy burden of having nothing to do. This saying of the first Scipio seems to me to suit the second still better, who having the advantage of the other by being educated in a taste for polite learning and the sciences, found in that a great resource against the inconvenience of which we have been speaking. Besides which, having usually Polybius and Panætius with him, even in the field, it is easy to judge that his house was open, in times of peace, to all the learned. Every body knows, that the comedies of Terence, the most accomplished work of that kind Rome ever produced, for natural elegance and beauties, are ascribed to him and Lælius, of whom we shall soon speak. It was publicly enough reported, that they assisted that poet in the composition of his pieces; and Terence himself makes it an honour to him in the prologue to the Adelphi. I shall undoubtedly not advise any body, and least of all persons of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But on this occasion, let us only consider taste in general for letters. Is there a more ingenuous, a more affecting pleasure, and one more worthy of a wise and virtuous man, I might perhaps add, or one more necessary to a military person, than that which results from reading works of wit, and from the conversation of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the observation of a Pagan, that he should be above those trivial pleasures, to which persons without letters, knowledge, curiosity, and taste for reading, are obliged to give themselves up.

Another kind of pleasure, still more sensible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, constituted the greatest felicity of Scipio's life; this was that of friendship; a pleasure seldom known by great persons or princes, because, generally loving only themselves, they do not deserve to have friends. However, this is the most grateful tie of human society; so that the poet Ennius says with great reason, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and those very illustrious: but I shall speak here only of Lælius, whose probity and prudence acquired him the surname of the Wise.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better suited to each other than those great men. They were almost of the same age, and had the same inclination, benevolence of mind, taste for learning of all kinds, principles of government, and zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he signalized himself very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the superiority, in respect of eloquence, seems to have been given to Lælius; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and says, that Lælius's style favoured more of the ancient manner, and had something less agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himself (that is, the words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the strict union which subsisted between Scipio and him. " As for me," says Lælius, " of all the gifts of nature or fortune, there " are none, I think, comparable to the " happiness of having Scipio for my friend. " I found in our friendship a perfect con- " formity of sentiments in respect to public " affairs; an inexhaustible fund of counsels " and supports in private life; with a tran- " quillity and delight not to be expressed. " I never gave Scipio the least offence, to " my knowledge, nor ever heard a word " escape him that did not please me. We " had but one house, and one table at our " common expence, the frugality of which " was equally the taste of both. In war, " in travelling, in the country, we were " always together. I do not mention our " studies, and the attention of us both " always to learn something; this was the " employment of all our leisure hours, re- " moved from the sight and commerce of " the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendship like that which Lælius has just described?

* Velleius Paterculus.

ed? What a consolation is it to have a second self, to whom we have nothing secret, and in whose heart we may pour out our own with perfect effusion! Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adversity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend still more affected with them than ourselves! What highly exalts the value of the friendship we speak of, was its not being founded at all upon interest, but solely upon esteem for each other's virtues. "What occasion," says Lælius, "could Scipio have of me? Undoubtedly "none; nor I of him. But my attachment "to him was the effect of my high esteem "and admiration of his virtues; and his to "me arose from the favourable idea of my "character and manners. This friendship "increased afterwards upon both sides, by "habit and commerce. We both, indeed, "derived great advantages from it; but "those were not our view, when we began "to love each other."

I cannot place the famous embassy of Scipio Africanus into the East and Egypt, better than here; we shall see the same taste of simplicity and modesty, as we have just been representing in his private life, shine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans, frequently to send ambassadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illustrious persons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were sent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Physcon then reigned, the most cruel tyrant mentioned in history. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongst the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to visit Asia Minor, and Greece; to inspect into the affairs of those countries; to inquire in what manner the treaties made with the Romans were observed; and to remedy, as far as possible, all the disorders that should come to their knowledge. They acquitted themselves with so much equity, wisdom, and ability, and did such great services to those to whom they were sent, in re-establishing order amongst them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambassadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the senate for having sent persons of such great merit to them, whose wisdom and goodness they could not sufficiently commend.

The first place to which they went, according to their instructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it so little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richest and most powerful person of Rome, had only one friend, the philosopher Panætius, with him, and five domestics. His victories, says an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were considered; and his personal virtues and qualities were esteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and silver.

Though, during their whole stay in Egypt, the king caused their table to be covered with the most exquisite provisions of every kind, they never touched any but the most simple and common, despising all the rest, which only serve to soften the mind and enervate the body.—But, on such occasions, ought not the ambassadors of so powerful a state as Rome to have sustained its reputation of majesty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taste of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all the nations of the earth, thought the most justly of true greatness and solid glory. *Rollin.*

§ 265. *Of History. Ancient History compared with modern.*

Historiæ decus est, et quasi anima, ut cum eventis causæ copulentur.

BACON, *De Augm. Scient.*

Of the various kinds of literary composition there is hardly any which has been at all times more cultivated than that of HISTORY. A desire to recount remarkable events, and a curiosity to hear the relation of them, are propensities inherent in human nature; and hence historians have abounded in every age, in the rudest and simplest, as well as in the most polished and refined. The first poets were historians; and Homer and Ossian, "when the light of the song arose," but recounted the virtues and exploits of their countrymen.

From poetic numbers, History at length descended to prose; but she was still of the family of the Muses, and long retained many features of the race from whence she sprung. *Historia*, says Quintilian, *est proxima poetis, et quodammodo carmen solutum.* She professed, indeed, that her purpose was to instruct, not less than to please; yet such was her hereditary propensity, that for many successive ages she continued more studious to cultivate

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the means of *pleasing*, than anxious to gather the materials of *instruction*. But when all her arts of pleasing had been exhausted; when the charms of novelty and the bloom of youth were gone, she began to feel the decay of her power. In her distress she looked around for aid, and wisely embraced an union with PHILOSOPHY, who taught her the value of the rich field of *instruction* she had so long neglected, shewed her how she might add new graces to her powers of giving delight, how she might not only recover but extend her empire, and be crowned with honours that should never fade.

To drop the allegory: The truth is, that although to afford pleasure and to convey instruction have been ever the professed ends of History, yet they have not always been mingled in due proportion. The former has been the object of the greater part of historians; and their aim of instruction has seldom gone farther, than to illustrate some moral precept, and to improve the heart by exhibiting bright and illustrious examples of virtue. It is of late only that History, by taking a wider range, has assumed a different form; and with the relation of splendid events uniting an investigation of their causes, has exhibited a view of those great circumstances in the situation of any people, which can alone yield solid instruction.

Historians may therefore be divided into two kinds, according to the methods they have followed, and the ends they have chiefly had in view in their composition. The *first* class, and which is by far the most numerous, consists of those who have confined themselves to the mere relation of public transactions; who have made it their principal aim to interest the affections; and who, in assigning any causes of events, have seldom gone beyond those immediately connected with the particular characters of the persons whose actions they describe. The *second* class comprehends the very few historians who have viewed it as their chief business to unfold the more remote and general causes of public events, and have considered the giving an account of the rise, progress, perfection, and decline of government, of manners, of art, and of science, as the only true means of rendering History instructive.

In the former of these classes we must rank all the celebrated historians of ancient Greece and Rome. They merely relate distinguished events; but to search out and reflect upon the general causes of them, they never attempt; and to mark the state of government, of laws, of manners, or of arts, seems not to have been thought of by them as falling within the province of History. To delight the imagination seems to have been their favourite aim; and accordingly, from the superior effects of recent events in interesting the passions, we find that many of the most distinguished historians of this class have chosen for their subjects, either transactions of which they were themselves witnesses, or that were very near their own times. *Thucydides* and *Xenophon* record little but the events of their own day, and in which they themselves bore a part; *Cæsar* gives us nothing but memoirs of his own exploits; and *Tacitus* confines himself very nearly to his own times. Even *Herodotus*, who takes a larger range, is, in general, only a relater of facts which he either saw himself, or reports on the testimony of others; and *Livy*, who commences his history with the foundation of Rome, scarce thinks of any thing beyond a mere detail of wars and revolutions, and seems only careful to embellish his story by interesting narrative and flowing language.

When such were the limited bounds of this species of writing, History was an ART, the design of which was to please; not a SCIENCE, the purpose of which was to instruct. It was, as Quintilian says, *proxima poetis*; and critical rules were laid down for its composition, similar to those for the structure of an Epic poem. To select a subject, the recital of which might be interesting; to arrange and distribute the several parts with skill; to embellish by forcible and picturesque description; to enliven by characteristic and animated speeches, and to clothe the whole in beautiful and flowing language, formed all the necessary and essential parts of the composition. In these the ancients held the highest excellence and perfection of History to consist; and so little did their views reach any farther, that *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus*, a critic of taste and acuteness, says, that the first object of a person about to write History ought to be, "to select a subject striking and pleasing, "and such as may not only affect but overpower the minds of the readers with pleasure." And he condemns *Thucydides* for his choice of the Peloponnesian war; "because it was neither honourable nor prosperous, nor ever should have been engaged in, or at least should have been buried in silence and oblivion, that posterity might be ignorant of it."

Thus confined were the ideas of the ancients

ents with regard to the objects of Hiſtory. But while we may regret this, we are not to aſcribe it to any defect of genius: It aroſe from cauſes which a little reflection may render ſufficiently obvious, and from the circumſtances in which they were unavoidably placed.

In ancient times mankind had before their eyes but a very limited field of obſervation, and but a ſhort experience of the revolutions of nations. Their memorials of former events too were ſcanty and imperfect, being little more than traditions, involved in uncertainty, and diſfigured by fable. They poſſeſſed not that extenſive experience, nor that large collection of facts, which can alone lead to general reaſonings, or can ſuggeſt the idea of *Philoſophical Hiſtory*. Nothing farther could occur to them as the object of hiſtory, but to delight the imagination, and improve the heart; and accordingly they choſe ſubjects that made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion on their own minds, and might moſt intereſt the paſſions of others. To explain the *immediate* motives and ſprings of actions, was neceſſary even for connecting their narrative; but to proceed farther, and trace the remote cauſes, and to perceive how much public events were affected by the degree of advancement which a nation had reached in government, in manners, and in arts, were diſcoveries yet hid from their view.

The ancient world wanted that communication and intercourſe of one nation with another, which, of all circumſtances, has the greateſt effect in generalizing and enlarging the views of an hiſtorian. It is with nations as with individuals; no family knowledge, no domeſtic ſtudy, can ever afford that large and extended information which mixing with other men, which commerce with the world, will beſtow. In the time of the Grecian republics, man conſiſted but of two diviſions, Greeks and Barbarians; though the ſubdiviſion of the former into ſmaller ſtates promoted the ſpirit of philoſophic reſearch conſiderably more than when to the name of Roman was confined every ſcience, every art, every privilege and dignity of man. In modern times, the nearly equal rank and cultivation of different European kingdoms, gives much more opportunity than was enjoyed by the ancient world, for the compariſon of facts, and the conſtruction of ſyſtem in the hiſtory of mankind; while, at the ſame time, the literary intercourſe of thoſe different kingdoms gives to ſuch reſearches, at once the force of union and the ſpur of emulation.

In ſhort, the oppoſite ſituation and circumſtances of the preſent age have beſtowed on Hiſtory its moſt ſignal improvement, and have given it a form before unknown. The many and various revolutions which an experience of more than three thouſand years has exhibited to mankind, and the contemplation of the riſe, progreſs, and decline of ſucceſſive empires, have led to the diſcovery, that all human events are guided and directed by certain general cauſes which muſt be every where the ſame. It has come to be perceived, that nations, like individuals, have their infancy, maturity, decline, and extinction; and that in their gradual eſtabliſhment and various revolutions, immediate cauſes ſpringing from the actions and characters of individuals, and even all the wiſdom and foreſight of man, have had but a very ſlender ſhare, in compariſon of the influence of general and unavoidable circumſtances.

Theſe reflections, which the experience of many ages could alone ſuggeſt, and to which the great improvements of the preſent age in reaſoning and philoſophy have much contributed, have led men to view the Hiſtory of Nations in a new light. To inveſtigate the general cauſes and the true ſources of the advancement, the proſperity, and the fall of empires, has become the uſeful and important object of the hiſtorian. While he relates the memorable tranſactions of each different period, and deſcribes the conduct and characters of the perſons principally engaged in them, he at the ſame time unfolds the remote as well as immediate cauſes of events, and imparts the moſt valuable knowledge and information. He marks the advancement of mankind in ſociety, the riſe and progreſs of arts and ſciences, the ſucceſſive improvements of law and government, and the gradual refinement of manners; all of them not only curious objects of contemplation, but intimately connected with a narration of civil tranſactions, and without which the events of no particular period can be fully accounted for.

The few who have treated Hiſtory in this manner form the *ſecond* of the two claſſes into which I have divided hiſtorians; and it is to the preſent age we owe this union of *Philoſophy* with *Hiſtory*, and the production of a new and more perfect ſpecies of hiſtorical compoſition. Preſident *Monteſquieu* was perhaps the firſt who attempted to ſhew how much the hiſtory of mankind may be explained from great and general cauſes. Mr. *de Voltaire's* Eſſay on General Hiſtory, with all

all its imperfections, is a work of uncommon merit: with the usual vivacity of its author, it unites great and enlarged views on the general progress of civilization and advancement of society. The same track has been pursued by other writers of reputation, particularly by the late Mr. *Hume*, who in his *History of England* has gone farther in investigating general causes, and in marking the progress of laws, government, arts, and manners, than any of his predecessors. Much, however, yet remains to be done; for it is a field but just begun to be cultivated: and if it be true, as the last-mentioned historian has observed, that the world is still too young to fix many general truths in politics, we have to fear that it is reserved for some still distant age to see *Philosophical History* attain its highest perfection. *Lounger.*

§ 266. *On Punctuation.*

Punctuation is the art of marking in writing the several pauses, or rests, between sentences and the parts of sentences, according to their proper quantity or proportion, as they are expressed in a just and accurate pronunciation.

As the several articulate sounds, the syllables and words, of which sentences consist, are marked by letters; so the rests and pauses, between sentences and their parts, are marked by Points.

But, though the several articulate sounds are pretty fully and exactly marked by letters of known and determinate power; yet the several pauses, which are used in a just pronunciation of discourse, are very imperfectly expressed by Points.

For the different degrees of connexion between the several parts of sentences, and the different pauses in a just pronunciation, which express those degrees of connexion according to their proper value, admit of great variety; but the whole number of Points, which we have to express this variety, amounts only to four.

Hence it is, that we are under a necessity of expressing pauses of the same quantity, on different occasions, by different Points; and more frequently, of expressing pauses of different quantity by the same Points.

So that the doctrine of Punctuation must needs be very imperfect: few precise rules can be given which will hold without exception in all cases; but much must be left to the judgment and taste of the writer.

On the other hand, if a greater number of marks were invented to express all the possible different pauses of pronunciation; the doctrine of them would be very perplexed and difficult, and the use of them would rather embarrass than assist the reader.

It remains therefore, that we be content with the rules of Punctuation, laid down with as much exactness as the nature of the subject will admit: such as may serve for a general direction, to be accommodated to different occasions; and to be supplied, where deficient, by the writer's judgment.

The several degrees of connexion between sentences, and between their principal constructive parts, Rhetoricians have considered under the following distinctions, as the most obvious and remarkable: the Period, Colon, Semicolon, and Comma.

The Period is the whole sentence, complete in itself, wanting nothing to make a full and perfect sense, and not connected in construction with a subsequent sentence.

The Colon, or Member, is a chief constructive part, or greater division, of a sentence.

The Semicolon, or Half-member, is a less constructive part, or subdivision, of a sentence or member.

A sentence or member is again subdivided into Commas, or Segments; which are the least constructive parts of a sentence or member, in this way of considering it; for the next subdivision would be the resolution of it into phrases and words.

The Grammarians have followed this division of the Rhetoricians, and have appropriated to each of these distinctions its mark, or point; which takes its name from the part of the sentence which it is employed to distinguish; as follows:

The Period	is thus marked	.
The Colon		:
The Semicolon		;
The Comma		,

The proportional quantity, or time, of the points, with respect to one another, is determined by the following general rule: The Period is a pause in quantity or duration double of the Colon: the Colon is double of the Semicolon; and the Semicolon is double of the Comma. So that they are in the same proportion to one another, as the Semibref, the Minim, the Crotchet, and the Quaver, in music. The precise quantity, or duration, of each pause or note cannot be defined; for that varies with the time; and both in discourse and music the same composition may be rehearsed in a quicker or a slower time: but in music the proportion between the notes remains ever

the same; and in discourse, if the doctrine of Punctuation were exact, the proportion between the pauses would be ever invariable.

The Points then being designed to express the pauses, which depend on the different degrees of connexion between sentences, and between their principal constructive parts; in order to understand the meaning of the Points, and to know how to apply them properly, we must consider the nature of a sentence, as divided into its principal constructive parts, and the degrees of connexion between those parts upon which such division of it depends.

To begin with the least of these principal constructive parts, the Comma. In order the more clearly to determine the proper application of the Point which marks it, we must distinguish between an imperfect phrase, a simple sentence, and a compounded sentence.

An imperfect phrase contains no assertion, or does not amount to a proposition or sentence.

A simple sentence has but one subject, and one finite verb.

A compounded sentence has more than one subject, or one finite verb, either expressed or understood: or it consists of two or more simple sentences connected together.

In a sentence, the subject and the verb may be each of them accompanied with several adjuncts; as the object, the end, the circumstances of time, place, manner, and the like; and the subject or verb may be either immediately connected with them, or mediately; that is, by being connected with some thing, which is connected with some other; and so on.

If the several adjuncts affect the subject or the verb in a different manner, they are only so many imperfect phrases; and the sentence is simple.

A simple sentence admits of no point, by which it may be divided, or distinguished into parts.

If the several adjuncts affect the subject or the verb in the same manner, they may be resolved into so many simple sentences; the sentence then becomes compounded, and it must be divided into its parts by Points.

For, if there are several subjects belonging in the same manner to one verb, or several verbs belonging in the same manner to one subject, the subjects and verbs are still to be accounted equal in number: for every verb must have its subject, and every subject its verb; and every one of the subjects, or verbs, should or may have its point of distinction.

Examples:

"The passion for praise produces excellent effects in women of sense." Addison, Spect. N° 73. In this sentence *passion* is the subject, and *produces* the verb: each of which is accompanied and connected with its adjuncts. The subject is not passion in general, but a particular passion determined by its adjunct of specification, as we may call it; the passion *for praise*. So likewise the verb is immediately connected with its object, *excellent effects*; and mediately, that is, by the intervention of the word *effects*, with *women*, the subject in which these effects are produced; which again is connected with its adjunct of specification; for it is not meaned of women in general, but of women *of sense only*. Lastly, it is to be observed, that the verb is connected with each of these several adjuncts in a different manner; namely, with *effects*, as the object; with *women*, as the subject of them; with *sense*, as the quality or characteristic of those women. The adjuncts therefore are only so many imperfect phrases; the sentence is a simple sentence, and admits of no point, by which it may be distinguished into parts.

"The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense." Here a new verb is introduced, accompanied with adjuncts of its own; and the subject is repeated by the relative pronoun *which*. It now becomes a compounded sentence, made up of two simple sentences, one of which is inserted in the middle of the other; it must therefore be distinguished into its component parts by a point placed on each side of the additional sentence.

"How many instances have we [in the fair sex] of chastity, fidelity, devotion! How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands; which are the great qualities and atchievements of woman-kind: as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name!" *Ibid.*

In the first of these two sentences, the adjuncts *chastity*, *fidelity*, *devotion*, are connected with the verb by the word *instances* in the same manner, and in effect make so many distinct sentences: "how many instances have we of chastity! how many instances have we of fidelity! how many instances

ſtances have we of devotion!" They muſt therefore be ſeparated from one another by a point. The ſame may be ſaid of the adjuncts, "education of their children, &c." in the former part of the next ſentence: as likewiſe of the ſeveral ſubjects, "the making of war, &c." in the latter part; which have in effect each their verb; for each of theſe "is an atchievement by which men grow famous."

As ſentences themſelves are divided into ſimple and compounded, ſo the members of ſentences may be divided likewiſe into ſimple and compounded members: for whole ſentences, whether ſimple or compounded, may become members of other ſentences by means of ſome additional connexion.

Simple members of ſentences cloſely connected together in one compounded member, or ſentence, are diſtinguiſhed or ſeparated by a Comma: as in the foregoing examples.

So likewiſe, the caſe abſolute; nouns in oppoſition, when conſiſting of many terms; the participle with ſomething depending on it; are to be diſtinguiſhed by the Comma: for they may be reſolved into ſimple members.

When an addreſs is made to a perſon, the noun, anſwering to the vocative caſe in Latin, is diſtinguiſhed by a Comma.

Examples:

"This ſaid, He form'd thee, Adam; thee, O man, Duſt of the ground."

"Now morn, her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl."
Milton.

Two nouns, or two adjectives, connected by a ſingle Copulative or Disjunctive, are not ſeparated by a point: but when there are more than two, or where the conjunction is underſtood, they muſt be diſtinguiſhed by a Comma.

Simple members connected by relatives, and comparatives, are for the moſt part diſtinguiſhed by a Comma: but when the members are ſhort in comparative ſentences; and when two members are cloſely connected by a relative, reſtraining the general notion of the antecedent to a particular ſenſe; the pauſe becomes almoſt inſenſible, and the Comma is better omitted.

Examples:

"Raptures, tranſports, and extaſies, are the rewards which they confer: ſighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them."
Addiſon, ibid.

"Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt, Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt."
Pope.

"What is ſweeter than honey? and what is ſtronger than a lion?"

A circumſtance of importance, though no more than an imperfect phraſe, may be ſet off with a Comma on each ſide, to give it greater force and diſtinction.

Example:

"The principle may be defective or faulty; but the conſequences it produces are ſo good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguiſhed."
Addiſon, ibid.

A member of a ſentence, whether ſimple or compounded, that requires a greater pauſe than a Comma, yet does not of itſelf make a complete ſentence, but is followed by ſomething cloſely depending on it, may be diſtinguiſhed by a Semicolon.

Example:

"But as this paſſion for admiration, when it works according to reaſon, improves the beautiful part of our ſpecies in every thing that is laudable; ſo nothing is more deſtructive to them, when it is governed by vanity and folly." *Addiſon, ibid.*

Here the whole ſentence is divided into two parts by the Semicolon; each of which parts is a compounded member, divided into its ſimple members by the Comma.

A member of a ſentence, whether ſimple or compounded, which of itſelf would make a complete ſentence, and ſo requires a greater pauſe than a Semicolon, yet is followed by an additional part making a more full and perfect ſenſe, may be diſtinguiſhed by a Colon.

Example:

"Were all books reduced to their quinteſſence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper: there would be ſcarce any ſuch thing in nature as a folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few ſhelves: not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated." *Addiſon, Spect.* N° 124.

Here the whole ſentence is divided into four parts by Colons: the firſt and laſt of which

which are compounded members, each divided by a Comma; the second and third are simple members.

When a Semicolon has preceded, and a greater pause is still necessary; a Colon may be employed, though the sentence be incomplete.

The Colon is also commonly used, when an example, or a speech, is introduced.

When a sentence is so far perfectly finished, as not to be connected in construction with the following sentence, it is marked with a Period.

In all cases, the proportion of the several points in respect to one another is rather to be regarded, than their supposed precise quantity, or proper office, when taken separately.

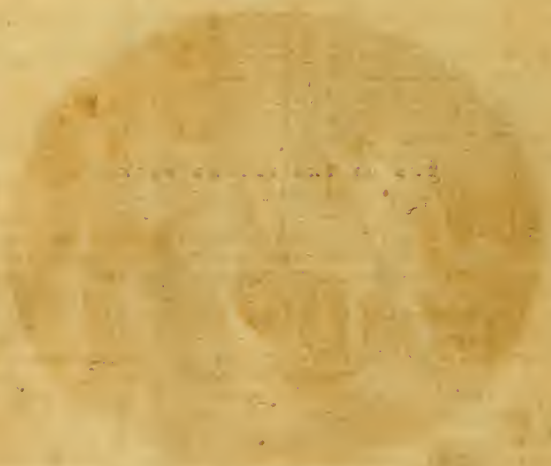
Besides the points which mark the pauses in discourse, there are others which denote a different modulation of the voice in correspondence with the sense. These are

The Interrogation point,
The Exclamation point,
The Parenthesis,
} thus marked { ? ! ()

The Interrogation and Exclamation Points are sufficiently explained by their names: they are indeterminate as to their quantity or time, and may be equivalent in that respect to a Semicolon, a Colon, or a Period, as the sense requires. They mark an elevation of the voice.

The Parenthesis incloses in the body of a sentence a member inserted into it, which is neither necessary to the sense, nor at all affects the construction. It marks a moderate depression of the voice, with a pause greater than a Comma. *Lowth.*

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



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ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN PROSE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

§. 1. *The first Oration against Philip: pronounced in the Archonship of Aristodemus, in the first Year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the ninth of Philip's Reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

WE have seen Philip opposed in his design of passing into Greece, through Thermopylæ; and obliged to retire. The danger they had thus escaped deeply affected the Athenians. So daring an attempt, which was, in effect, declaring his purposes, filled them with astonishment: and the view of a power, which every day received new accessions, drove them even to despair. Yet their aversion to public business was still predominant. They forgot that Philip might renew his attempt; and thought they had provided sufficiently for their security, by posting a body of troops at the entrance of Attica, under the command of Menelaus, a foreigner. They then proceeded to convene an assembly of the people, in order to consider what measures were to be taken to check the progress of Philip. On which occasion Demosthenes, for the first time, appeared against that prince; and displayed those abilities, which proved the greatest obstacle to his designs.

At Athens, the whole Power and Management of Affairs were placed in the people. It was their prerogative to receive appeals from the courts of justice, to abrogate and enact laws, to make what alterations in the state they judged convenient; in short, all matters, public or private, foreign or domestic, civil, military, or religious, were determined by them.

Whenever there was occasion to deliberate, the people assembled early in the morning, sometimes in the forum or public place, sometimes in a place called Pnyx, but most frequently in the theatre of Bacchus. A few days before each assembly there was a Προγεγραμμα or Placart fixed on the statues of some illustrious men erected in the city, to give notice of the subject to be debated. As they refused admittance into the assembly to all persons who had not attained the necessary age, so they obliged all others to attend. The Lexiarchs stretched out a cord dyed with scarlet, and by it pushed the people towards the place of meeting. Such as received the stain were fined; the more diligent had a small pecuniary reward. These Lexiarchs were the keepers of the register, in which were inrolled the names of such citizens as had a right of voting. And all had this right who were of age, and not excluded by a personal fault. Undutiful children, cowards, brutal debauchees, prodigals, debtors to the public, were all excluded. Until the time of Cecrops, women had a right of suffrage, which they were said to have lost, on account of their partiality to Minerva, in her dispute with Neptune, about giving a name to the city.

In ordinary cases, all matters were first

deliberated in the *senate of five hundred*, compoſed of fifty ſenators choſen out of each of the ten tribes. Each tribe had its turn of preſiding, and the fifty ſenators in office were called Prytanes. And, according to the number of the tribes, the Attic year was divided into ten parts, the four firſt containing thirty-ſix, the other thirty-five days; in order to make the lunar year compleat, which, according to their calculation, contained one hundred and fifty-four days. During each of theſe diviſions, ten of the fifty Prytanes governed for a week, and were called Proedri: and, of theſe, he who in the courſe of the week preſided for one day, was called the Epiſtate: three of the Proedri being excluded from the this office.

The Prytanes aſſembled the people: the Proedri declare the occaſion; and the Epiſtatæ demand their voices. This was the caſe in the ordinary aſſemblies: the extraordinary were convened as well by the generals as the Prytanes; and ſometimes the people met of their own accord, without waiting the formalities.

The aſſembly was opened by a ſacrifice; and the place was ſprinkled with the blood of the victim. Then an imprecation was pronounced, conceived in theſe terms: "May the gods "purſue that man to deſtruction, "with all his race, who ſhall act, "ſpeak, or contrive, any thing againſt "this ſtate!" This ceremony being finiſhed, the Proedri declared the occaſion of the aſſembly, and reported the opinion of the ſenate. If any doubt aroſe, an herald, by commiſſion from the Epiſtatæ, with a loud voice, invited any citizen, firſt of thoſe above the age of fifty, to ſpeak his opinion: and then the reſt according to their ages. This right of precedence had been granted by a law of Solon, and the order of ſpeaking determined intirely by the difference of years. In the time of Demoſthenes, this law was not in force. It is ſaid to have been repealed about fifty years before the date of this oration. Yet the cuſtom ſtill continued, out of reſpect to the reaſonable and decent purpoſe for which the law was originally enacted. When a ſpeaker had delivered his ſentiments, he generally called on an officer, appointed for that purpoſe, to read his motion, and propound it in form. He then ſat down, or reſumed his diſcourſe, and enforced his motion by additional arguments; and ſometimes the ſpeech was introduced by his motion thus propounded. When all the ſpeakers had ended, the people gave their opinion, by ſtretching out their hands to him whoſe propoſal pleaſed them moſt. And Xenophon reports, that, night having come on when the people were engaged in an important debate, they were obliged to defer their determination till next day, for fear of confuſion, when their hands were to be raiſed.

Porrexerunt manus, ſaith Cicero (pro Flacco) *& Pſephiſma natum eſt.* And, to conſtitute this Pſephiſma or decree, ſix thouſand citizens at leaſt were required. When it was drawn up, the name of its author, or that perſon whoſe opinion has prevailed, was prefixed: whence, in ſpeaking of it, they call it his decree. The date of it contained the name of the Archon, that of the day and month, and that of the tribe then preſiding. The buſineſs being over, the Prytanes diſmiſſed the aſſembly.

The reader who chuſes to be more minutely informed in the cuſtoms, and manner of procedure in the public aſſemblies of Athens, may conſult the Archæologia of archbiſhop Potter, Sigonius, or the Concionatrices of Ariſtophanes.

HAD we been convened, Athenians! on ſome new ſubject of debate, I had waited, until moſt of the uſual perſons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing propoſed by them, I ſhould have continued ſilent: if not, I had then attempted to ſpeak my ſentiments. But ſince thoſe very points on which theſe ſpeakers have oftentimes been heard already are, at this time, to be conſidered; though I have ariſen firſt, I preſume I may expect your pardon; for if they on former occaſions had adviſed the neceſſary meaſures, ye would not have found it needful to conſult at preſent.

Firſt, then, Athenians! theſe our affairs muſt not be thought deſperate; no, though their ſituation ſeems intirely deplorable. For the moſt ſhocking circumſtance of all our paſt conduct is really the moſt favourable to our future expectations. And what is

is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cauſe of all our preſent difficulties. For were we thus diſtreſſed, in ſpite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our ſtate demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place reflect (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourſelves remember) how great a power the Lacedemonians not long ſince poſſeſſed; and with what reſolution, with what dignity you diſdained to act unworthy of the ſtate, but maintained the war againſt them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention theſe things? That ye may know, that ye may ſee, Athenians! that if duly vigilant, ye cannot have any thing to fear; that if once remiſs, not any thing can happen agreeable to your deſires: witneſs the then powerful arms of Lacedemon, which a juſt attention to your intereſts enabled you to vanquiſh: and this man's late inſolent attempt, which our inſenſibility to all our great concerns hath made the cauſe of this confuſion.

If there be a man in this aſſembly who thinks that we muſt find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views, on one hand, the numerous armies which attend him; and, on the other, the weakneſs of the ſtate thus deſpoiled of its dominions; he thinks juſtly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we poſſeſſed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methonè, and all that country round: when many of thoſe ſtates now ſubjected to him were free and independent; and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reaſoned in the ſame manner, "How ſhall I dare to attack the Athenians, "whoſe garriſons command my territory, "while I am deſtitute of all aſſiſtance!" He would not have engaged in thoſe enterprizes which are now crowned with ſucceſs; nor could he have raiſed himſelf to this pitch of greatneſs. No, Athenians, he knew this well, that all theſe places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror: that the dominions of the abſent devolve naturally to thoſe who are in the field; the poſſeſſions of the ſupine to the active and intrepid. Animated by theſe ſentiments, he overturns whole countries; he holds all people in ſubjection: ſome, as by the right of conqueſt; others, under the title of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with thoſe whom they ſee prepared and reſolved to exert themſelves as they ought.

And if you (my countrymen!) will now at length be perſuaded to entertain the like ſentiments; if each of you, renouncing all evaſions, will be ready to approve himſelf an uſeful citizen, to the utmoſt that his ſtation and abilities demand; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourſelves, and baniſh thoſe vain hopes which every ſingle perſon entertains, that while ſo many others are engaged in public buſineſs, his ſervice will not be required; you then (if Heaven ſo pleaſes) ſhall regain your dominions, recal thoſe opportunities your ſupineneſs hath neglected, and chaſtiſe the inſolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that, like a god, he is to enjoy his preſent greatneſs for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among thoſe ſeemingly the moſt attached to his cauſe. Theſe are paſſions common to mankind; nor muſt we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at preſent, as our indolence deprives them of all reſource. But let us ſhake off this indolence! for you ſee how we are ſituated; you ſee the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you ſhall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a ſtrain of the higheſt extravagance; and is not able to reſt ſatisfied with his preſent acquiſitions, but is ever in purſuit of further conqueſts; and while we ſit down, inactive and irreſolute, incloſes us on all ſides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When rouſed by ſome event? When forced by ſome neceſſity? What then are we to think of our preſent condition? To freemen, the diſgrace attending on miſconduct is, in my opinion, the moſt urgent neceſſity. Or ſay, is it your ſole ambition to wander through the public places, each enquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon ſhould conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "Is Philip dead? No, but in great danger." How are you concerned in thoſe rumours? Suppoſe he ſhould meet ſome fatal ſtroke: you would ſoon raiſe up another Philip, if your intereſts are thus regarded. For it is not to his own ſtrength that he ſo much owes his elevation, as to our ſupineneſs. And ſhould ſome accident affect him: ſhould fortune,

who hath ever been more careful of the ſtate than we ourſelves, now repeat her favours (and may ſhe thus crown them!) be aſſured of this, that by being on the ſpot, ready to take advantage of the confuſion, you will every where be abſolute maſters; but in your preſent diſpoſition, even if a favourable juncture ſhould preſent you with Amphipolis, you could not take poſſeſſion of it, while this ſuſpenſe prevails in your deſigns and in your councils.

And now, as to the neceſſity of a general vigour and alacrity; of this you muſt be fully perſuaded: this point therefore I ſhall urge no further. But the nature of the armament, which, I think, will extricate you from the preſent difficulties, the numbers to be raiſed, the ſubſidies required for their ſupport, and all the other neceſſaries; how they may (in my opinion) be beſt and moſt expeditiouſly provided; theſe things I ſhall endeavour to explain. But here I make this requeſt, Athenians! that you would not be precipitate, but ſuſpend your judgment till you have heard me fully. And if, at firſt, I ſeem to propoſe a new kind of armament, let it not be thought that I am delaying your affairs. For it is not they who cry out "Inſtantly! This moment!" whoſe counſels ſuit the preſent juncture (as it is not poſſible to repel violences already committed by any occaſional detachment) but he who will ſhew you of what kind that armament muſt be, how great, and how ſupported, which may ſubſiſt until we yield to peace, or till our enemies ſink beneath our arms; for thus only can we be ſecured from future dangers. Theſe things, I think, I can point out: not that I would prevent any other perſon from declaring his opinion: thus far am I engaged. How I can acquit myſelf, will immediately appear: to your judgments I appeal.

Firſt then, Athenians! I ſay that you ſhould fit out fifty ſhips of war; and then reſolve, that on the firſt emergency you will embark yourſelves. To theſe I inſiſt that you muſt add tranſport, and other neceſſary veſſels ſufficient for half our horſe. Thus far we ſhould be provided againſt thoſe ſudden excurſions from his own kingdom to Thermopylæ, to the Cherſoneſus, to Olynthus, to whatever place he thinks proper. For of this he ſhould neceſſarily be perſuaded, that poſſibly you may break out from this immoderate indolence, and fly to ſome ſcene of action: as you did to Eubœa, and formerly, as we are told, to Haliartus, and but now, to Thermopylæ. But although we ſhould not act with all this vigour, (which yet I muſt regard as our indiſpenſable duty) ſtill the meaſures I propoſe will have their uſe: as his fears may keep him quiet, when he knows we are prepared (and this he will know, for there are too too many among ourſelves who inform him of every thing:) or, if he ſhould deſpiſe our armament, his ſecurity may prove fatal to him; as it will be abſolutely in our power, at the firſt favourable juncture, to make a deſcent upon his own coaſts.

Theſe then are the reſolutions I propoſe; theſe the proviſions it will become you to make. And I pronounce it ſtill farther neceſſary to raiſe ſome other forces which may harraſs him with perpetual incurſions. Talk not of your ten thouſands, or twenty thouſands of foreigners; of thoſe armies which appear ſo magnificent on paper; but let them be the natural forces of the ſtate; and if you chuſe a ſingle perſon, if a number, if this particular man, or whomever you appoint as general, let them be entirely under his guidance and authority. I alſo move you that ſubſiſtence be provided for them. But as to the quality, the numbers, the maintenance of this body: how are theſe points to be ſettled? I now proceed to ſpeak of each of them diſtinctly.

The body of infantry therefore—But here give me leave to warn you of an error which hath often proved injurious to you. Think not that your preparations never can be too magnificent: great and terrible in your decrees; in execution weak and contemptible. Let your preparations, let your ſupplies at firſt be moderate, and add to theſe if you find them not ſufficient. I ſay then that the whole body of infantry ſhould be two thouſand; of theſe, that five hundred ſhould be Athenians, of ſuch an age as you ſhall think proper; and with a ſtated time for ſervice, not long, but ſuch as that others may have their turn of duty. Let the reſt be formed of foreigners. To theſe you are to add two hundred horſe, fifty of them at leaſt Athenians, to ſerve in the ſame manner as the foot. For theſe you are to provide tranſports. And now, what farther preparations? Ten light gallies. For as he hath a naval power, we muſt be provided with light veſſels, that our troops may have a ſecure convoy.

But whence are theſe forces to be ſubſiſted? This I ſhall explain, when I have firſt given my reaſons why I think ſuch numbers ſufficient, and why I have adviſed that we ſhould ſerve in perſon. As to the numbers,

numbers, Athenians! my reaſon is this: it is not at preſent in our power to provide a force able to meet him in the open field; but we muſt harraſs him by depredations: thus the war muſt be carried on at firſt. We therefore cannot think of raiſing a prodigious army (for ſuch we have neither pay nor proviſions,) nor muſt our forces be abſolutely mean. And I have propoſed, that citizens ſhould join in the ſervice, and help to man our fleet; becauſe I am informed, that ſome time ſince, the ſtate maintained a body of auxiliaries at Corinth, which Polyſtratus commanded, and Iphicrates, and Chabrias, and ſome others; that you yourſelves ſerved with them; and that the united efforts of theſe auxiliary and domeſtic forces gained a conſiderable victory over the Lacedemonians. But, ever ſince our armies have been formed of foreigners alone, their victories have been over our allies and confederates, while our enemies have ariſen to an extravagance of power. And theſe armies, with ſcarcely the ſlighteſt attention to the ſervice of the ſtate, fail off to fight for Artabazus, or any other perſon; and their general follows them; nor ſhould we wonder at it; for he cannot command, who cannot pay his ſoldiers. What then do I recommend? That you ſhould take away all pretences both from generals and from ſoldiers, by a regular payment of the army, and by incorporating domeſtic forces with the auxiliaries, to be as it were inſpectors into the conduct of the commanders. For at preſent our manner of acting is even ridiculous. If a man ſhould aſk, "Are you "at peace, Athenians!" the anſwer would "immediately be, "By no means! we are "at war with Philip. Have not we choſen "the uſual generals and officers both of "horſe and foot?" And of what uſe are all theſe, except the ſingle perſon whom you ſend to the field? The reſt attend your prieſts in their proceſſions. So that, as if you formed ſo many men of clay, you make your officers for ſhew, and not for ſervice. My countrymen! ſhould not all theſe generals have been choſen from your own body; all theſe ſeveral officers from your own body; that our force might be really Athenian? And yet, for an expedition in favour of Lemnos, the general muſt be a citizen, while troops, engaged in defence of our own territories, are commanded by Menelaus. I ſay not this to detract from his merit; but to whomſoever this command hath been intruſted, ſurely he ſhould have derived it from your voices.

Perhaps you are fully ſenſible of theſe truths; but would rather hear me upon another point; that of the ſupplies; what we are to raiſe, and from what funds. To this I now proceed.—The ſum therefore neceſſary for the maintenance of theſe forces, that the ſoldiers may be ſupplied with grain, is, ſomewhat above ninety talents. To the ten gallies, forty talents, that each veſſel may have a monthly allowance of twenty minæ. To the two thouſand foot the ſame ſum, that each ſoldier may receive ten drachmæ a month for corn. To the two hundred horſe, for a monthly allowance of thirty drachmæ each, twelve talents. And let it not be thought a ſmall convenience, that the ſoldiers are ſupplied with grain: for I am clearly ſatisfied, that if ſuch a proviſion be made, the war itſelf will ſupply them with every thing elſe, ſo as to complete their appointment, and this without an injury to the Greeks or allies: and I myſelf am ready to fail with them, and to anſwer for the conſequence with my life, ſhould it prove otherwiſe. From what funds the ſum which I propoſe may be ſupplied, ſhall now be explained. * * * * *.

[Here the ſecretary of the aſſembly reads a ſcheme for raiſing the ſupplies, and propoſes it to the people in form, in the name of the orator.]

Theſe are the ſupplies, Athenians! in our power to raiſe. And, when you come to give your voices, determine upon ſome effectual proviſion, that you may oppoſe Philip, not by decrees and letters only, but by actions. And, in my opinion, your plan of operation, and every thing relating to your armament, will be much more happily adjuſted, if the ſituation of the country, which is to be the ſcene of action, be taken into the account; and if you reflect, that the winds and ſeaſons have greatly contributed to the rapidity of Philip's conqueſts; that he watches the blowing of the Eteſians, and the ſeverity of the winter, and forms his ſieges when it is impoſſible for us to bring up our forces. It is your part then to conſider this, and not to carry on the war by occaſional detachments, (they will ever arrive too late) but by a regular army conſtantly kept up. And for winter-quarters you may command Lemnos, and Thaſſus, and Sciathus, and the adjacent iſlands; in which there are ports and proviſions, and all things neceſſary for the ſoldiery in abundance. As to the ſeaſon of the year, in which we may land our forces with the greateſt eaſe, and be in no danger

from the winds, either upon the coaſt to which we are bound, or at the entrance of thoſe harbours where we may put in for proviſions—this will be eaſily diſcovered. In what manner, and at what time our forces are to act, their general will determine, according to the juncture of affairs. What you are to perform, on your part, is contained in the decree I have now propoſed. And if you will be perſuaded, Athenians, firſt, to raiſe theſe ſupplies which I have recommended, then, to proceed to your other preparations, your infantry, navy, and cavalry; and laſtly to confine your forces, by a law, to that ſervice which is appointed to them; reſerving the care and diſtribution of their money to yourſelves, and ſtrictly examining into the conduct of the general; then, your time will be no longer waſted in continual debates upon the ſame ſubject, and ſcarcely to any purpoſe; then, you will deprive him of the moſt conſiderable of his revenues. For his arms are now ſupported, by ſeizing and making prizes of thoſe who paſs the ſeas.—But is this all?—No.—You ſhall alſo be ſecure from his attempts: not as when ſome time ſince he fell on Lemnos and Imbrus, and carried away your citizens in chains: not as when he ſurprized your veſſels at Geraſtus, and ſpoiled them of an unſpeakable quantity of riches; not as when lately he made a deſcent on the coaſt of Marathon, and carried off our ſacred galley: while you could neither oppoſe theſe inſults, nor detach your forces at ſuch junctures as were thought convenient.

And now, Athenians! what is the reaſon (think ye) that the public feſtivals in honour of Minerva and of Bacchus are always celebrated at the appointed time, whether the direction of them falls to the lot of men of eminence, or of perſons leſs diſtinguiſhed: (feſtivals which coſt more treaſure than is uſually expended upon a whole navy; and more numbers and greater preparations, than any one perhaps ever coſt) while your expeditions have been all too late, as that to Methoné, that to Pegaſæ, that to Potidæa. The reaſon is this: every thing relating to the former is aſcertained by law; and every one of you knows long before, who is to conduct the ſeveral entertainments in each tribe; what he is to receive, when, and from whom, and what to perform. Not one of theſe things is left uncertain, not one undetermined. But in affairs of war, and warlike preparations, there is no order, no certainty, no regulation. So that, when any accident alarms us, firſt, we appoint our trierarchs; then we allow them the exchange; then the ſupplies are conſidered. Theſe points once ſettled, we reſolve to man our fleet with ſtrangers and foreigners; then find it neceſſary to ſupply their place ourſelves. In the midſt of theſe delays, what we are ſailing to defend, the enemy is already maſter of: for the time of action we ſpend in preparing: and the junctures of affairs will not wait our ſlow and irreſolute meaſures. Theſe forces too, which we think may be depended on, until the new levies are raiſed, when put to the proof plainly diſcover their inſufficiency. By theſe means hath he arrived to ſuch a pitch of inſolence, as to ſend a letter to the Eubœans, conceived in ſuch terms as theſe:

* * * *The* Letter *is read.*

What hath now been read, is for the moſt part true, Athenians! too true! but perhaps not very agreeable in the recital. But if, by ſuppreſſing things ungrateful to the ear, the things themſelves could be prevented, then the ſole concern of a public ſpeaker ſhould be to pleaſe. If, on the contrary, theſe unſeaſonably pleaſing ſpeeches be really injurious, it is ſhameful, Athenians, to deceive yourſelves, and, by deferring the conſideration of every thing diſagreeable, never once to move until it be too late; and not to apprehend that they who conduct a war with prudence, are not to follow, but to direct events: to direct them with the ſame abſolute authority, with which a general leads on his forces: that the courſe of affairs may be determined by them, and not determine their meaſures. But you, Athenians, although poſſeſſed of the greateſt power of all kinds, ſhips, infantry, cavalry, and treaſure; yet, to this day, have never employed any of them ſeaſonably, but are ever laſt in the field. Juſt as barbarians engage at boxing, ſo you make war with Philip: for, when one of theſe receives a blow, that blow engages him: if ſtruck in another part, to that part his hands are ſhifted: but to ward off the blow, or to watch his antagoniſt——for this, he hath neither ſkill nor ſpirit. Even ſo, if you hear that Philip is in the Cherſoneſus, you reſolve to ſend forces thither; if in Thermopylæ, thither; if in any other place, you hurry up and down, you follow his ſtandard. But no uſeful ſcheme for carrying on the war, no wiſe proviſions are ever thought of, until you hear of ſome enterpriſe in execution,

or

or already crowned with ſucceſs. This might have formerly been pardonable, but now is the very critical moment, when it can by no means be admitted.

It ſeems to me, Athenians, that ſome divinity, who, from a regard to Athens, looks down upon our conduct with indignation, hath inſpired Philip with this reſtleſs ambition. For were he to ſit down in the quiet enjoyment of his conqueſts and acquiſitions, without proceeding to any new attempts, there are men among you, who, I think, would be unmoved at thoſe tranſactions, which have branded our ſtate with the odious marks of infamy, cowardice, and all that is baſe. But as he ſtill purſues his conqueſts, as he is ſtill extending his ambitious views, poſſibly he may at laſt call you forth, unleſs you have renounced the name of Athenians. To me it is aſtoniſhing, that none of you looks back to the beginning of this war, and conſiders that we engaged in it to chaſtiſe the inſolence of Philip; but that now it is become a defenſive war, to ſecure us from his attempts. And that he will ever be repeating theſe attempts is manifeſt, unleſs ſome power riſes to oppoſe him. But, if we wait in expectation of this, if we ſend out armaments compoſed of empty gallies, and thoſe hopes with which ſome ſpeaker may have flattered you; can you then think your intereſts well ſecured? ſhall we not embark? ſhall we not ſail, with at leaſt a part of our domeſtic force, now, ſince we have not hitherto?—But where ſhall we make our deſcent?—Let us but engage in the enterpriſe, and the war itſelf, Athenians, will ſhew us where he is weakeſt. But if we ſit at home, liſtening to the mutual invectives and accuſations of our orators; we cannot expect, no, not the leaſt ſucceſs, in any one particular. Wherever a part of our city is detached, although the whole be not preſent, the favour of the gods and the kindneſs of fortune attend to fight upon our ſide; but when we ſend out a general, and an inſignificant decree, and the hopes of our ſpeakers, misfortune and diſappointment muſt enſue. Such expeditions are to our enemies a ſport, but ſtrike our allies with deadly apprehenſions. For it is not, it is not poſſible for any one man to perform every thing you deſire. He may promiſe, and harangue, and accuſe this or that perſon: but to ſuch proceedings we owe the ruin of our affairs. For, when a general who commanded a wretched collection of unpaid foreigners, hath been defeated; when there are perſons here, who, in arraigning his conduct, dare to advance falſehoods, and when you lightly engage in any determination, juſt from their ſuggeſtions; what muſt be the conſequence? How then ſhall theſe abuſes be removed?—By offering yourſelves, Athenians, to execute the commands of your general, to be witneſſes of his conduct in the field, and his judges at your return: ſo as not only to hear how your affairs are tranſacted, but to inſpect them. But now, ſo ſhamefully are we degenerated, that each of our commanders is twice or thrice called before you to anſwer for his life, though not one of them dared to hazard that life, by once engaging his enemy. No; they chuſe the death of robbers and pilferers, rather than to fall as becomes them. Such malefactors ſhould die by the ſentence of the law. Generals ſhould meet their fate bravely in the field.

Then, *as to your own conduct*——ſome wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedemonians, and they are concerting the deſtruction of Thebes, and the diſſolution of ſome free ſtates. Others aſſure us he hath ſent an embaſſy to the king; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our ſeveral tales. I do believe indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatneſs, and does entertain his imagination with many ſuch viſionary proſpects, as he ſees no power riſing to oppoſe him, and is elated with his ſucceſs. But I cannot be perſuaded that he hath ſo taken his meaſures, that the weakeſt among us know what he is next to do: (for it is the weakeſt among us who ſpread theſe rumours)—Let us diſregard them: let us be perſuaded of this, that he is our enemy, that he hath ſpoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been ſubject to his inſolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved againſt us, that all the reſource left is in ourſelves, that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage here—let us be perſuaded of this, and then we ſhall come to a proper determination, then ſhall we be freed from thoſe idle tales. For we are not to be ſolicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unleſs you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

I, on my part, have never upon any occaſion choſen to court your favour, by ſpeaking any thing but what I was con-

vinced would ſerve you. And, on this occaſion, I have freely declared my ſentiments, without art, and without reſerve. It would have pleaſed me indeed, that, as it is for your advantage to have your true intereſt laid before you, ſo I might be aſſured that he who layeth it before you, would ſhare the advantage: for then I had ſpoken with greater alacrity. However, uncertain as is the conſequence with reſpect to me, I yet determined to ſpeak, becauſe I was convinced that theſe meaſures, if purſued, muſt have their uſe. And, of all thoſe opinions which are offered to your acceptance, may that be choſen, which will beſt advance the general weal! *Leland.*

§ 2. *The firſt Olynthiac Oration; pronounced four Years after the firſt Philippic, in the Archonſhip of Callimachus, the fourth Year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the twelfth of Philip's Reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

The former Oration doth not appear to have had any conſiderable effect. Philip had his creatures in the Athenian aſſembly, who probably recommended leſs vigorous meaſures, and were but too favourably heard. In the mean time, this prince purſued his ambitious deſigns. When he found himſelf ſhut out of Greece, he turned his arms to ſuch remote parts, as he might reduce without alarming the ſtates of Greece. And, at the ſame time, he revenged himſelf upon the Athenians, by making himſelf maſter of ſome places which they laid claim to. At length his ſucceſs emboldened him to declare thoſe intentions which he had long entertained ſecretly againſt the Olynthians.

Olynthus (a city of Thrace poſſeſſed by Greeks originally from Chalcis,—a town of Euboea and colony of Athens) commanded a large tract called the Chalcidian region, in which there were thirty-two cities. It had ariſen by degrees to ſuch a pitch of grandeur, as to have frequent and remarkable conteſts both with Athens and Lacedemon. Nor did the Olynthians ſhew great regard to the friendſhip of Philip when he firſt came to the throne, and was taking all meaſures to ſecure the poſſeſſion of it. For they did not ſcruple to receive two of his brothers by another marriage, who had fled to avoid the effects of his jealouſy; and endeavoured to conclude an alliance with Athens, againſt him, which he, by ſecret practices, found means to defeat. But as he was yet ſcarcely ſecure upon his throne, inſtead of expreſſing his reſentment, he courted, or rather purchaſed, the alliance of the Olynthians, by the ceſſion of Anthemus, a city which the kings of Macedon had long diſputed with them, and afterwards, by that of Pydna and Potidæa; which their joint forces had beſieged and taken from the Athenians. But the Olynthians could not be influenced by gratitude towards ſuch a benefactor. The rapid progreſs of his arms, and his glaring acts of perfidy, alarmed them exceedingly. He had already made ſome inroads on their territories, and now began to act againſt them with leſs reſerve. They therefore diſpatched ambaſſadors to Athens to propoſe an alliance, and requeſt aſſiſtance againſt a power which they were equally concerned to oppoſe.

Philip affected the higheſt reſentment at this ſtep; alledged their mutual engagements to adhere to each other in war and peace; inveighed againſt their harbouring his brothers, whom he called the conſpirators; and, under pretence of puniſhing their infractions, purſued his hoſtilities with double vigour, made himſelf maſter of ſome of their cities, and threatened the capital with a ſiege.

In the mean time, the Olynthians preſſed the Athenians for immediate ſuccours. Their ambaſſadors opened their commiſſion in an aſſembly of the people, who had the right either to agree to, or to reject their demand. As the importance of the occaſion increaſed the number of ſpeakers, the elder orators had debated the affair before Demoſthenes aroſe. In the following oration therefore he ſpeaks as to a people already informed, urges the neceſſity of joining with the Olynthians, and confirms his opinion by powerful arguments; lays open the deſigns and practices of Philip, and labours to remove their dreadful apprehenſions of his power. He concludes with recommending to them to reform abuſes, to reſtore ancient diſcipline, and to put an end to all domeſtic diſſenſions.

IN many inſtances (Athenians!) have the gods, in my opinion, manifeſtly declared their favour to this ſtate: nor is it leaſt obſervable

ſervable in this preſent juncture. For that an enemy ſhould ariſe againſt Philip, on the very confines of his kingdom, of no inconſiderable power, and, what is of moſt importance, ſo determined upon the war, that they conſider any accommodation with him, firſt, as infidious, next, as the downfal of their country: this ſeems no leſs than the gracious interpoſition of Heaven itſelf. It muſt, therefore, be our care (Athenians!) that we ourſelves may not fruſtrate this goodneſs. For it muſt reflect diſgrace, nay, the fouleſt infamy upon us, if we appear to have thrown away not thoſe ſtates and territories only which we once commanded, but thoſe alliances and favourable incidents, which fortune hath provided for us.

To begin on this occaſion with a diſplay of Philip's power, or to preſs you to exert your vigour, by motives drawn from hence, is, in my opinion, quite improper. And why? Becauſe whatever may be offered upon ſuch a ſubject, ſets him in an honourable view, but ſeems to me, as a reproach to our conduct. For the higher his exploits have ariſen above his former eſtimation, the more muſt the world admire him: while your diſgrace hath been the greater, the more your conduct hath proved unworthy of your ſtate. Theſe things therefore I ſhall paſs over. He indeed, who examines juſtly, muſt find the ſource of all his greatneſs here, not in himſelf. But the ſervices he hath here received, from thoſe whoſe public adminiſtration hath been devoted to his intereſt; thoſe ſervices which you muſt puniſh, I do not think it ſeaſonable to diſplay. There are other points of more moment for you all to hear; and which muſt excite the greateſt abhorrence of him, in every reaſonable mind.—Theſe I ſhall lay before you.

And now, ſhould I call him perjured and perfidious, and not point out the inſtances of this his guilt, it might be deemed the mere virulence of malice, and with juſtice. Nor will it engage too much of your attention to hear him fully and clearly convicted, from a full and clear detail of all his actions. And this I think uſeful upon two accounts: firſt, that he may appear, as he really is, treacherous and falſe; and then, that they who are ſtruck with terror, as if Philip was ſomething more than human, may ſee that he hath exhauſted all thoſe artifices to which he owes his preſent elevation; and that his affairs are now ready to decline. For I myſelf (Athenians!) ſhould think Philip really to be dreaded and admired, if I ſaw him raiſed by honourable means. But I find, upon reflection, that at the time when certain perſons drove out the Olynthians from this aſſembly, when deſirous of conferring with you, he began with abuſing our ſimplicity by his promiſe of ſurrendering Amphipolis, and executing the ſecret article of his treaty, then ſo much ſpoken of: that, after this, he courted the friendſhip of the Olynthians by ſeizing Potidæa, where we were rightful ſovereigns, deſpoiling us his former allies, and giving them poſſeſſion: that, but juſt now, he gained the Theſſalians, by promiſing to give up Magneſia; and, for their eaſe, to take the whole conduct of the Phocian war upon himſelf. In a word, there are no people who ever made the leaſt uſe of him, but have ſuffered by his ſubtlety: his preſent greatneſs being wholly owing to his deceiving thoſe who were unacquainted with him, and making them the inſtruments of his ſucceſs. As theſe ſtates therefore raiſed him, while each imagined he was promoting ſome intereſt of theirs; theſe ſtates muſt alſo reduce him to his former meanneſs, as it now appears that his own private intereſt was the end of all his actions.

Thus then, Athenians! is Philip circumſtanced. If not, let the man ſtand forth, who can prove to me, I ſhould have ſaid to this aſſembly, that I have aſſerted theſe things falſely; or that they whom he hath deceived in former inſtances, will confide in him for the future; or that the Theſſalians, who have been ſo baſely, ſo undeſervedly enſlaved, would not gladly embrace their freedom.—If there be any one among you, who acknowledges all this, yet thinks that Philip will ſupport his power, as he hath ſecured places of ſtrength, convenient ports, and other like advantages; he is deceived. For when forces join in harmony and affection, and one common intereſt unites the confederating powers, then they ſhare the toils with alacrity, they endure the diſtreſſes, they perſevere. But when extravagant ambition, and lawleſs power (as in his caſe) have aggrandiſed a ſingle perſon; the firſt pretence, the ſlighteſt accident, overthrows him, and all his greatneſs is daſhed at once to the ground. For it is not, no, Athenians! it is not poſſible to found a laſting power upon injuſtice, perjury, and treachery. Theſe may perhaps ſucceed for once; and borrow for a while, from hope, a gay and flouriſhing appearance. But time betrays their weakneſs; and they fall into ruin of themſelves. For,

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as in ſtructures of every kind, the lower parts ſhould have the greateſt firmneſs, ſo the grounds and principles of actions ſhould be juſt and true. But theſe advantages are not found in the actions of Philip.

I ſay then, that you ſhould diſpatch ſuccours to the Olynthians: (and the more honourably and expeditiouſly this is propoſed to be done, the more agreeably to my ſentiments) and ſend an embaſſy to the Theſſalians, to inform ſome, and to enliven that ſpirit already raiſed in others: (for it hath actually been reſolved to demand the reſtitution of Pegaſæ, and to aſſert their claim to Magneſia.) And let it be your care, Athenians, that our ambaſſadors may not depend only upon words, but give them ſome action to diſplay, by taking the field in a manner worthy of the ſtate, and engaging in the war with vigour. For words, if not accompanied by actions, muſt ever appear vain and contemptible; and particularly when they come from us, whoſe prompt abilities, and well-known eminence in ſpeaking, make us to be always heard with the greater ſuſpicion.

Would you indeed regain attention and confidence, your meaſures muſt be greatly changed, your conduct totally reformed, your fortunes, your perſons, muſt appear devoted to the common cauſe; your utmoſt efforts muſt be exerted. If you will act thus, as your honour and your intereſt require; then, Athenians, you will not only diſcover the weakneſs and inſincerity of the confederates of Philip, but the ruinous condition of his own kingdom will alſo be laid open. The power and ſovereignty of Macedon may have ſome weight indeed, when joined with others. Thus, when you marched againſt the Olynthians under the conduct of Timotheus, it proved an uſeful ally; when united with the Olynthians againſt Potidæa, it added ſomething to their force; juſt now, when the Theſſalians were in the midſt of diſorder, ſedition, and confuſion, it aided them againſt the family of their tyrants: (and in every caſe, any, even a ſmall acceſſion of ſtrength, is, in my opinion, of conſiderable effect.) But of itſelf, unſupported, it is infirm, it is totally diſtempered: for by all thoſe glaring exploits, which have given him this apparent greatneſs, his wars, his expeditions, he hath rendered it yet weaker than it was naturally. For you are not to imagine that the inclinations of his ſubjects are the ſame with thoſe of Philip. He thirſts for glory: this is his object, this he eagerly purſues, through toils and dangers of every kind; deſpiſing ſafety and life, when compared with the honour of atchieving ſuch actions as no other prince of Macedon could ever boaſt of. But his ſubjects have no part in this ambition. Harraſſed by thoſe various excurſions he is ever making, they groan under perpetual calamity; torn from their buſineſs, and their families, and without opportunity to diſpoſe of that pittance which their toils have earned; as all commerce is ſhut out from the coaſt of Macedon by the war.

Hence one may perceive how his ſubjects in general are affected to Philip. But then his auxiliaries, and the ſoldiers of his phalanx, have the character of wonderful forces, trained compleatly to war. And yet I can affirm, upon the credit of a perſon from that country, incapable of falſehood, that they have no ſuch ſuperiority. For, as he aſſures me, if any man of experience in military affairs ſhould be found among them, he diſmiſſes all ſuch, from an ambition of having every great action aſcribed wholly to himſelf: (for, beſides his other paſſions, the man hath this ambition in the higheſt degree.) And if any perſon, from a ſenſe of decency, or other virtuous principle, betrays a diſlike of his daily intemperance, and riotings, and obſcenities, he loſes all favour and regard; ſo that none are left about him, but wretches, who ſubſiſt on rapine and flattery, and who, when heated with wine, do not ſcruple to deſcend to ſuch inſtances of revelry, as it would ſhock you to repeat. Nor can the truth of this be doubted: for they whom we all conſpired to drive from hence, as infamous and abandoned, Callias the public ſervant, and others of the ſame ſtamp; buffoons, compoſers of lewd ſongs, in which they ridicule their companions: theſe are the perſons whom he entertains and careſſes. And theſe things, Athenians, trifling as they may appear to ſome, are to men of juſt diſcernment great indications of the weakneſs both of his mind and fortune. At preſent, his ſucceſſes caſt a ſhade over them; for proſperity hath great power to veil ſuch baſeneſs from obſervation. But let his arms meet with the leaſt diſgrace, and all his actions will be expoſed. This is a truth, of which he himſelf, Athenians! will, in my opinion, ſoon convince you, if the gods favour us, and you exert your vigour. For as in our bodies, while a man is in health, he feels no effect of any inward weakneſs; but, when diſeaſe attacks him, every thing becomes ſenſible,

ſenſible, in the veſſels, in the joints, or in whatever other part his frame may be diſordered; ſo in ſtates and monarchies, while they carry on a war abroad, their defects eſcape the general eye; but when once it approaches their own territory, then they are all detected.

If there be any one among you who, from Philip's good fortune, concludes that he muſt prove a formidable enemy; ſuch reaſoning is not unworthy a man of prudence. Fortune hath great influence, nay, the whole influence, in all human affairs: but then, were I to chuſe, I ſhould prefer the fortune of Athens (if you yourſelves will aſſert your own cauſe, with the leaſt degree of vigour) to this man's fortune. For we have many better reaſons to depend upon the favour of Heaven, than this man. But our preſent ſtate is, in my opinion, a ſtate of total inactivity; and he who will not exert his own ſtrength, cannot apply for aid, either to his friends or to the gods. It is not then ſurpriſing, that he who is himſelf ever amidſt the dangers and labours of the field; who is every-where; whom no opportunity eſcapes; to whom no ſeaſon is unfavourable! ſhould be ſuperior to you, who are wholly engaged in contriving delays, and framing decrees, and enquiring after news. I am not ſurpriſed at this, for the contrary muſt have been ſurpriſing: if we, who never act in any ſingle inſtance, as becomes a ſtate engaged in war, ſhould conquer him, who, in every inſtance, acts with an indefatigable vigilance. This indeed ſurpriſes me; that you, who fought the cauſe of Greece againſt Lacedemon, and generouſly declined all the many favourable opportunities of aggrandizing yourſelves; who, to ſecure their property to others, parted with your own, by your contributions; and bravely expoſed yourſelves in battle; ſhould now decline the ſervice of the field, and delay the neceſſary ſupplies, when called to the defence of your own rights: that you, in whom Greece in general, and each particular ſtate, hath often found protection, ſhould ſit down quiet ſpectators of your own private wrongs. This I ſay ſurpriſes me: and one thing more; that not a man among you can reflect how long a time we have been at war with Philip, and in what meaſures, this time hath all been waſted. You are not to be informed, that, in delaying, in hoping that others would aſſert our cauſe, in accuſing each other, in impeaching, then again entertaining hopes, in ſuch meaſures as are now purſued, that time hath been intirely waſted. And are you ſo devoid of apprehenſion, as to imagine, when our ſtate hath been reduced from greatneſs to wretchedneſs, that the very ſame conduct will raiſe us from wretchedneſs to greatneſs? No! this is not reaſonable, it is not natural; for it is much eaſier to defend, than to acquire dominions. But, now, the war hath left us nothing to defend: we muſt acquire. And to this work you yourſelves alone are equal.

This, then, is my opinion. You ſhould raiſe ſupplies; you ſhould take the field with alacrity. Proſecutions ſhould be all ſuſpended until you have recovered your affairs; let each man's ſentence be determined by his actions: honour thoſe who have deſerved applauſe; let the iniquitous meet their puniſhment: let there be no pretences, no deficiencies on your part; for you cannot bring the actions of others to a ſevere ſcrutiny, unleſs you have firſt been careful of your own duty. What indeed can be the reaſon, think ye, that every man whom ye have ſent out at the head of an army, hath deſerted your ſervice, and fought out ſome private expedition? (if we muſt ſpeak ingenuouſly of theſe our generals alſo,) the reaſon is this: when engaged in the ſervice of the ſtate, the prize for which they fight is yours. Thus, ſhould Amphipolis be now taken, you inſtantly poſſeſs yourſelves of it: the commanders have all the danger, the rewards they do not ſhare. But, in their private enterpriſes, the dangers are leſs; the acquiſitions are all ſhared by the generals and ſoldiers; as were Lampſacus, Sigæum, and thoſe veſſels which they plundered. Thus are they all determined by their private intereſt. And, when you turn your eyes to the wretched ſtate of your affairs, you bring your generals to a trial; you grant them leave to ſpeak; you hear the neceſſities they plead; and then acquit them. Nothing then remains for us, but to be diſtracted with endleſs conteſts and diviſions: (ſome urging theſe, ſome thoſe meaſures) and to feel the public calamity. For in former times, Athenians, you divided into claſſes, to raiſe ſupplies. Now the buſineſs of theſe claſſes is to govern; each hath an orator at its head, and a general, who is his creature; the THREE HUNDRED are aſſiſtants to theſe, and the reſt of you divide, ſome to this, ſome to that party. You muſt rectify theſe diſorders: you muſt appear yourſelves: you muſt leave the power of ſpeaking, of adviſing, and of acting, open to every citizen.

But if you suffer some persons to issue out their mandates, as with a royal authority; if one set of men be forced to fit out ships, to raise supplies, to take up arms; while others are only to make decrees against them, without any charge, any employment besides; it is not possible that any thing can be effected seasonably and successfully: for the injured party ever will desert you; and then your sole resource will be to make them feel your resentment instead of your enemies.

To sum up all, my sentiments are these:—That every man should contribute in proportion to his fortune; that all should take the field in their turns, until all have served; that whoever appears in this place, should be allowed to speak: and that, when you give your voices, your true interest only should determine you, not the authority of this or the other speaker. Pursue this course, and then your applause will not be lavished on some orator, the moment he concludes; you yourselves will share it hereafter, when you find how greatly you have advanced the interests of your state.

Leland.

§ 3. *The second Olynthiac Oration: pronounced in the same Year.*

INTRODUCTION.

To remove the impression made on the minds of the Athenians by the preceding oration, Demades and other popular leaders in the interests of Philip rose up, and opposed the propositions of Demosthenes, with all their eloquence. Their opposition, however, proved ineffectual: for the assembly decreed, that relief should be sent to the Olynthians: and thirty gallies and two thousand forces were accordingly dispatched, under the command of Chares. But these succours, consisting intirely of mercenaries, and commanded by a general of no great reputation, could not be of considerable service: and were besides suspected, and scarcely less dreaded by the Olynthians than the Macedonians themselves. In the mean time, the progress of Philip's arms could meet with little interruption. He reduced several places in the region of Chalcis, razed the fortress of Zeira, and, having twice defeated the Olynthians in the field, at last shut them up in their city. In this emergency, they again applied to the Athenians, and pressed for fresh and effectual succours. In the following oration, Demosthenes endeavours to support this petition; and to prove, that both the honour and the interest of the Athenians demanded their immediate compliance. As the expence of the armament was the great point of difficulty, he recommends the abrogation of such laws, as prevented the proper settlement of the funds necessary for carrying on a war of such importance. The nature of these laws will come immediately to be explained.

It appears, from the beginning of this oration, that other speakers had arisen before Demosthenes, and inveighed loudly against Philip. Full of the national prejudices, or disposed to flatter the Athenians in their notions of the dignity and importance of their state, they breathed nothing but indignation against the enemy, and possibly, with some contempt of his present enterprises, proposed to the Athenians to correct his arrogance, by an invasion of his own kingdom. Demosthenes, on the contrary, insists on the necessity of self-defence; endeavours to rouse his hearers from their security, by the terror of impending danger; and affects to consider the defence of Olynthus, as the last and only means of preserving the very being of Athens.

I AM by no means affected in the same manner, Athenians! when I review the state of our affairs, and when I attend to those speakers, who have now declared their sentiments. They insist, that we should punish Philip: but our affairs, situated as they now appear, warn us to guard against the dangers with which we ourselves are threatened. Thus far therefore I must differ from these speakers, that I apprehend they have not proposed the proper object of your attention. There was a time indeed, I know it well, when the state could have possessed her own dominions in security, and sent out her armies to inflict chastisement on Philip. I myself have seen that time when we enjoyed such power. But, now, I am persuaded we should confine ourselves to the protection of our allies. When this is once effected, then we may consider the punishment his outrages have merited. But, till the first great point be well secured, it is weakness to debate about our more remote concernments.

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And now, Athenians, if ever we ſtood in need of mature deliberation and counſel, the preſent juncture calls loudly for them. To point out the courſe to be purſued on this emergency, I do not think the greateſt difficulty: but I am in doubt in what manner to propoſe my ſentiments; for all that I have obſerved, and all that I have heard, convinces me, that moſt of your misfortunes have proceeded from a want of inclination to purſue the neceſſary meaſures, not from ignorance of them.—Let me intreat you, that, if I now ſpeak with an unuſual boldneſs, ye may bear it: conſidering only, whether I ſpeak truth, and with a ſincere intention to advance your future intereſts: for you now ſee, that by ſome orators, who ſtudy but to gain your favour, our affairs have been reduced to the extremity of diſtreſs.

I think it neceſſary, in the firſt place, to recal ſome late tranſactions to your thoughts. You may remember, Athenians, that, about three or four years ſince, you received advice that Philip was in Thrace, and had laid ſiege to the fortreſs of Heræa. It was then the month of November. Great commotions and debates aroſe. It was reſolved to ſend out forty gallies; that all citizens, under the age of five and forty, ſhould themſelves embark; and that ſixty talents ſhould be raiſed. Thus it was agreed; that year paſſed away; then came in the months July, Auguſt, September. In this laſt month, with great difficulty, when the myſteries had firſt been celebrated, you ſent out Charidemus, with juſt ten veſſels unmanned, and five talents of ſilver. For when reports came of the ſickneſs, and the death of Philip (both of theſe were affirmed) you laid aſide your intended armament, imagining, that at ſuch a juncture, there was no need of ſuccours. And yet this was the very critical moment; for, had they been diſpatched with the ſame alacrity with which they were granted, Philip would not have then eſcaped, to become that formidable enemy he now appears.

But what was then done, cannot be amended. Now we have the opportunity of another war: that war I mean, which hath induced me to bring theſe tranſactions into view, that you may not once more fall into the ſame errors. How then ſhall we improve this opportunity? *This is the only queſtion.* For, if you are not reſolved to aſſiſt with all the force you can command, you are really ſerving under Philip, you are fighting on his ſide. The Olynthians are a people, whoſe power was thought conſiderable. Thus were the circumſtances of affairs: Philip could not confide in them; they looked with equal ſuſpicion upon Philip. We and they then entered into mutual engagements of peace and alliance: this was a grievous embarraſſment to Philip, that we ſhould have a powerful ſtate confederated with us, ſpies upon the incidents of his fortune. It was agreed, that we ſhould, by all means, engage this people in a war with him: and now, what we all ſo earneſtly deſired, is effected; the manner is of no moment. What then remains for us, Athenians, but to ſend immediate and effectual ſuccours, I cannot ſee. For beſides the diſgrace that muſt attend us, if any of our intereſts are ſupinely diſregarded, I have no ſmall apprehenſions of the conſequence, (the Thebans affected as they are towards us, and the Phocians exhauſted of their treaſures) if Philip be left at full liberty to lead his armies into theſe territories, when his preſent enterpriſes are accompliſhed. If any one among you can be ſo far immerſed in indolence as to ſuffer this, he muſt chuſe to be witneſs of the miſery of his own country, rather than to hear of that which ſtrangers ſuffer; and to ſeek aſſiſtants for himſelf, when it is now in his power to grant aſſiſtance to others. That this muſt be the conſequence, if we do not exert ourſelves on the preſent occaſion, there can ſcarcely remain the leaſt doubt among us.

But, as to the neceſſity of ſending ſuccours, this, it may be ſaid, we are agreed in; this is our reſolution. But how ſhall we be enabled? that is the point to be explained. Be not ſurpriſed, Athenians, if my ſentiments on this occaſion ſeem repugnant to the general ſenſe of this aſſembly. Appoint magiſtrates for the inſpection of your laws: not in order to enact any new laws; you have already a ſufficient number; but to repeal thoſe, whoſe ill effects you now experience. I mean the laws relating to the theatrical funds (thus openly I declare it) and ſome about the ſoldiery. By the firſt, the ſoldier's pay goes as theatrical expences to the uſeleſs and inactive; the others ſcreen thoſe from juſtice, who decline the ſervice of the field, and thus damp the ardour of thoſe diſpoſed to ſerve us. When you have repealed theſe, and rendered it conſiſtent with ſafety to advice you juſtly, then ſeek for ſome perſon to propoſe that decree, which you all are ſenſible the common good requires. But, till this be done, expect not that any man will urge your true

intereſt,

intereſt, when, for urging your true intereſt, you repay him with deſtruction. Ye will never find ſuch zeal; eſpecially ſince the conſequence can be only this; he who offers his opinion, and moves for your concurrence, ſuffers ſome unmerited calamity; but your affairs are not in the leaſt advanced: nay, this additional inconvenience muſt ariſe, that for the future it will appear more dangerous to adviſe you, than even at preſent. And the authors of theſe laws ſhould alſo be the authors of their repeal. For it is not juſt that the public favour ſhould be beſtowed on them, who in framing theſe laws, have greatly injured the community; and that the odium ſhould fall on him, whoſe freedom and ſincerity are of important ſervice to us all. Until theſe regulations be made, you are not to think any man ſo great that he may violate theſe laws with impunity; or ſo devoid of reaſon, as to plunge himſelf into open and foreſeen deſtruction.

And be not ignorant of this, Athenians, that a decree is of no ſignificance, unleſs attended with reſolution and alacrity to execute it. For were decrees of themſelves ſufficient to engage you to perform your duty, could they even execute the things which they enact; ſo many would not have been made to ſo little, or rather to no good purpoſe; nor would the inſolence of Philip have had ſo long a date. For, if decrees can puniſh, he hath long ſince felt all their fury. But they have no ſuch power: for, though propoſing and reſolving be firſt in order, yet, in force and efficacy, action is ſuperior. Let this then be your principal concern; the others you cannot want: for you have men among you capable of adviſing, and you are of all people moſt acute in apprehending: now, let your intereſt direct you, and it will be in your power to be as remarkable for acting. What ſeaſon indeed, what opportunity do you wait for, more favourable than the preſent? Or when will you exert your vigour, if not now, my countrymen? Hath not this man ſeized all thoſe places that were ours? Should he become maſter of this country too, muſt we not ſink into the loweſt ſtate of infamy? Are not they whom we have promiſed to aſſiſt, whenever they are engaged in war, now attacked themſelves? Is he not our enemy? Is he not in poſſeſſion of our dominions? Is he not a barbarian? Is he not every baſe thing words can expreſs? If we are inſenſible to all this, if we almoſt aid his deſigns; heavens! can we then aſk to whom the conſequences are owing? Yes, I know full well, we never will impute them to ourſelves. Juſt as in the dangers of the field: not one of thoſe who fly will accuſe himſelf; he will rather blame the general, or his fellow-ſoldiers: yet every ſingle man that fled was acceſſary to the defeat. He who blames others might have maintained his own poſt; and, had every man maintained his, ſucceſs muſt have enſued. Thus then, in the preſent caſe, is there a man whoſe counſel ſeems liable to objection? Let the next riſe, and not inveigh againſt him, but declare his own opinion. Doth another offer ſome more ſalutary counſel? Purſue it, in the name of Heaven. "But then it is not pleaſing." This is not the fault of the ſpeaker, unleſs in that he hath neglected to expreſs his affection in prayers and wiſhes. To pray is eaſy, Athenians; and in one petition may be collected as many inſtances of good fortune as we pleaſe. To determine juſtly, when affairs are to be conſidered, is not ſo eaſy. But what is moſt uſeful ſhould ever be preferred to that which is agreeable, where both cannot be obtained.

But if there be a man who will leave us the theatrical funds, and propoſe other ſubſidies for the ſervice of the war, are we not rather to attend to him? I grant it, Athenians! if that man can be found. But I ſhould account it wonderful, if it ever did, if it ever can happen to any man on earth, that while he laviſhes his preſent poſſeſſions on unneceſſary occaſions, ſome future funds ſhould be procured, to ſupply his real neceſſities. But ſuch propoſals find a powerful advocate in the breaſt of every hearer. So that nothing is ſo eaſy as to deceive one's ſelf; for what we wiſh, that we readily believe; but ſuch expectations are oftentimes inconſiſtent with our affairs. On this occaſion, therefore, let your affairs direct you: then will you be enabled to take the field; then you will have your full pay. And men, whoſe judgments are well directed, and whoſe ſouls are great, could not ſupport the infamy which muſt attend them, if obliged to deſert any of the operations of a war, from the want of money. They could not, after ſnatching up their arms, and marching againſt the Corinthians and Megareans, ſuffer Philip to enſlave the ſtates of Greece, through the want of proviſions for their forces. I ſay not this wantonly, to raiſe the reſentment of ſome among you. No; I am not ſo unhappily perverſe as to ſtudy to be hated, when no good purpoſe can

can be anſwered by it: but it is my opinion, that every honeſt ſpeaker ſhould preſer the intereſt of the ſtate to the favour of his hearers. This (I am aſſured, and perhaps you need not be informed) was the principle which actuated the public conduct of thoſe of our anceſtors who ſpoke in this aſſembly (men, whom the preſent ſet of orators are ever ready to applaud, but whoſe example they by no means imitate): ſuch were Ariſtides, Nicias, the former Demoſthenes, and Pericles. But ſince we have had ſpeakers, who, before their public appearance, aſk you "What do you deſire? What "ſhall I propoſe? How can I oblige you?" The intereſt of our country hath been ſacrificed to momentary pleaſure, and popular favour. Thus have we been diſtreſſed; thus have theſe men riſen to greatneſs, and you ſunk into diſgrace.

And here let me intreat your attention to a ſummary account of the conduct of your anceſtors, and of your own. I ſhall mention but a few things, and theſe well known (for, if you would purſue the way to happineſs, you need not look abroad for leaders) our own countrymen point it out. Theſe our anceſtors, therefore, whom the orators never courted, never treated with that indulgence with which you are flattered, held the ſovereignty of Greece with general conſent, five and forty years; depoſited above ten thouſand talents in our public treaſury; kept the king of this country in that ſubjection, which a barbarian owes to Greeks; erected monuments of many and illuſtrious actions, which they themſelves atchieved by land and ſea; in a word, are the only perſons who have tranſmitted to poſterity ſuch glory as is ſuperior to envy. Thus great do they appear in the affairs of Greece. Let us now view them within the city, both in their public and private conduct. And, firſt, the edifices which their adminiſtrations have given us, their decorations of our temples, and the offerings depoſited by them, are ſo numerous and ſo magnificent, that all the efforts of poſterity cannot exceed them. Then, in private life, ſo exemplary was their moderation, their adherence to the ancient manners ſo ſcrupulouſly exact, that if any of you ever diſcovered the houſe of Ariſtides, or Miltiades, or any of the illuſtrious men of thoſe times, he muſt know that it was not diſtinguiſhed by the leaſt extraordinary ſplendor. For they did not ſo conduct the public buſineſs as to aggrandiſe themſelves; their ſole great object was to exalt the ſtate. And thus, by their faithful attachment to Greece, by their piety to the gods, and by that equality which they maintained among themſelves, they were raiſed, and no wonder, to the ſummit of proſperity.

Such was the ſtate of Athens at that time, when the men I have mentioned were in power. But what is your condition under theſe indulgent miniſters who now direct us? Is it the ſame, or nearly the ſame? Other things I ſhall paſs over, though I might expatiate on them. Let it only be obſerved, that we are now, as you all ſee, left without competitors; the Lacedemonians loſt; the Thebans engaged at home; and not one of all the other ſtates of conſequence ſufficient to diſpute the ſovereignty with us. Yet, at a time when we might have enjoyed our own dominions in ſecurity, and been the umpires in all diſputes abroad; our territories have been wreſted from us; we have expended above one thouſand five hundred talents to no purpoſe; the allies which we gained in war have been loſt in time of peace; and to this degree of power have we raiſed an enemy againſt ourſelves. (For let the man ſtand forth who can ſhew, whence Philip hath derived his greatneſs, if not from us.)

"Well! if theſe affairs have but an un-
"favourable aſpect, yet thoſe within the
"city are much more flouriſhing than ever."
Where are the proofs of this? The walls which have been whitened? the ways we have repaired? the ſupplies of water, and ſuch trifles? Turn your eyes to the men, of whoſe adminiſtrations theſe are the fruits. Some of whom, from the loweſt ſtate of poverty, have ariſen ſuddenly to affluence; ſome from meanneſs to renown; others have made their own private houſes much more magnificent than the public edifices. Juſt as the ſtate hath fallen, their private fortunes have been raiſed.

And what cauſe can we aſſign for this? How is it that our affairs were once ſo flouriſhing, and now in ſuch diſorder? Becauſe formerly, the people dared to take up arms themſelves; were themſelves maſters of thoſe in employment, diſpoſers themſelves of all emoluments: ſo that every citizen thought himſelf happy to derive honours and authority, and all advantages whatever from the people. But now, on the contrary, favours are all diſpenſed, affairs all tranſacted by the miniſters; while you, quite enervated, robbed of your riches, your allies, ſtand in the mean rank of ſervants and aſſiſtants: happy if theſe men grant you the theatrical appoint-

appointments, and send you scraps of the public meal. And, what is of all most sordid, you hold yourselves obliged to them for that which is your own, while they confine you within these walls, lead you on gently to their purposes, and soothe and tame you to obedience. Nor is it possible, that they who are engaged in low and grovelling pursuits, can entertain great and generous sentiments. No! such as their employments are, so must their dispositions prove.—And now I call Heaven to witness, that it will not surprise me, if I suffer more by mentioning this your condition, than they who have involved you in it! Freedom of speech you do not allow on all occasions; and that you have now admitted it, excites my wonder.

But if you will at length be prevailed on to change your conduct; if you will take the field, and act worthy of Athenians; if these redundant sums which you receive at home be applied to the advancement of your affairs abroad; perhaps, my countrymen! perhaps some instance of consummate good fortune may attend you, and ye may become so happy as to despise those pittances, which are like the morsels that a physician allows his patient. For these do not restore his vigour, but just keep him from dying. So, your distributions cannot serve any valuable purpose, but are just sufficient to divert your attention from all other things, and thus increase the indolence of every one among you.

But I shall be asked, "What then! is it "your opinion that these sums should pay "our army?"—And besides this, that the state should be regulated in such a manner, that every one may have his share of public business, and approve himself an useful citizen, on what occasion soever his aid may be required. Is it in his power to live in peace? He will live here with greater dignity, while these supplies prevent him from being tempted by indigence to any thing dishonourable. Is he called forth by an emergency like the present? Let him discharge that sacred duty which he owes to his country, by applying these sums to his support in the field. Is there a man among you past the age of service? Let him, by inspecting and conducting the public business, regularly merit his share of the distributions which he now receives, without any duty enjoined, or any return made to the community. And thus, with scarcely any alteration, either of abolishing or innovating, all irregularities are removed, and the state completely settled; by appointing one general regulation, which shall entitle our citizens to receive, and at the same time oblige them to take arms, to administer justice, to act in all cases as their time of life, and our affairs require. But it never hath, nor could it have been moved by me, that the rewards of the diligent and active should be bestowed on the useless citizen: or that you should sit here, supine, languid, and irresolute, listening to the exploits of some general's foreign troops (for thus it is at present)—not that I would reflect on him who serves you in any instance. But you yourselves, Athenians, should perform those services, for which you heap honours upon others, and not recede from that illustrious rank of virtue, the price of all the glorious toils of your ancestors, and by them bequeathed to you.

Thus have I laid before you the chief points in which I think you interested. It is your part to embrace that opinion, which the welfare of the state in general, and that of every single member, recommends to your acceptance. *Leland.*

§ 4. *The third Olynthiac Oration: pronounced in the same Year.*

INTRODUCTION.

The preceding oration had no further effect upon the Athenians, than to prevail on them to send orders to Charidemus, who commanded for them at the Hellespont, to make an attempt to relieve Olynthus. He accordingly led some forces into Chalcis, which, in conjunction with the forces of Olynthus, ravaged Pallene, a peninsula of Macedon, towards Thrace and Bottia, a country on the confines of Chalcis, which among other towns contained Pella, the capital of Macedon.

But these attempts could not divert Philip from his resolution of reducing Olynthus, which he had now publicly avowed. The Olynthians, therefore, found it necessary to have once more recourse to Athens: and to request, that they would send troops, composed of citizens, animated with a sincere ardor for their interest, their own glory, and the common cause.

Demosthenes, in the following oration, insists on the importance of saving Olynthus; alarms his hearers with the apprehension of a war, which actually threatened Attica, and even the capital;

pital; urges the neceſſity of perſonal ſervice; and returns to his charge of the miſapplication of the public money; but in ſuch a manner, as ſheweth, that his former remonſtrances had not the deſired effect.

I AM perſuaded, Athenians! that you would account it leſs valuable to poſſeſs the greateſt riches, than to have the true intereſt of the ſtate on this emergency clearly laid before you. It is your part, therefore, readily and chearfully to attend to all who are diſpoſed to offer their opinions. For your regards need not be confined to thoſe, whoſe counſels are the effect of premeditation: it is your good fortune to have men among you, who can at once ſuggeſt many points of moment. From opinions, therefore, of every kind, you may eaſily chuſe that moſt conducive to your intereſt.

And now, Athenians, the preſent juncture calls upon us; we almoſt hear its voice, declaring loudly, that you yourſelves muſt engage in theſe affairs, if you have the leaſt attention to your own ſecurity. You entertain I know not what ſentiments, on this occaſion: my opinion is, that the reinforcements ſhould be inſtantly decreed; that they ſhould be raiſed with all poſſible expedition; that ſo our ſuccours may be ſent from this city, and all former inconveniencies be avoided; and that you ſhould ſend ambaſſadors to notify theſe things, and to ſecure our intereſts by their preſence. For as he is a man of conſummate policy, compleat in the art of turning every incident to his own advantage; there is the utmoſt reaſon to fear, that partly by conceſſions, where they may be ſeaſonable; partly by menaces, (and his menaces may be believed) and partly by rendering us and our abſence ſuſpected; he may tear from us ſomething of the laſt importance, and force it into his own ſervice.

Thoſe very circumſtances, however, which contribute to the power of Philip, are happily the moſt favourable to us. For that uncontrolled command, with which he governs all tranſactions public and ſecret; his intire direction of his army, as their leader, their ſovereign, and their treaſurer; and his diligence, in giving life to every part of it, by his preſence; theſe things greatly contribute to carrying on a war with expedition and ſucceſs, but are powerful obſtacles to that accommodation, which he would gladly make with the Olynthians. For the Olynthians ſee plainly, that they do not now fight for glory, or for part of their territory, but to defend their ſtate from diſſolution and ſlavery. They know how he rewarded thoſe traitors of Amphipolis, who made him maſter of that city; and thoſe of Pydna, who opened their gates to him. In a word, free ſtates, I think, muſt ever look with ſuſpicion on an abſolute monarchy: but a neighbouring monarchy muſt double their apprehenſions.

Convinced of what hath now been offered, and poſſeſſed with every other juſt and worthy ſentiment; you muſt be reſolved, Athenians; you muſt exert your ſpirit; you muſt apply to the war, now, if ever; your fortunes, your perſons, your whole powers, are now demanded. There is no excuſe, no pretence left, for declining the performance of your duty. For that which you were all ever urging loudly, that the Olynthians ſhould be engaged in a war with Philip, hath now happened of itſelf; and this in a manner moſt agreeable to our intereſt. For, if they had entered into this war at our perſuaſion, they muſt have been precarious allies, without ſteadineſs or reſolution: but, as their private injuries have made them enemies to Philip, it is probable that enmity will be laſting, both on account of what they fear, and what they have already ſuffered. My countrymen! let not ſo favourable an opportunity eſcape you: do not repeat that error which hath been ſo often fatal to you. For when, at our return from aſſiſting the Eubœans, Hierax and Stratocles, citizens of Amphipolis, mounted this gallery, and preſſed you to ſend out your navy, and to take their city under your protection; had we diſcovered that reſolution in our own cauſe, which we exerted for the ſafety of Eubœa; then had Amphipolis been yours; and all thoſe difficulties had been avoided, in which you have been ſince involved. Again, when we received advice of the ſieges of Pydna, Potidæa, Methone, Pagaſæ, and other places, (for I would not detain you with a particular recital) had we ourſelves marched with a due ſpirit and alacrity to the relief of the firſt of theſe cities, we ſhould now find much more compliance, much more humility in Philip. But by ſtill neglecting the preſent, and imagining our future intereſts will not demand our care; we have aggrandized our enemy, we have raiſed him to a degree of eminence, greater than any king of Macedon hath ever yet enjoyed.—Now we have another opportunity. That which the Olynthians,

thians, of themſelves, preſent to the ſtate: one no leſs conſiderable than any of the former.

And, in my opinion, Athenians! if a man were to bring the dealings of the gods towards us to a fair account, though many things might appear not quite agreeable to our wiſhes, yet he would acknowledge that we had been highly favoured by them; and with great reaſon: for that many places have been loſt in the courſe of war, is truly to be charged to our own weak conduct. But that the difficulties, ariſen from hence, have not long affected us; and that an alliance now preſents itſelf to remove them, if we are diſpoſed to make the juſt uſe of it; this I cannot but aſcribe to the divine goodneſs. But the ſame thing happens in this caſe, as in the uſe of riches. If a man be careful to ſave thoſe he hath acquired, he readily acknowledges the kindneſs of fortune: but if by his imprudence they be once loſt; with them he alſo loſes the ſenſe of gratitude. So in political affairs, they who neglect to improve their opportunities, forget the favours which the gods have beſtowed; for it is the ultimate event which generally determines mens judgment of every thing precedent. And, therefore, all affairs hereafter ſhould engage your ſtricteſt care; that, by correcting our errors, we may wipe off the inglorious ſtain of paſt actions. But ſhould we be deaf to theſe men too, and ſhould he be ſuffered to ſubvert Olynthus; ſay, what can prevent him from marching his forces into whatever territory he pleaſes?

Is there a man among you, Athenians! who reflects not by what ſteps, Philip, from a beginning ſo inconſiderable, hath mounted to this height of power? Firſt, he took Amphipolis: then he became maſter of Pydna; then Potidæa fell; then Methone: then came his inroad into Theſſaly: after this, having diſpoſed affairs at Pheræ, at Pagaſæ, at Magneſia, intirely as he pleaſed, he marched into Thrace. Here, while engaged in expelling ſome, and eſtabliſhing other princes, he fell ſick. Again, recovering, he never turned a moment from his courſe to eaſe or indulgence, but inſtantly attacked the Olynthians. His expeditions againſt the Illyrians, the Pæonians, againſt Arymbas, I paſs all over.—But I may be aſked, why this recital, now? That you may know and ſee your own error, in ever neglecting ſome part of your affairs, as if beneath your regard: and that active ſpirit with which Philip purſueth his deſigns: which ever fires him; and which never can permit him to reſt ſatisfied with thoſe things he hath already accompliſhed. If then he determines firmly and invariably to purſue his conqueſts; and if we are obſtinately reſolved againſt every vigorous and effectual meaſure: think, what conſequences may we expect! In the name of Heaven, can any man be ſo weak, as not to know, that, by neglecting this war, we are transferring it from that country to our own! And ſhould this happen, I fear, Athenians! that as they who inconſiderately borrow money upon high intereſt, after a ſhort-lived affluence are deprived of their own fortunes; ſo we, by this continued indolence, by conſulting only our eaſe and pleaſure, may be reduced to the grievous neceſſity of engaging in affairs the moſt ſhocking and diſagreeable, and of expoſing ourſelves in the defence of this our native territory.

To cenſure, ſome one may tell me, is eaſy, and in the power of every man: but that the true counſellor ſhould point out that conduct which the preſent exigence demands. —Senſible as I am, Athenians, that when your expectations have in any inſtance been diſappointed, your reſentmentment frequently falls not on thoſe who merit it, but on him who hath ſpoken laſt; yet I cannot, from a regard to my own ſafety, ſuppreſs what I deem of moment to lay before you. I ſay then, this occaſion calls for a twofold armament. Firſt, we are to defend the cities of the Olynthians, and for this purpoſe to detach a body of forces: in the next place, in order to infeſt his kingdom, we are to ſend out our navy manned with other levies. If you neglect either of theſe, I fear your expedition will be fruitleſs. For, if you content yourſelves with infeſting his dominions, this he will endure, until he is maſter of Olynthus, and then he can with eaſe repel the invaſion; or, if you only ſend ſuccours to the Olynthians, when he ſees his own kingdom free from danger, he will apply with conſtancy and vigilance to the war, and at length weary out the beſieged to a ſubmiſſion. Your levies therefore muſt be conſiderable enough to ſerve both purpoſes.—Theſe are my ſentiments with reſpect to our armament.

And now, as to the expence of theſe preparations. You are already provided for the payment of your forces better than any other people. This proviſion is diſtributed among yourſelves in the manner moſt agreeable; but if you reſtore it to the army, the ſupplies will be complete without any addition; if not, an addition will be neceſſary

or the whole, rather, will remain to be raiſed. " How then (I may be aſked) do " you move for a decree to apply thoſe " funds to the military ſervice?" By no means! it is my opinion indeed, that an army muſt be raiſed; that this money really belongs to the army; and that the ſame regulation which entitles our citizens to receive, ſhould oblige them alſo to act. At preſent you expend theſe ſums on entertainments, without regard to your affairs. It remains then that a general contribution be raiſed: a great one, if a great one be required: a ſmall one, if ſuch may be ſufficient. Money muſt be found: without it nothing can be effected: various ſchemes are propoſed by various perſons: do you make that choice which you think moſt advantageous; and, while you have an opportunity, exert yourſelves in the care of your intereſts.

It is worthy your attention to conſider, how the affairs of Philip are at this time circumſtanced. For they are by no means ſo well diſpoſed, ſo very flouriſhing, as an inattentive obſerver would pronounce. Nor would he have engaged in this war at all, had he thought he ſhould have been obliged to maintain it. He hoped that, the moment he appeared, all things would fall before him. But theſe hopes were vain. And this diſappointment, in the firſt place, troubles and diſpirits him. Then the Theſſalians alarm him; a people remarkable for their perfidy on all occaſions, and to all perſons. And juſt as they have ever proved, even ſo he finds them now. For they have reſolved in council to demand the reſtitution of Pagaſæ, and have oppoſed his attempt to fortify Magneſia: and I am informed, that for the future he is to be excluded from their ports and markets, as theſe conveniencies belong to the ſtates of Theſſaly, and are not to be intercepted by Philip. And, ſhould he be deprived of ſuch a fund of wealth, he muſt be greatly ſtreightened to ſupport his foreign troops. Beſides this, we muſt ſuppoſe that the Pæonians and the Illyrians, and all the others, would prefer freedom and independence to a ſtate of ſlavery. They are not accuſtomed to ſubjection, and the inſolence of this man, it is ſaid, knows no bounds; nor is this improbable: for great and unexpected ſucceſs is apt to hurry weak minds into extravagancies. Hence it often proves much more difficult to maintain acquiſitions, than to acquire. It is your part, therefore, to regard the time of his diſtreſs as your moſt favourable opportunity: improve it to the utmoſt; ſend out your embaſſies; take the field yourſelves, and excite a general ardor abroad; ever conſidering how readily Philip would attack us, if he were favoured by any incident like this, if a war had broken out on our borders. And would it not be ſhameful to want the reſolution to bring that diſtreſs on him, which, had it been equally in his power, he certainly would have made you feel?

This too demands your attention, Athenians! that you are now to determine whether it be moſt expedient to carry the war into his country, or to fight him here. If Olynthus be defended, Macedon will be the ſeat of war: you may harraſs his kingdom, and enjoy your own territories free from apprehenſions. But, ſhould that nation be ſubdued by Philip, who will oppoſe his marching hither? will the Thebans? let it not be thought ſevere when I affirm that they will join readily in the invaſion. Will the Phocians? a people ſcarcely able to defend their own country, without your aſſiſtance. Will any others?—" But, Sir," cries ſome one, " he would make no ſuch " attempt."—This would be the greateſt of abſurdities; not to execute thoſe threats, when he hath full power, which, now when they appear ſo idle and extravagant, he yet dares to utter. And I think you are not yet to learn how great would be the difference between our engaging him here, and there. Were we to be only thirty days abroad, and to draw all the neceſſaries of the camp from our own lands, even were there no enemy to ravage them, the damage would, in my opinion, amount to more than the whole expence of the late war. Add then the preſence of an enemy, and how greatly muſt the calamity be increaſed: but, further, add the infamy; and to thoſe who judge rightly, no diſtreſs can be more grievous than the ſcandal of miſconduct.

It is incumbent therefore, upon us all, (juſtly influenced by theſe conſiderations) to unite vigorouſly in the common cauſe, and repel the danger that threatens this territory. Let the rich *exert themſelves on this occaſion*; that, by contributing a ſmall portion of their affluence, they may ſecure the peaceful poſſeſſion of the reſt. Let thoſe who are of the age for military duty; that, by learning the art of war in Philip's dominions, they may become formidable defenders of their native land. Let our orators, that they may ſafely ſubmit their conduct to the public inſpection. For

your judgment of their adminiſtrations will ever be determined by the event of things. And may we all contribute to render that favourable! *Leland.*

§ 5. *Oration againſt Catiline.*

THE ARGUMENT.

L. Sergius Catiline was of Patrician extraction, and had ſided with Sylla, during the civil wars between him and Marius. Upon the expiration of his prætorſhip, he was ſent to the government of Africa; and after his return, was accuſed of mal-adminiſtration by P. Clodius, under the conſulſhip of M. Emilius Lepidus, and L. Volcatius Tullus. It is commonly believed, that the deſign of the conſpiracy was formed about this time, three years before the oration Cicero here pronounces againſt it. Catiline, after his return from Africa, had ſued for the conſulſhip, but was rejected. The two following years he likewiſe ſtood candidate, but ſtill met with the ſame fate. It appears that he made a fourth attempt under the conſulſhip of Cicero, who made uſe of all his credit and authority to exclude him, in which he ſucceeded to his wiſh. After the picture Salluſt has drawn of Catiline, it were needleſs to attempt his character here; beſides that the four following orations will make the reader ſufficiently acquainted with it. This firſt ſpeech was pronounced in the ſenate, convened in the temple of Jupiter Stator, on the eighth of November, in the ſix hundred and ninth year of the city, and forty-fourth of Cicero's age. The occaſion of it was as follows: Catiline, and the other conſpirators, had met together in the houſe of one Marcus Lecca; where it was reſolved, that a general inſurrection ſhould be raiſed through Italy, the different parts of which were aſſigned to different leaders; that Catiline ſhould put himſelf at the head of the troops in Etruria; that Rome ſhould be fired in many places at once, and a maſſacre begun at the ſame time of the whole ſenate and all their enemies, of whom none were to be ſpared except the ſons of Pompey, who were to be kept as hoſtages of their peace and reconciliation with their father; that in the conſternation of the fire and maſſacre, Catiline ſhould be ready with his Tuſcan army to take the benefit of the public confuſion, and make himſelf maſter of the city; where Lentulus in the mean while, as firſt in dignity, was to preſide in their general councils; Caſſius to manage the affair of firing it; Cethegus to direct the maſſacre. But the vigilance of Cicero being the chief obſtacle to all their hopes, Catiline was very deſirous to ſee him taken off before he left Rome; upon which two knights of the company undertook to kill him the next morning in his bed, in an early viſit on pretence of buſineſs. They were both of his acquaintance, and uſed to frequent his houſe; and knowing his cuſtom of giving free acceſs to all, made no doubt of being readily admitted, as C. Cornelius, one of the two, afterwards confeſſed. The meeting was no ſooner over, than Cicero had information of all that paſſed in it: for by the intrigues of a woman named Fulvia, he had gained over Curius her gallant, one of the conſpirators of ſenatorian rank, to ſend him a punctual account of all their deliberations. He preſently imparted his intelligence to ſome of the chiefs of the city, who were aſſembled that evening, as uſual, at his houſe, informing them not only of the deſign, but naming the men who were to execute it, and the very hour when they would be at his gate: all which fell out exactly as he foretold; for the two knights came before break of day, but had the mortification to find the houſe well guarded, and all admittance refuſed to them. Next day Cicero ſummoned the ſenate to the temple of Jupiter in the capitol, where it was not uſually held but in times of public alarm. There had been ſeveral debates before this on the ſame ſubject of Catiline's treaſons, and his deſign of killing the conſul; and a decree had paſſed at the motion of Cicero, to offer a public reward to the firſt diſcoverer of the plot; if a ſlave, his liberty, and eight hundred pounds; if a citizen, his pardon, and ſixteen hundred. Yet Catiline, by a profound diſſimulation, and the conſtant profeſſions of his innocence, ſtill deceived many of all ranks; repreſenting the whole as the fiction of his enemy Cicero, and offering to give ſecurity for his behaviour, and to deliver himſelf

to the cuſtody of any whom the ſenate would name; of M. Lepidus, of the prætor Metellus, or of Cicero himſelf: but none of them would receive him; and Cicero plainly told him, that he ſhould never think himſelf ſafe in the ſame houſe, when he was in danger by living in the ſame city with him. Yet he ſtill kept on the maſk, and had the confidence to come to this very meeting in the capitol; which ſo ſhocked the whole aſſembly, that none even of his acquaintance durſt venture to ſalute him; and the conſular ſenators quitted that part of the houſe in which he ſat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Cicero was ſo provoked by his impudence, that inſtead of entering upon any buſineſs, as he deſigned, addreſſing himſelf directly to Catiline, he broke out into the preſent moſt ſevere invective againſt him; and with all the fire and force of an incenſed eloquence, laid open the whole courſe of his villainies, and the notoriety of his treaſons.

HOW far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuſe our patience? How long ſhall thy frantic rage baffle the efforts of juſtice? To what height meaneſt thou to carry thy daring inſolence? Art thou nothing daunted by the nocturnal watch poſted to ſecure the Palatium? nothing by the city guards? nothing by the conſternation of the people? nothing by the union of all the wiſe and worthy citizens? nothing by the ſenate's aſſembling in this place of ſtrength? nothing by the looks and countenances of all here preſent? Seeſt thou not that all thy deſigns are brought to light? that the ſenators are thoroughly apprized of thy conſpiracy? that they are acquainted with thy laſt night's practices; with the practices of the night before; with the place of meeting, the company ſummoned together, and the meaſures concerted? Alas for our degeneracy! alas for the depravity of the times! the ſenate is apprized of all this, the conſul beholds it; yet the traitor lives. Lives! did I ſay, he even comes into the ſenate; he ſhares in the public deliberations; he marks us out with his eye for deſtruction. While we, bold in our country's cauſe, think we have ſufficiciently diſcharged our duty to the ſtate, if we can but eſcape his rage and deadly darts. Long ſince, O Catiline, ought the conſul to have ordered thee for execution; and pointed upon thy own head that ruin thou haſt been long meditating againſt us all. Could that illuſtrious citizen Publius Scipio, ſovereign pontiff, but inveſted with no public magiſtracy, kill Tiberius Gracchus for raiſing ſome ſlight commotions in the commonwealth; and ſhall we conſuls ſuffer Catiline to live, who aims at laying waſte the world with fire and ſword? I omit, as too remote, the example of Q. Servilius Ahala, who with his own hand ſlew Spurius Melius, for plotting a revolution in the ſtate. Such, ſuch was the virtue of this republic in former times, that her brave ſons puniſhed more ſeverely a factious citizen, than the moſt inveterate public enemy. We have a weighty and vigorous decree of the ſenate againſt you, Catiline: the commonwealth wants not wiſdom, nor this houſe authority: but we, the conſuls, I ſpeak it openly, are wanting in our duty.

A decree once paſſed in the ſenate, enjoining the conſul L. Opimius to take care that the commonwealth received no detriment. The very ſame day Caius Gracchus was killed for ſome ſlight ſuſpicions of treaſon, though deſcended of a father, grandfather, and anceſtors, all eminent for their ſervices to the ſtate. Marcus Fulvius too, a man of conſular dignity, with his children, underwent the ſame fate. By a like decree of the ſenate, the care of the commonwealth was committed to the conſuls C. Marius and L. Valerius. Was a ſingle day permitted to paſs, before L. Saturninus, tribune of the people, and C. Servilius the prætor, ſatisfied by their death the juſtice of their country. But we, for theſe twenty days, have ſuffered the authority of the ſenate to languiſh in our hands. For we too have a like decree, but it reſts among our records like a ſword in the ſcabbard; a decree, O Catiline, by which you ought to have ſuffered immediate death. Yet ſtill you live; nay more, you live, not to lay aſide, but to harden yourſelf in your audacious guilt. I could wiſh, conſcript fathers, to be merciful; I could wiſh too not to appear remiſs when my country is threatened with danger; but I now begin to reproach myſelf with negligence and want of courage. A camp is formed in Italy, upon the very borders of Etruria, againſt the commonwealth. The enemy increaſe daily in number. At the ſame time we behold their general and leader within our walls; nay, in the ſenate-houſe itſelf, plotting daily ſome inteſtine miſchief againſt the ſtate. Should I order you, Catiline, to be inſtantly ſeized and put to death; I have reaſon to believe, good men would rather reproach

me with ſlowneſs than cruelty. But at preſent certain reaſons reſtrain me from this ſtep, which indeed ought to have been taken long ago. Thou ſhalt then ſuffer death, when not a man is to be found, ſo wicked, ſo deſperate, ſo like thyſelf, as not to own it was done juſtly. As long as there is one who dares to defend thee, thou ſhalt live; and live ſo as thou now doſt, ſurrounded by the numerous and powerful guards which I have placed about thee, ſo as not to ſuffer thee to ſtir a foot againſt the republic; whilſt the eyes and ears of many ſhall watch thee, as they have hitherto done, when thou little thoughteſt of it.

But what is it, Catiline, thou canſt now have in view, if neither the obſcurity of night can conceal thy traiterous aſſemblies, nor the walls of a private houſe prevent the voice of thy treaſon from reaching our ears? If all thy projects are diſcovered, and burſt into public view? Quit then your deteſtable purpoſe, and think no more of maſſacres and conflagrations. You are beſet on all hands; your moſt ſecret counſels are clear as noon-day; as you may eaſily gather, from the detail I am now to give you. You may remember that on the nineteenth of October laſt, I ſaid publicly in the ſenate, that before the twenty-fifth of the ſame month, C. Manlius, the confederate and creature of your guilt, would appear in arms. Was I deceived, Catiline, I ſay not as to this enormous, this deteſtable, this improbable attempt; but, which is ſtill more ſurprizing, as to the very day on which it happened? I ſaid likewiſe, in the ſenate, that you had fixed the twenty-ſixth of the ſame month for the maſſacre of our nobles, which induced many citizens of the firſt rank to retire from Rome, not ſo much on account of their own preſervation, as with a view to baffle your deſigns. Can you deny, that on that very ſame day you was ſo beſet by my vigilance, and the guards I placed about you, that you found it impoſſible to attempt any thing againſt the ſtate; though you had given out, after the departure of the reſt, that you would nevertheleſs content yourſelf with the blood of thoſe who remained. Nay, when on the firſt of November, you confidently hoped to ſurprize Præneſte by night; did you not find that colony ſecured by my order, and the guards, officers, and garriſon I had appointed? There is nothing you either think, contrive, or attempt, but what I both hear, ſee, and plainly underſtand.

Call to mind only in conjunction with me, the tranſactions of laſt night. You will ſoon perceive, that I am much more active in watching over the preſervation, than you in plotting the deſtruction of the ſtate. I ſay then, and ſay it openly, that laſt night you went to the houſe of M. Lecca, in the ſtreet called the Gladiators: that you was met there by numbers of your aſſociates in guilt and madneſs. Dare you deny this? Why are you ſilent? If you diſown the charge, I will prove it: for I ſee ſome in this very aſſembly, who were of your confederacy. Immortal gods! what country do we inhabit? what city do we belong to? what government do we live under? Here, here, conſcript fathers, within theſe walls, and in this aſſembly, the moſt awful and venerable upon earth, there are men who meditate my ruin and yours, the deſtruction of this city, and conſequently of the world itſelf. Myſelf, your conſul, behold theſe men, and aſk their opinions on public affairs; and inſtead of dooming them to immediate execution, do not ſo much as wound them with my tongue. You went then that night, Catiline, to the houſe of Lecca; you cantoned out all Italy; you appointed the place to which every one was to repair; you ſingled out thoſe who were to be left at Rome, and thoſe who were to accompany you in perſon; you marked out the parts of the city deſtined to conflagration; you declared your purpoſe of leaving it ſoon, and ſaid you only waited a little to ſee me taken off. Two Roman knights undertook to eaſe you of that care, and aſſaſſinate me the ſame night in bed before day-break. Scarce was your aſſembly diſmiſſed, when I was informed of all this: I ordered an additional guard to attend, to ſecure my houſe from aſſault; I refuſed admittance to thoſe whom you ſent to compliment me in the morning; and declared to many worthy perſons beforehand who they were, and at what time I expected them.

Since then, Catiline, ſuch is the ſtate of your affairs, finiſh what you have begun; quit the city; the gates are open; nobody oppoſes your retreat. The troops in Manlius's camp long to put themſelves under your command. Carry with you all your confederates; if not all, at leaſt as many as poſſible. Purge the city. It will take greatly from my fears, to be divided from you by a wall. You cannot pretend to ſtay any longer with us: I will not bear, will not ſuffer, will not allow of it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and chiefly to thee Jupiter Stator, the ancient pro-

protector of this city, for having already so often preserved us from this dangerous, this destructive, this pestilent scourge of his country. The supreme safety of the commonwealth ought not to be again and again exposed to danger for the sake of a single man. While I was only consul elect, Catiline, I contented myself with guarding against your many plots, not by a public guard, but by my private vigilance. When at the last election of consuls, you had resolved to assassinate me, and your competitors in the field of Mars, I defeated your wicked purpose by the aid of my friends, without disturbing the public peace. In a word, as often as you attempted my life, I singly opposed your fury; though I well saw, that my death would necessarily be attended with many signal calamities to the state. But now you openly strike at the very being of the republic. The temples of the immortal gods, the mansions of Rome, the lives of her citizens, and all the provinces of Italy, are doomed to slaughter and devastation. Since therefore I dare not pursue that course, which is most agreeable to ancient discipline, and the genius of the commonwealth, I will follow another, less severe indeed as to the criminal, but more useful in its consequences to the public. For should I order you to be immediately put to death, the commonwealth would still harbour in its bosom the other conspirators; but by driving you from the city, I shall clear Rome at once of the whole baneful tribe of thy accomplices. How, Catiline! Do you hesitate to do at my command, what you was so lately about to do of your own accord? The consul orders a public enemy to depart the city. You ask whether this be a real banishment? I say not expressly so: but was I to advise in the case, it is the best course you can take.

For what is there, Catiline, that can now give you pleasure in this city? wherein, if we except the profligate crew of your accomplices, there is not a man but dreads and abhors you? Is there a domestic stain from which your character is exempted? Have you not rendered yourself infamous by every vice that can brand private life? What scenes of lust have not your eyes beheld? What guilt has not stained your hands? What pollution has not defiled your whole body? What youth, entangled by thee in the allurements of debauchery, hast thou not prompted by arms to deeds of violence, or seduced by incentives into the snares of sensuality? And lately, when by procuring the death of your former wife, you had made room in your house for another, did you not add to the enormity of that crime, by a new and unparalleled measure of guilt? But I pass over this, and chuse to let it remain in silence, that the memory of so monstrous a piece of wickedness, or at least of its having been committed with impunity, may not descend to posterity. I pass over too the entire ruin of your fortunes, which you are sensible must befal you the very next month; and shall proceed to the mention of such particulars as regard not the infamy of your private character, nor the distresses and turpitude of your domestic life; but such as concern the very being of the republic, and the lives and safety of us all. Can the light of life, or the air you breathe, be grateful to you, Catiline; when you are conscious there is not a man here present but knows, that on the last of December, in the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, you appeared in the Comitium with a dagger? That you had got together a band of ruffians, to assassinate the consuls, and the most considerable men in Rome? and that this execrable and frantic design was defeated, not by any awe or remorse in you, but by the prevailing good fortune of the people of Rome. But I pass over those things, as being already well known: there are others of a later date. How many attempts have you made upon my life, since I was nominated consul, and since I entered upon the actual execution of that office? How many thrusts of thine, so well aimed that they seemed unavoidable, have I parried by an artful evasion, and, as they term it, a gentle deflection of body? You attempt, you contrive, you set on foot nothing, of which I have not timely information. Yet you cease not to concert, and enterprize. How often has that dagger been wrested out of thy hands? How often, by some accident, has it dropped before the moment of execution? yet you cannot resolve to lay it aside. How, or with what rites you have consecrated it, is hard to say, that you think yourself thus obliged to lodge it in the bosom of a consul!

What are we to think of your present situation and conduct? For I will now address you, not with the detestation your actions deserve, but with a compassion to which you have no just claim. You came some time ago into the senate. Did a single person of this numerous assembly, not excepting your most intimate relations and friends, deign to salute you? If there be no instance of this kind in the memory of man,

do you expect that I should embitter with reproaches, a doom confirmed by the silent detestation of all present? Were not the benches where you sit forsaken, as soon as you was observed to approach them? Did not all the consular senators, whose destruction you have so often plotted, quit immediately the part of the house where you thought proper to place yourself? How are you able to bear all this treatment? For my own part, were my slaves to discover such a dread of me, as your fellow-citizens express of you, I should think it necessary to abandon my own house: and do you hesitate about leaving the city? Was I even wrongfully suspected, and thereby rendered obnoxious to my countrymen, I would sooner withdraw myself from public view, than be beheld with looks full of reproach and indignation. And do you, whose conscience tells you that you are the object of an universal, a just, and a long-merited hatred, delay a moment to escape from the looks and presence of a people, whose eyes and senses can no longer endure you among them? Should your parents dread and hate you, and be obstinate to all your endeavours to appease them, you would doubtless withdraw somewhere from their sight. But now your country, the common parent of us all, hates and dreads you, and has long regarded you as a parricide, intent upon the design of destroying her. And will you neither respect her authority, submit to her advice, nor stand in awe of her power? Thus does she reason with you, Catiline; and thus does she, in some measure, address you by her silence: not an enormity has happened these many years, but has had thee for its author: not a crime has been perpetrated without thee: the murder of so many of our citizens, the oppression and plunder of our allies, has through thee alone escaped punishment, and been exercised with unrestrained violence: thou hast found means not only to trample upon law and justice, but even to subvert and destroy them. Though this past behaviour of thine was beyond all patience, yet have I borne with it as I could. But now, to be in continual apprehension from thee alone; on every alarm to tremble at the name of Catiline; to see no designs formed against me that speak not thee for their author, is altogether insupportable. Be gone then, and rid me of my present terror; that if just, I may avoid ruin; if groundless, I may at length cease to fear.

Should your country, as I said, address you in these terms, ought she not to find obedience, even supposing her unable to compel you to such a step? But did you not even offer to become a prisoner? Did you not say, that to avoid suspicion, you would submit to be confined in the house of M. Lepidus? When he declined receiving you, you had the assurance to come to me, and request you might be secured at my house. When I likewise told you, that I could never think myself safe in the same house, when I judged it even dangerous to be in the same city with you, you applied to Q. Metellus the prætor. Being repulsed here too, you went to the excellent M. Marcellus, your companion; who, no doubt, you imagined would be very watchful in confining you, very quick in discerning your secret practices, and very resolute in bringing you to justice. How justly may we pronounce him worthy of irons and a jail, whose own conscience condemns him to restraint? If it be so then, Catiline, and you cannot submit to the thought of dying here, do you hesitate to retire to some other country, and commit to flight and solitude a life, so often and so justly forfeited to thy country? But, say you, put the question to the senate, (for so you affect to talk) and if it be their pleasure that I go into banishment, I am ready to obey. I will put no such question; it is contrary to my temper: yet will I give you an opportunity of knowing the sentiments of the senate with regard to you. Leave the city, Catiline; deliver the republic from its fears; go, if you wait only for that word, into banishment. Observe now, Catiline; mark the silence and composure of the assembly. Does a single senator remonstrate, or so much as offer to speak? Is it needful they should confirm by their voice, what they so expressly declare by their silence? But had I addressed myself in this manner to that excellent youth P. Sextius, or to the brave M. Marcellus, the senate would ere now have risen up against me, and laid violent hands upon their consul in this very temple; and justly too. But with regard to you, Catiline, their silence declares their approbation, their acquiescence amounts to a decree, and by saying nothing they proclaim their consent. Nor is this true of the senators alone, whose authority you affect to prize, while you make no account of their lives; but of these brave and worthy Roman knights, and other illustrious citizens, who guard the avenues of the senate; whose numbers you might have seen, whose sentiments you might have known, whose voices a little while ago you might have

have heard; and whose swords and hands I have for some time with difficulty restrained from your person: yet all these will I easily engage to attend you to the very gates, if you but consent to leave this city, which you have so long devoted to destruction.

But why do I talk, as if your resolution was to be shaken, or there was any room to hope you would reform? Can we expect you will ever think of flight, or entertain the design of going into banishment? May the immortal gods inspire you with that resolution! Though I clearly perceive, should my threats frighten you into exile, what a storm of envy will light upon my own head; if not at present, whilst the memory of thy crimes is fresh, yet surely in future times. But I little regard that thought, provided the calamity falls on myself alone, and is not attended with any danger to my country. But to feel the stings of remorse, to dread the rigour of the laws, to yield to the exigencies of the state, are things not to be expected from thee. Thou, O Catiline, art none of those, whom shame reclaims from dishonourable pursuits, fear from danger, or reason from madness. Be gone then, as I have already often said: and if you would swell the measure of popular odium against me, for being, as you give out, your enemy, depart directly into banishment. By this step you will bring upon me an insupportable load of censure; nor shall I be able to sustain the weight of the public indignation, shouldst thou, by order of the consul, retire into exile. But if you mean to advance my reputation and glory, march off with your abandoned crew of ruffians; repair to Manlius; rouze every desperate citizen to rebel; separate yourself from the worthy; declare war against your country; triumph in your impious depredations; that it may appear you was not forced by me into a foreign treason, but voluntarily joined your associates. But why should I urge you to this step, when I know you have already sent forward a body of armed men, to wait you at the Forum Aurelium? When I know you have concerted and fixed a day with Manlius? When I know you have sent off the silver eagle, that domestic shrine of your impieties, which I doubt not will bring ruin upon you and your accomplices? Can you absent yourself any longer from an idol to which you had recourse in every bloody attempt? And from whose altars that impious right-hand was frequently transferred to the murder of your countrymen?

Thus will you at length repair, whither your frantic and unbridled rage has long been hurrying you. Nor does this issue of thy plots give thee pain; but on the contrary, fills thee with inexpressible delight. Nature has formed you, inclination trained you, and fate reserved you for this desperate enterprize. You never took delight either in peace or war, unless when they were flagitious and destructive. You have got together a band of ruffians and profligates, not only utterly abandoned of fortune, but even without hope. With what pleasure will you enjoy yourself? how will you exult? how will you triumph? when amongst so great a number of your associates, you shall neither hear nor see an honest man? To attain the enjoyment of such a life, have you exercised yourself in all those toils, which are emphatically stiled yours: your lying on the ground, not only in pursuit of lewd amours, but of bold and hardy enterprizes: your treacherous watchfulness, not only to take advantage of the husband's slumber, but to spoil the murdered citizen. Here may you exert all that boasted patience of hunger, cold, and want, by which however you will shortly find yourself undone. So much have I gained by excluding you from the consulship, that you can only attack your country as an exile, not oppress her as a consul; and your impious treason will be deemed the efforts, not of an enemy, but of a robber.

And now, conscript fathers, that I may obviate and remove a complaint, which my country might with some appearance of justice urge against me; attend diligently to what I am about to say, and treasure it up in your minds and hearts. For should my country, which is to me much dearer than life, should all Italy, should the whole state thus accost me, What are you about, Marcus Tullius? Will you suffer a man to escape out of Rome, whom you have discovered to be a public enemy? whom you see ready to enter upon a war against the state? whose arrival the conspirators wait with impatience, that they may put themselves under his conduct? the prime author of the treason; the contriver and manager of the revolt; the man who enlists all the slaves and ruined citizens he can find? will you suffer him, I say, to escape; and appear as one rather sent against the city, than driven from it? will you not order him to be put in irons, to be dragged to execution, and to atone for his guilt by the most rigorous punishment? what restrains you on this occasion? is it the

custom

cuſtom of anceſtors? But it is well known in this commonwealth, that even perſons in a private ſtation have often put peſtilent citizens to death. Do the laws relating to the puniſhment of Roman citizens hold you in awe? Certainly traitors againſt their country can have no claim to the privileges of citizens. Are you afraid of the reproaches of poſterity? A noble proof, indeed, of your gratitude to the Roman people, that you, a new man, who without any recommendation from your anceſtors, have been raiſed by them through all the degrees of honour to ſovereign dignity, ſhould, for the ſake of any danger to yourſelf, neglect the care of the public ſafety. But if cenſure be that whereof you are afraid, think which is to be moſt apprehended, the cenſure incurred for having acted with firmneſs and courage, or that for having acted with ſloth and puſillanimity? When Italy ſhall be laid deſolate with war, her cities plundered, her dwellings on fire; can you then hope to eſcape the flames of public indignation?

To this moſt ſacred voice of my country, and to all thoſe who blame me after the ſame manner, I ſhall make this ſhort reply; That if I had thought it the moſt adviſable to put Catiline to death, I would not have allowed that gladiator the uſe of one moment's life. For if, in former days, our greateſt men, and moſt illuſtrious citizens, inſtead of ſullying, have done honour to their memories, by the deſtruction of Saturninus, the Gracchi, Flaccus, and many others; there is no ground to fear, that by killing this parricide, any envy would lie upon me with poſterity. Yet if the greateſt was ſure to befal me, it was always my perſuaſion, that envy acquired by virtue was really glory, not envy. But there are ſome of this very order, who do not either ſee the dangers which hang over us, or elſe diſſemble what they ſee; who by the ſoftneſs of their votes cheriſh Catiline's hopes, and add ſtrength to the conſpiracy by not believing it; whoſe authority influences many, not only of the wicked, but the weak; who, if I had puniſhed this man as he deſerved, would not have failed to charge me with acting cruelly and tyrannically. Now I am perſuaded, that when he is once gone into Manlius's camp, whither he actually deſigns to go, none can be ſo ſilly, as not to ſee that there is a plot; none ſo wicked, as not to acknowledge it: whereas by taking off him alone, though this peſtilence would be ſomewhat checked, it could not be ſuppreſſed: but when he has thrown himſelf into rebellion, and carried out his friends along with him, and drawn together the profligate and deſperate from all parts of the empire, not only this ripened plague of the republic, but the very root and ſeed of all our evils, will be extirpated with him at once.

It is now a long time, conſcript fathers, that we have trod amidſt the dangers and machinations of this conſpiracy: but I know not how it comes to paſs, the full maturity of all thoſe crimes, and of this long ripening rage and inſolence, has now broke out during the period of my conſulſhip. Should he alone be removed from this powerful band of traitors, it may abate, perhaps, our fears and anxieties for a while; but the danger will ſtill remain, and continue lurking in the veins and vitals of the republic. For as men, oppreſſed with a ſevere fit of illneſs, and labouring under the raging heat of a fever, are often at firſt ſeemingly relieved by a draught of cold water, but afterwards find the diſeaſe return upon them with redoubled fury; in like manner, this diſtemper which has ſeized the commonwealth, eaſed a little by the puniſhment of this traitor, will from his ſurviving aſſociates ſoon aſſume new force. Wherefore, conſcript fathers, let the wicked retire, let them ſeparate themſelves from the honeſt, let them rendezvous in one place. In fine, as I have often ſaid, let a wall be between them and us: let them ceaſe to lay ſnares for the conſul in his own houſe, to beſet the tribunal of the city prætor, to inveſt the ſenate-houſe with armed ruffians, and to prepare fire-balls and torches for burning the city: in ſhort, let every man's ſentiments with regard to the public be inſcribed on his forehead. This I engage for and promiſe, conſcript fathers, that by the diligence of the conſuls, the weight of your authority, the courage and firmneſs of the Roman knights, and the unanimity of all the honeſt, Catiline being driven from the city, you ſhall behold all his treaſons detected, expoſed, cruſhed, and puniſhed. With theſe omens, Catiline, of all proſperity to the republic, but of deſtruction to thyſelf, and all thoſe who have joined themſelves with thee in all kinds of parricide, go thy way then to this impious and abominable war: whilſt thou, Jupiter, whoſe religion was eſtabliſhed with the foundation of this city, whom we truly call Stator, the ſtay and prop of this empire, wilt drive this man and his accomplices from thy altars and temples, from the houſes and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes

tunes of us all; and wilt deſtroy with eternal puniſhments, both living and dead, all the haters of good men, the enemies of their country, the plunderers of Italy, now confederated in this deteſtable league and partnerſhip of villainy.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 6. *Oration againſt Catiline.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Catiline, aſtoniſhed by the thunder of the laſt ſpeech, had little to ſay for himſelf in anſwer to it; yet with downcaſt looks, and ſuppliant voice, he begged of the fathers, not to believe too haſtily what was ſaid againſt him by an enemy; that his birth and paſt life offered every thing to him that was hopeful; and it was not to be imagined, that a man of patrician family, whoſe anceſtors, as well as himſelf, had given many proofs of their affection to the Roman people, ſhould want to overturn the government; while Cicero, a ſtranger, and late inhabitant of Rome, was ſo zealous to preſerve it. But as he was going on to give foul language, the ſenate interrupted him by a general outcry, calling him traitor and parricide: upon which, being furious and deſperate, he declared again aloud what he had ſaid before to Cato, that ſince he was circumvented and driven headlong by his enemies, he would quench the flame which was raiſed about him by the common ruin; and ſo ruſhed out of the aſſembly. As ſoon as he was come to his houſe, and began to reflect on what had paſſed, perceiving it in vain to diſſemble any longer, he reſolved to enter into action immediately, before the troops of the public were increaſed, or any new levies made; ſo that after a ſhort conference with Lentulus, Cethegus, and the reſt, about what had been concerted in the laſt meeting, having given freſh orders and aſſurances of his ſpeedy return at the head of a ſtrong army, he left Rome that very night with a ſmall retinue, to make the beſt of his way towards Etruria. He no ſooner diſappeared, than his friends gave out that he was gone into a voluntary exile at Marſeilles, which was induſtriouſly ſpread through the city the next morning, to raiſe an odium upon Cicero, for driving an innocent man into baniſhment, without any previous trial or proof of his guilt. But Cicero was too well informed of his motions to entertain any doubt about his going to Manlius's camp, and into actual rebellion. He knew that he had ſent thither already a great quantity of arms, and all the enſigns of military command, with that ſilver eagle, which he uſed to keep with great ſuperſtition in his houſe, for its having belonged to C. Marius, in his expedition againſt the Cimbri. But, leſt the ſtory ſhould make an ill impreſſion on the city, he called the people together into the forum, to give them an account of what paſſed in the ſenate the day before, and of Catiline's leaving Rome upon it. And this makes the ſubject of the oration now before us.

AT length, Romans, have we driven, diſcarded, and purſued with the keeneſt reproaches to the very gates of Rome, L. Catiline, intoxicated with fury, breathing miſchief, impiouſly plotting the deſtruction of his country, and threatening to lay waſte this city with fire and ſword. He is gone, he is fled, he has eſcaped, he has broke away. No longer ſhall that monſter, that prodigy of miſchief, plot the ruin of this city within her very walls. We have gained a clear conqueſt over this chief and ringleader of domeſtic broils. His threatening dagger is no longer pointed at our breaſts, nor ſhall we now any more tremble in the field of Mars, the forum, the ſenate-houſe, or within our domeſtic walls. In driving him from the city, we have forced his moſt advantageous poſt. We ſhall now, without oppoſition, carry on a juſt war againſt an open enemy. We have effectually ruined the man, and gained a glorious victory, by driving him from his ſecret plots into open rebellion. But how do you think is he overwhelmed and cruſhed with regret, at carrying away his dagger unbathed in blood, at leaving the city before he had effected my death, at ſeeing the weapons prepared for our deſtruction wreſted out of his hands; in a word, that Rome is ſtill ſtanding, and her citizens ſafe! He is now quite overthrown, Romans, and perceives himſelf impotent and deſpiſed, often caſting back his eyes upon this city, which he ſees, with regret, reſcued from his deſtructive jaws; and which ſeems to me to rejoice for having diſgorged and rid herſelf of ſo peſtilent a citizen.

But

But if there be any here, who blame me for what I am boasting of, as you all indeed justly may, that I did not rather seize than send away so capital an enemy; that is not my fault, citizens, but the fault of the times. Catiline ought long ago to have suffered the last punishment; the custom of our ancestors, the discipline of the empire, and the republic itself required it: but how many would there have been, who would not have believed what I charged him with? How many, who, through weakness, would never have imagined it? how many who would even have defended him? how many, who, through wickedness, would have espoused his cause? But had I judged that his death would have put a final period to all your dangers, I would long ago have ordered him to execution, at the hazard not only of public censure, but even of my life. But when I saw, that by sentencing him to the death he deserved, and before you were all fully convinced of his guilt, I should have drawn upon myself such an odium, as would have rendered me unable to prosecute his accomplices; I brought the matter to this point, that you might then openly and vigorously attack Catiline, when he was apparently become a public enemy. What kind of an enemy I judge him to be, and how formidable in his attempt, you may learn from hence, citizens, that I am only sorry he went off with so few to attend him. I wish he had taken his whole forces along with him. He has carried off Tongillus indeed, the object of his criminal passion when a youth: he has likewise carried off Publicius and Munatius, whose tavern debts would never have occasioned any commotions in the state. But how important are the men he has left behind him? how oppressed with debt, how powerful, how illustrious by their descent?

When therefore I think of our Gallic legions, and the levies made by Metellus in Picenum and Lombardy, together with those troops we are daily raising; I hold in utter contempt that army of his, composed of wretched old men, of debauchees from the country, of rustic vagabonds, of such as have fled from their bail to take shelter in his camp: men ready to run away not only at the sight of an army, but of the prætor's edict. I could wish he had likewise carried with him those whom I see fluttering in the forum, sauntering about the courts of justice, and even taking their places in the senate; men sleek with perfumes, and shining in purple. If these still remain here, mark what I say, the deserters from the army are more to be dreaded than the army itself; and the more so, because they know me to be informed of all their designs, yet are not in the least moved by it. I behold the person to whom Apulia is allotted, to whom Etruria, to whom the territory of Picenum, to whom Cisalpine Gaul. I see the man who demanded the task of setting fire to the city, and filling it with slaughter. They know that I am acquainted with all the secrets of their last nocturnal meeting: I laid them open yesterday in the senate: Catiline himself was disheartened and fled: what then can these others mean? They are much mistaken, if they imagine I shall always use the same lenity.

I have at last gained what I have hitherto been waiting for, to make you all sensible that a conspiracy is openly formed against the state; unless there be any one who imagines, that such as resemble Catiline may yet refuse to enter into his designs. There is now therefore no more room for clemency, the case itself requires severity. Yet I will still grant them one thing; let them quit the city, let them follow Catiline, nor suffer their miserable leader to languish in their absence. Nay, I will even tell them the way; it is the Aurelian road; if they make haste, they may overtake him before night. O happy state, were it but once drained of this sink of wickedness! To me the absence of Catiline alone, seems to have restored fresh beauty and vigour to the commonwealth. What villainy, what mischief can be devised or imagined, that has not enterd into his thoughts? What prisoner is to be found in all Italy, what gladiator, what robber, what assassin, what parricide, what forger of wills, what sharper, what debauchee, what squanderer, what adulterer, what harlot, what corrupter of youth, what corrupted wretch, what abandoned criminal, who will not own an intimate familiarity with Catiline? What murder has been perpetrated of late years without him? What act of lewdness speaks not him for its author? Was ever man possessed of such talents for corrupting youth? To some he prostituted himself unnaturally; for others he indulged a criminal passion. Many were allured by the prospect of unbounded enjoyment, many by the promise of their parents death; to which he not only incited them, but even contributed his assistance. What a prodigious number of profligate wretches has he just now drawn together, not only from the city, but also from the country?

There

There is not a perſon oppreſſed with debt, I will not ſay in Rome, but in the remoteſt corner of all Italy, whom he has not engaged in this unparalleled confederacy of guilt.

But to make you acquainted with the variety of his talents, in all the different kinds of vice; there is not a gladiator in any of our public ſchools, remarkable for being audacious in miſchief, who does not own an intimacy with Catiline; not a player of diſtinguiſhed impudence and guilt, but openly boaſts of having been his companion. Yet this man, trained up in the continued exerciſe of lewdneſs and villainy, while he was waſting in riot and debauchery the means of virtue, and ſupplies of induſtry, was extolled by theſe his aſſociates for his fortitude and patience in ſupporting cold, hunger, thirſt, and watchings. Would his companions but follow him, would this profligate crew of deſperate men but leave the city; how happy would it be for us, how fortunate for the commonwealth, how glorious for my conſulſhip? It is not a moderate degree of depravity, a natural or ſupportable meaſure of guilt that now prevails. Nothing leſs than murders, rapines, and conflagrations employ their thoughts. They have ſquandered away their patrimonies, they have waſted their fortunes in debauchery; they have been long without money, and now their credit begins to fail them; yet ſtill they retain the ſame deſires, though deprived of the means of enjoyment. Did they, amidſt their revels and gaming, affect no other pleaſures than thoſe of lewdneſs and feaſting, however deſperate their caſe muſt appear, it might ſtill notwithſtanding be borne with. But it is altogether inſufferable, that the cowardly ſhould pretend to plot againſt the brave, the fooliſh againſt the prudent, the drunken againſt the ſober, the drowſy againſt the vigilant; who lolling at feaſts, embracing miſtreſſes, ſtaggering with wine, ſtuffed with victuals, crowned with garlands, daubed with perfumes, waſted with intemperance, belch in their converſations of maſſacring the honeſt, and firing the city. Over ſuch, I truſt, ſome dreadful fatality now hangs; and that the vengeance ſo long due to their villainy, baſeneſs, guilt, and crimes, is either juſt breaking, or juſt ready to break upon their heads. If my conſulſhip, ſince it cannot cure, ſhould cut off all theſe, it would add no ſmall period to the duration of the republic. For there is no nation, which we have reaſon to fear; no king, who can make war upon the Roman people. All diſturbances abroad, both by land and ſea, are quelled by the virtue of one man. But a domeſtic war ſtill remains: the treaſon, the danger, the enemy is within. We are to combat with luxury, with madneſs, with villainy. In this war I profeſs myſelf your leader, and take upon myſelf all the animoſity of the deſperate. Whatever can poſſibly be healed, I will heal; but what ought to be cut off, I will never ſuffer to ſpread to the ruin of the city. Let them therefore depart, or be at reſt; but if they are reſolved both to remain in the city, and continue their wonted practices, let them look for the puniſhment they deſerve.

But ſome there are, Romans, who aſſert, that I have driven Catiline into baniſhment. And indeed, could words compaſs it, I would not ſcruple to drive them into exile too. Catiline, to be ſure, was ſo very timorous and modeſt, that he could not ſtand the words of the conſul; but being ordered into baniſhment, immediately acquieſced and obeyed. Yeſterday, when I ran ſo great a hazard of being murdered in my own houſe, I aſſembled the ſenate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, and laid the whole affair before the conſcript fathers. When Catiline came thither, did ſo much as one ſenator accoſt or ſalute him? In fine, did they regard him only as a deſperate citizen, and not rather as an outrageous enemy? Nay, the conſular ſenators quitted that part of the houſe where he ſat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Here I, that violent conſul, who by a ſingle word drive citizens into baniſhment, demanded of Catiline, whether he had not been at the nocturnal meeting in the houſe of M. Lecca. And when he, the moſt audacious of men, ſtruck dumb by ſelf-conviction, returned no anſwer, I laid open the whole to the ſenate; acquainting them with the tranſactions of that night; where he had been, what was reſerved for the next, and how he had ſettled the whole plan of the war. As he appeared diſconcerted and ſpeechleſs, I aſked what hindered his going upon an expedition, which he had ſo long prepared for; when I knew that he had already ſent before him arms, axes, rods, trumpets, military enſigns, and that ſilver eagle, to which he had raiſed an impious altar in his own houſe. Can I be ſaid to have driven into baniſhment a man who had already commenced hoſtilities againſt his country? Or is it credible that Manlius, an obſcure centurion, who has pitched his camp upon the plain:

plains of Feſulæ, would declare war againſt the Roman people in his own name: that the forces under him do not now expect Catiline for their general: or that he, ſubmitting to a voluntary baniſhment, has, as ſome pretend, repaired to Marſeilles, and not to the before-mentioned camp?

O wretched condition! not only of governing, but even of preſerving the ſtate. For ſhould Catiline, diſcouraged and diſconcerted by my counſels, vigilance, and ſtrenuous care of the republic, be ſeized with a ſudden dread, change his reſolution, deſert his party, quit his hoſtile deſigns, and alter his courſe of war and guilt, into that of flight and baniſhment; it will not then be ſaid, that I have wreſted out of his hands the weapons of inſolence, that I have aſtoniſhed and confounded him by my diligence, and that I have driven him from all his hopes and ſchemes: but he will be conſidered as a man innocent and uncondemned, who has been forced into baniſhment by the threats and violence of the conſul. Nay there are, who in this event, would think him not wicked, but unhappy; and me not a vigilant conſul, but a cruel tyrant. But I little regard this ſtorm of bitter and undeſerved cenſure, provided I can ſcreen you from the danger of this dreadful and impious war. Let him only go into baniſhment, and I am content it be aſcribed to my threats. But believe me, he has no deſign to go. My deſire of avoiding public envy, Romans, ſhall never induce me to wiſh you may hear of Catiline's being at the head of an army, and traverſing, in a hoſtile manner, the territories of the republic. But aſſuredly you will hear it in three days; and I have much greater reaſon to fear being cenſured for letting him eſcape, than that I forced him to quit the city. But if men are ſo perverſe as to complain of his being driven away, what would they have ſaid if he had been put to death? Yet there is not one of thoſe who talk of his going to Marſeilles, but would be ſorry for it if it was true; and with all the concern they expreſs for him, they had much rather hear of his being in Manlius's camp. As for himſelf, had he never before thought of the project he is now engaged in, yet ſuch is his particular turn of mind, that he would rather fall as a robber, than live as an exile. But now, as nothing has happened contrary to his expectation and deſire, except that I was left alive when he quitted Rome; let us rather wiſh he may go into baniſhment, than complain of it.

But why do I ſpeak ſo much about one enemy? An enemy too, who has openly proclaimed himſelf ſuch; and whom I no longer dread, ſince, as I always wiſhed, there is now a wall between us. Shall I ſay nothing of thoſe who diſſemble their treaſon, who continue at Rome, and mingle in our aſſemblies? With regard to theſe, indeed, I am leſs intent upon vengeance, than to reclaim them, if poſſible, from their errors, and reconcile them to the republic. Nor do I perceive any difficulty in the undertaking, if they will but liſten to my advice. For firſt I will ſhew you, citizens, of what different ſorts of men their forces conſiſt, and then apply to each, as far as I am able, the moſt powerful remedies of perſuaſion and eloquence. The firſt ſort conſiſts of thoſe, who having great debts, but ſtill greater poſſeſſions, are ſo paſſionately fond of the latter, that they cannot bear the thought of infringing them. This, in appearance, is the moſt honourable claſs, for they are rich: but their intention and aim is the moſt infamous of all. Art thou diſtinguiſhed by the poſſeſſion of an eſtate, houſes, money, ſlaves, and all the conveniences and ſuperfluities of life; and doſt thou ſcruple to take from thy poſſeſſions, in order to add to thy credit? For what is it thou expecteſt? Is it war? and doſt thou hope thy poſſeſſions will remain unviolated, amidſt an univerſal invaſion of property? Is it new regulations about debts, thou haſt in view? 'Tis an error to expect this from Catiline. New regulations ſhall indeed be proffered by my means, but attended with public auctions, which is the only method to preſerve thoſe who have eſtates from ruin. And had they conſented to this expedient ſooner, nor fooliſhly run out their eſtates in mortgages, they would have been at this day both richer men, and better citizens. But I have no great dread of this claſs of men, as believing they may be eaſily diſengaged from the conſpiracy; or, ſhould they perſiſt, they ſeem more likely to have recourſe to imprecations than arms.

The next claſs conſiſts of thoſe, who though oppreſſed with debt, yet hope for power, and aſpire at the chief management of public affairs; imagining they ſhall obtain thoſe honours by throwing the ſtate into confuſion, which they deſpair of during its tranquility. To theſe I ſhall give the ſame advice as to the reſt, which is, to quit all hope of ſucceeding in their attempts. For firſt, I myſelf am watchful, active, and attentive to the intereſt of the republic: then there

there is on the side of the honeſt party, great courage, great unanimity, a vaſt multitude of citizens, and very numerous forces: in fine, the immortal gods themſelves will not fail to interpoſe in behalf of this unconquered people, this illuſtrious empire, this fair city, againſt the daring attempts of guilty violence. And even ſuppoſing them to accompliſh what they with ſo much frantic rage deſire, do they hope to ſpring up conſuls, dictators, or kings, from the aſhes of a city, and blood of her citizens, which with ſo much treachery and ſacrilege they have conſpired to ſpill? They are ignorant of the tendency of their own deſires, and that, in caſe of ſucceſs, they muſt themſelves fall a prey to ſome fugitive or gladiator. The third claſs conſiſts of men of advanced age, but hardened in all the exerciſes of war. Of this ſort is Manlius, whom Catiline now ſucceeds. Theſe come moſtly from the colonies planted by Sylla at Feſulæ; which, I am ready to allow, conſiſt of the beſt citizens, and the braveſt men: but coming many of them to the ſudden and unexpected poſſeſſion of great wealth, they ran into all the exceſſes of luxury and profuſion. Theſe, by building fine houſes, by affluent living, ſplendid equipages, numerous attendants, and ſumptuous entertainments, have plunged themſelves ſo deeply in debt, that, in order to retrieve their affairs, they muſt recal Sylla from his tomb. I ſay nothing of thoſe needy indigent ruſtics, whom they have gained over to their party, by the hopes of ſeeing the ſcheme of rapine renewed: for I conſider both in the ſame light of robbers and plunderers. But I adviſe them to drop their frantic ambition, and think no more of dictatorſhips and proſcriptions. For ſo deep an impreſſion have the calamities of thoſe times made upon the ſtate, that not only men, but the very beaſts would not bear a repetition of ſuch outrages.

The fourth is a mixt, motly, mutinous tribe, who have been long ruined beyond hopes of recovery; and, partly through indolence, partly through ill management, partly too through extravagance, droop beneath a load of ancient debt: who, perſecuted with arreſts, judgments, and confiſcations, are ſaid to reſort in great numbers, both from city and country, to the enemy's camp. Theſe I conſider, not as brave ſoldiers, but diſpirited bankrupts. If they cannot ſupport themſelves, let them even fall; yet ſo, that neither the city nor neighbourhood may receive any ſhock. For I am unable to perceive why, if they cannot live with honour, they ſhould chuſe to die with infamy: or why they ſhould fancy it leſs painful to die in company with others, than to periſh by themſelves. The fifth ſort is a collection of parricides, aſſaſſins, and ruffians of all kinds; whom I aſk not to abandon Catiline, as knowing them to be inſeparable. Let theſe even periſh in their robberies, ſince their number is ſo great, that no priſon could be found large enough to contain them. The laſt claſs, not only in this enumeration, but likewiſe in character and morals, are Catiline's peculiar aſſociates, his choice companions, and boſom friends; ſuch as you ſee with curled locks, neat array, beardleſs, or with beards nicely trimmed; in full dreſs, in flowing robes, and wearing mantles inſtead of gowns; whoſe whole labour of life, and induſtry in watching, are exhauſted upon midnight entertainments. Under this claſs we may rank all gameſters, whoremaſters, and the lewd and luſtful of every denomination. Theſe ſlim delicate youths, practiſed in all the arts of raiſing and allaying the amorous fire, not only know to ſing and dance, but on occaſion can aim the murdering dagger, and adminiſter the poiſonous draught. Unleſs theſe depart, unleſs theſe periſh, know, that was even Catiline himſelf to fall, we ſhall ſtill have a nurſery of Catilines in the ſtate. But what can this miſerable race have in view? Do they propoſe to carry their wenches along with them to the camp? Indeed, how can they be without them theſe cold winter nights? But have they conſidered of the Appennine froſts and ſnows? or do they imagine they will be the abler to endure the rigours of winter, for having learned to dance naked at revels? O formidable and tremendous war! where Catiline's prætorian guard conſiſts of ſuch a diſſolute effeminate crew.

Againſt theſe gallant troops of your adverſary, prepare, O Romans, your garriſons and armies: and firſt, to that battered and maimed gladiator, oppoſe your conſuls and generals: next, againſt that outcaſt miſerable crew, lead forth the flower and ſtrength of all Italy. The walls of our colonies and free towns will eaſily reſiſt the efforts of Catiline's ruſtic troops. But I ought not to run the parallel farther, or compare your other reſources, preparations, and defences, to the indigence and nakedneſs of that robber. But if omitting all thoſe advantages of which we are provided, and he deſtitute,

deſtitute, as the ſenate, the Roman knights, the people, the city, the treaſury, the public revenues, all Italy, all the provinces, foreign ſtates: I ſay, if omitting all theſe, we only compare the contending parties between themſelves, it will ſoon appear how very low our enemies are reduced. On the one ſide modeſty contends, on the other petulance: here chaſtity, there pollution: here integrity, there treachery: here piety, there profaneneſs: here reſolution, there rage: here honour, there baſeneſs: here moderation, there unbridled licentiouſneſs: in ſhort, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, ſtruggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, raſhneſs; every virtue with every vice. Laſtly, the conteſt lies between wealth and indigence, ſound and depraved reaſon, ſtrength of underſtanding and frenzy; in fine, between well-grounded hope, and the moſt abſolute deſpair. In ſuch a conflict and ſtruggle as this, was even human aid to fail, will not the immortal gods enable ſuch illuſtrious virtue to triumph over ſuch complicated vice?

Such, Romans, being our preſent ſituation, do you, as I have before adviſed, watch and keep guard in your private houſes: for as to what concerns the public tranquillity, and the defence of the city, I have taken care to ſecure that, without tumult or alarm. The colonies and municipal towns, having received notice from me of Catiline's nocturnal retreat, will be upon their guard againſt him. The band of gladiators, whom Catiline always depended upon as his beſt and ſureſt ſupport, though in truth they are better affected than ſome part of the patricians, are nevertheleſs taken care of in ſuch a manner, as to be in the power of the republic. Q. Metellus the prætor, whom, foreſeeing Catiline's flight, I ſent into Gaul and the diſtrict of Picenum, will either wholly cruſh the traitor, or baffle all his motions and attempts. And to ſettle, ripen, and bring all other matters to a concluſion, I am juſt going to lay them before the ſenate, which you ſee now aſſembling. As for thoſe therefore who continue in the city, and were left behind by Catiline, for the deſtruction of it and us all; though they are enemies, yet as by birth they are likewiſe fellow-citizens, I again and again admoniſh them, that my lenity, which to ſome may have rather appeared remiſſneſs, has been waiting only for an opportunity of demonſtrating the certainty of the plot. As for the reſt, I ſhall never forget that this is my country, that I am its conſul, and that I think it my duty either to live with my countrymen, or die for them. There is no guard upon the gates, none to watch the roads; if any one has a mind to withdraw himſelf, he may go wherever he pleaſes. But whoever makes the leaſt ſtir within the city, ſo as to be caught not only in any overt act, but even in any plot or attempt againſt the republic; he ſhall know, that there are in it vigilant conſuls, excellent magiſtrates, and a reſolute ſenate; that there are arms, and a priſon, which our anceſtors provided as the avenger of manifeſt and atrocious crimes.

And all this ſhall be tranſacted in ſuch a manner, citizens, that the greateſt diſorders ſhall be quelled without the leaſt hurry; the greateſt dangers without any tumult; a domeſtic and inteſtine war, the moſt cruel and deſperate of any in our memory, by me, your only leader and general, in my gown; which I will manage ſo, that, as far as it is poſſible, not one even of the guilty ſhall ſuffer puniſhment in the city: but if their audaciouſneſs and my country's danger ſhould neceſſarily drive me from this mild reſolution; yet I will effect, what in ſo cruel and treacherous a war could hardly be hoped for, that not one honeſt man ſhall fall, but all of you be ſafe by the puniſhment of a few. This I promiſe, citizens, not from any confidence in my own prudence, or from any human counſels, but from the many evident declarations of the gods, by whoſe impulſe I am led into this perſuaſion; who aſſiſt us, not as they uſed to do, at a diſtance, againſt foreign and remote enemies, but by their preſent help and protection defend their temples and our houſes. It is your part therefore, citizens, to worſhip, implore, and pray to them, that ſince all our enemies are now ſubdued both by land and ſea, they would continue to preſerve this city, which was deſigned by them for the moſt beautiful, the moſt flouriſhing and moſt powerful on earth, from the deteſtable treaſons of its own deſperate citizens. *Whitworth's Cicero.*

§ 7. *Oration againſt Catiline.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Catiline, as we have ſeen, being forced to leave Rome, Lentulus, and the reſt who remained in the city, began to prepare all things for the execution of their grand deſign. They ſolicited men of all ranks, who ſeemed likely to favour

favour their cauſe, or to be of any uſe to it; and among the reſt, agreed to make an attempt on the ambaſſadors of the Allobrogians, a warlike, mutinous, faithleſs people, inhabiting the countries now called Savoy and Dauphiny, greatly diſaffected to the Roman power, and already ripe for rebellion. Theſe ambaſſadors, who were preparing to return home, much out of humour with the ſenate, and without any redreſs of the grievances which they were ſent to complain of, received the propoſal at firſt very greedily, and promiſed to engage their nation to aſſiſt the conſpirators with what they principally wanted, a good body of horſe, whenever they ſhould begin the war: but reflecting afterwards, in their cooler thoughts, on the difficulty of the enterprize, and the danger of involving themſelves and their country in ſo deſperate a cauſe, they reſolved to diſcover what they knew to Q. Fabius Sanga, the patron of their city, who immediately gave intelligence of it to the conſul. Cicero's inſtructions upon it were, that the ambaſſadors ſhould continue to feign the ſame zeal which they had hitherto ſhewn, and promiſe every thing which was required of them, till they had got a full inſight into the extent of the plot, with diſtinct proofs againſt the particular actors in it: upon which, at their next conference with the conſpirators, they inſiſted on having ſome credentials from them to ſhew to their people at home, without which they would never be induced to enter into an engagement ſo hazardous. This was thought reaſonable, and preſently complied with, and Vulturcius was appointed to go along with the ambaſſadors, and introduce them to Catiline on their road, in order to confirm the agreement, and exchange aſſurances alſo with him; to whom Lentulus ſent at the ſame time a particular letter under his own hand and ſeal, though without his name. Cicero being punctually informed of all theſe facts, concerted privately with the ambaſſadors the time and manner of their leaving Rome in the night, and that on the Milvian bridge, about a mile from the city, they ſhould be arreſted with their papers and letters about them, by two of the prætors, L. Flaccus and C. Pontinus, whom he had inſtructed for that purpoſe, and ordered to lie in ambuſh near the place, with a ſtrong guard of friends and ſoldiers: all which was ſucceſsfully executed, and the whole company brought priſoners to Cicero's houſe by break of day. The rumour of this accident preſently drew a reſort of Cicero's principal friends about him, who adviſed him to open the letters before he produced them in the ſenate, leſt, if nothing of moment were found in them, it might be thought raſh and imprudent to raiſe an unneceſſary terror and alarm through the city. But he was too well informed of the contents, to fear any cenſure of that kind; and declared, that in a caſe of public danger, he thought it his duty to lay the matter entire before the public council. He ſummoned the ſenate therefore to meet immediately, and ſent at the ſame time for Gabinius, Statilius, Cethegus, and Lentulus, who all came preſently to his houſe, ſuſpecting nothing of the diſcovery; and being informed alſo of a quantity of arms provided by Cethegus for the uſe of the conſpiracy, he ordered C. Sulpicius, another of the prætors, to go and ſearch his houſe, where he found a great number of ſwords and daggers, with other arms, all newly cleaned, and ready for preſent ſervice. With this preparation he ſet out to meet the ſenate in the temple of Concord, with a numerous guard of citizens, carrying the ambaſſadors and the conſpirators with him in cuſtody: and after he had given the aſſembly an account of the whole affair, the ſeveral parties were called in and examined, and an ample diſcovery made of the whole progreſs of the plot. After the criminals and witneſſes were withdrawn, the ſenate went into a debate upon the ſtate of the republic, and came unanimouſly to the following reſolutions: That public thanks ſhould be decreed to Cicero, in the ampleſt manner, by whoſe virtue, counſel, and providence, the republic was delivered from the greateſt dangers: that Flaccus and Pontinus the prætors, ſhould be thanked likewiſe, for their vigorous and punctual execution of Cicero's orders: that Antonius, the other conſul, ſhould be praiſed, for having removed from his counſels all thoſe who were concerned

in the conſpiracy: that Lentulus, after having abdicated the prætorſhip, and diveſted himſelf of his robes; and Cethegus, Statilius, and Gabinius, with their other accomplices alſo when taken, Caſſius, Cæparius, Furius, Chilo, and Umbrenus, ſhould be committed to ſafe cuſtody; and that a public thankſgiving ſhould be appointed in Cicero's name, for his having preſerved the city from a conflagration, the citizens from a maſſacre, and Italy from a war. The ſenate being diſmiſſed, Cicero went directly into the Roſtra; and, in the following ſpeech, gave the people an account of the diſcovery that had been made, with the reſolutions of the ſenate conſequent thereupon.

TO-Day, Romans, you behold the commonwealth, your lives, eſtates, fortunes, your wives and children, the auguſt ſeat of this renowned empire, this fair and flouriſhing city, preſerved and reſtored to you, reſcued from fire and ſword, and almoſt ſnatched from the jaws of fate, by the diſtinguiſhed love of the immortal gods towards you, and by means of my toils, counſels and dangers. And if the days in which we are preſerved from ruin, be no leſs joyous and memorable than thoſe of our birth; becauſe the pleaſure of deliverance is certain, the condition to which we are born uncertain; and becauſe we enter upon life without conſciouſneſs, but are always ſenſible to the joys of preſervation: ſurely, ſince our gratitude and eſteem for Romulus, the founder of this city, has induced us to rank him amongſt the immortal gods; he cannot but merit honour with you and poſterity, who has preſerved the ſame city, with all its acceſſions of ſtrength and grandeur. For we have extinguiſhed the flames that were diſperſed on all ſides, and juſt ready to ſeize the temples, ſanctuaries, dwellings, and walls of this city; we have blunted the ſwords that were drawn againſt the ſtate; and turned aſide the daggers that were pointed at your throats. And as all theſe particulars have been already explained, cleared, and fully proved by me in the ſenate; I ſhall now, Romans, lay them briefly before you, that ſuch as are ſtrangers to what has happened, and wait with impatience to be informed, may underſtand what a terrible and manifeſt deſtruction hung over them, how it was traced out, and in what manner diſcovered. And firſt, ever ſince Catiline, a few days ago, fled from Rome; as he left behind him the partners of his treaſon, and the boldeſt champions of this execrable war, I have always been upon the watch, Romans, and ſtudying how to ſecure you amidſt ſuch dark and complicated dangers.

For at that time, when I drove Catiline from Rome (for I now dread no reproach from that word, but rather the cenſure of having ſuffered him to eſcape alive) I ſay, when I forced him to quit Rome, I naturally concluded, that the reſt of his accomplices would either follow him, or, being deprived of his aſſiſtance, would proceed with leſs vigour and firmneſs. But when I found that the moſt daring and forward of the conſpirators ſtill continued with us, and remained in the city, I employed myſelf night and day to unravel and fathom all their proceedings and deſigns; that ſince my words found leſs credit with you, becauſe of the inconceivable enormity of the treaſon, I might lay the whole ſo clearly before you, as to compel you at length to take meaſures for your own ſafety, when you could no longer avoid ſeeing the danger that threatened you. Accordingly, when I found, that the ambaſſadors of the Allobrogians had been ſolicited by P. Lentulus to kindle a war beyond the Alps, and raiſe commotions in Hither Gaul; that they had been ſent to engage their ſtate in the conſpiracy, with orders to conſer with Catiline by the way, to whom they had letters and inſtructions; and that Vulturcius was appointed to accompany them, who was likewiſe entruſted with letters to Catiline; I thought a fair opportunity offered, not only of ſatisfying myſelf with regard to the conſpiracy, but likewiſe of clearing it up to the ſenate and you, which had always appeared a matter of the greateſt difficulty, and been the conſtant ſubject of my prayers to the immortal gods. Yeſterday, therefore, I ſent to the prætors L. Flaccus, and C. Pontinus, men of known courage, and diſtinguiſhed zeal for the republic. I laid the whole matter before them, and made them acquainted with what I deſigned. They, full of the nobleſt and moſt generous ſentiments with regard to their country, undertook the buſineſs without delay or heſitation; and upon the approach of night, privately repaired to the Milvian bridge, where they diſpoſed themſelves in ſuch manner in the neighbouring villages, that they formed two bodies, with the river and bridge between them. They likewiſe carried

ried along with them a great number of brave ſoldiers, without the leaſt ſuſpicion; and I diſpatched from the præfecture of Reate ſeveral choſen youths well armed, whoſe aſſiſtance I had frequently uſed in the defence of the commonwealth. In the mean time, towards the cloſe of the third watch, as the deputies of the Allobrogians, accompanied by Vulturcius, began to paſs the bridge with a great retinue, our men came out againſt them, and ſwords were drawn on both ſides. The affair was known to the prætors alone, none elſe being admitted into the ſecret.

Upon the coming up of Pontinus and Flaccus, the conflict ceaſed; all the letters they carried with them were delivered ſealed to the prætors; and the deputies, with their whole retinue being ſeized, were brought before me towards the dawn of day. I then ſent for Gabinius Cimber, the contriver of all theſe deteſtable treaſons, who ſuſpected nothing of what had paſſed: L. Statilius was ſummoned next, and then Cethegus: Lentulus came the laſt of all, probably becauſe, contrary to cuſtom, he had been up the greateſt part of the night before, making out the diſpatches. Many of the greateſt and moſt illuſtrious men in Rome, hearing what had paſſed, crowded to my houſe in the morning, and adviſed me to open the letters before I communicated them to the ſenate, leſt, if nothing material was found in them, I ſhould be blamed for raſhly occaſioning ſo great an alarm in the city. But I refuſed to comply, that an affair which threatened public danger, might come entire before the public council of the ſtate. For, citizens, had the informations given me appeared to be without foundation, I had yet little reaſon to apprehend, that any cenſure would befal me for my over-diligence in ſo dangerous an aſpect of things. I immediately aſſembled, as you ſaw, a very full ſenate; and at the ſame time, in conſequence of a hint from the Allobrogian deputies, diſpatched C. Sulpicius the prætor, a man of known courage, to ſearch the houſe of Cethegus, where he found a great number of ſwords and daggers.

I introduced Vulturcius without the Gallic deputies; and by order of the houſe, offered him a free pardon in the name of the public, if he would faithfully diſcover all that he knew: upon which, after ſome heſitation, he confeſſed, that he had letters and inſtructions from Lentulus to Catiline, to preſs him to accept the aſſiſtance of the ſlaves, and to lead his army with all expedition towards Rome, to the intent that when, according to the ſcheme previouſly ſettled and concerted among them, it ſhould be ſet on fire in different places, and the general maſſacre begun, he might be at hand to intercept thoſe who eſcaped, and join with his friends in the city. The ambaſſadors were next brought in, who declared, that an oath of ſecrecy had been exacted from them, and that they had received letters to their nation from Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius; that theſe three, and L. Caſſius alſo, required them to ſend a body of horſe as ſoon as poſſible into Italy, declaring, that they had no occaſion for any foot: that Lentulus had aſſured them from the Sibylline books, and the anſwers of ſoothſayers, that he was the third Cornelius, who was deſtined to empire, and the ſovereignty of Rome, which Cinna and Sylla had enjoyed before him; and that this was the fatal year marked for the deſtruction of the city and empire, being the tenth from the acquittal of the veſtal virgins, and the twentieth from the burning of the capitol: that there was ſome diſpute between Cethegus and the reſt about the time of firing the city; becauſe, while Lentulus and the other conſpirators were for fixing it on the feaſt of Saturn, Cethegus thought that day too remote and dilatory.

But not to be tedious, Romans, I at laſt ordered the letters to be produced, which were ſaid to be ſent by the different parties. I firſt ſhewed Cethegus his ſeal; which he owning, I opened and read the letter. It was written with his own hand, and addreſſed to the ſenate and people of the Allobrogians, ſignifying that he would make good what he had promiſed to their ambaſſadors, and entreating them alſo to perform what the ambaſſadors had undertaken for them. Then Cethegus, who a little before, being interrogated about the arms that were found at his houſe, had anſwered that he was always particularly fond of neat arms; upon hearing his letter read, was ſo dejected, confounded, and ſelf-convicted, that he could not utter a word in his own defence. Statilius was then brought in, and acknowledged his hand and ſeal; and when his letter was read, to the ſame purpoſe with that of Cethegus, he confeſſed it to be his own. Then Lentulus's letter was produced. I aſked if he knew the ſeal; he owned he did. It is indeed, ſaid I, a well known ſeal; the head of your illuſtrious grandfather, ſo diſtinguiſhed for his love

to his country and fellow-citizens, that it is amazing the very ſight of it was not ſufficient to reſtrain you from ſo black a treaſon. His letter, directed to the ſenate and people of the Allobroges, was of the ſame import with the other two: but having leave to ſpeak for himſelf, he at firſt denied the whole charge, and began to queſtion the ambaſſadors and Vulturcius, what buſineſs they ever had with him, and on what occaſion they came to his houſe; to which they gave clear and diſtinct anſwers; ſignifying by whom, and how often they had been introduced to him; and then aſked him in their turn, whether he had never mentioned any thing to them about the Sibylline oracles; upon which being confounded, or infatuated rather by the ſenſe of his guilt, he gave a remarkable proof of the great force of conſcience: for not only his uſual parts and eloquence, but his impudence too, in which he outdid all men, quite failed him; ſo that he confeſſed his crime, to the ſurpriſe of the whole aſſembly. Then Vulturcius deſired, that the letter to Catiline, which Lentulus had ſent by him, might be opened; where Lentulus again, though greatly diſordered, acknowledged his hand and ſeal. It was written without any name, but to this effect: "You will know who I "am, from him whom I have ſent to you. "Take care to ſhew yourſelf a man, and "recollect in what ſituation you are, and "conſider what is now neceſſary for you. "Be ſure to make uſe of the aſſiſtance of "all, even of the loweſt." Gabinius was then introduced, and behaved impudently for a while; but at laſt denied nothing of what the ambaſſadors charged him with. And indeed, Romans, though their letters, ſeals, hands, and laſtly their ſeveral voluntary confeſſions, were ſtrong and convincing evidences of their guilt; yet had I ſtill clearer proofs of it from their looks, change of colour, countenances, and ſilence. For ſuch was their amazement, ſuch their downcaſt looks, ſuch their ſtolen glances one at another, that they ſeemed not ſo much convicted by the information of others, as detected by the conſciouſneſs of their own guilt.

The proofs being thus laid open and cleared, I conſulted the ſenate upon the meaſures proper to be taken for the public ſafety. The moſt ſevere and vigorous reſolutions were propoſed by the leading men, to which the ſenate agreed without the leaſt oppoſition. And as the decree is not yet put into writing, I ſhall, as far as my memory ſerves, give you an account of the whole proceeding. Firſt of all, public thanks were decreed to me in the ampleſt manner, for having by my courage, counſel, and foreſight, delivered the republic from the greateſt dangers: then the prætors L. Flaccus, and C. Pontinus were likewiſe thanked, for their vigorous and punctual execution of my orders. My colleague, the brave Antonius was praiſed, for having removed from his own and the counſels of the republic, all thoſe who were concerned in the conſpiracy. They then came to a reſolution, that P. Lentulus, after having abdicated the prætorſhip, ſhould be committed to ſafe cuſtody; that C. Cethegus, L. Statilius, P. Gabinius, all three then preſent, ſhould likewiſe remain in confinement; and that the ſame ſentence ſhould be extended to L. Caſſius, who had offered himſelf to the taſk of firing the city; to M. Ceparius, to whom, as appeared, Apulia had been aſſigned for raiſing the ſhepherds; to P. Furius, who belonged to the colonies ſettled by Sylla at Feſulæ; to Q. Magius Chilo, who had always ſeconded this Furius, in his application to the deputies of the Allobrogians; and to P. Umbrenus, the ſon of a freedman, who was proved to have firſt introduced the Gauls to Gabinius. The ſenate choſe to proceed with this lenity, Romans, from a perſuaſion that though the conſpiracy was indeed formidable, and the ſtrength and number of our domeſtic enemies very great; yet by the puniſhment of nine of the moſt deſperate, they ſhould be able to preſerve the ſtate, and reclaim all the reſt. At the ſame time, a public thankſgiving was decreed in my name to the immortal gods, for their ſignal care of the commonwealth; the firſt, Romans, ſince the building of Rome, that was ever decreed to any man in the gown. It was conceived in theſe words: "Becauſe I had "preſerved the city from a conflagration, "the citizens from a maſſacre, and Italy "from a war." A thankſgiving, my countrymen, which, if compared with others of the ſame kind, will be found to differ from them in this; that all others were appointed for ſome particular ſervices to the republic, this alone for ſaving it. What required our firſt care was firſt executed and diſpatched. For P. Lentulus, though in conſequence of the evidence brought againſt him, and his own confeſſion, the ſenate had adjudged him to have forfeited not only the prætorſhip, but the privileges of a Roman citizen, diveſted himſelf of his magiſtracy:

that the conſideration of a public character, which yet had no weight with the illuſtrious C. Marius, when he put to death the prætor C. Glaucia, againſt whom nothing had been expreſsly decreed, might not occaſion any ſcruple to us in puniſhing P. Lentulus, now reduced to the condition of a private man.

And now, Romans, as the deteſtable leaders of this impious and unnatural rebellion are ſeized and in cuſtody, you may juſtly conclude, that Catiline's whole ſtrength, power, and hopes are broken, and the dangers that threatened the city diſpelled. For when I was driving him out of the city, Romans, I clearly foreſaw, that if he was once removed, there would be nothing to apprehend from the drowſineſs of Lentulus, the fat of Caſſius, or the raſhneſs of Cethegus. He was the alone formidable perſon of the whole number, yet no longer ſo, than while he remained within the walls of the city. He knew every thing; he had acceſs in all places; he wanted neither abilities nor boldneſs to addreſs, to tempt, to ſolicit. He had a head to contrive, a tongue to explain, and a hand to execute any undertaking. He had ſelect and proper agents to be employed in every particular enterprize; and never took a thing to be done, becauſe he had ordered it; but always purſued, urged, attended, and ſaw it done himſelf; declining neither hunger, cold, nor thirſt. Had I not driven this man, ſo keen, ſo reſolute, ſo daring, ſo crafty, ſo alert in miſchief, ſo active in deſperate deſigns, from his ſecret plots within the city, into open rebellion in the fields, I could never ſo eaſily, to ſpeak my real thoughts, Romans, have delivered the republic from its dangers. He would not have fixed upon the feaſt of Saturn, nor named the fatal day for our deſtruction ſo long before-hand, nor ſuffered his hand and ſeal to be brought againſt him, as manifeſt proofs of his guilt. Yet all this has been ſo managed in his abſence, that no theft in any private houſe was ever more clearly detected than this whole conſpiracy. But if Catiline had remained in the city till this day; though to the utmoſt I would have obſtructed and oppoſed all his deſigns; yet, to ſay the leaſt, we muſt have come at laſt to open force; nor would we have found it poſſible, while that traitor was in the city, to have delivered the commonwealth from ſuch threatening dangers with ſo much eaſe, quiet, and tranquillity.

Yet all theſe tranſactions, Romans, have been ſo managed by me, as if the whole was the pure effect of a divine influence and foreſight. This we may conjecture, not only from the events themſelves being above the reach of human counſel, but becauſe the gods have ſo remarkably interpoſed in them, as to ſhew themſelves almoſt viſibly. For not to mention the nightly ſtreams of light from the weſtern ſky, the blazing of the heavens, the thunders, the earthquakes, with the other many prodigies which have happened in my conſulſhip, that ſeem like the voice of the gods predicting theſe events; ſurely, Romans, what I am now about to ſay, ought neither to be omitted, nor paſs without notice. For doubtleſs, you muſt remember, that under the conſulſhip of Cotta and Torquatus, ſeveral turrets of the capitol were ſtruck down with lightning: that the images of the immortal gods were likewiſe overthrown, the ſtatues of ancient heroes diſplaced, and the brazen tables of the laws melted down: that even Romulus, the founder of this city, eſcaped not unhurt; whoſe gilt ſtatue, repreſenting him as an infant, ſucking a wolf, you may remember to have ſeen in the capitol. At that time the ſoothſayers, being called together from all Etruria, declared, that fire, ſlaughter, the overthrow of the laws, civil war, and the ruin of the city and empire were portended, unleſs the gods, appeaſed by all ſorts of means, could be prevailed with to interpoſe, and bend in ſome meaſure the deſtinies themſelves. In conſequence of this anſwer, ſolemn games were celebrated for ten days, nor was any method of pacifying the gods omitted. The ſame ſoothſayers likewiſe ordered a larger ſtatue of Jupiter to be made, and placed on high, in a poſition contrary to that of the former image, with its face turned towards the eaſt; intimating, that if his ſtatue, which you now behold, looked towards the riſing ſun, the forum, and the ſenate-houſe; then all ſecret machinations againſt the city and empire would be detected ſo evidently, as to be clearly ſeen by the ſenate and people of Rome. Accordingly the conſuls of that year ordered the ſtatue to be placed in the manner directed: but from the ſlow progreſs of the work, neither they, nor their ſucceſſors, nor I myſelf, could get it finiſhed till that very day.

Can any man after this be ſuch an enemy to truth, ſo raſh, ſo mad, as to deny, that all things which we ſee, and above all, that this city is governed by the power and providence of the gods? For when the ſooth-

sayers declared, that massacres, conflagrations, and the entire ruin of the state were then devising; crimes! the enormity of whose guilt rendered the prediction to some incredible: yet are you now sensible, that all this has been by wicked citizens not only devised, but even attempted. Can it then be imputed to any thing but the immediate interposition of the great Jupiter, that this morning, while the conspirators and witnesses were by my order carried through the forum to the temple of Concord, in that very moment the statue was fixed in its place? And being fixed, and turned to look upon you and the senate, both you and the senate saw all the treasonable designs against the public safety, clearly detected and exposed. The conspirators, therefore, justly merit the greater punishment and detestation, for endeavouring to involve in impious flames, not only your houses and habitations, but the dwellings and temples of the gods themselves: nor can I, without intolerable vanity and presumption, lay claim to the merit of having defeated their attempts. It was he, it was Jupiter himself, who opposed them: to him the capitol, to him the temples, to him this city, to him are you all indebted for your preservation. It was from the immortal gods, Romans, that I derived my resolution and foresight; and by their providence, that I was enabled to make such important discoveries. The attempt to engage the Allobrogians in the conspiracy, and the infatuation of Lentulus and his associates, in trusting affairs and letters of such moment to men barbarous and unknown to them, can never surely be accounted for, but by supposing the gods to have confounded their understandings. And that the ambassadors of the Gauls, a nation so disaffected, and the only one at present that seems both able and willing to make war upon the Roman people, should slight the hopes of empire and dominion, and the advantageous offers of men of patrician rank, and prefer your safety to their own interest, must needs be the effect of a divine interposition; especially when they might have gained their ends, not by fighting, but by holding their tongues.

Wherefore, Romans, since a thanksgiving has been decreed at all the shrines of the gods, celebrate the same religiously with your wives and children. Many are the proofs of gratitude you have justly paid to the gods on former occasions, but never surely were they more apparently due than at present. You have been snatched from a most cruel and deplorable fate; and that too without slaughter, without blood, without an army, without fighting. In the habit of citizens, and under me your only leader and conductor in the robe of peace, you have obtained the victory. For do but call to mind, Romans, all the civil dissensions in which we have been involved; not those only you may have heard of, but those too within your own memory and knowledge. L. Sylla destroyed P. Sulpicius; drove Marius, the guardian of this empire, from Rome; and partly banished, partly slaughtered, a great number of the most deserving citizens. Cn. Octavius, when consul, expelled his colleague by force of arms, from the city. The forum was filled with carcases, and flowed with the blood of the citizens. Cinna afterwards, in conjunction with Marius, prevailed: and then it was that the very lights of our country were extinguished by the slaughter of her most illustrious men. Sylla avenged this cruel victory; with what massacre of the citizens, with what calamity to the state, it is needless to relate. M. Lepidus had a difference with Q. Catulus, a man of the most distinguished reputation and merit. The ruin brought upon the former was not so afflicting to the republic, as that of the rest who perished upon the same occasion. Yet all these dissensions, Romans, were of such a nature, as tended only to a change in the government, not a total destruction of the state. It was not the aim of the persons concerned, to extinguish the commonwealth, but to be leading men in it; they desired not to see Rome in flames, but to rule in Rome. And yet all these civil differences, none of which tended to the overthrow of the state, were so obstinately kept up, that they never ended in a reconciliation of the parties, but in a massacre of the citizens. But in this war, a war the fiercest and most implacable ever known, and not to be paralleled in the history of the most barbarous nations; a war in which Lentulus, Catiline, Cassius and Cethegus laid it down as a principle, to consider all as enemies who had any interest in the well-being of the state; I have conducted myself in such a manner, Romans, as to preserve you all. And though your enemies imagined that no more citizens would remain, than what escaped endless massacre; nor any more of Rome be left standing, than was snatched from a devouring conflagration; yet have I preserved both city and citizens from harm.

For

For all these important services, Romans, I desire no other reward of my zeal, no other mark of honour, no other monument of praise, but the perpetual remembrance of this day. It is in your breasts alone, that I would have all my triumphs, all my titles of honour, all the monuments of my glory, all the trophies of my renown, recorded and preserved. Lifeless statues, silent testimonies of fame; in fine, whatever can be compassed by men of inferior merit, has no charms for me. In your remembrance, Romans, shall my actions be cherished, from your praises shall they derive growth and nourishment, and in your annals shall they ripen and be immortalized: nor will this day, I flatter myself, ever cease to be propagated, to the safety of the city, and the honour of my consulship: but it shall eternally remain upon record, that there were two citizens living at the same time in the republic, the one of whom was terminating the extent of the empire by the bounds of the horizon itself; the other preserving the seat and capital of that empire.

But as the fortune and circumstances of my actions are different from those of your generals abroad, in as much as I must live with those whom I have conquered and subdued, whereas they leave their enemies either dead or enthralled; it is your part, Romans, to take care, that if the good actions of others are beneficial to them, mine prove not detrimental to me. I have baffled the wicked and bloody purposes formed against you by the most daring offenders; it belongs to you to baffle their attempts against me: though as to myself, I have in reality no cause to fear any thing, since I shall be protected by the guard of all honest men, whose friendship I have for ever secured by the dignity of the republic itself, which will never cease to be my silent defender; and by the power of conscience, which all those must needs violate, who shall attempt to injure me. Such too is my spirit, Romans, that I will never yield to the audaciousness of any, but even provoke and attack all the wicked and the profligate: yet if all the rage of our domestic enemies, when repelled from the people, shall at last turn singly upon me, you will do well to consider, Romans, what effect this may afterwards have upon those, who are bound to expose themselves to envy and danger for your safety. As to myself in particular, what have I farther to wish for in life, since both with regard to the honours you confer, and the reputation flowing from virtue, I have already reached the highest point of my ambition. This however I expressly engage for, Romans, always to support and defend in my private condition, what I have acted in my consulship; that if any envy be stirred up against me for preserving the state, it may hurt the envious, but advance my glory. In short, I shall so behave in the republic, as ever to be mindful of my past actions, and shew that what I did was not the effect of chance, but of virtue. Do you, Romans, since it is now night, repair to your several dwellings, and pray to Jupiter, the guardian of this city, and of your lives: and though the danger be now over, keep the same watch in your houses as before. I shall take care to put a speedy period to the necessity of these precautions, and to secure you for the future in uninterrupted peace. *Whitworth's Cicero.*

§ 8. *Oration against Catiline.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Though the design of the conspiracy was in a great measure defeated, by the commitment of the most considerable of those concerned in it, yet as they had many secret favourers and well-wishers within the city, the people were alarmed with the rumour of fresh plots, formed by the slaves and dependants of Lentulus and Cethegus for the rescue of their masters, which obliged Cicero to reinforce his guards; and for the prevention of all such attempts, to put an end to the whole affair, by bringing the question of their punishment, without farther delay, before the senate; which he accordingly summoned for that purpose. The debate was of great delicacy and importance; to decide upon the lives of citizens of the first rank. Capital punishments were rare, and ever odious in Rome, whose laws were of all others the least sanguinary; banishment, with confiscation of goods, being the ordinary punishment for the greatest crimes. The senate indeed, as has been said above, in cases of sudden and dangerous tumults, claimed the prerogative of punishing the leaders with death, by the authority of their own decrees. But this was looked upon as a stretch of power, and an infringement of the rights of the people, which nothing could excuse but the necessity of times, and the extremity of danger. For there was an old law of Porcius

Læca, a tribune, which granted all criminals capitally condemned, an appeal to the people; and a later one of C. Gracchus, to prohibit the taking away the life of any citizen, without a formal hearing before the people: so that some senators, who had concurred in all the previous debates, withdrew themselves from this, to shew their dislike of what they expected to be the issue of it, and to have no hand in putting Roman citizens to death by a vote of the senate. Here then was ground enough for Cicero's enemies to act upon, if extreme methods were pursued: he himself was aware of it, and saw, that the public interest called for the severest punishment, his private interest the gentlest: yet he came resolved to sacrifice all regards for his own quiet, to the consideration of the public safety. As soon therefore as he had moved the question, What was to be done with the conspirators? Silanus, the consul elect, being called upon to speak the first, advised, that those who were then in custody, with the rest who should afterwards be taken, should all be put to death. To this all who spoke after him readily assented, till it came to Julius Cæsar, then prætor elect, who in an elegant and elaborate speech, treated that opinion, not as cruel, since death, he said, was not a punishment, but relief to the miserable, and left no sense either of good or ill beyond it; but as new and illegal, and contrary to the constitution of the republic: and though the heinousness of the crime would justify any severity, yet the example was dangerous in a free state; and the salutary use of arbitrary power in good hands, had been the cause of fatal mischiefs when it fell into bad; of which he produced several instances, both in other cities and their own; and though no danger could be apprehended from these times, or such a consul as Cicero; yet in other times, and under another consul, when the sword was once drawn by a decree of the senate, no man could promise what mischief it might not do before it was sheathed again: his opinion therefore was, that the estates of the conspirators should be confiscated, and their persons closely confined in the strong towns of Italy; and that it should be criminal for any one to move the senate or the people for any favour towards them. These two contrary opinions being proposed, the next question was, which of them should take place: Cæsar's had made a great impression on the assembly, and staggered even Silanus, who began to excuse and mitigate the severity of his vote; and Cicero's friends were going forwardly into it, as likely to create the least trouble to Cicero himself, for whose future peace and safety they began to be solicitous: when Cicero, observing the inclination of the house, and rising up to put the question, made this fourth speech on the subject of the conspiracy; in which he delivers his sentiments with all the skill both of the orator and statesman; and while he seems to shew a perfect neutrality, and to give equal commendation to both the opinions, artfully labours all the while to turn the scale in favour of Silanus's, which he considered as a necessary example of severity in the present circumstances of the republic.

I PERCEIVE, conscript fathers, that every look, that every eye is fixed upon me. I see you solicitous not only for your own and your country's danger, but was that repelled, for mine also. This proof of your affection is grateful to me in sorrow, and pleasing in distress: but by the immortal gods I conjure you! lay it all aside; and without any regard to my safety, think only of yourselves, and of your families. For should the condition of my consulship be such as to subject me to all manner of pains, hardships, and sufferings; I will bear them not only resolutely but chearfully, if by my labours I can secure your dignity and safety, with that of the people of Rome. Such, conscript fathers, has been the fortune of my consulship, that neither the forum, that centre of all equity, nor the field of Mars, consecrated by consular auspices, nor the senate-house, the principal refuge of all nations, nor domestic walls, the common asylum of all men; nor the bed, destined to repose; nay, nor even this honourable seat, this chair of state, have been free from perils and the snares of death. Many things have I dissembled, many have I suffered, many have I yielded to, and many struggled with in silence, for your quiet. But if the immortal gods would grant that issue to my consulship, of saving you, conscript fathers, and the people of Rome,

Rome, from a maſſacre; your wives, your children, and the veſtal virgins, from the bittereſt perſecution; the temples and altars of the gods, with this our fair country, from ſacrilegious flames; and all Italy from war and deſolation; let what fate ſoever attend me, I will be content with it. For if P. Lentulus, upon the report of ſoothſayers, thought his name portended the ruin of the ſtate; why ſhould not I rejoice, that my conſulſhip has been as it were reſerved by fate for its preſervation?

Wherefore, conſcript fathers, think of your own ſafety, turn your whole care upon the ſtate, ſecure yourſelves, your wives, your children, your fortunes; guard the lives and dignity of the people of Rome, and ceaſe your concern and anxiety for me. For firſt, I have reaſon to hope, that all the gods, the protectors of this city, will reward me according to my deſerts. Then, ſhould any thing extraordinary happen, I am prepared to die with an even and conſtant mind. For death can never be diſhonourable to the brave, nor premature to one who has reached the dignity of conſul, nor afflicting to the wiſe. Not that I am ſo hardened againſt all the impreſſions of humanity, as to remain indifferent to the grief of a dear and affectionate brother here preſent, and the tears of all thoſe by whom you ſee me ſurrounded. Nor can I forbear to own, that an afflicted wife, a daughter diſpirited with fear, an infant ſon, whom my country ſeems to embrace as the pledge of my conſulſhip, and a ſon-in-law, whom I behold waiting with anxiety the iſſue of this day, often recal my thoughts homewards. All theſe objects affect me, yet in ſuch a manner, that I am chiefly concerned for their preſervation and yours, and ſcruple not to expoſe myſelf to any hazard, rather than that they and all of us ſhould be involved in one general ruin. Wherefore, conſcript fathers, apply yourſelves wholly to the ſafety of the ſtate, guard againſt the ſtorms that threaten us on every ſide, and which it will require your utmoſt circumſpection to avert. It is not a Tiberius Gracchus, caballing for a ſecond tribuneſhip; nor a Caius Gracchus, ſtirring up the people in favour of his Agrarian law; nor a Lucius Saturninus, the murderer of Caius Memmius, who is now in judgment before you, and expoſed to the ſeverity of the law; but traitors, who remained at Rome to fire the city, to maſſacre the ſenate, and to receive Catiline. Their letters, their ſeals, their hands; in ſhort, their ſeveral confeſſions, are in your cuſtody; and clearly convict them of ſoliciting the Allobrogians, ſpiriting up the ſlaves, and ſending for Catiline. The ſcheme propoſed was, to put all, without exception, to the ſword; that not a ſoul might remain to lament the fate of the commonwealth, and the overthrow of ſo mighty an empire.

All this has been proved by witneſſes, the criminals themſelves have confeſſed, and you have already condemned them by ſeveral previous acts. Firſt, by returning thanks to me in the moſt honourable terms, and declaring that by my virtue and vigilance, a conſpiracy of deſperate men has been laid open. Next, by depoſing Lentulus from the prætorſhip, and committing him, with the reſt of the conſpirators, to cuſtody. But chiefly, by decreeing a thankſgiving in my name, an honour which was never before conferred upon any man in the gown. Laſtly, you yeſterday voted ample rewards to the deputies of the Allobrogians, and Titus Vulturcius; all which proceedings are of ſuch a nature, as plainly to make it appear, that you already without ſcruple condemn thoſe, whom you have by name ordered into cuſtody. But I have reſolved, conſcript fathers, to propoſe to you anew the queſtion both of the fact and puniſhment, having firſt premiſed what I think proper to ſay as conſul. I have long obſerved a ſpirit of diſorder working in the ſtate, new projects deviſing, and pernicious ſchemes ſet on foot: but never could I imagine, that a conſpiracy ſo dreadful and deſtructive, had entered into the minds of citizens. Now whatever you do, or which ever way your thoughts and voices ſhall incline, you muſt come to a reſolution before night. You ſee the heinous nature of the crime laid before you; and if you think that but few are concerned in it, you are greatly miſtaken. The miſchief is ſpread wider than moſt people imagine, and has not only infected Italy, but croſſed the Alps, and, imperceptibly creeping along, ſeized many provinces. You can never hope to ſuppreſs it by delay and irreſolution. Whatever courſe you take, you muſt proceed with vigour and expedition.

There are two opinions now before you; the firſt, of D. Silanus, who thinks the projectors of ſo deſtructive a conſpiracy worthy of death; the ſecond, of C. Cæſar, who, excepting death, is for every other the moſt rigorous method of puniſhing. Each, agreeably to his dignity, and the importance of the cauſe, is for treating them with

with the laſt ſeverity. The one thinks, that thoſe who have attempted to deprive us and the Roman people of life, to aboliſh this empire, and extinguiſh the very name of Rome, ought not to enjoy a moment's life, or breathe this vital air: and hath ſhewed withal, that this puniſhment has often been inflicted by this ſtate on ſeditious citizens. The other maintains, that death was not deſigned by the immortal gods as a puniſhment, but either as a neceſſary law of our nature, or a ceſſation of our toils and miſeries; ſo that the wiſe never ſuffer it unwillingly, the brave often ſeek it voluntarily: that bonds and impriſonment, eſpecially if perpetual, are contrived for the puniſhment of deteſtable crimes: that therefore the criminals ſhould be diſtributed among the municipal towns. In this propoſal, there ſeems to be ſome injuſtice, if you impoſe it upon the towns; or ſome difficulty, if you only deſire it. Yet decree ſo, if you think fit. I will endeavour, and I hope I ſhall be able to find thoſe, who will not think it unſuitable to their dignity, to comply with whatever you ſhall judge neceſſary for the common ſafety. He adds a heavy penalty on the municipal towns, if any of the criminals ſhould eſcape; he inveſts them with formidable guards; and, as the enormity of their guilt deſerves, forbids, under ſevere penalties, all application to the ſenate or people, for a mitigation of their puniſhments. He even deprives them of hope, the only comfort of unhappy mortals. He orders their eſtates alſo to be confiſcated, and leaves them nothing but life; which, if he had taken away, he would by one momentary pang have eaſed them of much anguiſh both of mind and body, and all the ſufferings due to their crimes. For it was on this account that the ancients invented thoſe infernal puniſhments of the dead; to keep the wicked under ſome awe in this life, who without them would have no dread of death itſelf.

Now, conſcript fathers, I ſee how much my intereſt is concerned in the preſent debate. If you follow the opinion of C. Cæſar, who has always purſued thoſe meaſures in the ſtate, which favour moſt of popularity; I ſhall perhaps be leſs expoſed to the arrows of public hatred, when he is known for the author and adviſer of this vote. But if you fall in with the motion of D. Silanus, I know not what difficulties it may bring me under. However, let the ſervice of the commonwealth ſuperſede all conſiderations of my danger. Cæſar, agreeably to his own dignity, and the merits of his illuſtrious anceſtors, has by this propoſal given us a perpetual pledge of his affection to the ſtate, and ſhewed the difference between the affected lenity of buſy declaimers, and a mind truly popular, which ſeeks nothing but the real good of the people. I obſerve that one of thoſe, who affects the character of popularity, has abſented himſelf from this day's debate, that he may not give a vote upon the life of a Roman citizen. Yet but the other day he concurred in ſending the criminals to priſon, voted me a thankſgiving, and yeſterday decreed ample rewards to the informers. Now no one can doubt what his ſentiments are on the merits of the cauſe, who votes impriſonment to the accuſed, thanks to the diſcoverer of the conſpiracy, and rewards to the informers. But C. Cæſar urges the Sempronian law, forbidding to put Roman citizens to death. Yet here it ought to be remembered, that thoſe who are adjudged enemies to the ſtate, can no longer be conſidered as citizens; and that the author of that law himſelf ſuffered death by the order of the people. Neither does Cæſar think that the profuſe and prodigal Lentulus, who has concerted ſo many cruel and bloody ſchemes for the deſtruction of the Roman people, and the ruin of the city, can be called a popular man. Accordingly this milſd and merciful ſenator makes no ſcruple of condemning P. Lentulus to perpetual bonds and impriſonment; and provides that no one ſhall henceforward have it in his power to boaſt of having procured a mitigation of this puniſhment, or made himſelf popular by a ſtep ſo deſtructive to the quiet of his fellow-citizens. He likewiſe adds the confiſcation of their goods, that want and beggary may attend every torment of mind and body.

If therefore you decree according to this opinion, you will give me a partner and companion to the aſſembly, who is dear and agreeable to the Roman people. Or, if you prefer that of Silanus, it will be eaſy ſtill to defend both you and myſelf from any imputation of cruelty; nay, and to make appear, that it is much the gentler puniſhment of the two. And yet, conſcript fathers, what cruelty can be committed in the puniſhment of ſo enormous a crime? I ſpeak according to my real ſenſe of the matter. For may I never enjoy, in conjunction with you, the benefit of my country's ſafety, if the eagerneſs which I ſhew in this cauſe proceeds from any ſeverity of temper, (for no man has leſs of it) but from pure humanity and

and clemency. For I ſeem to behold this city, the light of the univerſe, and the citadel of all nations, ſuddenly involved in flames. I figure to myſelf my country in ruins, and the miſerable bodies of ſlaughtered citizens, lying in heaps without burial. The image of Cethegus, furiouſly revelling in your blood, is now before my eyes. But when I repreſent to my imagination Lentulus on the throne, as he owns the fates encouraged him to hope; Gabinius cloathed in purple; and Catiline approaching with an army; then am I ſtruck with horror at the ſhrieks of mothers, the flight of children, and the violation of the veſtal virgins. And becauſe theſe calamities appear to me in the higheſt degree deplorable and dreadful, therefore am I ſevere and unrelenting towards thoſe who endeavoured to bring them upon us. For let me aſk, ſhould a maſter of a family, finding his children butchered, his wife murdered, and his houſe burnt by a ſlave, inflict upon the offender a puniſhment that fell ſhort of the higheſt degree of vigour; would he be accounted mild and merciful, or inhuman and cruel? For my own part, I ſhould look upon him as hard-hearted and inſenſible, if he did not endeavour to allay his own anguiſh and torment, by the torment and anguiſh of the guilty cauſe. It is the ſame with us in reſpect of thoſe men who intended to murder us with our wives and children; who endeavoured to deſtroy our ſeveral dwellings, and this city, the general ſeat of the commonwealth; who conſpired to ſettle the Allobrogians upon the ruins of this ſtate, and raiſe them from the aſhes of our empire. If we puniſh them with the utmoſt ſeverity, we ſhall be accounted compaſſionate; but if we are remiſs in the execution of juſtice, we may deſervedly be charged with the greateſt cruelty, in expoſing the republic and our fellow-citizens to ruin. Unleſs any one will pretend to ſay, that L. Cæſar, a brave man, and zealous for the intereſt of his country, acted a cruel part the other day, when he declared, that the huſband of his ſiſter, a lady of diſtinguiſhed merit, and that too in his own preſence and hearing, deſerved to ſuffer death; alledging the example of his grandfather, ſlain by order of the conſul; who likewiſe commanded his ſon, a mere youth, to be executed in priſon, for bringing him a meſſage from his father. And yet, what was their crime compared with that now before us? had they formed any conſpiracy to deſtroy their country? A partition of lands was then indeed propoſed, and a ſpirit of faction began to prevail in the ſtate: at which time the grandfather of this very Lentulus, an illuſtrious patriot, attacked Gracchus in arms; and in defence of the honour and dignity of the commonwealth, received a cruel wound. This his unworthy deſcendant, to overthrow the very foundations of the ſtate, ſends for the Gauls, ſtirs up the ſlaves, invites Catiline, aſſigns the murdering of the ſenators to Cethegus, the maſſacre of the reſt of the citizens to Gabinius, the care of ſetting the city on fire to Caſſius, and the devaſtation and plunder of Italy to Catiline. Is it poſſible you ſhould be afraid of being thought too ſevere in the puniſhment of ſo unnatural and monſtrous a treaſon? when in reality you have much more cauſe to dread the charge of cruelty to your country for your too great lenity, than the imputation of ſeverity for proceeding in an exemplary manner againſt ſuch implacable enemies.

But I cannot, conſcript fathers, conceal what I hear. Reports are ſpread through the city, and have reached my ears, tending to inſinuate, that we have not a ſufficient force to ſupport and execute what you ſhall this day decree. But be aſſured, conſcript fathers, that every thing is concerted, regulated, and ſettled, partly through my extreme care and diligence; but ſtill more by the indefatigable zeal of the Roman people, to ſupport themſelves in the poſſeſſion of empire, and preſerve their common fortunes. The whole body of the people is aſſembled for your defence: the forum, the temples round the forum, and all the avenues of the ſenate are poſſeſſed by your friends. This, indeed, is the only cauſe ſince the building of Rome, in which all men have been unanimous, thoſe only excepted, who, finding their own ruin unavoidable, choſe rather to periſh in the general wreck of their country, than fall by themſelves. Theſe I willingly except, and ſeparate from the reſt; for I conſider them not ſo much in the light of bad citizens, as of implacable enemies. But then as to the reſt, immortal gods! in what crowds, with what zeal, and with what courage do they all unite in defence of the public welfare and dignity? What occaſion is there to ſpeak here of the Roman knights? who without diſputing your precedency in rank, and the adminiſtration of affairs, vie with you in their zeal for the republic; whom, after a diſſenſion of many years, this day's cauſe has entirely reconciled and united with you. And if this union, which my conſulſhip has confirmed, be preſerved and perpe-

perpetuated, I am confident, that no civil or domeſtic evil can ever again diſturb this ſtate. The like zeal for the common cauſe appears among the tribunes of the exchequer, and the whole body of the ſcribes: who happening to aſſemble this day at the treaſury, have dropt all conſideration of their private affairs, and turned their whole attention upon the public ſafety. The whole body of free-born citizens, even the meaneſt, offer us their aſſiſtance. For where is the man, to whom theſe temples, the face of the city, the poſſeſſion of liberty; in ſhort, this very light, and this parent ſoil, are not both dear and delightful.

And here, conſcript fathers, let me recommend to your notice the zeal of thoſe freedmen, who having by their merit obtained the privilege of citizens, conſider this as their real country: whereas ſome born within the city, and born too of an illuſtrious race, treat it not as a mother ſoil, but as a hoſtile city. But why do I ſpeak of men, whom private intereſt, whom the good of the public, whom, in fine, the love of liberty, that deareſt of all human bleſſings, have rouzed to the defence of their country? There is not a ſlave in any tolerable condition of life, who does not look with horror on this daring attempt of profligate citizens, who is not anxious for the preſervation of the ſtate; in fine, who does not contribute all in his power to promote the common ſafety. If any of you, therefore, are ſhocked by the report of Lentulus's agents running up and down the ſtreets, and ſoliciting the needy and thoughtleſs to make ſome effort for his reſcue; the fact indeed is true, and the thing has been attempted: but not a man was found ſo deſperate in his fortune, ſo abandoned in his inclinations, who did not prefer the ſhed in which he worked and earned his daily bread, his little hut and bed in which he ſlept, and the eaſy peaceful courſe of life he enjoyed, to all the propoſals made by theſe enemies of the ſtate. For the greateſt part of thoſe who live in ſhops, or to ſpeak indeed more truly all of them, are of nothing ſo fond as peace: for their whole ſtock, their whole induſtry and ſubſiſtence depends upon the peace and fulneſs of the city; and if their gain would be interrupted by ſhutting up their ſhops, how much more would it be ſo, by burning them? Since then, conſcript fathers, the Roman people are not wanting in their zeal and duty towards you, it is your part not to be wanting to the Roman people.

You have a conſul ſnatched from various ſnares and dangers, and the jaws of death, not for the preſervation of his own life, but for your ſecurity. All orders unite in opinion, inclination, zeal, courage, and a profeſſed concern to ſecure the commonwealth. Your common country, beſet with the brands and weapons of an impious conſpiracy, ſtretches out her ſuppliant hands to you for relief, recommends herſelf to your care, and beſeeches you to take under your protection the lives of the citizens, the citadel, the capitol, the altars of domeſtic worſhip, the everlaſting fire of Veſta, the ſhrines and temples of the gods, the walls of the city, and the houſes of the citizens. Conſider likewiſe, that you are this day to paſs judgment on your own lives, on thoſe of your wives and children, on the fortunes of all the citizens, on your houſes and properties. You have a leader, ſuch as you will not always have, watchful for you, regardleſs of himſelf. You have likewiſe, what was never known before in a caſe of this kind, all orders, all ranks of men, the whole body of the Roman people, of one and the ſame mind. Reflect how this mighty empire reared with ſo much toil, this liberty eſtabliſhed with ſo much bravery, and this profuſion of wealth improved and heightened by ſuch favour and kindneſs of the gods, were like in one night to have been for ever deſtroyed. You are this day to provide, that the ſame thing not only ſhall never be attempted, but not ſo much as thought of again by any citizen. All this I have ſaid, not with a view to animate your zeal, in which you almoſt ſurpaſs me; but that my voice, which ought to lead in what relates to the commonwealth, may not fall ſhort of my duty as conſul.

But before I declare my ſentiments farther, conſcript fathers, ſuffer me to drop a word with regard to myſelf. I am ſenſible I have drawn upon myſelf as many enemies, as there are perſons concerned in the conſpiracy, whoſe number you ſee to be very great: but I look upon them as a baſe, abject, impotent, contemptible faction. But if, through the madneſs of any, it ſhall riſe again, ſo as to prevail againſt the ſenate and the republic; yet never, conſcript fathers, ſhall I repent of my preſent conduct and counſels. For death, with which perhaps they will threaten me, is prepared for all men; but none ever acquired that glory of life, which you have conferred upon me by your decrees. For to others you have decreed thanks for ſerving the republic ſucceſsfully; to me alone, for having ſaved it.

Let

Let Scipio be celebrated, by whose conduct and valour Hannibal was forced to abandon Italy, and return into Africa: let the other Africanus be crowned with the highest praise, who destroyed Carthage and Numantia, two cities at irreconcileable enmity with Rome: for ever renowned be L. Paulus, whose chariot was graced by the captivity of Perses, a once powerful and illustrious monarch: Immortal honour be the lot of Marius, who twice delivered Italy from invasion, and the dread of servitude: above all others, let Pompey's name be renowned, whose great actions and virtues know no other limits than those that regulate the course of the sun. Yet surely, among so many heroes, some place will be left for my praise; unless it be thought a greater merit to open a way into new provinces, whence we may retire at pleasure, than to take care that our conquerors may have a home to return to. In one circumstance, indeed, the condition of a foreign victory is better than that of a domestic one; because a foreign enemy, when conquered, is either quite crushed and reduced to slavery, or, obtaining favourable terms, becomes a friend: but when profligate citizens once turn rebels, and are baffled in their plots, you can neither keep them quiet by force, nor oblige them by favours. I therefore see myself engaged in an eternal war with all traiterous citizens; but am confident I shall easily repel it from me and mine, through your's and every worthy man's assistance, joined to the remembrance of the mighty dangers we have escaped; a remembrance that will not only subsist among the people delivered from them, but which must for ever cleave to the minds and tongues of all nations. Nor, I trust, will any force be found strong enough, to overpower or weaken the present union between you and the Roman knights, and this general confederacy of all good citizens.

Therefore, conscript fathers, instead of the command of armies and provinces, which I have declined; instead of a triumph, and other distinctions of honour, which for your preservation, and that of this city, I have rejected; instead of attachments and dependencies in the provinces, which, by means of my authority and credit in the city I labour no less to support than acquire; for all these services, I say, joined to my singular zeal for your interest, and that unwearied diligence you see me exert to preserve the state; I require nothing more of you than the perpetual remembrance of this juncture, and of my whole consulship. While that continues fixed in your minds, I shall think myself surrounded with an impregnable wall. But should the violence of the factious ever disappoint and get the better of my hopes, I recommend to you my infant son, and trust that it will be a sufficient guard, not only of his safety, but of his dignity, to have it remembered, that he is the son of one who, at the hazard of his own life, preserved you all. Therefore, conscript fathers, let me exhort you to proceed with vigour and resolution in an affair that regards your very being, and that of the people of Rome; your wives, and children; your religion, and properties; your altars, and temples; the houses, and dwellings of this city; your empire; your liberty; the safety of Italy; and the whole system of the commonwealth. For you have a consul, who will not only obey your decrees without hesitation, but while he lives, will support and execute in person whatever you shall order. *Whitworth's Cicero.*

§ 9. *Oration for the Poet Archias.*

THE ARGUMENT.

A. Licinius Archias was a native of Antioch, and a very celebrated poet. He came to Rome when Cicero was about five years old, and was courted by men of the greatest eminence in it, on account of his learning, genius, and politeness. Among others, Lucullus was very fond of him, took him into his family, and gave him the liberty of opening a school in it, to which many of the young nobility and gentry of Rome were sent for their education. In the consulship of M. Pupius Piso and M. Valerius Messala, one Gracchus, a person of obscure birth, accused Archias upon the law, by which those who were made free of any of the confederated cities, and at the time of passing the law dwelt in Italy, were obliged to claim their privilege before the prætor within sixty days. Cicero, in his oration, endeavours to prove, that Archias was a Roman citizen in the sense of that law; but dwells chiefly on the praises of poetry in general, and the talents and genius of the defendant, which he displays with great beauty, elegance, and spirit. The oration was made in the forty-sixth year of Cicero's age, and the six hundred and ninety-second of Rome.

IF, my lords, I have any abilities, and I am ſenſible they are but ſmall; if, by ſpeaking often, I have acquired any merit as a ſpeaker; if I have derived any knowledge from the ſtudy of the liberal arts, which have ever been my delight, A. Licinius may juſtly claim the fruit of all. For looking back upon paſt ſcenes, and calling to remembrance the earlieſt part of my life, I find it was he who prompted me firſt to engage in a courſe of ſtudy, and directed me in it. If my tongue, then formed and animated by him, has ever been the means of ſaving any, I am certainly bound by all the ties of gratitude to employ it in the defence of him, who has taught it to aſſiſt and defend others. And though his genius and courſe of ſtudy are very different from mine, let no one be ſurpriſed at what I advance: for I have not beſtowed the whole of my time on the ſtudy of eloquence, and beſides, all the liberal arts are nearly allied to each other, and have, as it were, one common bond of union.

But leſt it ſhould appear ſtrange, that, in a legal proceeding, and a public cauſe, before an excellent prætor, the moſt impartial judges, and ſo crowded an aſſembly, I lay aſide the uſual ſtile of trials, and introduce one very different from that of the bar; I muſt beg to be indulged in this liberty, which, I hope, will not be diſagreeable to you, and which ſeems indeed to be due to the defendant: that whilſt I am pleading for an excellent poet, and a man of great erudition, before ſo learned an audience, ſuch diſtinguiſhed patrons of the liberal arts, and ſo eminent a prætor, you would allow me to enlarge with ſome freedom on learning and liberal ſtudies; and to employ an almoſt unprecedented language for one, who, by reaſon of a ſtudious and unactive life, has been little converſant in dangers and public trials. If this, my lords, is granted me, I ſhall not only prove that A. Licinius ought not, as he is a citizen, to be deprived of his privileges, but that, if he were not, he ought to be admitted.

For no ſooner had Archias got beyond the years of childhood, and applied himſelf to poetry, after finiſhing thoſe ſtudies by which the minds of youth are uſually formed to a taſte for polite learning, than his genius ſhewed itſelf ſuperior to any at Antioch, the place where he was born, of a noble family; once indeed a rich and renowned city, but ſtill famous for liberal arts, and fertile in learned men. He was afterwards received with ſuch applauſe in the other cities of Aſia, and all over Greece, that though they expected more than fame had promiſed concerning him, even theſe expectations were exceeded, and their admiration of him greatly increaſed. Italy was, at that time, full of the arts and ſciences of Greece, which were then cultivated with more care among the Latins than now they are, and were not even neglected at Rome, the public tranquillity being favourable to them. Accordingly, the inhabitants of Tarentum, Rhegium and Naples, made him free of their reſpective cities, and conferred other honours upon him; and all thoſe who had any taſte, reckoned him worthy of their acquaintance and friendſhip. Being thus known by fame to thoſe who were ſtrangers to his perſon, he came to Rome in the conſulſhip of Marius and Catulus; the firſt of whom had, by his glorious deeds, furniſhed out a noble ſubject for a poet; and the other, beſides his memorable actions, was both a judge and a lover of poetry. Though he had not yet reached his ſeventeenth year, yet no ſooner was he arrived than the Luculli took him into their family; which, as it was the firſt that received him in his youth, ſo it afforded him freedom of acceſs even in old age; nor was this owing to his great genius and learning alone, but likewiſe to his amiable temper and virtuous diſpoſition. At that time too, Q. Metellus Numidicus, and his ſon Pius, were delighted with his converſation; M. Æmilius was one of his hearers; Q. Catulus, both the elder and younger, honoured him with their intimacy; L. Craſſus courted him; and being united by the greateſt familiarity to the Luculli, Druſus, the Octavii, Cato, and the whole Hortenſian family, it was no ſmall honour to him to receive marks of the higheſt regard, not only from thoſe who were really deſirous of hearing him, and of being inſtructed by him, but even from thoſe who affected to be ſo.

A conſiderable time after, he went with L. Lucullus into Sicily, and leaving that province in company with the ſame Lucullus, came to Heraclea, which being joined with Rome by the cloſeſt bonds of alliance, he was deſirous of being made free of it; and obtained his requeſt, both on account of his own merit, and the intereſt and authority of Lucullus. Strangers were admitted to the freedom of Rome, according to the law of Silvanus and Carbo, upon the following conditions: *If they were enrolled by free cities; if they had a dwelling in Italy, when*

when the law passed; and if they declared their enrolment before the prætor within the space of sixty days. Agreeable to this law, Archias, who had resided at Rome for many years, made his declaration before the prætor Q. Metellus, who was his intimate friend. If the right of citizenship and the law is all I have to prove, I have done; the cause is ended. For which of these things, Gracchus, can you deny? Will you say that he was not made a citizen of Heraclea at that time? Why, here is Lucullus, a man of the greatest credit, honour, and integrity, who affirms it; and that not as a thing he believes, but as what he knows; not as what he heard of, but as what he saw; not as what he was present at, but as what he transacted. Here are likewise deputies from Heraclea, who affirm the same; men of the greatest quality, come hither on purpose to give public testimony in this cause. But here you'll desire to see the public register of Heraclea, which we all know was burnt in the Italian war, together with the office wherein it was kept. Now, is it not ridiculous to say nothing to the evidences which we have, and to desire those which we cannot have; to be silent as to the testimony of men, and to demand the testimony of registers; to pay no regard to what is affirmed by a person of great dignity, nor to the oath and integrity of a free city of the strictest honour, evidences which are incapable of being corrupted, and to require those of registers which you allow to be frequently vitiated. But he did not reside at Rome: what he, who for so many years before Silvanus's law made Rome the seat of all his hopes and fortune. But he did not declare; so far is this from being true, that his declaration is to be seen in that register, which, by that very act, and its being in the custody of the college of prætors, is the only authentic one.

For the negligence of Appius, the corruption of Gabinius before his condemnation, and his disgrace after, having destroyed the credit of public records; Metellus, a man of the greatest honour and modesty, was so very exact, that he came before Lentulus the prætor and the other judges, and declared that he was uneasy at the erazure of a single name. The name of A. Licinius therefore is still to be seen; and as this is the case, why should you doubt of his being a citizen of Rome, especially as he was enrolled likewise in other free cities? For when Greece bestowed the freedom of its cities, without the recommendation of merit, upon persons of little consideration, and those who had either no employment at all, or very mean ones, is it to be imagined that the inhabitants of Rhegium, Locris, Naples, or Tarentum, would deny to a man so highly celebrated for his genius, what they conferred even upon comedians? When others, not only after Silanus's law, but even after the Papian law, shall have found means to creep into the registers of the municipal cities, shall he be rejected, who, because he was always desirous of passing for an Heraclean, never availed himself of his being enrolled in other cities? But you desire to see the enrolment of our estate; as if it were not well known, that under the last censorship the defendant was with the army commanded by that renowned general L. Lucullus; that under the censorship immediately preceding, he was with the same Lucullus then quæstor in Asia; and that, when Julius and Crassus were censors, there was no enrolment made? But, as an enrolment in the censors books does not confirm the right of citizenship, and only shews that the person enrolled assumed the character of a citizen, I must tell you that Archias made a will according to our laws, succeeded to the estates of Roman citizens, and was recommended to the treasury by L. Lucullus, both when prætor and consul, as one who deserved well of the state, at the very time when you alledge that, by his own confession, he had no right to the freedom of Rome.

Find out whatever arguments you can, Archias will never be convicted for his own conduct, nor that of his friends. But you'll no doubt ask the reason, Gracchus, of my being so highly delighted with this man? Why, it is because he furnishes me with what relieves my mind, and charms my ears, after the fatigue and noise of the forum. Do you imagine that I could possibly plead every day on such a variety of subjects, if my mind was not cultivated with science; or that it could bear being stretched to such a degree, if it were not sometimes unbent by the amusements of learning. I am fond of these studies, I own: let those be ashamed who have buried themselves in learning so as to be of no use to society, nor able to produce any thing to public view; but why should I be ashamed, who for so many years, my lords, have never been prevented by indolence, seduced by pleasure, nor diverted by sleep, from doing good offices to others? Who then can censure me, or in justice be angry with me, if those hours which

which others employ in bufineſs, in pleaſures, in celebrating public ſolemnities, in refreſhing the body and unbending the mind; if the time which is ſpent by ſome in midnight banquetings, in diverſions, and in gaming, I employ in reviewing theſe ſtudies? And this application is the more excuſable, as I derive no ſmall advantages from it in my profeſſion, in which, whatever abilities I poſſeſs, they have always been employed when the dangers of my friends called for their aſſiſtance. If they ſhould appear to any to be but ſmall, there are ſtill other advantages of a much higher nature, and I am very ſenſible whence I derive them. For had I not been convinced from my youth, by much inſtruction and much ſtudy, that nothing is greatly deſireable in life but glory and virtue, and that, in the purſuit of theſe, all bodily tortures, and the perils of death and exile, are to be ſlighted and deſpiſed, never ſhould I have expoſed myſelf to ſo many and ſo great conflicts for your preſervation, nor to the daily rage and violence of the moſt worthleſs of men. But on this head books are full; the voice of the wiſe is full; antiquity is full; all which, were it not for the lamp of learning, would be involved in thick obſcurity. How many pictures of the braveſt of men have the Greek and Latin writers left us, not only to contemplate, but likewiſe to imitate? Theſe illuſtrious models I always ſet before me in the government of the ſtate, and formed my conduct by contemplating their virtues.

But were thoſe great men, it will be aſked, who are celebrated in hiſtory, diſtinguiſhed for that kind of learning, which you extol ſo highly? It were difficult indeed, to prove this of them all; but what I ſhall anſwer is, however, very certain. I own then that there have been many men of excellent diſpoſitions and diſtinguiſhed virtue, who, without learning, and by the almoſt divine force of nature herſelf, have been wiſe and moderate; nay, farther, that nature without learning is of greater efficacy towards the attainment of glory and virtue, than learning without nature; but then, I affirm, that when to an excellent natural diſpoſition the embelliſhments of learning are added, there reſults from this union ſomething great and extraordinary. Such was that divine man Africanus, whom our fathers ſaw; ſuch were C. Lælius and L. Furius, perſons of the greateſt temperance and moderation; ſuch was old Cato, a man of great bravery, and for the times, of great learning; who, ſurely, would never have applied to the ſtudy of learning, had they thought it of no ſervice towards the acquiſition and improvement of virtue. But were pleaſure only to be derived from learning without the advantages we have mentioned, you muſt ſtill, I imagine, allow it to be a very liberal and polite amuſement. For other ſtudies are not ſuited to every time, to every age, and to every place; but theſe give ſtrength in youth, and joy in old age; adorn proſperity, and are the ſupport and conſolation of adverſity; at home they are delightful, and abroad they are eaſy; at night they are company to us; when we travel they attend us; and, in our rural retirements they do not forſake us. Though we ourſelves were incapable of them, and had no reliſh for their charms, ſtill we ſhould admire them when we ſee them in others.

Was there any of us ſo void of taſte, and of ſo unfeeling a temper, as not to be affected lately with the death of Roſcius? For though he died in an advanced age, yet ſuch was the excellence and inimitable beauty of his art, that we thought him worthy of living for ever. Was he then ſo great a favourite with us all on account of the graceful motions of his body: and ſhall we be inſenſible to the ſurpriſing energy of the mind, and the ſprightly ſallies of genius? How often have I ſeen this Archias, my lords, (for I will preſume on your goodneſs, as you are pleaſed to favour me with ſo much attention in this unuſual manner of pleading) how often, I ſay, have I ſeen him, without uſing his pen, and without any labour or ſtudy, make a great number of excellent verſes on occaſional ſubjects? How often, when a ſubject was reſumed, have I heard him give it a different turn of thought and expreſſion, whilſt thoſe compoſitions which he finiſhed with care and exactneſs were as highly approved as the moſt celebrated writings of antiquity! And ſhall not I love this man? Shall I not admire him? Shall I not defend him to the utmoſt of my power? For men of the greateſt eminence and learning have taught us, that other branches of ſcience require education, art, and precept; but that a poet is formed by the plaſtic hand of nature herſelf, is quickened by the native fire of genius, and animated as it were by a kind of divine enthuſiaſm. It is with juſtice therefore that our Ennius beſtows upon poets the epithet of *venerable*, becauſe they ſeem to have ſome peculiar gifts of the gods to recommend them to us. Let the

name

name of poet then, which the most barbarous nations have never profaned, be revered by you, my lords, who are so great admirers of polite learning. Rocks and deserts resecho sounds; savage beasts are often soothed by music, and listen to its charms; and shall we, with all the advantages of the best education, be unaffected with the voice of poetry? The Calophonians give out that Homer is their countryman, the Chians declare that he is theirs, the Salaminians lay claim to him, the people of Smyrna affirm that Smyrna gave him breath, and have accordingly dedicated a temple to him in their city: besides these, many other nations contend warmly for this honour.

Do they then lay claim to a stranger even after his death, on account of his being a poet; and shall we reject this living poet, who is a Roman both by inclination and the laws of Rome; especially as he has employed the utmost efforts of his genius to celebrate the glory and grandeur of the Roman people? For, in his youth, he sung the triumphs of C. Marius over the Cimbri, and even pleased that great general, who had but little relish for the charms of poetry. Nor is there any person so great an enemy to the Muses, as not readily to allow the poet to blazon his fame, and consecrate his actions to immortality. Themistocles, that celebrated Athenian, upon being asked what music, or whose voice was most agreeable to him, is reported to have answered, *that man's, who could best celebrate his virtues.* The same Marius too had a very high regard for L. Plotius, whose genius, he thought, was capable of doing justice to his actions. But Archias has described the whole Mithridatic war; a war of such danger and importance, and so very memorable for the great variety of its events both by sea and land. Nor does his poem reflect honour only on L. Lucullus, that very brave and renowned man, but likewise adds lustre to the Roman name. For, under Lucullus, the Roman people penetrated into Pontus, impregnable till then by means of its situation and the arms of its monarchs; under him, the Romans, with no very considerable force, routed the numberless troops of the Armenians; under his conduct too, Rome has the glory of delivering Cyzicum, the city of our faithful allies, from the rage of a monarch, and rescuing it from the devouring jaws of a mighty war. The praises of our fleet shall ever be recorded and celebrated, for the wonders performed at Tenedos, where the enemy's ships were sunk, and their commanders slain: such are our trophies, such our monuments, such our triumphs. Those therefore, whose genius describes these exploits, celebrate likewise the praises of the Roman name. Our Ennius was greatly beloved by the elder Africanus, and accordingly he is thought to have a marble statue amongst the monuments of the Scipio's. But those praises are not appropriated to the immediate subjects of them; the whole Roman people have a share in them. Cato, the ancestor of the judge here present, is highly celebrated for his virtues, and from this the Romans themselves derive great honour: in a word, the Maximi, the Marcelli, the Fulvii cannot be praised, without praising every Roman.

Did our ancestors then confer the freedom of Rome on him who sung the praises of her heroes, on a native of Rudiæ; and shall we thrust this Heraclean out of Rome, who has been courted by many cities, and whom our laws have made a Roman? For if any one imagines that less glory is derived from the Greek, than from the Latin poet, he is greatly mistaken; the Greek language is understood in almost every nation, whereas the Latin is confined to Latin territories, territories extremely narrow. If our exploits, therefore, have reached the utmost limits of the earth, we ought to be desirous that our glory and fame should extend as far as our arms: for as these operate powerfully on the people whose actions are recorded; so to those who expose their lives for the sake of glory, they are the grand motives to toils and dangers. How many persons is Alexander the Great reported to have carried along with him, to write his history! And yet, when he stood by the tomb of Achilles at Sigæum, "Happy youth," he cried, "who could find a Homer to blazon thy fame!" And what he said, was true; for had it not been for the Iliad, his ashes and fame had been buried in the same tomb. Did not Pompey the Great, whose virtues were equal to his fortune, confer the freedom of Rome, in the presence of a military assembly, upon Theophanes of Mitylene, who sung his triumphs? And these Romans of ours, men brave indeed, but unpolished and mere soldiers, moved with the charms of glory, gave shouts of applause, as if they had shared in the honour of their leader. Is it to be supposed then, that Archias, if our laws had not made him a citizen of Rome, could not have obtained his freedom from some general? Would Sylla, who conferred the

rights of citizenship on Gauls and Spaniards, have refused the suit of Archias? That Sylla, whom we saw in an assembly, when a bad poet, of obscure birth, presented him a petition upon the merit of having written an epigram in his praise of unequal hobbling verses, order him to be instantly rewarded out of an estate he was selling at the time, on condition he should write no more verses. Would he, who even thought the industry of a bad poet worthy of some reward, not have been fond of the genius, the spirit, and eloquence of Archias? Could our poet, neither by his own interest, nor that of the Luculli, have obtained from his intimate friend Q. Metellus Pius the freedom of Rome, which he bestowed so frequently upon others? Especially as Metellus was so very desirous of having his actions celebrated, that he was even somewhat pleased with the dull and barbarous verses of the poets born at Corduba.

Nor ought we to dissemble this truth, which cannot be concealed, but declare it openly: we are all influenced by the love of praise, and the greatest minds have the greatest passion for glory. The philosophers themselves prefix their names to those books which they write upon the contempt of glory; by which they shew that they are desirous of praise and fame, while they affect to despise them. Decimus Brutus, that great commander and excellent man, adorned the monuments of his family, and the gates of his temples, with the verses of his intimate friend Atticus: and Fulvius, who made war with the Ætolians attended by Ennius, did not scruple to consecrate the spoils of Mars to the Muses. In that city therefore, where generals, with their arms almost in their hands, have reverenced the shrines of the Muses and the name of poets, surely magistrates in their robes, and in times of peace, ought not to be averse to honouring the one, or protecting the other. And to engage you the more readily to this, my lords, I will lay open the very sentiments of my heart before you, and freely confess my passion for glory, which, though too keen perhaps, is however virtuous. For what I did in conjunction with you during my consulship, for the safety of this city and empire, for the lives of my fellow-citizens, and for the interests of the state, Archias intends to celebrate in verse, and has actually begun his poem. Upon reading what he has wrote, it appeared to me so sublime, and gave me so much pleasure, that I encouraged him to go on with it. For virtue desires no other reward for her toils and dangers, but praise and glory: take but this away, my lords, and what is there left in this short, this scanty career of human life, that can tempt us to engage in so many and so great labours? Surely, if the mind had no thought of futurity, if she confined all her views within those limits which bound our present existence, she would neither waste her strength in so great toils, nor harass herself with so many cares and watchings, nor struggle so often for life itself: but there is a certain principle in the breast of every good man, which both day and night quickens him to the pursuit of glory, and puts him in mind that his fame is not to be measured by the extent of his present life, but that it runs parallel with the line of posterity.

Can we, who are engaged in the affairs of the state, and in so many toils and dangers, think so meanly as to imagine that, after a life of uninterrupted care and trouble, nothing shall remain of us after death? If many of the greatest men have been careful to leave their statues and pictures these representations not of their minds but of their bodies; ought not we to be much more desirous of leaving the portraits of our enterprises and virtues drawn and finished by the most eminent artists? As for me, I have always imagined, whilst I was engaged in doing whatever I have done, that I was spreading my actions over the whole earth and that they would be held in eternal remembrance. But whether I shall lose my consciousness of this at death, or whether as the wisest men have thought, I shall retain it after, at present the thought delights me, and my mind is filled with pleasing hopes. Do not then deprive us, my lords, of a man, whom modesty, a graceful manner, engaging behaviour, and the affection of his friends so strongly recommend; the greatness of whose genius may be estimated from this, that he is courted by the most eminent men of Rome; and whose plea is such, that it has the law in its favour, the authority of a municipal town, the testimony of Lucullus, and the register of Metellus. This being the case, we beg of you my lords, since in matters of such importance, not only the intercession of men but of gods is necessary, that the man, who has always celebrated your virtues, those of your generals, and the victories of the Roman people; who declares that he will raise eternal monuments to your praise and mine for our conduct in our late domestic danger; a

and who is of the number of those that have ever been accounted and pronounced divine, may be so protected by you, as to have greater reason to applaud your generosity, than to complain of your rigour. What I have said, my lords, concerning this cause, with my usual brevity and simplicity, is, I am confident, approved by all: what I have advanced upon poetry in general, and the genius of the defendant, contrary to the usage of the forum and the bar, will, I hope, be taken in good part by you; by him who presides upon the bench, I am convinced it will.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§. 10. *Oration for T. Annius Milo.*

THE ARGUMENT.

This beautiful oration was made in the 55th year of Cicero's age, upon the following occasion. In the year of Rome, 701, T. Annius Milo, Q. Metellus Scipio, and P. Plautius Hypsæus, stood candidates for the consulship; and, according to Plutarch, pushed on their several interests with such open violence and bribery, as if it had been to be carried only by money or arms. P. Clodius, Milo's professed enemy, stood at the same time for the prætorship, and used all his interest to disappoint Milo, by whose obtaining the consulship he was sure to be controuled in the exercise of his magistracy. The senate and the better sort were generally in Milo's interest; and Cicero, in particular, served him with distinguished zeal: three of the tribunes were violent against him, the other seven were his fast friends; above all M. Cœlius, who out of regard to Cicero, was very active in his service. But whilst matters were proceeding in a very favourable train for him, and nothing seemed wanting to crown his success, but to bring on the election, which his adversaries, for that reason, endeavoured to keep back; all his hopes and fortunes were blasted at once by an unhappy rencounter with Clodius, in which Clodius was killed by his servants, and by his command. His body was left in the Appian road, where it fell, but was taken up soon after by Tedius, a senator, who happened to come by, and brought to Rome; where it was exposed, all covered with blood and wounds, to the view of the populace, who flocked about in crowds to lament the miserable fate of their leader. The next day, Sextus Clodius, a kinsman of the deceased, and one of his chief incendiaries, together with the three tribunes, Milo's enemies, employed all the arts of party and faction to inflame the mob, which they did to such a height of fury, that snatching up the body, they ran away with it into the senate-house, and tearing up the benches, tables, and every thing combustible, dressed up a funeral pile upon the spot; and, together with the body, burnt the house itself, with a *basilica* or public hall adjoining. Several other outrages were committed, so that the senate were obliged to pass a decree, *that the inter-rex, assisted by the tribunes, and Pompey, should take care that the republic received no detriment; and that Pompey, in particular, should raise a body of troops for the common security*, which he presently drew together from all parts of Italy. Amidst this confusion, the rumour of a dictator being industriously spread, and alarming the senate, they resolved presently to create Pompey the single consul, whose election was accordingly declared by the inter-rex, after an interregnum of near two months. Pompey applied himself immediately to quiet the public disorders, and published several new laws, prepared by him for that purpose; one of them was, to appoint a special commission to enquire into Clodius's death, &c. and to appoint an extraordinary judge, of consular rank, to preside in it. He attended Milo's trial himself with a strong guard, to preserve peace. The accusers were young Appius, the nephew of Clodius, M. Antonius, and P. Valerius. Cicero was the only advocate on Milo's side; but as soon as he rose up to speak, he was received with so rude a clamour by the Clodians, that he was much discomposed and daunted at his first setting out: he recovered spirits enough, however, to go through his speech, which was taken down in writing, and published as it was delivered; though the copy of it now extant is supposed to have been retouched, and corrected by him afterwards, for a present to Milo, who was condemned

and went into Exile at Marſeilles, a few days after his condemnation.

THOUGH I am apprehenſive, my lords, it may ſeem a reflection on a perſon's character to diſcover any ſigns of fear, when he is entering on the defence of ſo brave a man, and particularly unbecoming in me, that when T. Annius Milo himſelf is more concerned for the ſafety of the ſtate than his own, I ſhould not be able to maintain an equal greatneſs of mind in pleading his cauſe; yet I muſt own, the unuſual manner in which this new kind of trial is conducted, ſtrikes me with a kind of terror, while I am looking around me, in vain, for the ancient uſages of the forum, and the forms that have been hitherto obſerved in our courts of judicature. Your bench is not ſurrounded with the uſual circle; nor is the crowd ſuch as uſed to throng us. For thoſe guards you ſee planted before all the temples, however intended to prevent all violence, yet ſtrike the orator with terror; ſo that even in the forum and during the trial, though attended with an uſeful and neceſſary guard, I cannot help being under ſome apprehenſions, at the ſame time I am ſenſible they are without foundation. Indeed, if I imagined it was ſtationed there in oppoſition to Milo, I ſhould give way, my lords, to the times; and conclude there was no room for an orator in the midſt of ſuch an armed force. But the prudence of Pompey, a man of ſuch diſtinguiſhed wiſdom and equity, both cheers and relieves me; whoſe juſtice will never ſuffer him to leave a perſon expoſed to the rage of the ſoldiery, whom he has delivered up to a legal trial; nor his wiſdom, to give the ſanction of public authority to the outrages of a furious mob. Wherefore thoſe arms, thoſe centurions and cohorts, are ſo far from threatening me with danger, that they aſſure me of protection; they not only baniſh my fears, but inſpire me with courage; and promiſe that I ſhall be heard not merely with ſafety, but with ſilence and attention. As to the reſt of the aſſembly, thoſe, at leaſt, that are Roman citizens, they are all on our ſide; nor is there a ſingle perſon of all that multitude of ſpectators, whom you ſee on all ſides of us, as far as any part of the forum can be diſtinguiſhed, waiting the event of the trial, who, while he favours Milo, does not think his own fate, that of his poſterity, his country, and his property likewiſe at ſtake.

There is indeed one ſet of men our inveterate enemies; they are thoſe whom the madneſs of P. Clodius has trained up, and ſupported by plunder, firing of houſes, and every ſpecies of public miſchief; who were ſpirited up by the ſpeeches of yeſterday, to dictate to you what ſentence you ſhould paſs. If theſe ſhould chance to raiſe any clamour, it will only make you cautious how you part with a citizen who always deſpiſed that crew, and their loudeſt threatenings, where your ſafety was concerned. Act with ſpirit, then, my lords, and if you ever entertained any fears, diſmiſs them all. For if ever you had it in your power to determine in favour of brave and worthy men, or of deſerving citizens; in a word, if ever any occaſion was preſented to a number of perſons ſelected from the moſt illuſtrious orders, of declaring, by their actions and their votes, that regard for the brave and virtuous, which they had often expreſſed by their looks and words; now is the time for you to exert this power in determining whether we, who have ever been devoted to your authority, ſhall ſpend the remainder of our days in grief and miſery, or after having been ſo long inſulted by the moſt abandoned citizens, ſhall at laſt through your means, by your fidelity, virtue and wiſdom, recover our wonted life and vigour. For what, my lords, can be mentioned or conceived more grievous to us both; what more vexatious or trying, than that we who entered into the ſervice of our country from the hopes of the higheſt honours, cannot even be free from the apprehenſions of the ſevereſt puniſhments? For my own part, I always took it for granted, that the other ſtorms and tempeſts which are uſually raiſed in popular tumults would beat upon Milo, becauſe he has conſtantly approved himſelf the friend of good men in oppoſition to the bad; but in a public trial, where the moſt illuſtrious perſons of all the orders of the ſtate were to ſit as judges, I never imagined that Milo's enemies could have entertained the leaſt hope not only of deſtroying his ſafety, while ſuch perſons were upon the bench, but even of giving the leaſt ſtain to his honour. In this cauſe, my lords, I ſhall take no advantage of Annius's tribuneſhip, nor of his important ſervices to the ſtate during the whole of his life, in order to make out his defence, unleſs you ſhall ſee that Clodius himſelf actually lay in wait for him; nor ſhall I intreat you to grant a pardon for one raſh action, in conſideration of the many glorious things he has performed for his

his country; nor require, that if Clodius's death prove a bleſſing to you, you ſhould aſcribe it rather to Milo's virtue, than the fortune of Rome: but if it ſhould appear clearer than the day, that Clodius did really lie in wait, then I muſt beſeech and adjure you, my lords, that if we have loſt every thing elſe, we may at leaſt be allowed without fear of puniſhment to defend our lives againſt the inſolent attacks of our enemies.

But before I enter upon that which is the proper ſubject of our preſent enquiry, it will be neceſſary to confute thoſe notions which have been often advanced by our enemies in the ſenate, often by a ſet of worthleſs fellows, and even lately by our accuſers before an aſſembly, that having thus removed all ground of miſtake, you may have a clearer view of the matter that is to come before you. They ſay, that a man who confeſſes he has killed another, ought not to be ſuffered to live. But where, pray, do theſe ſtupid people uſe this argument? Why truly, in that very city where the firſt perſon that was ever tried for a capital crime was the brave M. Horatius; who before the ſtate was in poſſeſſion of its liberty, was acquitted by the comitia of the Roman people, though he confeſſed he had killed his ſiſter with his own hand. Can any one be ſo ignorant as not to know that in caſes of blood-ſhed, the fact is either abſolutely denied, or maintained to be juſt and lawful? Were it not ſo, P. Africanus muſt be reckoned out of his ſenſes, who, when he was aſked in a ſeditious manner by the tribune Carbo before all the people, what he thought of Gracchus's death? ſaid, that he deſerved to die. Nor can Ahala Servilius, P. Naſica, L. Opimius, C. Marius, or the ſenate itſelf, during my conſulate, be acquitted of the moſt enormous guilt if it be a crime to put wicked citizens to death. It is not without reaſon, therefore, my lords, that learned men have informed us, though in a fabulous manner, how that, when a difference aroſe in regard to the man who had killed his mother in revenge for his father's death, he was acquitted by a divine decree, nay, by a decree of the goddeſs of Wiſdom herſelf. And if the twelve tables allow a man, without fear of puniſhment, to take away the life of a thief in the night, in whatever ſituation he finds him; and, in the daytime, if he uſes a weapon in his defence; who can imagine that a perſon muſt univerſally deſerve puniſhment for killing another, when he cannot but ſee that the laws themſelves in ſome caſes put a ſword into our hands for this very purpoſe?

But if any circumſtance can be alledged, and undoubtedly there are many ſuch, in which the putting a man to death can be vindicated; that in which a perſon has acted upon the principle of ſelf-defence, muſt certainly be allowed ſufficient to render the action not only juſt, but neceſſary. When a military tribune, a relation of C. Marius, made an unnatural attempt upon the body of a ſoldier in that general's army, he was killed by the man to whom he offered violence; for the virtuous youth choſe rather to expoſe his life to hazard, than ſubmit to ſuch diſhonourable treatment; and he was acquitted by that great man, and delivered from all apprehenſions of danger. But what death can be deemed unjuſt, that is inflicted on one who lies in wait for another, on one who is a public robber? To what purpoſe have we a train of attendants? or why are they furniſhed with arms? It would certainly be unlawful to wear them at all, if the uſe of them was abſolutely forbid: for this, my lords, is not a written, but an innate law. We have not been taught it by the learned, we have not received it from our anceſtors, we have not taken it from books; but it is derived from, it is forced upon us by nature, and ſtamped in indelible characters upon our very frame: it was not conveyed to us by inſtruction, but wrought into our conſtitution; it is the dictate, not of education, but inſtinct, that if our lives ſhould be at any time in danger from concealed or more open aſſaults of robbers or private enemies, every honourable method ſhould be taken for our ſecurity. Laws, my lords, are ſilent amidſt arms; nor do they require us to wait their deciſions, when by ſuch a delay one muſt ſuffer an undeſerved puniſhment himſelf, rather than inflict it juſtly on another. Even the law itſelf, very wiſely, and in ſome meaſure tacitly, allows of ſelf-defence, as it does not forbid the killing of a man, but the carrying a weapon in order to kill him: ſince then the ſtreſs is laid not upon the weapon but the end for which it was carried, he that makes uſe of a weapon only to defend himſelf, can never be condemned as wearing it with an intention to take away a man's life. Therefore, my lords, let this principle be laid down as the foundation of our plea: for I don't doubt but I ſhall make out my defence to your ſatisfaction, if you only keep in mind what I think it is impoſſible for you to forget, that a man

who lies in wait for another may be lawfully killed.

I come now to conſider what is frequently inſiſted upon by Milo's enemies; that the killing of P. Clodius has been declared by the ſenate a dangerous attack upon the ſtate. But the ſenate has declared their approbation of it, not only by their ſuffrages, but by the warmeſt teſtimonies in favour of Milo. For how often have I pleaded that very cauſe before them? How great was the ſatisfaction of the whole order! How loudly, how publicly did they applaud me! In the fulleſt houſe, when were there found four, at moſt five, who did not approve of Milo's conduct? This appears plainly from the lifeleſs harangues of that feigned tribune, in which he was continually inveighing againſt my power, and alledging that the ſenate, in their decree, did not follow their own judgment, but were entirely under my direction and influence. Which, if it muſt be called power, rather than a moderate ſhare of authority in juſt and lawful caſes, to which one may be entitled by ſervices to his country; or ſome degree of intereſt with the worthy part of mankind, on account of my readineſs to exert myſelf in defence of the innocent; let it be called ſo, provided it is employed for the protection of the virtuous againſt the fury of ruffians. But as for this extraordinary trial, though I do not blame it, yet the ſenate never thought of granting it; becauſe we had laws and precedents already, both in regard to murder and violence: nor did Clodius's death give them ſo much concern as to occaſion an extraordinary commiſſion. For if the ſenate was deprived of the power of paſſing ſentence upon him for an inceſtuous debauch, who can imagine they would think it neceſſary to grant any extraordinary trial for enquiring into his death? Why then did the ſenate decree that burning the court, the aſſault upon M. Lepidus's houſe, and even the death of this man, were actions injurious to the republic? becauſe every act of violence committed in a free ſtate by one citizen againſt another, is an act againſt the ſtate. For even force in one's own defence is never deſirable, though it is ſometimes neceſſary; unleſs indeed it be pretended that no wound was given the ſtate, on the day when the Gracchi were ſlain, and the armed force of Saturninus cruſhed.

When it appeared, therefore, that a man had been killed upon the Appian way, I was of opinion that the party who acted in his own defence ſhould not be deemed an enemy to the ſtate; but as both contrivance and force had been employed in the affair, I referred the merits of the cauſe to a trial, and admitted of the fact. And if that frantic tribune would have permitted the ſenate to follow their own judgment, we ſhould at this time have had no new commiſſion for a trial: for the ſenate was coming to a reſolution, that the cauſe ſhould be tried upon the old laws, only not according to the uſual forms. A diviſion was made in the vote, at whoſe requeſt I know not; for it is not neceſſary to expoſe the crimes of every one. Thus the remainder of the ſenate's authority was deſtroyed by a mercenary interpoſition. But, it is ſaid, that Pompey, by the bill which he brought in, decided both upon the nature of the fact in general, and the merits of this cauſe in particular. For he publiſhed a law concerning this encounter in the Appian way, in which P. Clodius was killed. But what was the law? why, that enquiry ſhould be made into it. And what was to be enquired into? whether the fact was committed? But that is not diſputed. By whom? that too is clear. For Pompey ſaw, though the fact was confeſſed, that the juſtice of it might be defended. If he had not ſeen that a perſon might be acquitted, after making his confeſſion, he would never have directed any enquiry to be made, nor have put into your hands, my lords, an acquitting as well as a favourable letter. But Cn. Pompey ſeems to me not only to have determined nothing ſevere againſt Milo, but even to have pointed out what you are to have in view in the courſe of the trial. For he who did not puniſh the confeſſion of the fact, but allowed of a defence, was ſurely of opinion that the cauſe of the bloodſhed was to be enquired into, and not the fact itſelf. I refer it to Pompey himſelf, whether the part he acted in this affair proceeded from his regard to the memory of P. Clodius, or from his regard to the times.

M. Druſus, a man of the higheſt quality, the defender, and in thoſe times almoſt the patron of the ſenate, uncle to that brave man M. Cato, now upon the bench, and tribune of the people, was killed in his own houſe. And yet the people were not conſulted upon his death, nor was any commiſſion for a trial granted by the ſenate on account of it. What deep diſtreſs is ſaid to have ſpread over the whole city, when P. Africanus was aſſaſſinated in the night-time as he lay on his own bed? What breaſt did not then ſigh, what heart was not pierced with

with grief, that a perſon, on whom the wiſhes of all men would have conferred immortality, could wiſhes have done it, ſhould be cut off by ſo early a fate? was no decree made then for an enquiry into Africanus's death? None. And why? Becauſe the crime is the ſame, whether the character of the perſons that ſuffer be illuſtrious or obſcure. Grant that there is a difference, as to the dignity of their lives, yet their deaths, when they are the effect of villainy, are judged by the ſame laws, and attended by the ſame puniſhments: unleſs it be a more heinous parricide for a man to kill his father if he be of conſular dignity, than if he were in a private ſtation; or the guilt of Clodius's death be aggravated by his being killed amongſt the monuments of his anceſtors; for that too has been urged; as if the great Appius Cæcus had paved that road, not for the convenience of his country, but that his poſterity might have the privilege of committing acts of violence with impunity. And accordingly when P. Clodius had killed M. Papirius, a moſt accompliſhed perſon of the Equeſtrian order, on this Appian way, his crime muſt paſs unpuniſhed; for a nobleman had only killed a Roman knight amongſt the monuments of his own family. Now the very name of this Appian way what a ſtir does it make? what was never mentioned while it was ſtained with the blood of a worthy and innocent man, is in every one's mouth, now it is dyed with that of a robber and a murderer. But why do I mention theſe things? one of Clodius's ſlaves was ſeized in the temple of Caſtor, where he was placed by his maſter, on purpoſe to aſſaſſinate Pompey: he confeſſed it, as they were wreſting the dagger out of his hands. Pompey abſented from the forum upon it, he abſented from the ſenate, he abſented from the public. He had recourſe, for his ſecurity, to the gates and walls of his own houſe, and not to the authority of laws, or courts of judicature. Was any law paſſed at that time? was any extraordinary commiſſion granted? And yet, if any circumſtance, if any perſon, if any juncture ever merited ſuch a diſtinction, it was certainly upon this occaſion. An aſſaſſin was placed in the forum, and in the very porch of the ſenate-houſe, with a deſign to murder the man, on whoſe life depended the ſafety of the ſtate; and at ſo critical a juncture of the republic, that if he had fallen, not this city alone, but the whole empire muſt have fallen with him. But poſſibly you may imagine he ought not to be puniſhed, becauſe his deſign did not ſucceed; as if the ſucceſs of a crime, and not the intention of the criminal, was cognizable by the laws. There was leſs reaſon indeed for grief, as the attempt did not ſucceed; but certainly not at all the leſs for puniſhment. How often, my lords, have I myſelf eſcaped the threatening dagger, and bloody hands of Clodius? From which, if neither my own good fortune, nor that of the republic had preſerved me, who would ever have procured an extraordinary trial upon my death?

But it is weak in one to preſume to compare Druſus, Africanus, Pompey, or myſelf, with Clodius. Their lives could be diſpenſed with; but as to the death of P. Clodius, no one can hear it with any degree of patience. The ſenate mourns, the Equeſtrian order is filled with diſtreſs, the whole city is in the deepeſt affliction, the corporate towns are all in mourning, the colonies are overwhelmed with ſorrow; in a word, even the fields themſelves lament the loſs of ſo generous, ſo uſeful, and ſo humane a citizen. But this, my lords, is by no means the reaſon why Pompey thought himſelf obliged to appoint a commiſſion for a trial; being a man of great wiſdom, of deep and almoſt divine penetration, he took a great variety of things into his view. He conſidered that Clodius had been his enemy, that Milo was his intimate friend, and was afraid that, if he took his part in the general joy, it would render the ſincerity of his reconciliation ſuſpected. Many other things he ſaw, and particularly this, that though he had made a ſevere law, you would act with becoming reſolution on the trial. And accordingly, in appointing judges, he ſelected the greateſt ornaments of the moſt illuſtrious orders of the ſtate; nor in making his choice, did he, as ſome have pretended, ſet aſide his friends. For neither had this perſon, ſo eminent for his juſtice, any ſuch deſign, nor was it poſſible for him to have made ſuch a diſtinction, if only worthy men were choſen, even if he had been deſirous of doing it. My influence is not confined to my particular friends, my lords, the number of whom cannot be very large, becauſe the intimacies of friendſhip can extend but to a few. If I have any intereſt, it is owing to this, that the affairs of the ſtate have connected me with the virtuous and worthy members of it; out of whom when he choſe the moſt deſerving, to which he would think himſelf bound in honour, he could not fail of nominating thoſe who had

an affection for me. But in fixing upon you, L. Domitius, to preſide at this trial, he had no other motive than a regard to juſtice, diſintereſtedneſs, humanity and honour. He enacted that the preſident ſhould be of conſular rank; becauſe, I ſuppoſe, he was of opinion that men of diſtinction ought to be proof againſt the levity of the populace, and the raſhneſs of the abandoned; and he gave you the preference to all others of the ſame rank, becauſe you had, from your youth, given the ſtrongeſt proofs of your contempt of popular rage.

Therefore, my lords, to come at laſt to the cauſe itſelf, and the accuſation brought againſt us; if it be not unuſual in ſome caſes to confeſs the fact; if the ſenate has decreed nothing with relation to our cauſe, but what we ourſelves could have wiſhed; if he who enacted the law, though there was no diſpute about the matter of fact, was willing that the lawfulneſs of it ſhould be debated; if a number of judges have been choſen, and a perſon appointed to preſide at the trial, who might canvaſs the affair with wiſdom and equity; the only remaining ſubject of your enquiry is, which of theſe two parties way-laid the other. And that you may be able the more eaſily to determine this point, I ſhall beg the favour of an attentive hearing, while, in a few words, I lay open the whole affair before you. P. Clodius being determined, when created prætor, to harraſs his country with every ſpecies of oppreſſion, and finding the comitia had been delayed ſo long the year before, that he could not hold his office many months; not regarding, like the reſt, the dignity of the ſtation, but being ſolicitous both to avoid having L. Paulus, a man of exemplary virtue, for his colleague, and to obtain a whole year for oppreſſing the ſtate; all on a ſudden threw up his own year, and reſerved himſelf to the next; not from any religious ſcruple, but that he might have, as he ſaid himſelf, a full, entire year for exerciſing his prætorſhip; that is, for overturning the commonwealth. He was ſenſible he muſt be controuled and cramped in the exerciſe of his prætorian authority under Milo, who, he plainly ſaw, would be choſen conſul by the unanimous conſent of the Roman people. Accordingly he joined the candidates that oppoſed Milo, but in ſuch a manner that he overruled them in every thing, had the ſole management of the election, and as he uſed often to boaſt, bore all the comitia upon his own ſhoulders. He aſſembled the tribes; he thruſt himſelf into their counſels, and formed a new Collinian tribe of the moſt abandoned of the citizens. The more confuſion and diſturbance he made, the more Milo prevailed. When this wretch, who was bent upon all manner of wickedneſs, ſaw that ſo brave a man, and his moſt inveterate enemy, would certainly be conſul; when he perceived this, not only by the diſcourſes, but by the votes of the Roman people, he began to throw off all diſguiſe, and to declare openly that Milo muſt be killed. He ſent for that rude and barbarous crew of ſlaves from the Appenines, whom you have ſeen, with whom he uſed to ravage the public foreſts, and harraſs Etruria. The thing was not in the leaſt a ſecret; for he uſed openly to ſay, that though Milo could not be deprived of the conſulate, he might of his life. He often intimated this in the ſenate, and declared it expreſsly before the people; inſomuch that when Favonius, that brave man, aſked him what proſpect he could have of carrying on his furious deſigns, while Milo was alive; he replied, that in three or four days at moſt he ſhould be taken out of the way: which reply Favonius immediately communicated to M. Cato.

In the mean time, as ſoon as Clodius knew, (nor indeed was there any difficulty to come at the intelligence) that Milo was obliged by the eighteenth of January to be at Lanuvium, where he was dictator, in order to nominate a prieſt, a duty which the laws rendered neceſſary to be performed every year; he went ſuddenly from Rome the day before, in order, as appears by the event, to way-lay Milo, in his own grounds; and this at a time when he was obliged to leave a tumultuous aſſembly, which he had ſummoned that very day, where his preſence was neceſſary to carry on his mad deſigns; a thing he never would have done, if he had not been deſirous to take the advantage of that particular time and place for perpetrating his villainy. But Milo, after having ſtaid in the ſenate that day till the houſe was broke up, went home, changed his ſhoes and cloaths, waited awhile, as uſual, till his wife had got ready to attend him, and then ſet forward about the time that Clodius, if he had propoſed to come back to Rome that day, might have returned. Clodius meets him, equipped for an engagement, on horſeback, without either chariot or baggage, without his Grecian ſervants; and, what was more extraordinary, without his wife. While this

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lier-in-wait, who had contrived the journey on purpose for an assassination, was in a chariot with his wife, muffled up in his cloak, encumbered with a crowd of servants, and with a feeble and timid train of women and boys; he meets Clodius near his own estate, a little before sun-set, and is immediately attacked by a body of men, who throw their darts at him from an eminence, and kill his coachman. Upon which he threw off his cloak, leaped from his chariot, and defended himself with great bravery. In the mean time Clodius's attendants drawing their swords, some of them ran back to the chariot in order to attack Milo in the rear, whilst others, thinking that he was already killed, fell upon his servants who were behind: these, being resolute and faithful to their master, were, some of them, slain; whilst the rest, seeing a warm engagement near the chariot, being prevented from going to their master's assistance, hearing besides from Clodius himself that Milo was killed, and believing it to be fact, acted upon this occasion (I mention it not with a view to elude the accusation, but because it was the true state of the case) without the orders, without the knowledge, without the presence of their master, as every man would wish his own servants should act in the like circumstances.

This, my lords, is a faithful account of the matter of fact: the person who lay in wait was himself overcome, and force subdued by force, or rather audaciousness chastised by true valour. I say nothing of the advantage which accrues to the state in general, to yourselves in particular, and to all good men; I am content to wave the argument I might draw from hence in favour of my client, whose destiny was so peculiar, that he could not secure his own safety, without securing yours and that of the republic at the same time. If he could not do it lawfully, there is no room for attempting his defence. But if reason teaches the learned, necessity the barbarian, common custom all nations in general, and even nature itself instructs the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives when attacked, by all possible methods, you cannot pronounce this action criminal, without determining at the same time that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman, must of necessity perish either by the sword or your decisions. Had Milo been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to have fallen by the hand of Clodius, who had more than once before this made an attempt upon his life, rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is, not whether Clodius was killed; for that we grant; but whether justly or unjustly, an enquiry of which many precedents are to be found. That a plot was laid is very evident; and this is what the senate decreed to be injurious to the state: but by which of them laid, is uncertain. This then is the point which the law directs us to enquire into. Thus, what the senate decreed, related to the action, not the man; and Pompey enacted not upon the matter of fact, but of law.

Is nothing else therefore to be determined but this single question, which of them way-laid the other? Nothing, certainly. If it appear that Milo was the aggressor, we ask no favour; but if Clodius, you will then acquit us of the crime that has been laid to our charge. What method then can we take to prove that Clodius lay in wait for Milo? It is sufficient, considering what an audacious abandoned wretch he was, to shew that he lay under a strong temptation to it, that he formed great hopes, and proposed to himself great advantages from Milo's death. Let that question of Cassius therefore, *whose interest was it?* be applied to the present case. For though no consideration can prevail upon a good man to be guilty of a base action, yet to a bad man the least prospect of advantage will often be sufficient. By Milo's death, Clodius not only gained his point of being prætor, without that restraint which his adversary's power as consul would have laid upon his wicked designs, but likewise that of being prætor under those consuls, by whose connivance at least, if not assistance, he hoped he should be able to betray the state into the mad schemes he had been forming; persuading himself, that as they thought themselves under so great an obligation to him, they would have no inclination to oppose any of his attempts, even if they should have it in their power; and that if they were inclined to do it, they would perhaps be scarce able to controul the most profligate of all men, who had been confirmed and hardened in his audaciousness by a long series of villanies. Are you then, my lords, alone ignorant? are you strangers in this city? Has the report, which so generally obtains in the town, of those laws (if they are to be called laws, and not rather the

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ſcourges of the city and the plagues of the republic) which he intended to have impoſed and fixed as a brand of infamy upon us all, never reached your ears? Shew us, I beg of you, Sextus Clodius, ſhew us, that regiſter of your laws; which, they ſay, you reſcued out of his houſe, and carried off like another Palladium, in the midſt of an armed force and a midnight mob; that you might have an honourable legacy, and ample inſtructions for ſome future tribune, who ſhould hold his office under your direction, if ſuch a tribune you could find. Now he caſts a look at me, like that he uſed to aſſume when he threatened univerſal ruin. I am indeed ſtruck with that light of the ſenate.

What, Sextus, do you imagine I am angry with you, who have treated my greateſt enemy with more ſeverity than the humanity of my temper could have allowed me to have required? You threw the bloody body of P. Clodius out of his houſe, you expoſed it to public view in the ſtreets, you left it by night a prey to the dogs, half conſumed with unhallowed wood, ſtript of its images, and deprived of the uſual encomiums and funeral pomp. This, though it is true you did it out of mere neceſſity, I cannot commend; yet as my enemy was the object of your cruelty, I ought not certainly to be angry with you. You ſaw there was the greateſt reaſon to dread a revolution in the ſtate from the prætorſhip of Clodius, unleſs the man, who had both courage and power to controul him, were choſen conſul. When all the Roman people were convinced that Milo was the man, what citizen could have heſitated a moment about giving him his vote, when by that vote he at once relieved his own fears, and delivered the republic from the utmoſt danger? But now Clodius is taken off, it requires extraordinary efforts in Milo to ſupport his dignity. That ſingular honour by which he was diſtinguiſhed, and which daily increaſed by his repreſſing the outrages of the Clodian faction, vaniſhed with the death of Clodius. You have gained this advantage, that there is now no citizen you have to fear; while Milo has loſt a fine field for diſplaying his valour, the intereſt that ſupported his election, and a perpetual ſource of glory. Accordingly, Milo's election to the conſulate, which could never have been hurt while Clodius was living, begins now upon his death to be diſputed. Milo, therefore, is ſo far from receiving any benefit from Clodius's death, that he is really a ſufferer by it. But it may be ſaid that hatred prevailed, that anger and reſentment urged him on, that he avenged his own wrongs, and redreſſed his own grievances. Now if all theſe particulars may be applied not merely with greater propriety to Clodius than to Milo, but with the utmoſt propriety to the one, and not the leaſt to the other; what more can you deſire? For why ſhould Milo bear any other hatred to Clodius, who furniſhed him with ſuch a rich harveſt of glory, but that which every patriot muſt bear to all bad men? As to Clodius, he had motives enough for bearing ill-will to Milo; firſt, as my protector and guardian; then as the oppoſer of his mad ſchemes, and the controuler of his armed force; and laſtly, as his accuſer. For while he lived, he was liable to be convicted by Milo upon the Plotian law. With what patience, do you imagine, ſuch an imperious ſpirit could bear this? How high muſt his reſentment have riſen, and with what juſtice too, in ſo great an enemy to juſtice?

It remains now to conſider what arguments their natural temper and behaviour will furniſh out in defence of the one, and for the conviction of the other. Clodius never made uſe of any violence, Milo never carried any point without it. What then, my lords, when I retired from this city, leaving you in tears for my departure, did I fear ſtanding a trial; and not rather the inſults of Clodius's ſlaves, the force of arms, and open violence? What reaſon could there be for reſtoring me, if he was not guilty of injuſtice in baniſhing me? He had ſummoned me, I know he had, to appear upon my trial; had ſet a fine upon me, had brought an action of treaſon againſt me, and I had reaſon to fear the event of a trial in a cauſe that was neither glorious for you, nor very honourable for myſelf. No, my lords, this was not the caſe; I was unwilling to expoſe my countrymen, whom I had ſaved by my counſels and at the hazard of my life, to the ſwords of ſlaves, indigent citizens, and a crew of ruffians. For I ſaw, yes, I myſelf beheld this very Q. Hortenſius, the light and ornament of the republic, almoſt murdered by the hands of ſlaves, while he waited on me; and it was in the ſame tumult, that C. Vibienus, a ſenator of great worth who was in his company, was handled ſo roughly, that it coſt him his life. When therefore, has that dagger, which Clodius received from Catiline, reſted in its ſheath? it has been

aimed at me; but I would not suffer you to expose yourselves to its rage on my account: with it he lay in wait for Pompey, and stained the Appian way, that monument of the Clodian family, with the blood of Papirius. The same, the very same weapon was, after a long distance of time, again turned against me; and you know how narrowly I escaped being destroyed by it lately at the palace. What now of this kind can be laid to Milo's charge? whose force has only been employed to save the state from the violence of Clodius, when he could not be brought to a trial. Had he been inclined to kill him, how often had he the fairest opportunities of doing it? Might he not legally have revenged himself upon him, when he was defending his house and household gods against his assault? Might he not, when that excellent citizen and brave man, P. Sextus, his colleague, was wounded? might he not, when Q. Fabricius, that worthy man, was abused, and a most barbarous slaughter made in the forum, upon his proposing the law for my restoration? might he not, when the house of L. Cæcilius, that upright and brave prætor, was attacked? might he not, on that day when the law passed in relation to me? when a vast concourse of people from all parts of Italy, animated with a concern for my safety, would, with joyful voice, have celebrated the glory of the action, and the whole city have claimed the honour of what was performed by Milo alone?

At that time P. Lentulus, a man of distinguished worth and bravery, was consul; the professed enemy of Clodius, the avenger of his crimes, the guardian of the senate, the defender of your decrees, the supporter of that public union, and the restorer of my safety: there were seven prætors, and eight tribunes of the people in my interest, in opposition to him. Pompey, the first mover and patron of my return, was his enemy; whose important and illustrious decree for my restoration was seconded by the whole senate; who encouraged the Roman people, and when he passed a decree in my favour at Capua, gave the signal to all Italy, solicitous for my safety, and imploring his assistance in my behalf, to repair in a body to Rome to have my sentence reversed. In a word, the citizens were then so inflamed with rage against him from their affection to me, that had he been killed at that juncture, they would not have thought so much of acquitting as of rewarding the person by whose hand he fell. And yet Milo so far governed his temper, that though he prosecuted him twice in a court of judicature, he never had recourse to violent measures against him. But what do I say? while Milo was a private person, and stood accused by Clodius before the people, when Pompey was assaulted in the midst of a speech he was making in Milo's favour, what a fair opportunity, and I will even add, sufficient reason was there for dispatching him? Again, when Mark Antony had, on a late occasion, raised in the minds of all good men the most lively hopes of seeing the state in a happier condition; when that noble youth had bravely undertaken the defence of his country in a most dangerous quarter, and had actually secured that wild beast in the toils of justice, which he endeavoured to avoid: Immortal gods! how favourable was the time and place for destroying him? When Clodius concealed himself beneath a dark stair-case, how easily could Milo have destroyed that plague of his country, and thus have heightened the glory of Antony, without incurring the hatred of any? How often was it in his power, while the comitia were held in the field of Mars? when Clodius had forced his way within the inclosure, and his party began, by his direction, to draw their swords and throw stones; and then on a sudden, being struck with terror at the sight of Milo, fled to the Tiber, how earnestly did you and every good man wish that Milo had then displayed his valour?

Can you imagine then that Milo would chuse to incur the ill-will of any by an action which he forebore when it would have gained him the applause of all? Would he make no scruple of killing him at the hazard of his own life, without any provocation, at the most improper time and place, whom he did not venture to attack when he had justice on his side, had so convenient an opportunity, and would have run no risque? especially, my lords, when his struggle for the supreme office in the state, and the day of his election was at hand; at which critical season (for I know by experience how timorous ambition is, and what a solicitous concern there is about the consulate) we dread not only the charges that may openly be brought against us, but even the most secret whispers and hidden surmises: when we tremble at every rumour, every false, forged, and frivolous story; when we explore the features, and watch the looks of every one we meet. For nothing is so changeable, so ticklish, so frail and so flexible,

flexible, as the inclinations and ſentiments of our fellow-citizens upon ſuch occaſions; they are not only diſpleaſed with the diſhonourable conduct of a candidate, but are often diſguſted with his moſt worthy actions. Shall Milo then be ſuppoſed, on the very day of election, a day which he had long wiſhed for and impatiently expected, to preſent himſelf before that auguſt aſſembly of the centuries, having his hands ſtained with blood, publicly acknowledging and proclaiming his guilt? Who can believe this of the man? yet who can doubt, but that Clodius imagined he ſhould reign without controul, were Milo murdered? What ſhall we ſay, my lords, to that which is the ſource of all audacioufneſs? Does not every one know, that the hope of impunity is the grand temptation to the commiſſion of crimes? Now which of theſe two was the moſt expoſed to this? Milo, who is now upon his trial for an action which muſt be deemed at leaſt neceſſary, if not glorious; or Clodius, who had ſo thorough a contempt for the authority of the magiſtrate, and for penalties, that he took delight in nothing that was either agreeable to nature or conſiſtent with law? But why ſhould I labour this point ſo much, why diſpute any longer? I appeal to you, Q. Petilius, who are a moſt worthy and excellent citizen; I call you, Marcus Cato, to witneſs; both of you placed on that tribunal by a kind of ſupernatural direction. You were told by M. Favonius, that Clodius declared to him, and you were told it in Clodius's life-time, that Milo ſhould not live three days longer. In three days time he attempted what he had threatened: if he then made no ſcruple of publiſhing his deſign, can you entertain any doubt of it when it was actually carried into execution?

But how could Clodius be certain as to the day? This I have already accounted for. There was no difficulty in knowing when the dictator of Lanuvium was to perform his ſtated ſacrifices. He ſaw that Milo was obliged to ſet out for Lanuvium on that very day. Accordingly he was before-hand with him. But on what day? that day, on which, as I mentioned before, a mad aſſembly was held by his mercenary tribune: which day, which aſſembly, which tumult he would never have left, if he had not been eager to execute his meditated villainy. So that he had not the leaſt pretence for undertaking the journey, but a ſtrong reaſon for ſtaying at home; while Milo, on the contrary, could not poſſibly ſtay, and had not only a ſufficient reaſon for leaving the city, but was under an abſolute neceſſity of doing it. Now what if it appear that, as Clodius certainly knew Milo would be on the road that day, Milo could not ſo much as ſuſpect the ſame of Clodius? Firſt then, I aſk which way he could come at the knowledge of it? A queſtion which you cannot put, with reſpect to Clodius. For had he applied to no body elſe, T. Patinas, his intimate friend, could have informed him, that Milo, as being dictator of Lanuvium, was obliged to create a prieſt there on that very day. Beſides, there were many other perſons, all the inhabitants of Lanuvium indeed, from whom he might have very eaſily had this piece of intelligence. But of whom did Milo enquire of Clodius's return? I ſhall allow, however, that he did enquire; nay, I ſhall grant farther, with my friend Arrius, ſo liberal am I in my conceſſions, that he corrupted a ſlave. Read the evidence that is before you: C. Caſſinius of Interamna, ſurnamed Scola, an intimate friend and companion of P. Clodius, who ſwore on a former occaſion that Clodius was at Interamna and at Rome at the ſame hour, tells you that P. Clodius intended to have ſpent that day at his ſeat near Alba, but that hearing very unexpectedly of the death of Cyrus the architect, he determined immediately to return to Rome. The ſame evidence is given in by C. Clodius, another companion of P. Clodius.

Obſerve, my lords, how much this evidence makes for us. In the firſt place it plainly appears, that Milo did not undertake his journey with a deſign to way-lay Clodius, as he could not have the leaſt proſpect of meeting him. In the next place, (for I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould not likewiſe ſpeak for myſelf) you know, my lords, there were perſons who in their zeal for carrying on this proſecution did not ſcruple to ſay, that though the murder was committed by the hand of Milo, the plot was laid by a more eminent perſon. In a word, thoſe worthleſs and abandoned wretches, repreſented me as a robber and an aſſaſſin. But this calumny is confuted by their own witneſſes, who deny that Clodius would have returned to Rome that day, if he had not heard of the death of Cyrus. Thus I recover my ſpirits; I am acquitted, and am under no apprehenſions, leſt I ſhould ſeem to have contrived what I could not ſo much as have ſuſpected. Proceed I now to their other objections; Clodius, ſay they, had not the leaſt thought of way-laying Milo,

Milo, becauſe he was to have remained at Albanum, and would never have gone from his country-ſeat to commit a murder. But I plainly perceive that the perſon, who is pretended to have informed him of Cyrus's death, only informed him of Milo's approach. For why inform him of the death of Cyrus, whom Clodius, when he went from Rome, left expiring? I was with him, and ſealed up his will along with Clodius; for he had publicly made his will, and appointed Clodius and me his heirs. Was a meſſenger ſent him then by four o'clock the next day to acquaint him with the death of a perſon, whom but the day before, about nine in the morning, he had left breathing his laſt?

Allowing it however to be ſo, what reaſon was there for hurrying back to Rome? For what did he travel in the night-time? what occaſioned all this diſpatch? was it becauſe he was the heir? In the firſt place, this required no hurry; and, in the next, if it had, what could he have got that night, which he muſt have loſt, had he come to Rome only next morning? And as a journey to town in the night was rather to be avoided than deſired by Clodius, ſo if Milo had formed any plot againſt his enemy, and had known that he was to return to town that evening, he would have ſtopped and waited for him. He might have killed him by night in a ſuſpicious place, infeſted with robbers. No body could have diſbelieved him if he had denied the fact, ſince even after he has confeſſed it, every one is concerned for his ſafety. Firſt of all, the place itſelf would have been charged with it, being a haunt and retreat for robbers; while the ſilent ſolitude and ſhades of night muſt have concealed Milo: and then as ſuch numbers had been aſſaulted and plundered by Clodius, and ſo many others were apprehenſive of the like treatment, the ſuſpicion muſt naturally have fallen upon them; and, in ſhort, all Etruria might have been proſecuted. But it is certain that Clodius, in his return that day from Aricia, called at Albanum. Now though Milo had known that Clodius had left Aricia, yet he had reaſon to ſuſpect that he would call at his ſeat which lies upon the road, even though he was that day to return to Rome. Why then did he not either meet him ſooner and prevent his reaching it, or poſt himſelf where he was ſure Clodius was to paſs in the night-time? Thus far, my lords, every circumſtance concurs to prove that it was for Milo's intereſt Clodius ſhould live; that on the contrary, Milo's death was a moſt deſirable event for anſwering the purpoſes of Clodius; that on the one ſide there was a moſt implacable hatred, on the other not the leaſt; that the one had been continually employing himſelf in acts of violence, the other only in oppoſing them; that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius, whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo; that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adverſary, while Milo knew nothing when Clodius was to return; that Milo's journey was neceſſary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary; that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning; that Milo made no alteration in his meaſures, but that Clodius feigned an excuſe for altering his; that if Milo had deſigned to way-lay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark, but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehenſions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town ſo late at night.

Let us now conſider the principal point, whether the place where they encountered was moſt favourable to Milo, or to Clodius. But can there, my lords, be any room for doubt, or for any farther deliberation upon that? It was near the eſtate of Clodius, where at leaſt a thouſand able-bodied men were employed in his mad ſchemes of building. Did Milo think he ſhould have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence, and did he for this reaſon pitch upon that ſpot for the engagement? or was he not rather expected in that place by his adverſary, who hoped the ſituation would favour his aſſault? The thing, my lords, ſpeaks for itſelf, which muſt be allowed to be of the greateſt importance in determining a queſtion. Were the affair to be repreſented only by painting, inſtead of being expreſſed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all miſchievous deſigns; when the one was ſitting in his chariot muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him. Which of theſe circumſtances was not a very great incumbrance? the dreſs, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worſe equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapt up in a cloak, embarraſſed with a chariot, and almoſt fettered by his wife? Obſerve the other now, in the firſt place, ſallying out

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on a ſudden from his ſeat; for what reaſon? in the evening; what urged him? late; to what purpoſe, eſpecially at that ſeaſon? He calls at Pompey's ſeat; with what view? To ſee Pompey? He knew he was at Alſium. To ſee his houſe? He had been in it a thouſand times. What then could be the reaſon of this loitering and ſhifting about? He wanted to be upon the ſpot when Milo came up.

Now pleaſe to compare the travelling equipage of a determined robber, with that of Milo. Clodius, before that day, always travelled with his wife; he was then without her: he never uſed to travel but in his chariot; he was then on horſeback: he was attended with Greeks wherever he went, even when he was hurrying to the Tuſcan camp; at that time he had nothing inſignificant in his retinue. Milo, contrary to his uſual manner, happened then to take with him his wife's ſingers, and a whole train of her women: Clodius, who never failed to carry his whores, his Catamites, and his bawds along with him, was then attended by none but thoſe who ſeemed to be picked out by one another. How came he then to be overcome? Becauſe the traveller is not always killed by the robber, but ſometimes the robber by the traveller; becauſe, though Clodius was prepared, and fell upon thoſe who were unprepared, yet Clodius was but a woman, and they were men. Nor indeed was Milo ever ſo little unprepared, as not to be a match for him almoſt at any time. He was always ſenſible how much it was Clodius's intereſt to get rid of him, what an inveterate hatred he bore to him, and what audacious attempts he was capable of; and therefore as he knew that a price was ſet upon his life, and that it was in a manner devoted to deſtruction, he never expoſed it to any danger without a guard. Add to this effect of accidents, the uncertain iſſue of all combats, and the common chance of war, which often turns againſt the victor, even when ready to plunder and triumph over the vanquiſhed. Add the unſkilfulneſs of a gluttonous, drunken, ſtupid leader, who when he had ſurrounded his adverſary, never thought of his attendants that were behind; from whom, fired with rage, and deſpairing of their maſter's life, he ſuffered the puniſhment which thoſe faithful ſlaves inflicted in revenge for their maſter's death. Why then did he give them their freedom? He was afraid, I ſuppoſe, leſt they ſhould betray him, leſt they ſhould not be able to endure pain, leſt the torture ſhould oblige them to confeſs that P. Clodius was killed by Milo's ſervants on the Appian way. But what occaſion for torture? what was you to extort? If Clodius was killed? he was: but whether lawfully or unlawfully, can never be determined by torture. When the queſtion relates to the matter of fact, we may have recourſe to the executioner; but when to a point of equity, the judge muſt decide.

Let us then here examine into what is to be the ſubject of enquiry in the preſent caſe; for as to what you would extort by torture, we confeſs it all. But if you aſk why he gave them their freedom, rather than why he beſtowed ſo ſmall a reward upon them, it ſhews that you do not even know how to find fault with this action of your adverſary. For M. Cato, who ſits on this bench, and who always ſpeaks with the utmoſt reſolution and ſteadineſs, ſaid, and ſaid it in a tumultuous aſſembly, which however was quelled by his authority, that thoſe who had defended their maſter's life, well deſerved not only their liberty, but the higheſt rewards. For what reward can be great enough for ſuch affectionate, ſuch worthy and faithful ſervants, to whom their maſter is indebted for his life? And which is yet a higher obligation, to whom he owes it, that his moſt inveterate enemy has not feaſted his eyes, and ſatiated his wiſhes, with the ſight of his mangled bloody corſe. Who, if they had not been made free, theſe deliverers of their maſter, theſe avengers of guilt, theſe defenders of innocent blood, muſt have been put to the torture. It is matter, however, of no ſmall ſatisfaction to him under his preſent misfortunes, to reflect, that whatever becomes of himſelf, he has had it in his power to reward them as they deſerved. But the torture that is now inflicting in the porch of the temple of Liberty, bears hard upon Milo. Upon whoſe ſlaves is it inflicted? do you aſk? on thoſe of P. Clodius. Who demanded them? Appius. Who produced them? Appius. From whence came they? from Appius. Good gods! can any thing be more ſevere? Servants are never examined againſt their maſters but in caſes of inceſt, as in the inſtance of Clodius, who now approaches nearer the gods, than when he made his way into their very preſence; for the ſame enquiry is made into his death as if their ſacred myſteries had been violated. But our anceſtors would not allow a ſlave to be put to the torture for what affected his maſter, not becauſe the truth could not thus

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be discovered, but because their masters thought it dishonourable and worse than death itself. Can the truth be discovered when the slaves of the prosecutor are brought as witnesses against the person accused? Let us hear now what kind of an examination this was. Call in Roscio, call in Casca. Did Clodius waylay Milo? He did. Drag them instantly to execution: he did not. Let them have their liberty. What can be more satisfactory than this method of examination? They are hurried away on a sudden to the rack, but are confined separately, and thrown into dungeons, that no person may have an opportunity of speaking to them: At last, after having been, for a hundred days, in the hands of the prosecutor, he himself produces them. What can be more fair and impartial than such an examination?

But if, my lords, you are not yet convinced, though the thing shines out with such strong and full evidence, that Milo returned to Rome with an innocent mind, unstained with guilt, undisturbed by fear, and free from the accusations of conscience; call to mind, I beseech you by the immortal gods, the expedition with which he came back, his entrance into the forum while the senate-house was in flames, the greatness of soul he discovered, the look he assumed, the speech he made on the occasion. He delivered himself up, not only to the people, but even to the senate; nor to the senate alone, but even to guards appointed for the public security; nor merely to them, but even to the authority of him whom the senate had intrusted with the care of the whole republic, all the youth of Italy, and all the military force of Rome: to whom he would never have delivered himself, if he had not been confident of the goodness of his cause; especially as that person heard every report, was apprehensive of very great danger, had many suspicions, and gave credit to some stories. Great, my lords, is the force of conscience; great both in the innocent and the guilty; the first have no fears, while the other imagine their punishment is continually before their eyes. Nor indeed is it without good reason that Milo's cause has ever been approved by the senate; for those wise men perceived the justice of his cause, his presence of mind, and the resolution with which he made his defence. Have you forgot, my lords, when the news of Clodius's death had reached us, what were the reports and opinions that prevailed, not only amongst the enemies of Milo, but even amongst some other weak persons, who affirmed that Milo would not return to Rome? For if he committed the fact in the heat of passion, from a principle of resentment, they imagined he would look upon the death of P. Clodius as of such consequence, that he could be content to go into banishment, after having satiated his revenge with the blood of his enemy; or if he put him to death with a view to the safety of his country, they were of opinion that the same brave man, after he had saved the state by exposing his own life to danger, would chearfully submit to the laws, and leaving us to enjoy the blessings he had preserved, be satisfied himself with immortal glory. Others talked in a more frightful manner, and called him a Catiline; he will break out, said they, he will seize some strong place, he will make war upon his country. How wretched is often the fate of those citizens who have done the most important services to their country! their noblest actions are not only forgot, but they are even suspected of the most impious. These suggestions therefore were groundless: yet they must have proved too well founded, had Milo done any thing that could not be defended with truth and justice.

Why should I mention the calumnies that were afterwards heaped upon him? And though they were such as would have filled any breast with terror that had the least consciousness of guilt, yet how he bore them! Immortal gods! bore them, did I say? Nay, how he despised and set them at nought! Though a guilty person even of the greatest courage, nor an innocent person, unless endued with the greatest fortitude, could never have neglected them. It was whispered about, that a vast number of shields, swords, bridles, darts, and javelins might be found; that there was not a street nor lane in the city, where Milo had not hired a house; that arms were conveyed down the Tiber to his seat at Ocriculum; that his house on the Capitoline hill was filled with shields; and that every other place was full of hand-granades for firing the city. These stories were not only reported, but almost believed; nor were they looked upon as groundless till after a search was made. I could not indeed but applaud the wonderful diligence of Pompey upon the occasion: but to tell you freely, my lords, what I think; those who are charged with the care of the whole republic, are obliged to hear too many stories; nor indeed is it in their power to avoid it. He could not refuse

fuſe an audience to a paltry fellow of a prieſt, Licinius I think he is called, who gave information that Milo's ſlaves, having got drunk at his houſe, confeſſed to him a plot they had formed to murder Pompey, and that afterwards one of them had ſtabbed him, to prevent his diſcovering it. Pompey received this intelligence at his gardens. I was ſent for immediately; and by the advice of his friends the affair was laid before the ſenate. I could not help being in the greateſt conſternation, to ſee the guardian both of me and my country under ſo great an apprehenſion; yet I could not help wondering, that ſuch credit was given to a butcher; that the confeſſions of a parcel of drunken ſlaves ſhould be read; and that a wound in the ſide, which ſeemed to be the prick only of a needle, ſhould be taken for the thruſt of a gladiator. But, as I underſtand, Pompey was ſhewing his caution, rather than his fear; and was diſpoſed to be ſuſpicious of every thing, that you might have reaſon to fear nothing. There was a rumour alſo, that the houſe of C. Cæſar, ſo eminent for his rank and courage, was attacked for ſeveral hours in the night. No body heard, no body perceived any thing of it, though the place was ſo public; yet the affair was thought fit to be enquired into. I could never ſuſpect a man of Pompey's diſtinguiſhed valour, of being timorous; nor yet think any caution too great in one, who has taken upon himſelf the defence of the whole republic. A ſenator too, in a full houſe, affirmed lately in the capitol, that Milo had a dagger under his gown at that very time: upon which he ſtript himſelf in that moſt ſacred temple, that, ſince his life and manners could not gain him credit, the thing itſelf might ſpeak for him.

Theſe ſtories were all diſcovered to be falſe malicious forgeries: but if, after all, Milo muſt ſtill be feared; it is no longer the affair of Clodius, but your ſuſpicions, Pompey, which we dread: your, your ſuſpicions, I ſay, and ſpeak it ſo, that you may hear me. If you are afraid of Milo, if you imagine that he is either now forming, or has ever before contrived, any wicked deſign againſt your life; if the forces of Italy, as ſome of your agents alledge, if this armed force, if the Capitoline troops, if theſe centries and guards, if the choſen band of young men that guard your perſon and your houſe, are armed againſt the aſſaults of Milo; if all theſe precautions are taken and pointed againſt him, great undoubtedly muſt be his ſtrength, and incredible his valour, far ſurpaſſing the forces and power of a ſingle man, ſince the moſt eminent of all our generals is fixed upon, and the whole republic armed to reſiſt him. But who does not know that all the infirm and feeble parts of the ſtate are committed to your care, to be reſtored and ſtrengthened by this armed force? Could Milo have found an opportunity, he would immediately have convinced you, that no man ever had a ſtronger affection for another than he has for you; that he never declined any danger, where your dignity was concerned; that to raiſe your glory, he often encountered that monſter Clodius; that his tribunate was employed, under your direction, in ſecuring my ſafety, which you had then ſo much at heart; that you afterwards protected him, when his life was in danger, and uſed your intereſt for him, when he ſtood for the prætorſhip; that there were two perſons whoſe warmeſt friendſhip he hoped he might always depend upon; yourſelf, on account of the obligations you laid him under, and me on account of the favours I received from him. If he had failed in the proof of all this; if your ſuſpicions had been ſo deeply rooted as not to be removed; if Italy, in a word, muſt never have been free from new levies, nor the city from arms, without Milo's deſtruction, he would not have ſcrupled, ſuch is his nature and principles, to bid adieu to his country: but firſt he would have called upon me, O thou great one, as he now does.

Conſider how uncertain and variable the condition of life is, how unſettled and inconſtant a thing fortune; what unfaithfulneſs is to be found amongſt friends; what diſguiſes ſuited to times and circumſtances; what deſertion, what cowardice in our dangers, even of thoſe who are deareſt to us. There will, there will, I ſay, be a time, and the day will certainly come, when you, with ſafety ſtill, I hope, to your fortunes, though changed perhaps by ſome turn of the common times, which, as experience ſhews, will often happen to us all, may want the affection of the friendlieſt, the fidelity of the worthieſt, and the courage of the braveſt man living. Though who can believe that Pompey, ſo well ſkilled in the laws of Rome, in ancient uſages, and the conſtitution of his country, when the ſenate had given it him in charge, to ſee that *the republic received no detriment*; a ſentence always ſufficient for arming the conſuls without affigning them an armed force; that he, I ſay, when an army and a choſen band of ſoldiers were aſſigned him, ſhould wait the event

event of this trial, and defend the conduct of the man who wanted to abolish trials? It was sufficient that Pompey cleared Milo from those charges that were advanced against him, by enacting a law, according to which, in my opinion, Milo ought, and by the confession of all, might lawfully be acquitted. But by sitting in that place, attended by a numerous guard assigned him by public authority, he sufficiently declares his intention is not to overawe (for what can be more unworthy a man of his character, than to oblige you to condemn a person, whom, from numerous precedents, and by virtue of his own authority, he might have punished himself) but to protect you: he means only to convince you that, notwithstanding yesterday's riotous assembly, you are at full liberty to pass sentence according to your own judgments.

But, my lords, the Clodian accusation gives me no concern; for I am not so stupid, so void of all experience, or so ignorant of your sentiments, as not to know your opinion in relation to the death of Clodius. And though I had not refuted the charge, as I have done, yet Milo might, with safety, have made the following glorious declaration in public, though a false one; I have slain, I have slain, not a Sp. Mælius, who was suspected of aiming at the regal power, because he courted the favour of the people by lowering the price of corn, and bestowing extravagant presents to the ruin of his own estate; not a Tiberius Gracchus, who seditiously deposed his colleague from his magistracy; though even their destroyers have filled the world with the glory of their exploits: but I have slain the man (for he had a right to use this language, who had saved his country at the hazard of his own life) whose abominable adulteries our noblest matrons discovered even in the most sacred recesses of the immortal gods: the man, by whose punishment the senate frequently determined to atone for the violation of our religious rites: the man whose incest with his own sister, Lucullus swore he had discovered, by due examination: the man who, by the violence of his slaves, expelled a person esteemed by the senate, the people, and all nations, as the preserver of the city and the lives of the citizens: the man, who gave and took away kingdoms, and parcelled out the world to whom he pleased: the man who, after having committed several murders in the forum, by force of arms obliged a citizen of illustrious virtue and character to confine himself within the walls of his own house: the man, who thought no instance of villainy or lust unlawful: the man, who fired the temple of the Nymphs, in order to destroy the public register, which contained the censure of his crimes: in a word, the man, who governed himself by no law, disregarded all civil institutions, and observed no bounds in the division of property; who never attempted to seize the estate of another by quirks of law, suborned evidence, or false oaths, but employed the more effectual means of regular troops, encampments, and standards; who by his armed forces endeavoured to drive from their possessions, not only the Tuscans (for them he utterly despised) but Q. Varius, one of our judges, that brave man and worthy citizen; who with his architects and measures traversed the estates and gardens of a great many citizens, and grasped in his own imagination all that lies between Janiculum and the Alps; who when he could not persuade Titus Pacavius, an illustrious and brave Roman knight, to sell an island upon the Pretian lake, immediately conveyed timber, stone, mortar, and sand into the island in boats, and made no scruple of building a house on another person's estate, even while the proprietor was viewing him from the opposite bank; who had the impudence, immortal gods! to declare to such a man as Titus Furfanius (for I shall omit the affair relating to the widow Scantia, and the young Apronius, both of whom he threatened with death, if they did not yield to him the possession of their gardens); who had the impudence, I say, to declare to Titus Furfanius, that if he did not give him the sum of money he demanded, he would convey a dead body into his house, in order to expose so eminent a man to the public odium; who dispossessed his brother Appius of his estate in his absence, a man united to me in the closest friendship; who attempted to run a wall through a court-yard belonging to his sister, and to build it in such a manner as not only to render the court-yard useless, but to deprive her of all entrance and access to her house.

Yet all these violences were tolerated, though committed no less against the commonwealth than against private persons, against the remotest as well as the nearest, strangers as well as relations; but the amazing patience of Rome was become, I know not how, perfectly hardened and callous. Yet by what means could you have warded off those dangers that were more immediate and threatening, or how could you have

ſubmitted to his government, if he had obtained it? I paſs by our allies, foreign nations, kings and princes; for it was your ardent prayer that he would turn himſelf looſe upon thoſe rather than upon your eſtates, your houſes, and your money. Your money did I ſay? By heavens, he had never reſtrained his unbridled luſt from violating your wives and children. Do you imagine that theſe things are mere fictions? are they not evident? not publicly known? not remembered by all? Is it not notorious that he attempted to raiſe an army of ſlaves, ſtrong enough to make him maſter of the whole republic, and of the property of every Roman? Wherefore if Milo, holding the bloody dagger in his hand, had cried aloud, Citizens, I beſeech you, draw near and attend: I have killed Publius Clodius: with this right-hand, with this dagger, I have ſaved your lives from that fury, which no laws, no government could reſtrain: to me alone it is owing, that juſtice, equity, laws, liberty, modeſty, and decency, have yet a being in Rome: could there be any room for Milo to fear how his country would take it? Who is there now that does not approve and applaud it? Where is the man that does not think and declare it as his opinion, that Milo has done the greateſt poſſible ſervice to his country; that he has ſpread joy amongſt the inhabitants of Rome, of all Italy, and the whole world? I cannot indeed determine how high the tranſports of the Roman people may have riſen in former times, this preſent age however has been witneſs to many ſignal victories of the braveſt generals; but none of them ever occaſioned ſuch real and laſting joy. Commit this, my lords, to your memories. I hope that you and your children will enjoy many bleſſings in the republic, and that each of them will be attended with this reflection, that if P. Clodius had lived, you would have enjoyed none of them. We now entertain the higheſt, and, I truſt, the beſt-grounded hopes, that ſo excellent a perſon being conſul, the licentiouſneſs of men being curbed, their ſchemes broke, law and juſtice eſtabliſhed, the preſent will be a moſt fortunate year to Rome. But who is ſo ſtupid as to imagine this would have been the caſe had Clodius lived? How could you poſſibly have been ſecure in the poſſeſſion of what belongs to you, of your own private property, under the tyranny of ſuch a fury?

I am not afraid, my lords, that I ſhould ſeem to let my reſentment for perſonal injuries riſe ſo high, as to charge theſe things upon him with more freedom than truth. For though it might be expected this ſhould be the principal motive, yet ſo common an enemy was he to all mankind, that my averſion to him was ſcarcely greater than that of the whole world. It is impoſſible to expreſs, or indeed to imagine what a villain, what a pernicious monſter he was. But, my lords, attend to this; the preſent trial relates to the death of Clodius: form now in your minds (for our thoughts are free, and repreſent what they pleaſe juſt in the ſame manner as we perceive what we ſee) form, I ſay, in your minds the picture of what I ſhall now deſcribe. Suppoſe I could perſuade you to acquit Milo, on condition that Clodius ſhould revive. Why do your countenances betray thoſe marks of fear? how would he affect you when living, if the bare imagination of him, though he is dead, ſo powerfully ſtrikes you? what! if Pompey himſelf, a man poſſeſſed of that merit and fortune which enable him to effect what no one beſides can; if he, I ſay, had it in his power either to appoint Clodius's death to be enquired into, or to raiſe him from the dead, which do you think he would chuſe? Though from a principle of friendſhip he might be inclined to raiſe him from the dead, yet a regard to his country would prevent him. You therefore ſit as the avengers of that man's death, whom you would not recal to life if you were able; and enquiry is made into his death by a law which would not have paſſed if it could have brought him to life. If his deſtroyer then ſhould confeſs the fact, need he fear to be puniſhed by thoſe whom he has delivered? The Greeks render divine honours to thoſe who put tyrants to death. What have I ſeen at Athens? what in other cities of Greece? what ceremonies were inſtituted for ſuch heroes? what hymns? what ſongs? The honours paid them were almoſt equal to thoſe paid to the immortal gods. And will you not only refuſe to pay any honours to the preſerver of ſo great a people, and the avenger of ſuch execrable villainies, but even ſuffer him to be dragged to puniſhment? He would have confeſſed, I ſay, had he done the action; he would have bravely and freely confeſſed that he did it for the common good; and indeed he ought not only to have confeſſed, but to have proclaimed it.

For if he does not deny an action for which he deſires nothing but pardon, is it likely that he would ſcruple to confeſs what he might hope to be rewarded for? unleſs he

he thinks it is more agreeable to you, that he ſhould defend his own life, than the lives of your order; eſpecially, as by ſuch a confeſſion, if you were inclined to be grateful, he might expect to obtain the nobleſt honours. But if you had not approved of the action (though how is it poſſible that a perſon can diſapprove of his own ſafety!) if the courage of the braveſt man alive had not been agreeable to his countrymen; he would have departed with ſteadineſs and reſolution from ſo ungrateful a city. For what can ſhew greater ingratitude, than that all ſhould rejoice, while he alone remained diſconſolate, who was the cauſe of all the joy? Yet, in deſtroying the enemies of our country, this has been our conſtant perſuaſion, that as the glory would be ours, ſo we ſhould expect our ſhare of odium and danger. For what praiſe had been due to me, when in my conſulate I made ſo many hazardous attempts for you and your poſterity, if I could have propoſed to carry my deſigns into execution without the greateſt ſtruggles and difficulties? what woman would not dare to kill the moſt villainous and outrageous citizen, if ſhe had no danger to fear? But the man who bravely defends his country with the proſpect of public odium, danger, and death, is a man indeed. It is the duty of a grateful people to beſtow diſtinguiſhed honours upon diſtinguiſhed patriots; and it is the part of a brave man, not to be induced by the greateſt ſufferings to repent of having boldly diſcharged his duty. Milo therefore might have made the confeſſion which Ahala, Naſica, Opimius, Marius, and I myſelf formerly made. And had his country been grateful, he might have rejoiced; if ungrateful, his conſcience muſt ſtill have ſupported him under ingratitude. But that gratitude is due to him for this favour, my lords, the fortune of Rome, your own preſervation, and the immortal gods, all declare. Nor is it poſſible that any man can think otherwiſe, but he who denies the exiſtence of an over-ruling power or divine providence; who is unaffected by the majeſty of your empire, the ſun itſelf, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, the changes and laws of nature, and above all, the wiſdom of our anceſtors, who religiouſly obſerved the ſacred rites, ceremonies, and auſpices, and carefully tranſmitted them to their poſterity.

There is, there certainly is ſuch a Power; nor can this grand and beautiful fabric of nature be without an animating principle, when theſe bodies and feeble frames of ours are endowed with life and perception. Unleſs perhaps men think otherwiſe, becauſe it is not immediately diſcerned by them; as if we could diſcern that principle of wiſdom and foreſight by which we act and ſpeak, or even could diſcover the manner and place of its exiſtence. This, this is the very power which has often, in a wonderful manner, crowned Rome with glory and proſperity; which has deſtroyed and removed this plague; which inſpired him with preſumption to irritate by violence, and provoke by the ſword, the braveſt of men, in order to be conquered by him; a victory over whom would have procured him eternal impunity, and full ſcope to his audaciouſneſs. This, my lords, was not effected by human prudence, nor even by the common care of the immortal gods. Our ſacred places themſelves, by heavens, which ſaw this monſter fall, ſeemed to be intereſted in his fate, and to vindicate their rights in his deſtruction. For you, ye Alban mounts and groves, I implore and atteſt, ye demoliſhed altars of the Albans, the companions and partners of the Roman rites, which his fury, after having demoliſhed the ſacred groves, buried under the extravagant piles of his building. Upon his fall, your altars, your rites, flouriſhed, your power prevailed, which he had defiled with all manner of villainy. And you, O venerable Jupiter! from your lofty Latian mount, whoſe lakes, whoſe woods and borders he polluted with the moſt abominable luſt, and every ſpecies of guilt, at laſt opened your eyes to behold his deſtruction: to you, and in your preſence, was the late, but juſt and deſerved penalty paid. For ſurely it can never be alledged that, in his encounter with Milo before the chapel of the *Bona Dea*, which ſtands upon the eſtate of that worthy and accompliſhed youth, P. Sextius Gallus, it was by chance he received that firſt wound, which delivered him up to a ſhameful death, I may ſay under the eye of the goddeſs herſelf: no; it was that he might appear not acquitted by the infamous decree, but reſerved only for this ſignal puniſhment.

Nor can it be denied that the anger of the gods inſpired his followers with ſuch madneſs, as to commit to the flames his expoſed body, without pageants, without ſinging, without ſhews, without pomp, without lamentations, without any oration in his praiſe, without the rites of burial, beſmeared with gore and dirt, and deprived of that funeral ſolemnity which is always granted even to enemies. It was inconſiſtent with

piety, I imagine, that the images of such illustrious persons should grace so monstrous a parricide; nor could he be torn by the dogs, when dead, in a more proper place than that where he had been so often condemned while alive. Truly, the fortune of the Roman people seemed to me hard and cruel, which saw and suffered him to insult the state for so many years. He defiled with lust our most sacred rites; violated the most solemn decrees of the senate; openly corrupted his judges, harrassed the senate in his tribuneship; abolished those acts which were passed with the concurrence of every order for the safety of the state; drove me from my country; plundered my goods; fired my house; persecuted my wife and children; declared an execrable war against Pompey; assassinated magistrates and citizens; burnt my brother's house; laid Tuscany waste; drove many from their habitations and estates; was very eager and furious; neither Rome, Italy, provinces nor kingdoms could confine his frenzy. In his house, laws were hatched, which were to subject us to our own slaves; there was nothing belonging to any one, which he coveted, that this year he did not think would be his own. None but Milo opposed his designs; he looked upon Pompey, the man who was best able to oppose him, as firmly attached to his interest, by their late reconciliation. The power of Cæsar he called his own; and my fall had taught him to despise the sentiments of all good men: Milo alone resisted him.

In this situation, the immortal gods, as I before observed, inspired that furious miscreant with a design to way-lay Milo. No otherwise could the monster have been destroyed; the state could never have avenged its own cause. Is it to be imagined, that the senate could have restrained him when he was prætor, after having effected nothing while he was only in a private station? Could the consuls have been strong enough to check their prætor? In the first place, had Milo been killed, the two consuls must have been of his faction; in the next place, what consul would have had courage to oppose him when prætor, whom he remembered, while tribune, to have grievously harrassed a person of consular dignity? He might have oppressed, seized, and obtained every thing: by a new law which was found among the other Clodian laws, he would have made our slaves his freed-men. In short, had not the immortal gods inspired him, effeminate as he was, with the frantic resolution of attempting to kill the bravest of men, you would this day have had no republic. Had he been prætor, had he been consul, if indeed we can suppose that these temples and these walls could have stood till his consulship; in short, had he been alive, would he have committed no mischief; who, when dead, by the direction of Sextus Clodius, one of his dependents, set the senate-house on fire? Was ever sight more dreadful, more shocking, and more miserable? That the temple of holiness, dignity, wisdom, public counsel, the head of this city, the sanctuary of her allies, the refuge of all nations, the seat granted to this order by the unanimous voice of the Roman people, should be fired, erased, and defiled? And not by a giddy mob, though even that would have been dreadful, but by one man; who, if he dared to commit such havock for his deceased friend as a revenger, what would he not, as a leader, have done for him when living? He chose to throw the body of Clodius into the senate-house, that, when dead, he might burn what he had subverted when living. Are there any who complain of the Appian way, and yet are silent as to the senate-house? Can we imagine that the forum could have been defended against that man, when living, whose lifeless corse destroyed the senate-house? Raise, raise him if you can from the dead; will you break the force of the living man, when you can scarce sustain the rage occasioned by his unburied body? Unless you pretend that you sustained the attacks of those who ran to the senate-house with torches, to the temple of Castor with scythes, and flew all over the forum with swords. You saw the Roman people massacred, an assembly attacked with arms, while they were attentively hearing Marcus Cœlius, the tribune of the people; a man undaunted in the service of the republic; most resolute in whatever cause he undertakes; devoted to good men, and to the authority of the senate; and who has discovered a divine and amazing fidelity to Milo under his present circumstances; to which he was reduced either by the force of envy, or a singular turn of fortune.

But now I have said enough in relation to the cause, and perhaps taken too much liberty in digressing from the main subject. What then remains, but to beseech and adjure you, my lords, to extend that compassion to a brave man, which he disdains to implore, but which I, even against his consent, implore and earnestly intreat. Though you

you have not seen him shed a single tear while all are weeping around him, though he has preserved the same steady countenance, the same firmness of voice and language, do not on this account withhold it from him: Indeed I know not whether these circumstances ought not to plead with you in his favour. If in the combats of gladiators, where persons of the lowest rank, the very dregs of the people are engaged, we look with so much contempt on cowards, on those who meanly beg their lives, and are so fond of saving the brave, the intrepid, and those who chearfully offer their breasts to the sword; if I say, we feel more pity for those who seem above asking our pity, than for those who with earnestness intreat it, how much more ought we to be thus affected where the interests of our bravest citizens are concerned? The words of Milo, my lords, which he frequently utters, and which I daily hear, kill and confound me. May my fellow-citizens, says he, flourish, may they be safe, may they be glorious, may they be happy! May this renowned city prosper, and my country, which shall ever be dear to me, in whatsoever manner she shall please to treat me: since I must not live with my fellow-citizens, let them enjoy peace and tranquillity without me; but then, to me let them owe their happiness. I will withdraw, and retire into exile: if I cannot be a member of a virtuous commonwealth, it will be some satisfaction not to live in a bad one; and as soon as I set foot within a well-regulated and free state, there will I fix my abode. Alas, cries he, my fruitless toils! my fallacious hopes! my vain and empty schemes! Could I, who, in my tribuneship, when the state was under oppression, gave myself up wholly to the service of the senate, which I found almost destroyed; to the service of the Roman knights, whose strength was so much weakened; to the service of all good citizens, from whom the oppressive arms of Clodius had wrested their due authority; could I ever have imagined I should want a guard of honest men to defend me? When I restored you to your country, (for we frequently discourse together) could I ever have thought that I should be driven myself into banishment? Where is now that senate, to whose interest we devoted ourselves? Where, where, says he, are those Roman knights of yours? What is become of that warm affection the municipal towns formerly testified in your favour? What is become of the acclamations of all Italy? What is become of thy art, of thy eloquence, my Tully, which have so often been employed to preserve your fellow-citizens? Am I the only person, to whom alone they can give no assistance; I, who have so often engaged my life in your defence?

Nor does he utter such sentiments as these, my lords, as I now do, with tears, but with the same intrepid countenance you now behold. For he denies, he absolutely denies, that his fellow citizens have repaid his services with ingratitude; but he confesses they have been too timorous, too apprehensive of danger. He declares, that in order to insure your safety, he gained over the common people, all the scum of the populace, to his interest, when under their leader Clodius they threatened your property and your lives; that he not only curbed them by his resolution, but soothed their rage at the expence of his three inheritances. And while, by his liberality he appeases the fury of the people, he entertains not the least doubt but that his extraordinary services to the state will procure him your affection and favour. Repeated proofs of the senate's esteem, he acknowledges that he has received, even upon the present occasion; and declares, that, wherever fortune may convey him, she can never deprive him of those marks of honour, regard, and affection, conferred upon him by you and the people of Rome. He recollects too, that he was declared consul by the universal suffrage of the people, the only thing he valued or desired; and that, in order to his being invested with that office, the voice of the cryer was only wanting; a matter, in his opinion, of very little importance. But now if these arms are to be turned against him, at last, 'tis a satisfaction to him that it is not owing to his guilt, but the suspicion of it. He adds likewise, what is unquestionably true, that the brave and wise perform great actions, not so much on account of the rewards attending them, as on account of their own intrinsic excellence; that through his whole course of life, whatever he has done has been nobly done, since nothing can be more truly great than for a man to rescue his country from impending dangers: that they are without doubt happy, whom their fellow-citizens have repaid with their due reward of honour; but that neither are those to be esteemed unhappy, whose services have exceeded their rewards. Yet, should we in the pursuits of virtue have any of its rewards in view, he is convinced that the noblest of all is glory; that

this alone compenſates the ſhortneſs of life, by the immortality of fame; that by this we are ſtill preſent, when abſent from the world, and ſurvive even after death; and that by the ſteps of glory, in ſhort, mortals ſeem to mount to heaven. Of me, ſays he, the people of Rome, all the nations of the earth, ſhall talk, and my name ſhall be known to the lateſt poſterity. Nay, at this very time, when all my enemies combine to inflame an univerſal odium againſt me, yet I receive the thanks, congratulations, and applauſes of every aſſembly. Not to mention the Tuſcan feſtivals inſtituted in honour of me, it is now about an hundred days ſince the death of Clodius, and yet, I am perſuaded, not only the fame of this action, but the joy ariſing from it, has reached beyond the remoteſt bounds of the Roman empire. It is therefore, continues he, of little importance to me, how this body of mine is diſpoſed of, ſince the glory of my name already fills, and ſhall ever poſſeſs, every region of the earth.

This, Milo, is what you have often talked to me, while theſe were abſent; and now that they are preſent, I repeat it to you. Your fortitude I cannot ſufficiently applaud, but the more noble and divine your virtue appears to me, the more diſtreſs I feel in being torn from you. Nor when you are ſeparated from me, ſhall I have the poor conſolation of being angry with thoſe who give the wound. For the ſeparation is not made by my enemies, but by my friends; not by thoſe who have at any time treated me injurioufly, but by thoſe to whom I have been always highly obliged. Load me, my lords, with as ſevere afflictions as you pleaſe, even with that I have juſt mentioned (and none ſurely can be more ſevere) yet ſhall I ever retain a grateful ſenſe of your former favours. But if you have loſt the remembrance of theſe, or if I have fallen under your diſpleaſure, why do not ye avenge yourſelves rather upon me, than Milo? Long and happily enough ſhall I have lived, could I but die before ſuch a calamity befal me. Now I have only one conſolation to ſupport me, the conſciouſneſs of having performed for thee, my Milo, every good office of love and friendſhip it was in my power to perform. For thee, I have dared the reſentment of the great and powerful: for thee, I have often expoſed my life to the ſwords of thy enemies: for thee, I have often proſtrated myſelf as a ſuppliant: I have embarked my own and my family's eſtate on the ſame bottom with thine; and at this very hour, if you are threatened with any violence, if your life runs any hazard, I demand a ſhare in your danger. What now remains? what can I ſay? what can I do to repay the obligations I am under to you, but embrace your fortune, whatever it ſhall be, as my own? I will not refuſe; I accept my ſhare in it: and, my lords, I intreat you either to crown the favours you have conferred upon me by the preſervation of my friend, or cancel them by his deſtruction.

Milo, I perceive, beholds my tears without the leaſt emotion. Incredible firmneſs of ſoul! he thinks himſelf in exile there, where virtue has no place; and looks upon death, not as a puniſhment, but as the period of our lives. Let him then retain that nobleneſs of ſoul, which is natural to him; but how, my lords, are you to determine? Will ye ſtill preſerve the memory of Milo, and yet drive his perſon into baniſhment? And ſhall there be found on earth a place more worthy the reſidence of ſuch virtue, than that which gave it birth? On you, on you I call, ye heroes, who have loſt ſo much blood in the ſervice of your country; to you, ye centurions, ye ſoldiers, I appeal in this hour of danger to the beſt of men, and braveſt of citizens; while you are looking on, while you ſtand here with arms in your hands, and guard this tribunal, ſhall virtue like this be expelled, exterminated, caſt out with diſhonour? Unhappy, wretched man that I am! could you, Milo, by theſe recall me to my country; and by theſe ſhall I not be able to keep you in yours? What anſwer ſhall I make to my children, who look on you as another father? What to you, Quintus, my abſent brother, the kind partner of all my misfortunes? that I could not preſerve Milo by thoſe very inſtruments which he employed in my preſervation? in what cauſe could I not preſerve him? a cauſe approved of by all. Who have put it out of my power to preſerve him? Thoſe who gained moſt by the death of Clodius. And who ſolicited for Milo? I myſelf. What crime, what horrid villainy was I guilty of, when thoſe plots that were conceived for our common deſtruction, were all, by my induſtry, traced out, fully diſcovered, laid open before you, and cruſhed at once? From that copious ſource flow all the calamities which befall me and mine. Why did you deſire my return from baniſhment? Was it that I might ſee thoſe very perſons who were inſtrumental in my reſtoration baniſhed before my face? Make not, I conjure

jure you, my return a greater affliction to me, than was my baniſhment. For how can I think myſelf truly reſtored to my country, if thoſe friends who reſtored me are to be torn from me?

By the immortal gods I wiſh (pardon me, O my country! for I fear what I ſhall ſay out of a pious regard for Milo may be deemed impiety againſt thee) that Clodius not only lived, but were prætor, conſul, dictator, rather than be witneſs to ſuch a ſcene as this. Immortal gods! how brave a man is that, and how worthy of being preſerved by you! By no means, he cries: the ruffian met with the puniſhment he deſerved; and let me, if it muſt be ſo, ſuffer the puniſhment I have not deſerved. Shall this man then, who was born to ſave his country, die any where but in his country? Shall he not at leaſt die in the ſervice of his country? Will you retain the memorials of his gallant ſoul, and deny his body a grave in Italy? Will any perſon give his voice for baniſhing a man from this city, whom every city on earth would be proud to receive within its walls? Happy the country that ſhall receive him! ungrateful this, if it ſhall baniſh him! wretched, if it ſhould loſe him! But I muſt conclude; my tears will not allow me to proceed, and Milo forbids tears to be employed in his defence. You, my lords, I beſeech and adjure, that, in your deciſion, you would dare act as you think. Truſt me, your fortitude, your juſtice, your fidelity will more eſpecially be approved of by him, who in his choice of judges has raiſed to the bench the braveſt, the wiſeſt, and the beſt of men.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 11. *Part of* Cicero's *Oration againſt* Verres.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wiſhed for, towards allaying the envy your order has been ſubject to, and removing the imputations againſt trials, is (not by human contrivance but ſuperior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewiſe in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the ſtate, viz. that in proſecutions, men of wealth are always ſafe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confuſion, I hope, of the propagators of this ſlanderous imputation, one whoſe life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial perſons, but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. If that ſentence is paſſed upon him which his crimes deſerve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and ſacred in the eyes of the public: but if his great riches ſhould bias you in his favour, I ſhall ſtill gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this caſe was not a criminal nor a proſecutor, but juſtice and adequate puniſhment.

To paſs over the ſhameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæſtorſhip, the firſt public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued ſcene of villainies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treaſurer, a conſul ſtripped and betrayed, an army deſerted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Aſia Minor and Pamphilia, what did it produce but the ruin of thoſe countries? in which houſes, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorſhip here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrrying them on, bear witneſs. But his prætorſhip in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedneſs, and finiſhes a laſting monument to his infamy. The miſchiefs done by him in that country during the three years of his iniquitous adminiſtration, are ſuch, that many years, under the wiſeſt and beſt of prætors, will not be ſufficient to reſtore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman ſenate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all cauſes in Sicily for theſe three years; and his deciſions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The ſums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impoſitions, extorted from the induſtrious poor, are not to be computed. The moſt faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like ſlaves, been put to death with tortures. The moſt atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deſerved puniſhments; and men of the moſt unexceptionable characters condemned, and baniſhed, unheard. The har-

bours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers: the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death: whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish: the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.—Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of "Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them, but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served "under Lucius Pretius, who is now at "Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy; but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon!——But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion. *Cicero's Orations.*

§ 12. *The Oration which was spoken by* Pericles, *at the public Funeral of those* Athenians *who had been first killed in the* Peloponnesian *War.*

Many of those who have spoken before me on occasions of this kind, have commended the author of that law which we are now obeying, for having instituted an oration to the honour of those who sacrifice their lives in fighting for their country. For my part, I think it sufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by

by action to be honoured for it—by such as you see the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one person, when their credit must precariously depend on his oration, which may be good and may be bad. Difficult indeed it is, judiciously to handle a subject, where even probable truth will hardly gain assent. The hearer, enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affections, may quickly pronounce every thing unfavourably expressed, in respect to what he wishes and what he knows; whilst the stranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of those deeds which he is conscious are above his own atchievement. For the praises bestowed on others are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do those feats they hear to have been done; they envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it false. Yet, as this solemnity has received its sanction from the authority of our ancestors, it is my duty also to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, so far as I am able, the good will and approbation of all my audience.

I shall therefore begin first with our forefathers, since both justice and decency require we should, on this occasion, bestow on them an honourable remembrance. In this our country they kept themselves always firmly settled; and, through their valour, handed it down free to every since-succeeding generation.——Worthy, indeed, of praise are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; since, enlarging their own inheritance into the extensive empire which we now possess, they bequeathed that their work of toil to us their sons. Yet even these successes, we ourselves, here present, we who are yet in the strength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made such provisions for this our Athens, that now it is all-sufficient in itself to answer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite those martial exploits by which these ends were accomplished, or the resolute defences we ourselves and our forefathers have made against the formidable invasions of Barbarians and Greeks. Your own knowledge of these will excuse the long detail. But, by what methods we have rose to this height of glory and power; by what polity, and by what conduct we are thus aggrandized, I shall first endeavour to shew, and then proceed to the praise of the deceased. These, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occasion; the discussion of them must be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of strangers.

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbours; for it hath served as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different soever in a private capacity, we all enjoy the same general equality our laws are framed to preserve; and superior honours, just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not an hindrance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbour for following the bent of his own humour, nor putting on that countenance of discontent, which pains, though it cannot punish; so that in private life we converse together without diffidence or damage, whilst we dare not, on any account, offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is allowed disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care, by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight.

The grandeur of this our Athens causes the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than those of other nations.

In the affairs of war we excel those of our enemies who adhere to methods opposite to our own; for we lay open Athens to general resort, nor ever drive any stranger from us, whom either improvement or curiosity hath brought amongst us, lest any enemy should hurt us by seeing what is never concealed: we place not so great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war as in the native warmth of our souls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of some people are inured, by a course of laborious exercise, to support toil

toil and hardſhip like men; but we, notwithſtanding our eaſy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they. This may be proved by facts, ſince the Lacedæmonians never invade our territories, barely with their own, but with the united ſtrength of all their confederates. But when we invade the dominions of our neighbours, for the moſt part we conquer without difficulty, in an enemy's country, thoſe who fight in defence of their own habitations. The ſtrength of our whole force, no enemy hath yet ever experienced, becauſe it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our ſervice by land. But if any where they engage and defeat a ſmall party of our forces, they boaſtingly give it out a total defeat; and, if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united ſtrength. What though from a ſtate of inactivity, rather than laborious exerciſe, or with a natural, rather than an acquired valour, we learn to encounter danger; this good at leaſt we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehenſion of poſſible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no leſs courageous than thoſe who are continually inured to it. In theſe reſpects, our whole community deſerves juſtly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

In our manner of living we ſhew an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philoſophy, without enervating the mind. We diſplay our wealth in the ſeaſon of beneficence, and not in the vanity of diſcourſe. A confeſſion of poverty is diſgrace to no man; no effort to avoid it, is diſgrace indeed. There is viſibly, in the ſame perſons, an attention to their own private concerns, and thoſe of the public; and in others, engaged in the labours of life, there is a competent ſkill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in ſtate affairs—not indolent, but good for nothing. And yet we paſs the ſoundeſt judgment, and are quick at catching the right apprehenſions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions; but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein conſiſts our diſtinguiſhing excellence, that in the hour of action we ſhew the greateſt courage, and yet debate before-hand the expediency of our meaſures. The courage of others is the reſult of ignorance; deliberation makes them cowards. And thoſe undoubtedly muſt be owned to have the greateſt ſouls, who, moſt acutely ſenſible of the miſeries of war and the ſweets of peace, are not hence in the leaſt deterred from facing danger.

In acts of beneficence, farther, we differ from the many. We preſerve friends, not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindneſs, hath the advantage over him who, by the law of gratitude, becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The perſon obliged is compelled to act the more inſipid part, conſcious that a return of kindneſs is merely a payment, and not an obligation. And we alone are ſplendidly beneficent to others, not ſo much from intereſted motives, as for the credit of pure liberality. I ſhall ſum up what yet remains, by only adding, that our Athens, in general, is the ſchool of Greece: and that every ſingle Athenian among us is excellently formed, by his perſonal qualifications, for all the various ſcenes of active life, acting with a moſt graceful demeanor, and a moſt ready habit of diſpatch.

That I have not, on this occaſion, made uſe of a pomp of words, but the truth of facts, that height to which, by ſuch a conduct, this ſtate hath roſe, is an undeniable proof. For we are now the only people of the world who are found by experience to be greater than in report; the only people who, repelling the attacks of an invading enemy, exempt their defeat from the bluſh of indignation, and give to their tributaries no diſcontent, as if ſubject to men unworthy to command. That we deſerve our power, we need no evidence to manifeſt; we have great and ſignal proofs of this, which entitle us to the admiration of the preſent and of future ages. We want no Homer to be the herald of our praiſe; no poet to deck off a hiſtory with the charms of verſe, where the opinion of exploits muſt ſuffer by a ſtrict relation. Every ſea hath been opened by our fleets, and every land been penetrated by our armies, which have every where left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendſhip.

In the juſt defence of ſuch a ſtate, theſe victims of their own valour, ſcorning the ruin threatened to it, have valiantly fought, and bravely died. And every one of thoſe who ſurvive is ready, I am perſuaded, to ſacrifice life in ſuch a cauſe. And for this reaſon have I enlarged ſo much on national points, to give the cleareſt proof, that in the preſent war we have more at ſtake than

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men whose public advantages are not so valuable; and to illustrate by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my subjects, and the greatest part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the state, have been earned for it by the bravery of these, and of men like these. And such compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated, if passed on any Grecians, but them alone. The fatal period to which these gallant souls are now reduced, is the surest evidence of their merit—an evidence begun in their lives, and completed in their deaths: for it is a debt of justice to pay superior honours to men, who have devoted their lives in fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valour. Their last service effaceth all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet not one of these was at all induced to shrink from danger through fondness of those delights which the peaceful affluent life bestows; not one was the less lavish of his life, through that flattering hope attendant upon want, that poverty at length might be exchanged for affluence. One passion there was in their minds much stronger than these, the desire of vengeance on their enemies. Regarding this as the most honourable prize of dangers, they boldly rushed towards the mark, to seek revenge, and then to satisfy those secondary passions. The uncertain event they had already secured in hope; what their eyes shewed plainly must be done, they trusted their own valour to accomplish, thinking it more glorious to defend themselves, and die in the attempt, than to yield and live. From the reproach of cowardice, indeed, they fled, but presented their bodies to the shock of battle; when, insensible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they instantly dropt; and thus discharged the duty which brave men owe to their country.

As for you, who now survive them, it is your business to pray for a better fate—but to think it your duty also to preserve the same spirit and warmth of courage against your enemies; not judging the expediency of this from a mere harangue—where any man, indulging a flow of words, may tell you, what you yourselves know as well as he, how many advantages there are in fighting valiantly against your enemies—but rather making the daily increasing grandeur of this community the object of your thoughts, and growing quite enamoured of it. And, when it really appears great to your apprehensions, think again, that this grandeur was acquired by brave and valiant men; by men who knew their duty, and in the moments of action were sensible of shame; who, whenever their attempts were unsuccessful, thought it dishonour their country should stand in need of any thing their valour could do for it, and so made it the most glorious present. Bestowing thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will be most illustrious.—Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved, to be on every occasion, when honour is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; nor is it the inscription on the columns in their native soil alone that shews their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, reposited more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb. From this very moment, emulating these noble patterns, placing your happiness in liberty, and liberty in valour, be prepared to encounter all the dangers of war. For, to be lavish of life is not so noble in those whom misfortunes have reduced to misery and despair, as in men who hazard the loss of a comfortable subsistence, and the enjoyment of all the blessings this world affords, by an unsuccessful enterprize. Adversity, after a series of ease and affluence, sinks deeper into the heart of a man of spirit, than the stroke of death insensibly received in the vigour of life and public hope.

For this reason, the parents of those who are now gone, whoever of them may be attending here, I do not bewail;—I shall rather comfort. It is well known to what unhappy accidents they were liable from the moment of their birth; and that happiness belongs to men who have reached the most glorious period of life, as these now have who are to you the source of sorrow; those, whose life hath received its ample measure, happy in its continuance, and equally happy in its conclusion. I know it in truth a difficult task to fix comfort in those breasts which will have frequent remembrances, in seeing the happiness of others, of what they once themselves enjoyed. And sorrow flows not from the absence of those good things we have never yet experienced, but from the loss of those

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to which we have been accuſtomed. They, who are not yet by age exempted from iſſue, ſhould be comforted in the hope of having more. The children yet to be born will be a private benefit to ſome, in cauſing them to forget ſuch as no longer are, and will be a double benefit to their country, in preventing its deſolation, and providing for its ſecurity. For thoſe perſons cannot in common juſtice be regarded as members of equal value to the public, who have no children to expoſe to danger for its ſafety. But you, whoſe age is already far advanced, compute the greater ſhare of happineſs your longer time hath afforded for ſo much gain, perſuaded in yourſelves the remainder will be but ſhort, and enlighten that ſpace by the glory gained by theſe. It is greatneſs of ſoul alone that never grows old; nor is it wealth that delights in the latter ſtage of life, as ſome give out, ſo much as honour.

To you, the ſons and brothers of the deceaſed, whatever number of you are here, a field of hardy contention is opened. For him, who no longer is, every one is ready to commend, ſo that to whatever height you puſh your deſerts, you will ſcarce ever be thought to equal, but to be ſomewhat inferior, to theſe. Envy will exert itſelf againſt a competitor whilſt life remains; but when death ſtops the competition, affection will applaud without reſtraint.

If, after this, it be expected from me to ſay any thing to you, who are now reduced to a ſtate of widowhood, about female virtue, I ſhall expreſs it all in one ſhort admonition:—It is your greateſt glory not to be deficient in the virtue peculiar to your ſex, and to give the men as little handle as poſſible to talk of your behaviour, whether well or ill.

I have now diſcharged the province allotted me by the laws, and ſaid what I thought moſt pertinent to this aſſembly. Our departed friends have by facts been already honoured. Their children, from this day till they arrive at manhood, ſhall be educated at the public expence of the ſtate*, which hath appointed ſo beneficial a meed for theſe, and all future relics of the public conteſts. For wherever the greateſt rewards are propoſed for virtue, there the beſt of patriots are ever to be found.—Now, let every one reſpectively indulge the decent grief for his departed friends, and then retire. *Thucydides.*

* The law was, that they ſhould be inſtructed at the public expence, and when come to age preſented with a complete ſuit of armour, and honoured with the firſt ſeats in all public places.

§ 13. Hamlet *to the Players.*

Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand; but uſe all gently: for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. O! it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtous periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews and noiſe. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature; for any thing ſo overdone, is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end is—to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to ſhew Virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and preſſure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of one of which muſt, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Chriſtian, nor the gait of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

And let thoſe that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered:—that's villainous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. *Shakeſpeare.*

§ 14. *The Character of* Marius.

The birth of Marius was obſcure, though ſome call it equeſtrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the firſt rudiments of war, under the greateſt maſter of

of that age, the younger Scipio, who deſtroyed Carthage; till by long ſervice, diſtinguiſhed valour, and a peculiar hardineſs and patience of diſcipline, he advanced himſelf gradually through all the ſteps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete ſoldier. The obſcurity of his extraction, which depreſſed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occaſions of danger, thought him the only man fit to be truſted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and deſperate war: and in truth, he twice delivered them from the moſt deſperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the obſervation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic teſtimony of his future glory; for being aſked by ſome of his officers, who were ſupping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in caſe of any accident to himſelf? That man, replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the moſt favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his meaſures from augurs and diviners; nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inſpired his ſoldiers with a confidence of victory; ſo that his enemies dreaded him as ſomething more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulſe and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accompliſhment of learning, which he openly affected to deſpiſe; ſo that Arpinum had the ſingular felicity to produce the moſt glorious contemner, as well as the moſt illuſtrious improver, of the arts and eloquence of Rome *. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of ſuſtaining his authority in the city, than by cheriſhing the natural jealouſy between the ſenate and the people; that by this declared enmity to the one he might always be at the head of the other; whoſe favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the ſtateſman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private intereſt and glory. In ſhort, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly ſerviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home; an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever ſeeking occaſions to mortify them, and ready to ſacrifice the republic, which he had ſaved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life ſpent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domeſtic wars, he died at laſt in his bed, in a good old age, and in his ſeventh conſulſhip; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained. *Middleton.*

* Arpinum was alſo the native city of Cicero.

§ 15. Romulus *to the People of Rome, after building the City.*

If all the ſtrength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we ſhould have great reaſon to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be ſcaled by a valiant enemy? and of what uſe are ramparts in inteſtine diviſions? They may ſerve for a defence againſt ſudden incurſions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invaſions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, ſobriety, and juſtice, that domeſtic ſeditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the ſtrongeſt bulwarks have been often ſeen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military diſcipline, and a ſteady obſervance of civil polity, are the ſureſt barriers againſt theſe evils.

But there is ſtill another point of great importance to be conſidered. The proſperity of ſome riſing colonies, and the ſpeedy ruin of others, have in a great meaſure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling ſtates and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by thoſe who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of theſe is in all reſpects perfect, but each of them has ſome innate and incurable defect. Chuſe you, then, in what manner this city ſhall be governed. Shall it be by one man? ſhall it be by a ſelect number of the wiſeſt among us? or ſhall the legiſlative power be in the people? As for me, I ſhall ſubmit to whatever form of adminiſtration you ſhall pleaſe to eſtabliſh. As I think myſelf not unworthy to command, ſo neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having choſen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours ſufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived. *Hooke.*

§ 16. *The*

§ 16. *The Character of* Sylla.

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully instituted himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quæstor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service chance had given him so soft and delicate a quæstor. But, whether roused by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiers, and obliging them by all his good offices and his money; so that he soon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and skilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himself, banished and proscribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at first as his quæstor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purposes; and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practised the same art that he had seen so successful to Marius, of raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auspices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little statue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiers, and beg the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppression of his country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate, even than those whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himself, of being the only man in history, in whom the odium of the most barbarous cruelties was extinguished by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cause, yet detested the inhumanity of his victory, and never speaks of him with respect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a "master of three most pestilent vices, luxu- "ry, avarice, cruelty." He was the first of his family whose dead body was burnt: for, having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehensive of the same insult upon his own, if left to the usual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the sum of which was, "that no man had ever gone beyond him, "in doing good to his friends, or hurt to "his enemies." *Middleton.*

§ 17. Hannibal *to* Scipio Africanus, *at their Interview preceding the Battle of Zama.*

Since fate has so ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been so often on the point of ending it by a complete conquest, should now come of my own motion to ask a peace; I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over so many Roman generals, submitted at last to you.

I could wish, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature seems to have prescribed to it; the shores of Africa, and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But since errors past may be more easily blamed,

blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if possible, to the obstinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the instability of fortune, incline me to leave nothing to her determination, which reason can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconstancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am that same Hannibal, who, after my victory at Cannæ, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the sports of fortune. Is she then to be trusted because she smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this?—that you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the islands between Italy and Africa. A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name. And do not tell me, that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—it is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace: I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it. *Hooke.*

§ 18. Scipio's *Answer.*

I knew very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of a peace, when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions every thing but what we are, and have been long, possessed of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens should have the obligations to you of being eased from a great part of their burden, so it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more sensible than I am of the weakness of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages for the performance of all. The senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part: Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added some new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore must submit to us at discretion, or must vanquish us in battle. *Hooke.*

§ 19. *The Character of* Pompey.

Pompey had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three several times, over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Asia, Africa; and by his victories had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of the empire. He was about six years older than Cæsar; and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to shew his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory; and, by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man

man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force; and, by fomenting the disorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the necessity of creating him dictator. It is an observation of all the historians, that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped, whether over those who loved, or those who feared him; Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good-will of the governed. What leisure he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his sentiments just; his voice sweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for though in both he observed the same discipline, a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence of camps the example was more rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect; yet with an air of reserved haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great; specious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp he usually lost in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind which alone could raise them above the laws; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till, by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms, and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting: but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt finished the sad catastrophe of this great man: the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom: and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he, who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot

upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fishing-boat; and his ashes, being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately, by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his Alban villa. The Egyptians however raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian. *Middleton.*

§ 20. *Submission*; *Complaint*; *Intreating*—*The Speech of* SENECA *the Philosopher to* NERO, *complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumstances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.*

May it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are some who do not seem to attend to it) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous; and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

" But what!" say my enemies, " shall a " private person, of equestrian rank, and a " provincial by birth, be advanced to an " equality with the patricians? Shall an " upstart, of no name nor family, rank with " those who can, by the statues which make " the ornament of their palaces, reckon " backward a line of ancestors, long enough " to tire out the fasti*? Shall a philoso- " pher who has written for others precepts " of moderation, and contempt of all that is " external, himself live in affluence and " luxury? Shall he purchase estates, and " lay out money at interest? Shall he build " palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a " country at his own expence, and for his " own pleasure?"

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them. *Corn. Tacit.*

§ 21. *Speech of* CHARIDEMUS, *an* ATHENIAN *Exile at the Court of* DARIUS, *on being asked his Opinion of the warlike Preparations making by that Prince against* ALEXANDER.

Perhaps your Majesty may not bear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian, and an exile: and if I do not declare it now, I never will, perhaps I may never have another opportunity.—Your Majesty's numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the east, may seem formidable to the neighbouring countries. The gold, the purple, and the splendor of arms, which strike the eyes of beholders,

* The fasti, or calendars, or, if you please, almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our almanacs, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

make a ſhow which ſurpaſſes the imagination of all who have not ſeen it. The Macedonian army, with which your Majeſty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, grim, and horrid of aſpect, and clad in iron. The irreſiſtible phalanx is a body of men who, in the field of battle, fear no onſet, being practiſed to hold together, man to man, ſhield to ſhield, and ſpear to ſpear; ſo that a brazen wall might as ſoon be broke through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exerciſe of arms, they act as one man. They anſwer the ſlighteſt ſign from the commander, as if his ſoul animated the whole army. Every ſoldier has a knowledge of war ſufficient for a general. And this diſcipline, by which the Macedonian army is become ſo formidable, was firſt eſtabliſhed, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt of what your Majeſty's troops are ſo vain of, I mean gold and ſilver. The bare earth ſerves them for beds. Whatever will ſatisfy nature, is their luxury. Their repoſe is always ſhorter than the night. Your Majeſty may, therefore, judge, whether the Theſſalian, Acarnanian, and Ætolian cavalry, and the Macedonian phalanx—an army that has, in ſpite of all oppoſition, overrun half the world —are to be repelled by a multitude (however numerous) armed with ſlings, and ſtakes hardened at the points by fire. To be upon equal terms with Alexander, your Majeſty ought to have an army compoſed of the ſame ſort of troops: and they are no where to be had, but in the ſame countries which produced thoſe conquerors of the world. — It is therefore my opinion, that, if your Majeſty were to apply the gold and ſilver, which now ſo ſuperfluouſly adorns your men, to the purpoſe of hiring an army from Greece, to contend with Greeks, you might have ſome chance for ſucceſs; otherwiſe I ſee no reaſon to expect any thing elſe, than that your army ſhould be defeated, as all the others have been who have encountered the irreſiſtible Macedonians.

Q. Curtius.

§ 22. *The Character of* Julius Cæsar.

Cæſar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the aſcendant in ſociety: formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearleſs in action; and executing what he had reſolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond meaſure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, ſcarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are ſeldom found together, ſtrength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greateſt orators that Rome ever bred; and Quinctilian ſays, that he ſpoke with the ſame force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himſelf to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a maſter only of the politer arts; but converſant alſo with the moſt abſtruſe and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he publiſhed, addreſſed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of ſpeaking and writing correctly. He was a moſt liberal patron of wit and learning, whereſoever they were found; and out of his love of thoſe talents, would readily pardon thoſe who had employed them againſt himſelf; rightly judging, that by making ſuch men his friends, he ſhould draw praiſes from the ſame fountain from which he had been aſperſed. His capital paſſions were ambition, and love of pleaſure; which he indulged in their turns to the greateſt exceſs: yet the firſt was always predominant; to which he could eaſily ſacrifice all the charms of the ſecond, and draw pleaſure even from toils and dangers, when they miniſtered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero ſays, the greateſt of goddeſſes; and had frequently in his mouth a verſe of Euripides, which expreſſed the image of his ſoul, that if right and juſtice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the ſake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpoſe of his life; the ſcheme that he had formed from his early youth; ſo that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with ſobriety and meditation to the ſubverſion of the republic. He uſed to ſay, that there were two things neceſſary, to acquire and to ſupport power—ſoldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other: with money therefore he provided ſoldiers, and with ſoldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the moſt rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; ſparing neither prince, nor ſtate, nor temple, nor even private perſons, who were known to poſſeſs any ſhare of treaſure. His great abilities would neceſſarily have made him one of the firſt citizens of Rome; but, diſdaining the condition of a ſubject, he could never reſt, till he made himſelf a monarch. In acting this laſt part, his uſual prudence ſeemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted, had turned his head, and made

made him giddy: for, by a vain oftentation of his power, he deſtroyed the ſtability of it: and as men ſhorten life by living too faſt, ſo by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Middleton.

§ 23. CALISTHENES's *Reproof of* CLEON's *Flattery to* ALEXANDER, *on whom he had propoſed to confer Divinity by Vote.*

If the king were preſent, Cleon, there would be no need of my anſwering to what you have juſt propoſed: he would himſelf reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign abſurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by ſuch unmanly flattery. As he is abſent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no praiſe is laſting, but what is rational; and that you do what you can to leſſen his glory, inſtead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified till after their death; and, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wiſh the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propoſe, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? and are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our ſovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his ſubjects? Firſt try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, ſurely, eaſier to make a king than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wiſh that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant propoſal you have made of adding one to their number; and that they may ſtill be ſo propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that ſucceſs to our affairs with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not aſhamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confeſs ourſelves inferior to them?

Q. Curtius.

§ 24. *The Character of* CATO.

If we conſider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet, falſely meaſuring all duty by the abſurd rigour of the ſtoical rule, he was generally diſappointed of the end which he ſought by it, the happineſs both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was ſevere, moroſe, inexorable; baniſhing all the ſofter affections, as natural enemies to juſtice, and as ſuggeſting falſe motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compaſſion: in public affairs he was the ſame; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumſtances, or even to a force that could controul him; for, inſtead of managing the power of the great, ſo as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; ſo that, with the beſt intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet from ſome particular facts, it appears that his ſtrength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal; which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him ſometimes into meaſures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The laſt act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philoſophy: when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his ſect, was a juſt cauſe for dying; he put an end to his life with a ſpirit and reſolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occaſion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praiſed, rather than imitated.

Middleton.

§ 25. BRUTUS's *Speech in Vindication of* CÆSAR's *Murder.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me, in your wiſdom; and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar? this is my anſwer—Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his

ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country?—If any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.——

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is inrolled in the capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as, which of you shall not? With this I depart —That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. *Shakspeare.*

§ 26. *A Comparison of* Cæsar *with* Cato.

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways: Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unsullied integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immoveable firmness; Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting: what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity: he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so: so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

Sallust, by Mr. Rose.

§ 27. Caius Marius *to the* Romans, *shewing the Absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the Rank of General, merely on Account of his Extraction.*

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice.—It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander, in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have,

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your intereſt, my countrymen, when I ſerved you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my deſign to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war againſt Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wiſdom of giving ſuch a command to one of their honourable body? a perſon of illuſtrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable ſtatues, but—of no experience! What ſervice would his long line of dead anceſtors, or his multitude of motionleſs ſtatues, do his country in the day of battle? What could ſuch a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourſe to ſome inferior commander, for direction in difficulties to which he was not himſelf equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; ſo that the acting commander would ſtill be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myſelf, known thoſe who have been choſen conſuls, begin then to read the hiſtory of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they firſt obtained the employment, and then bethought themſelves of the qualifications neceſſary for the proper diſcharge of it.

I ſubmit to your judgment, Romans, on which ſide the advantage lies, when a compariſon is made between Patrician haughtineſs and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly ſeen, and partly myſelf atchieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleaſed to ſlight my mean birth; I deſpiſe their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection againſt me; want of perſonal worth, againſt them. But are not all men of the ſame ſpecies? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I ſhall always look upon the braveſt man as the nobleſt man. Suppoſe it were enquired of the fathers of ſuch Patricians as Albinus and Beſtia, whether, if they had their choice, they would deſire ſons of their character, or of mine; what would they anſwer but that they ſhould wiſh the worthieſt to be their ſons? If the Patricians have reaſon to deſpiſe me, let them likewiſe deſpiſe their anceſtors; whoſe nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours beſtowed upon me? Let them envy, likewiſe, my labours, my abſtinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But thoſe worthleſs men lead ſuch a life of inactivity, as if they deſpiſed any honours you can beſtow, whilſt they aſpire to honours as if they had deſerved them by the moſt induſtrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleaſures of luxury; yet none can be more laviſh than they are in praiſe of their anceſtors: and they imagine they honour themſelves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary: for, as much as their anceſtors were diſtinguiſhed for their virtues, ſo much are they diſgraced by their vices. The glory of anceſtors caſts a light, indeed, upon their poſterity; but it only ſerves to ſhew what the deſcendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boaſt of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may anſwer the cavils of the Patricians, by ſtanding up in defence of what I have myſelf done.

Obſerve now, my countrymen, the injuſtice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themſelves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilſt they will not allow me the due praiſe, for performing the very ſame ſort of actions in my own perſon. He has no ſtatues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of anceſtors.—What then? Is it matter of more praiſe to diſgrace one's illuſtrious anceſtors, than to become illuſtrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can ſhew no ſtatues of my family? I can ſhew the ſtandards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myſelf taken from the vanquiſhed: I can ſhew the ſcars of thoſe wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. Theſe are my ſtatues. Theſe are the honours I boaſt of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abſtinence, by valour; amidſt clouds of duſt, and ſeas of blood: ſcenes of action, where thoſe effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your eſteem, have never dared to ſhew their faces. *Salluſt.*

§ 28. *The Character of* CATILINE.

Lucius Catiline was deſcended of an illuſtrious family: he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a diſpoſition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleaſure in civil wars, maſſacres, depredations, and

inteſtine broils; and in theſe he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of reſt, to a degree indeed incredible: his ſpirit was daring, ſubtle, and changeable: he was expert in all the arts of ſimulation and diſſimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, laviſh of his own; violent in his paſſions; he had eloquence enough, but a ſmall ſhare of wiſdom. His boundleſs ſoul was conſtantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's uſurpation, he was fired with a violent deſire of ſeizing the government; and, provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all ſolicitous by what means. His ſpirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his deſign, by his poverty, and the conſciouſneſs of his crimes; both which evils he had heightened by the practices above-mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedneſs of the ſtate, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures.

Salluſt, by Mr. Roſe.

§ 29. *Speech of* Titus Quinctius *to the* Romans, *when the* Æqui *and* Volsci, *taking Advantage of their inteſtine Commotions, ravaged their Country to the Gates of* Rome.

Though I am not conſcious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmoſt ſhame and confuſion that I appear in your aſſembly. You have ſeen it—poſterity will know it!—in the fourth conſulſhip of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volſci (ſcarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchaſtiſed! The courſe of our manners, indeed, and the ſtate of our affairs, have long been ſuch, that I had no reaſon to preſage much good; but, could I have imagined that ſo great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by baniſhment or death (if all other means had failed) have avoided the ſtation I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if thoſe men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, whilſt I was conſul!—Of honours I had ſufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I ſhould have died in my third conſulate.

But who are they that our daſtardly enemies thus deſpiſe?—the conſuls, or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depoſe us, or puniſh us yet more ſeverely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men puniſh your faults! only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquiſhed, not to know both themſelves and you. Diſcord, diſcord, is the ruin of this city! The eternal diſputes between the ſenate and the people are the ſole cauſe of our misfortunes. While we will ſet no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magiſtrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and preſumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You deſired Tribunes; for the ſake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we conſented to their creation. You grew weary of theſe Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred purſued them when reduced to private men; and we ſuffered you to put to death, or baniſh, Patricians of the firſt rank in the republic. You inſiſted upon the reſtoration of the Tribuneſhip; we yielded: we quietly ſaw Conſuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal: the Patricians are ſubjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have ſuffered it, and we ſtill ſuffer it. When ſhall we ſee an end of diſcord? When ſhall we have one intereſt, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you ſhew leſs temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can ſeize the Aventine hill, you can poſſeſs yourſelves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the Æſquiline is near being taken, and nobody ſtirs to hinder it. But againſt us you are valiant, againſt us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, beſiege the ſenate-houſe, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles; and, when you have atchieved theſe glorious exploits, then, at laſt, ſally out at the Æſquiline gate, with the ſame fierce ſpirits, againſt the enemy. Does your reſolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houſes plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waſte with fire and ſword. Have you any thing here to repair theſe damages? Will the Tribunes make up your loſſes to you? They'll give you words as many as you pleaſe; bring impeachments in abundance againſt the prime men in the ſtate;

ſtate; heap laws upon laws: aſſemblies you ſhall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from thoſe aſſemblies? Extinguiſh, O Romans, theſe fatal diviſions; generouſly break this curſed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a ſcandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and conſider the management of thoſe ambitious men, who, to make themſelves powerful in their party, ſtudy nothing but how they may foment diviſions in the commonwealth.—If you can but ſummon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your conſuls, there is no puniſhment you can inflict which I will not ſubmit to, if I do not in a few days drive thoſe pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you ſeem ſo grievouſly ſtruck, ſhall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities. *Hooke.*

§ 30. MICIPSA *to* JUGURTHA.

You know, Jugurtha, that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpleſs and hopeleſs orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom, in the full aſſurance that you would prove grateful for my kindneſs to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would ſtudy to repay to them what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reaſon to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former inſtances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and diſtinguiſhed glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our intereſt, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raiſed the honour of my name and crown. And you have ſurmounted what is juſtly reckoned one of the greateſt difficulties; having, by your merit, ſilenced envy. My diſſolution ſeems now to be faſt approaching. I therefore beſeech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha! by this right hand; by the remembrance of my paſt kindneſs to you; by the honour of my kingdom; and by the majeſty of the gods; be kind to my two ſons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connection with any ſtranger, to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treaſures, that a kingdom is ſecured, but by well affected ſubjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important ſervices, that friendſhip (which neither gold will purchaſe, nor arms extort) is ſecured. But what friendſhip is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among ſtrangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom I leave you is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwiſe, it is weak. For by agreement a ſmall ſtate increaſes: by diviſion a great one falls into ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years than your brothers, to provide that no miſconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference ſhould ariſe between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggreſſor, becauſe your years and abilities give you the ſuperiority. But I firmly perſuade myſelf, that you will treat them with kindneſs, and that they will honour and eſteem you, as your diſtinguiſhed virtue deſerves. *Salluſt.*

§ 31. *Speech of* PUBLIUS SCIPIO *to the* ROMAN *Army, before the Battle of the* TICIN.

Were you, ſoldiers, the ſame army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear ſaying any thing to you at this time: for, what occaſion could there be to uſe exhortation to a cavalry that had ſo ſignally vanquiſhed the ſquadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that ſame enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confeſs themſelves conquered? But, as theſe troops, having been inrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auſpices (as was the will of the ſenate and people of Rome) I, that you might have a conſul for your captain, againſt Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myſelf for this war. You, then, have a new general; and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unſeaſonable.

That you may not be unappriſed of what ſort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very ſame whom, in a former war, you vanquiſhed both by land and ſea; the ſame, from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia; and who have been theſe twenty years your tributaries. You will not, I preſume, march againſt theſe men, with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, ſuch as you would feel if you ſaw your ſlaves on a ſudden riſe up in arms againſt you. Conquered and

enflaved, it is not boldneſs, but neceſſity, that urges them to battle, unleſs you can believe that thoſe who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loſs of two-thirds of their horſe and foot in the paſſage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of ſtout hearts and robuſt bodies; heroes, of ſuch ſtrength and vigour, as nothing is able to reſiſt.—Mere effigies! nay, ſhadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruiſed and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken, and their horſes weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and ſuch the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquiſhed by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it ſhould be ſo; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themſelves, without man's help, ſhould begin the war, and bring it to a near concluſion: and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, ſhould happily finiſh what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear that you ſhould ſuſpect me of ſaying theſe things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different ſentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province, where I ſhould have had the leſs dreaded Aſdrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But hearing, as I paſſed along the coaſt of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, ſent the horſe forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could uſe in ſo long a voyage by ſea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a conteſt with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpoſe to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try whether the earth, within theſe twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the ſame ſort of men, who fought at the Ægates, and whom, at Eryx, you ſuffered to redeem themſelves at eighteen denarii per head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journies, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vaſſal, a ſlave of the Roman people. Did not the conſciouſneſs of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him deſperate, he would have ſome regard, if not to his conquered country, yet ſurely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Hamilcar's own hand. We might have ſtarved him in Eryx; we might have paſſed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and, in a few days, have deſtroyed Carthage. At their humble ſupplication, we pardoned them; we releaſed them, when they were cloſely ſhut up, without a poſſibility of eſcaping; we made peace with them, when they were conquered. When they were diſtreſſed by the African war, we conſidered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all theſe favours? Under the conduct of a hare-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our ſtate, and lay waſte our country.—I could wiſh, indeed, that it were not ſo; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preſervation. But the conteſt at preſent is not for the poſſeſſion of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itſelf: nor is there behind us another army, which, if we ſhould not prove the conquerors, may make head againſt our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to paſs, which might give us leiſure to raiſe new forces. No, ſoldiers; here you muſt make your ſtand, as if you were juſt now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own perſon only, but his wife, his children, his helpleſs infants. Yet, let not private conſiderations alone poſſeſs our minds: let us remember that the eyes of the ſenate and people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage ſhall now prove, ſuch will be the fortune of that city, and of the Roman empire. *Hooke.*

§ 32. *Speech of* Hannibal *to the* Carthaginian *Army, on the ſame Occaſion.*

I know not, ſoldiers, whether you or your priſoners be encompaſſed by fortune with the ſtricter bonds and neceſſities. Two ſeas incloſe you on the right and left: not a ſhip to fly to for eſcaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you are the Alps; over which,

which, even when your numbers were undiminiſhed, you were hardly able to force a paſſage. Here then, ſoldiers, you muſt either conquer or die, the very firſt hour you meet the enemy.

But the ſame fortune which has thus laid you under the neceſſity of fighting, has ſet before your eyes thoſe rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wiſh for greater from the immortal gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were raviſhed from our fathers, thoſe would be no inconſiderable prizes. Yet, what are thoſe? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches ſhe has heaped together in the ſpoils of nations; all theſe, with the maſters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vaſt mountains of Luſitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come, to reap the full recompence of your toilſome marches over ſo many mountains and rivers, and through ſo many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour; it is here that you will finiſh your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your compleated ſervice. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and ſounding. It has often happened, that a deſpiſed enemy has given a bloody battle; and the moſt renowned kings and nations have by a ſmall force been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may ſtand in competition with you? For (to ſay nothing of your ſervice in war, for twenty years together, with ſo much valour and ſucceſs) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmoſt bounds of the earth, through ſo many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw ſoldiers, an undiſciplined army, beaten, vanquiſhed, beſieged by the Gauls the very laſt ſummer; an army, unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or ſhall I, who was born, I might almoſt ſay, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that moſt excellent general; ſhall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul; and not only of the Alpine nations, but which is greater ſtill, of the Alps themſelves; ſhall I compare myſelf with this half-year captain? a captain, before whom ſhould one place the two armies, without their enſigns, I am perſuaded he would not know to which of them he is conſul. I eſteem it no ſmall advantage, ſoldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witneſs of my exploits in war; not one of whoſe valour I myſelf have not been a ſpectator, ſo as to be able to name the times and places of his noble atchievements; that with ſoldiers, whom I have a thouſand times praiſed and rewarded, and whoſe pupil I was before I became their general, I ſhall march againſt an army of men ſtrangers to one another.

On what ſide ſoever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and ſtrength. A veteran infantry; a moſt gallant cavalry: you, my allies, moſt faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cauſe, but the juſteſt anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of aſſailants, is always greater than of thoſe who act upon the defenſive. With hoſtile banners diſplayed, you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and ſpur you forward to revenge.—Firſt, they demanded me; that I, your general, ſhould be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the ſiege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremeſt tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing muſt be yours, and at your diſpoſal! you are to preſcribe to us with whom we ſhall make war, with whom we ſhall make peace. You are to ſet us bounds; to ſhut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to obſerve the limits which yourſelves have fixed! "Paſs not the Iberus." What next? "Touch not the Saguntines. "Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a "ſtep towards that city." Is it a ſmall matter then that you have deprived us of our ancient poſſeſſions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well, we ſhall yield Spain, and then—you will paſs into Africa. Will paſs, did I ſay?—this very year they ordered one of their conſuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, ſoldiers; there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our ſwords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more ſafety, be cowards: they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are ſecure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your

your minds; and once again, I say, you are conquerors. *Hooke.*

§ 33. *The Character of* Hannibal.

Hannibal being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them: they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprize required vigour, and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing it; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever shewed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refection of nature, not the pleasure of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty: he never sought for a soft or retired place of repose; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, amongst the centinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general. *Livy.*

§ 34. *The* Scythian *Ambassadors to* Alexander, *on his making Preparations to attack their Country.*

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west at the same time: you grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But, have you considered the usual course of things? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why should you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India: all this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! you grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger, by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? while you were subduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars; for the business of every conquest is twofold, to win, and to preserve: and though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible: for what people chuse to be under foreign dominion?

If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business; you will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will

will have us surprise you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained: catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful.—You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon: it suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself.

You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people: there can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed; even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you, or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies.

Q. Curtius.

§ 35. Junius Brutus *over the dead Body of* Lucretia, *who had stabbed herself in Consequence of the Rape of* Tarquin.

Yes, noble lady, I swear by this blood which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villainy could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword: nor will I suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever, to be king in Rome.—Ye gods, I call you to witness this my oath!

There, Romans, turn your eyes to that sad spectacle!—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—she died by her own hand! See there a noble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably entertained by her as a kinsman of her husband, Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia could not survive the insult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and shall we, shall men, with such an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favourable moment we have so long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome: the Patricians are at the head of the enterprize: the city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things necessary. There is nothing wanting to secure the success, if our own courage does not fail us. And shall those warriors who have ever been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themselves from slavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands: the soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish such a groundless fear: the love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome; they will as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them who, through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant: the number of these can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life; their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the

city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; thoſe gods, whoſe temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by ſacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberleſs unexpiated crimes committed againſt his ſubjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefathers! ye genii, who watch for the preſervation and glory of Rome! do you inſpire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cauſe, and we will to our laſt breath defend your worſhip from all profanation.

Livy.

§ 36. *Speech of* ADHERBAL *to the* ROMAN SENATE, *imploring their Aſſiſtance againſt* JUGURTHA.

Fathers!

It is known to you that king Micipſa, my father, on his death bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted ſon, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempſal and myſelf, the children of his own body, the adminiſtration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to conſider the ſenate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to uſe our beſt endeavours to be ſerviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war; aſſuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence againſt all enemies, and would be inſtead of armies, fortifications, and treaſures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourſelves according to the directions of our deceaſed father, Jugurtha—the moſt infamous of mankind! breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Maſſiniſſa, and my father Micipſa, the friendſhip and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villainy, to my diſtreſsful circumſtances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the conſideration, that I find myſelf obliged to ſolicit your aſſiſtance, Fathers, for the ſervices done you by my anceſtors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own perſon. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deſerve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be burdenſome before I could be uſeful to you. And yet, if I had no plea but my undeſerved miſery, who, from a powerful prince, the deſcendant of a race of illuſtrious monarchs, find myſelf, without any fault of my own, deſtitute of every ſupport, and reduced to the neceſſity of begging foreign aſſiſtance againſt an enemy who has ſeized my throne and kingdom; if my unequalled diſtreſſes were all I had to plead, it would become the greatneſs of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitreſs of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedneſs over helpleſs innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmoſt, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the ſenate and people of Rome gave to my anceſtors, and from which my grandfather and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, fathers, your kindneſs to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverſe of fortune! O father Micipſa! is this the conſequence of your generoſity, that he whom your goodneſs raiſed to an equality with your own children, ſhould be the murderer of your children? Muſt then the royal houſe of Numidia always be a ſcene of havock and blood? While Carthage remained, we ſuffered, as was to be expected, all ſorts of hardſhips from their hoſtile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a diſtance; while we were ſo circumſtanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that ſcourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourſelves on the proſpect of eſtabliſhed peace. But inſtead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and the only ſurviving ſon of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and ſeeking that ſafety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—O whither ſhall I fly! If I return to the royal palace of my anceſtors, my father's throne is ſeized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha ſhould haſten to imbrue in my blood thoſe hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for aſſiſtance to any other courts, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From my own family or friends I have no expectations. My royal father is no more: he is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy ſon. Were my brother alive, our mutual ſympathy would be

ſome

ſome alleviation: but he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which ſhould have been the laſt to injure any of the royal family in Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he ſuſpected to be in my intereſt. Some have been deſtroyed by the lingering torment of the croſs; others have been given a prey to wild beaſts, and their anguiſh made the ſport of men more cruel than wild beaſts. If there be any yet alive, they are ſhut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itſelf.

Look down, illuſtrious ſenators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raiſed, on the unexampled diſtreſſes of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcaſt from all mankind. Let not the crafty inſinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not liſten to the wretch who has butchered the ſon and relations of a king, who gave him power to ſit on the ſame throne with his own ſons.—I have been informed that he labours by his emiſſaries to prevent your determining any thing againſt him in his abſence, pretending that I magnify my diſtreſs, and might for him have ſtaid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes when the due vengeance from above ſhall overtake him, he will then aſſemble as I do. Then he who now, hardened in wickedneſs, triumphs over thoſe whom his violence has laid low, will in his turn feel diſtreſs, and ſuffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirſty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O deareſt to my heart—now gone for ever from my ſight!—But why ſhould I lament his death! He is indeed deprived of the bleſſed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very perſon who ought to have been the firſt to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipſa's family? But as things are, my brother is not ſo much deprived of theſe comforts, is delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endleſs train of miſeries which render life to me a burden. He lies, full low, gored with wounds, and feſtering in his own blood; but he lies in peace: he feels none of the miſeries which rend my ſoul with agony and diſtraction, whilſt I am ſet up a ſpectacle to all mankind of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not maſter of the means of ſecuring my own life: ſo far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the uſurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own perſon.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbitreſs of the world!—to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.—By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is ſacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeſerved, unprovoked, injury, and ſave the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, uſurpation, and cruelty. *Salluſt.*

§ 37. *Speech of* Canuleius, *a Roman Tribune, to the Conſuls; in which he demands that the Plebeians may be admitted into the Conſulſhip, and that the Law prohibiting Patricians and Plebeians from intermarrying may be repealed.*

What an inſult upon us is this! If we are not ſo rich as the patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the ſame country? members of the ſame community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even ſtrangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, becauſe we are commoners, to be worſe treated than ſtrangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to beſtow their offices and dignities on whom they pleaſe, do we aſk any thing unreaſonable or new? do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occaſion then for all this uproar, as if the univerſe were falling to ruin!—They were juſt going to lay violent hands upon me in the ſenate-houſe.

What! muſt this empire then be unavoidably overturned? muſt Rome of neceſſity ſink at once, if a plebeian, worthy of the office, ſhould be raiſed to the conſulſhip? The patricians, I am perſuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you ſpeak, that you have the ſhapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a conſul, would be, ſay they, a moſt enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being ſo much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome: the elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheleſs placed upon the throne: Servius Tullius, the ſon of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the

the kingdom as the reward of his wiſdom and virtue. In thoſe days, no man in whom virtue ſhone conſpicuous, was rejected, or deſpiſed, on account of his race and deſcent. And did the ſtate proſper leſs for that? were not theſe ſtrangers the very beſt of all our kings? And, ſuppoſing now that a plebeian ſhould have their talents and merit, muſt not he be ſuffered to govern us?

But, "we find that, upon the abolition "of the regal power, no commoner was "choſen to the conſulate." And what of that? Before Numa's time there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days there was no Cenſus, no diviſion of the people into claſſes and centuries. Who ever heard of conſuls before the expulſion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and ſo are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæſtors. Within theſe ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law, forbidding marriages of patricians with plebeians, is not that a new thing? was there any ſuch law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a moſt ſhameful one it is in a free eſtate. Such marriages, it ſeems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! why, if they think ſo, let them take care to match their ſiſters and daughters with men of their own ſort. No plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a patrician; thoſe are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear, that we ſhall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an expreſs law to prohibit marriages of patricians with plebeians, what is this but to ſhew the utmoſt contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confuſion there will be in families, if this ſtatute ſhould be repealed. I wonder they do not make a law againſt a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the ſame road that he is going, or being preſent at the ſame feaſt, or appearing at the ſame market-place: they might as well pretend, that theſe things make confuſion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the child will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a patrician or a plebeian? In ſhort, it is manifeſt enough, that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppoſe our demand, have any motives to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, conſuls and patricians, is the ſovereign power in the people of Rome or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleaſure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you then, as ſoon as any law is propoſed to them, pretend to liſt them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their ſuffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, conſuls; whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a falſe rumour, ſpread abroad for nothing but a colour to ſend the people out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already ſo often ſpilt their blood in our country's cauſe, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be reſtored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like ſtrangers in our own country: but if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not ſuffer the entrance to the chief offices in the ſtate to be open to all perſons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magiſtrates to the ſenate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you pleaſe; paint, in your ordinary diſcourſes, the league and power of our enemies ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare that this people, whom you ſo much deſpiſe, and to whom you are nevertheleſs indebted for all your victories, ſhall never more inliſt themſelves; not a man of them ſhall take arms; not a man of them ſhall expoſe his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither ſhare the dignities of the ſtate, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage. *Hooke.*

§ 38. *Life of* CICERO.

The ſtory of Cicero's death continued freſh on the minds of the Romans for many ages after it; and was delivered down to poſterity, with all its circumſtances, as one of the moſt affecting and memorable events of their hiſtory; ſo that the ſpot, on which it happened, ſeems to have been viſited by travellers with a kind of religious reverence. The odium of it fell chiefly on Antony; yet it left a ſtain of perfidy and ingratitude alſo on Auguſtus; which explains the reaſon of that ſilence, which is obſerved about him, by the writers of that age; and why his name is not ſo much as mentioned either by Horace or Virgil. For though his character would have furniſhed a glorious ſubject for many noble lines, yet he was no ſubject for court poets, ſince the very mention of him muſt have been a ſatire on the prince,

prince, eſpecially while Antony lived; among the ſycophants of whoſe court it was faſhionable to inſult his memory, by all the methods of calumny that wit and malice could invent: nay, Virgil, on an occaſion that could hardly fail of bringing him to his mind, inſtead of doing juſtice to his merit, choſe to do an injuſtice rather to Rome itſelf, by yielding the ſuperiority of eloquence to the Greeks, which they themſelves had been forced to yield to Cicero.

Livy, however, whoſe candour made Auguſtus call him *a Pompeian*, while out of complaiſance to the times, he ſeems to extenuate the crime of Cicero's murder, yet after a high encomium of his virtues, declares, *that to praiſe him as he deſerved, required the eloquence of Cicero himſelf.* Auguſtus too, as Plutarch tells us, happening one day to catch his grandſon reading one of Cicero's books, which, for fear of the emperor's diſpleaſure, the boy endeavoured to hide under his gown, took the book into his hands, and turning over a great part of it, gave it back again, and ſaid, "This "was a learned man, my child, and a "lover of his country."

In the ſucceeding generation, as the particular envy to Cicero ſubſided, by the death of thoſe whoſe private intereſts and perſonal quarrels had engaged to hate when living, and defame him when dead, ſo his name and memory began to ſhine out in its proper luſtre; and in the reign even of Tiberius, when an eminent ſenator and hiſtorian, Cremutius Cordus, was condemned to die *for praiſing* Brutus, yet Paterculus could not forbear breaking out into the following warm expoſtulation with Antony on the ſubject of Cicero's death: "Thou haſt "done nothing, Antony; haſt done no-"thing, I ſay, by ſetting a price on that "divine and illuſtrious head, and by a "deteſtable reward procuring the death of "ſo great a conſul and preſerver of the re-"public. Thou haſt ſnatched from Cicero "a troubleſome being, a declining age, a "life more miſerable under thy dominion "than death itſelf; but ſo far from dimi-"niſhing the glory of his deeds and ſayings, "thou haſt increaſed it. He lives, and "will live in the memory of all ages; and "as long as this ſyſtem of nature, whether "by chance or providence, or what way "ſoever formed, which he alone of all the "Romans comprehended in his mind, and "illuſtrated by his eloquence, ſhall remain "intire, it will draw the praiſes of Cicero "along with it; and all poſterity will ad-"mire his writings againſt thee, curſe thy "act againſt him———."

From this period, all the Roman writers, whether poets or hiſtorians, ſeem to vie with each other in celebrating the praiſes of Cicero, as the moſt illuſtrious of all their patriots, and *the parent of the Roman wit and eloquence*; who had done more honour to his country *by his writings*, than *all their conquerors by their arms, and extended the bounds of his learning beyond thoſe of their empire.* So that their very emperors, near three centuries after his death, began to reverence him in the claſs *of their inferior deities*; a rank which he would have preſerved to this day, if he had happened to live in *papal* Rome, where he could not have failed, as Eraſmus ſays, *from the innocence of his life*, of obtaining the honour and title of *a ſaint.*

As to his perſon, he was tall and ſlender, with a neck particularly long; yet his features were regular and manly; preſerving a comelineſs and dignity to the laſt, with a certain air of chearfulneſs and ſerenity, that imprinted both affection and reſpect. His conſtitution was naturally weak, yet was ſo confirmed by his management of it, as to enable him to ſupport all the fatigues of the moſt active, as well as the moſt ſtudious life, with perpetual health and vigour. The care that he employed upon his body, conſiſted chiefly in bathing and rubbing, with a few turns every day in his gardens for the refreſhment of his voice from the labour of the bar: yet in the ſummer, he generally gave himſelf the exerciſe of a journey, to viſit his ſeveral eſtates and villas in different parts of Italy. But his principal inſtrument of health was diet and temperance: by theſe he preſerved himſelf from all violent diſtempers; and when he happened to be attacked by any ſlight indiſpoſition, uſed to inforce the ſeverity of his abſtinence, and ſtarve it preſently by faſting.

In his cloaths and dreſs, which the wiſe have uſually conſidered as an index of the mind, he obſerved, what he preſcribes in his book of *Offices*, a modeſty and decency adapted to his rank and character: a perpetual cleanlineſs, without the appearance of pains; free from the affectation of ſingularity, and avoiding the extremes of a ruſtic negligence and ſoppiſh delicacy; both of which are equally contrary to true dignity; the one implying an ignorance, or illiberal contempt of it, the other a childiſh pride and oſtentation of proclaiming our pretenſions to it.

In his domeſtic and ſocial life his behaviour

viour was very amiable: he was a moſt indulgent parent, a ſincere and zealous friend, a kind and generous maſter. His letters are full of the tendereſt expreſſions of love for his children; in whoſe endearing converſation, as he often tells us, he uſed to drop all his cares, and relieve himſelf from all his ſtruggles in the ſenate and the forum. The ſame affection, in an inferior degree, was extended alſo to his ſlaves, when by their fidelity and ſervices they had recommended themſelves to his favour. We have ſeen a remarkable inſtance of it in Tyro, whoſe caſe was no otherwiſe different from the reſt, than as it was diſtinguiſhed by the ſuperiority of his merit. In one of his letters to Atticus, "I have nothing more," ſays he, "to write; and my mind indeed "is ſomewhat ruffled at preſent; for So-"citheus, my reader, is dead; a hopeful "youth; which has afflicted me more than "one would imagine the death of a ſlave "ought to do."

He entertained very high notions of friendſhip, and of its excellent uſe and benefit to human life; which he has beautifully illuſtrated in his entertaining treatiſe on that ſubject; where he lays down no other rules than what he exemplified by his practice. For in all the variety of friendſhips in which his eminent rank engaged him, he never was charged with deceiving, deſerting, or even ſlighting any one whom he had once called his friend, or eſteemed an honeſt man. It was his delight to advance their proſperity, to relieve their adverſity; the ſame friend to both fortunes; but more zealous only in the bad, where his help was moſt wanted, and his ſervices the moſt diſintereſted: looking upon it not as a friendſhip, but *a ſordid traffic and merchandize of benefits*, where good offices are to be weighed by a nice eſtimate of gain and loſs. He calls gratitude *the mother of virtues*; reckons it the moſt capital of all duties; and uſes the words *grateful and good* as terms ſynonymous, and inſeparably united in the ſame character. His writings abound with ſentiments of this ſort, as his life did with the examples of them; ſo that one of his friends, in apologizing for the importunity of a requeſt, obſerves to him with great truth, that the tenor of his life would be a ſufficient excuſe for it; ſince he had eſtabliſhed ſuch a cuſtom, *of doing every thing for his friends, that they no longer requeſted, but claimed a right to command him.*

Yet he was not more generous to his friends, than placable to his enemies; readily pardoning the greateſt injuries, upon the ſlighteſt ſubmiſſion; and though no man ever had greater abilities or opportunities of revenging himſelf, yet when it was in his power to hurt, he ſought out reaſons to forgive; and whenever he was invited to it, never declined a reconciliation with his moſt inveterate enemies; of which there are numerous inſtances in his hiſtory. He declared nothing to be *more laudable and worthy of a great man than placability*; and laid down for a natural duty, *to moderate our revenge, and obſerve a temper in puniſhing*; and held *repentance to be a ſufficient ground for remitting it:* and it was one of his ſayings, delivered to a public aſſembly, *that his enmities were mortal*, his *friendſhips immortal.*

His manner of living was agreeable to the dignity of his character, ſplendid and noble: his houſe was open to all the learned ſtrangers and philoſophers of Greece and Aſia; ſeveral of whom were conſtantly entertained in it as part of his family, and ſpent their whole lives with him. His levee was perpetually crouded with multitudes of all ranks; even Pompey himſelf not diſdaining to frequent it. The greateſt part came not only to pay their compliments, but to attend him on days of buſineſs to the ſenate or the forum; where, upon any debate or tranſaction of moment, they conſtantly waited to conduct him home again: but on ordinary days, when theſe morning viſits were over, as they uſually were before ten, he retired to his books, and ſhut himſelf up in his library, without ſeeking any other diverſion, but what his children afforded to the ſhort intervals of his leiſure. His ſupper was the greateſt meal; and the uſual ſeaſon with all the great of enjoying their friends at table, which was frequently prolonged to a late hour of the night: yet he was out of his bed every morning before it was light; and never uſed *to ſleep again at noon*, as all others generally did, and as it is commonly practiſed in Rome to this day.

But though he was ſo temperate and ſtudious, yet when he was engaged to ſup with others, either at home or abroad, he laid aſide his rules, and forgot the invalid; and was gay and ſprightly, and the very ſoul of the company. When friends were met together, to heighten the comforts of ſocial life, he thought it inhoſpitable not to contribute his ſhare to their common mirth, or to damp it by a churliſh reſervedneſs. But he was really a lover of chearful entertainments,

tainments, being of a nature remarkably facetious, and singularly turned to raillery; a talent which was of great service to him at the bar, to correct the petulance of an adversary; *relieve the satiety of a tedious cause*; *divert the minds of the judges*; and mitigate the rigour of a sentence, by making both the bench and audience merry at the expence of the accuser.

This use of it was always thought fair, and greatly applauded in public trials; but in private conversations, he was charged sometimes with pushing his raillery too far; and through a consciousness of his superior wit, exerting it often intemperately, without reflecting what cruel wounds his lashes inflicted. Yet of all his sarcastical jokes, which are transmitted to us by antiquity, we shall not observe any but what were pointed against characters, either ridiculous or profligate; such as he despised for their follies, or hated for their vices; and though he might provoke the spleen, and quicken the malice of his enemies, more than was consistent with a regard to his own ease, yet he never appears to have hurt or lost a friend, or any one whom he valued, by the levity of jesting.

It is certain, that the fame of his wit was as celebrated as that of his eloquence, and that several spurious collections of his sayings were handed about in Rome in his life-time, till his friend Trebonius, after he had been consul, thought it worth while to publish an authentic edition of them, in *a volume which he addressed to Cicero himself.* Cæsar likewise, in the height of his power, having taken a fancy to collect the *Apophthegms*, or memorable sayings of eminent men, gave strict orders to all his friends who used to frequent Cicero, *to bring him every thing of that sort, which happened to drop from him in their company.* But Tiro, Cicero's freedman, who served him chiefly in his studies and literary affairs, published after his death the most perfect collection of his *Sayings*, in three books; where Quintilian however wishes, *that he had been more sparing in the number, and judicious in the choice of them.* None of these books are now remaining, nor any other specimen of the jests, but what are incidently scattered in different parts of his own and other people's writings; which, as the same judicious critic observes, through the change of taste in different ages, and the want of *that action or gesture*, which gave the chief spirit to many of them, *could never be explained to advantage, though several had attempted it.* How much more cold then and insipid must they needs appear to us, who are unacquainted with the particular characters and stories to which they relate, as well as the peculiar fashions, humour, and taste of wit in that age? Yet even in these, as Quintilian also tells us, as well as in his other compositions, people would sooner find *what they might reject, than what they could add to them.*

He had a great number of fine houses in different parts of Italy; some writers reckon up *eighteen*; which, excepting the family seat at Arpinum, seem to have been all purchased, or built by himself. They were situated generally near to the sea, and placed at proper distances along the lower coast, between Rome and Pompeii, which was about four leagues beyond Naples; and for the elegance of structure, and the delights of their situation, are called by him *the eyes*, or *the beauties of Italy.* Those in which he took the most pleasure, and usually spent some part of every year, were his Tusculum, Antium, Auctura, Arpinum; his Formian, Cuman, Puteolan, and Pompeian villas; all of them large enough for the reception not only of his own family, but of his friends and numerous guests; many of whom, of the first quality, used to pass several days with him in their excursions from Rome. But besides these that may properly be reckoned seats, with large plantations and gardens around them, he had several *little inns*, as he calls them, or baiting-places on the road, built for his accommodation in passing from one house to another.

His Tusculan house had been Sylla's, the dictator; and in one of its apartments had *a painting of his memorable victory near Nola, in the Marsic war*, in which Cicero had served under him as a volunteer: it was about four leagues from Rome, on the top of a beautiful hill, covered with the villas of the nobility, and affording an agreeable prospect of the city, and the country around it, with plenty of water flowing through his grounds in a large stream or canal, for which he paid a rent to the corporation of Tusculum. Its neighbourhood to Rome gave him the opportunity of a retreat at any hour from the fatigues of the bar or the senate, to breathe a little fresh air, and divert himself with his friends or family: so that this was the place in which he took the most delight, and spent the greatest share of his leisure; and for that reason improved and adorned it beyond all his other houses.

When a greater ſatiety of the city, or a longer vacation in the forum, diſpoſed him to ſeek a calmer ſcene, and more undiſturbed retirement, he uſed to remove to Antium or Aſtura. At Antium he placed his beſt collection of books, and as it was not above thirty miles from Rome, he could have daily intelligence there of every thing that paſſed in the city. Aſtura was a *little iſland*, at the mouth of a river of the ſame name, about two leagues farther towards the ſouth, between the promontories of Antium and Circæum, and in the view of them both; a place peculiarly adapted to the purpoſes of ſolitude, and a ſevere retreat; covered with a thick wood, cut out into ſhady walks, in which he uſed to ſpend the gloomy and ſplenetic moments of his life.

In the height of ſummer, the manſion-houſe at Arpinum, and the little iſland adjoining, by the advantage of its groves and caſcades, afforded the beſt defence againſt the inconvenience of the heats; where, in the greateſt that he had ever remembered, we find him refreſhing himſelf, as he writes to his brother, with the utmoſt pleaſure, in the cool ſtream of his Fibrenus. His other villas were ſituated in the more public parts of Italy, where all the beſt company of Rome had their houſes of pleaſure. He had two at Formiæ, a lower and upper villa; the one near to the port of Cajeta, the other upon the mountains adjoining. He had a third on the ſhore of Baiæ, between the lake Avernus and Puteoli, which he calls his Puteolan: a fourth on the hills of Old Cumæ, called his Cuman villa; and a fifth at Pompeii, four leagues beyond Naples, in a country famed for the purity of its air, fertility of its ſoil, and delicacy of its fruits. His Puteolan houſe was built after the plan of the Academy of Athens, and called by that name; being adorned with a portico and a grove, for the ſame uſe of philoſophical conferences. Some time after his death, it fell into the hands of Antiſtius Vetus, who repaired and improved it; when a ſpring of warm water, which happened to burſt out in one part of it, gave occaſion to the following epigram, made by Laurea Tullius, one of Cicero's freedmen.

Quo tua Romanæ vindex clariſſime linguæ
Sylva loco melius ſurgere juſſa viret,
Atque Academiæ celebratam nomine villam
Nunc reparat cultu ſub potiore Vetus,
Hic etiam apparent lymphæ non ante repertæ,
Languida quæ infuſo lumina rore levant,
Nimirum locus ipſe ſui Ciceronis honore
Hoc dedit, hac fontes cum patefecit ope.
Ut quoniam totum legitur ſine fine per orbem,
Sint plures, occulis quæ mediantur, aquæ.
Plin. Hiſt. Nat. l. 31. 2.

"Where groves, once thine, now with freſh
"verdure bloom,
"Great Parent of the eloquence of Rome,
"And where thy Academy, favourite ſeat,
"Now to Antiſtius yields its ſweet retreat.
"A guſhing ſtream burſts out, of wond'rous
"pow'r,
"To heal the eyes, and weaken'd ſight reſtore.
"The place, which all its pride from Cicero
"drew,
"Repays this honour to his memory due,
"That ſince his works throughout the world
"are ſpread,
"And with ſuch eagerneſs by all are read,
"New ſprings of healing quality ſhall riſe,
"To eaſe the increaſe of labour to the eyes."

The furniture of his houſes was ſuitable to the elegance of his taſte, and the magnificence of his buildings; his galleries were adorned with ſtatues and paintings of the beſt Grecian maſters; and his veſſels and moveables were of the beſt work and choiceſt materials. There was *a cedar table* of his remaining in Pliny's time, ſaid to be *the firſt* which was ever ſeen in Rome, and to have coſt him *eighty pounds*. He thought it the part of an eminent citizen to preſerve an uniformity of character in every article of his conduct, and to illuſtrate his dignity by the ſplendor of his life. This was the reaſon of the great variety of his houſes, and of their ſituation in the moſt conſpicuous parts of Italy, along the courſe of the Appian road; that they might occur at every ſtage to the obſervation of travellers, and lie commodious for the reception and entertainment of his friends.

The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on what the old writers have ſaid on the mediocrity of his paternal eſtate, will be at a loſs to conceive whence all his revenues flowed, that enabled him to ſuſtain the vaſt expence of building and maintaining ſuch a number of noble houſes; but the ſolution will be eaſy, when we recollect the great opportunities that he had of improving his original fortunes. The two principal funds of wealth to the leading men of Rome, were firſt, the public magiſtracies, and provincial commands; ſecondly, the preſents of kings, princes, and foreign ſtates, whom they had obliged by their ſervices and protection; and though no man was more moderate in the uſe of theſe advantages than Cicero, yet

to one of his prudence, œconomy, and contempt of vicious pleaſures, theſe were abundantly ſufficient to anſwer all his expences: for in his province of Cilicia, after all the memorable inſtances of his generoſity, by which he ſaved to the public a full million ſterling, which all other governors had applied to their private uſe, yet at the expiration of his year, he left in the hands of *the publicans in Aſia near twenty thouſand pounds*, reſerved from the ſtrict dues of his government, and remitted to him afterwards at Rome. But there was another way of acquiring money, eſteemed the moſt reputable of any, which brought large and frequent ſupplies to him, *the legacies of deceaſed friends*. It was the peculiar cuſtom of Rome, for the clients and dependants of families, to bequeath at their death to their patrons, ſome conſiderable part of their eſtates, as the moſt effectual teſtimony of their reſpect and gratitude; and the more a man received in this way, the more it redounded to his credit. Thus Cicero mentions it to the honour of Lucullus, that while he governed Aſia as proconſul, *many great eſtates were left to him by will:* and Nepos tell us in praiſe of Atticus, *that he ſucceeded to many inheritances* of the ſame kind, bequeathed to him on no other account than on his friendly and amiable temper. Cicero had his full ſhare of theſe teſtamentary donations; as we ſee from the many inſtances of them mentioned in his letters; and when he was falſely reproached by Antony, with being neglected on theſe occaſions, he declared in his reply, that he had gained from this ſingle article *about two hundred thouſand pounds, by the free and voluntary gifts of dying friends; not the forged wills of perſons unknown to him, with which he charged Antony.*

His moral character was never blemiſhed by the ſtain of any habitual vice; but was a ſhining pattern of virtue to an age, of all others the moſt licentious and profligate. His mind was ſuperior to all the ſordid paſſions which engroſs little ſouls; avarice, envy, malice, luſt. If we ſift his familiar letters, we cannot diſcover in them the leaſt hint of any thing baſe, immodeſt, ſpiteful or perfidious, but an uniform principle of benevolence, juſtice, love of his friends and country, flowing through the whole, and inſpiring all his thoughts and actions. Though no man ever felt the effects of other people's envy more ſeverely than he, yet no man was ever more free from it: this is allowed to him by all the old writers, and is evident indeed from his works; where we find him perpetually praiſing and recommending whatever was laudable, even in a rival or an adverſary; celebrating merit wherever it was found, whether in the ancients or his contemporaries; whether in Greeks or Romans; and verifying a maxim, which he had declared in a ſpeech to the ſenate, *that no man could be envious of another's virtue, who was conſcious of his own.*

His ſprightly wit would naturally have recommended him to the favour of the ladies, whoſe company he uſed to frequent when young, and with many of whom of the firſt quality, he was oft engaged in his riper years to confer about the intereſts of their huſbands, brothers, or relations, who were abſent from Rome; yet we meet with no trace of any criminal gallantry or intrigue with any of them. In a letter to Pætus, towards the end of his life, he gives a jocoſe account of his ſupping with their friend Volumnius, an epicurean wit of the firſt claſs, when the famed courteſan, Cytheris, who had been Volumnius's ſlave, and was then his miſtreſs, made one of the company at table: where, after ſeveral jokes on that incident, he ſays, *that he never ſuſpected ſhe would have been of the party; and though he was always a lover of chearful entertainments, yet nothing of that ſort had ever pleaſed him when young, much leſs now, when he was old.* There was one lady, however, called Cæſellia, with whom he kept up a particular familiarity and correſpondence of letters; on which Dio abſurdly grounds ſome little ſcandal, though he owns her to have been *ſeventy years old.* She is frequently mentioned in Cicero's letters as a lover of books and philoſophy, and on that account as fond of his company and writings: but while out of complaiſance to her ſex, and a regard to her uncommon talents, he treated her always with reſpect; yet by the hints which he drops of her to Atticus, it appears that ſhe had no ſhare of his affections, or any real authority with him.

His failings were as few as were ever found in any eminent genius; ſuch as flowed from his conſtitution, not his will; and were chargeable rather to the condition of his humanity, than to the fault of the man. He was thought to *be too ſanguine in proſperity, too deſponding in adverſity:* and apt to perſuade himſelf in each fortune, *that it would never have an end.* This is Pollio's account of him, which ſeems in general to be true: Brutus touches the firſt part of it

in one of his letters to him; and when things were going prosperously against Antony, puts him gently in mind, *that he seemed to trust too much to his hopes:* and he himself allows the second, and says, that *if any one was timorous in great and dangerous events, apprehending always the worst, rather than hoping the best, he was the man; and if that was a fault,* confesses himself *not to be free from it:* yet in explaining afterwards the nature of this timidity, it was such, he tells us, as shewed itself rather *in foreseeing dangers, than in encountering them:* an explication which the latter part of his life fully confirmed, and above all his death, which no man could sustain with greater courage and resolution.

But the most conspicuous and glaring passion of his soul was, *the love of glory and thirst of praise:* a passion that he not only avowed, but freely indulged; and sometimes, as he himself confesses, *to a degree even of vanity.* This often gave his enemies a plausible handle of ridiculing his pride and arrogance; while the forwardness that he shewed to celebrate his own merits in all his public speeches, seemed to justify their censures: and since this is generally considered as the grand foible of his life, and has been handed down implicitly from age to age, without ever being fairly examined, or rightly understood, it will be proper to lay open the source from which the passion itself flowed, and explain the nature of that *glory,* of which he professes himself so fond.

True glory then, according to his own definition of it, is *a wide and illustrious fame of many and great benefits conferred upon our friends, our country, or the whole race of mankind;* it is not, he says, *the empty blast of popular favour, or the applause of a giddy multitude,* which all wise men had ever despised, and none more than himself; but *the consenting praise of all honest men, and the incorrupt testimony of those who can judge of excellent merit, which resounds always to virtue, as the echo to the voice;* and since it is the general companion of good actions, ought not to be rejected by good men. That those who aspired to this glory were not to expect *ease or pleasure, or tranquillity of life for their pains; but must give up their own peace, to secure the peace of others; must expose themselves to storms and dangers for the public good; sustain many battles with the audacious and the wicked, and some even with the powerful:* in short, must behave themselves so, *as to give their citizens cause to rejoice that they had ever been born.* This is the notion that he inculcates every where of *true glory;* which is surely one of the noblest principles that can inspire a human breast; implanted by God in our nature, to dignify and exalt it; and always found the strongest in the best and most elevated minds; and to which we owe every thing great and laudable, that history has to offer us through all the ages of the heathen world. There is not an instance, says Cicero, of a man's exerting himself ever *with praise and virtue in the dangers of his country, who was not drawn to it by the hopes of glory, and a regard to posterity. Give me a boy,* says Quintilian, *whom praise excites, whom glory warms:* for such a scholar was sure to answer all his hopes, and do credit to his discipline. "Whether "posterity will have any respect for me," says Pliny, "I know not, but I am sure "that I have deserved some from it: I "will not say by my wit, for that would "be arrogant; but by the zeal, by the "pains, by the reverence which I have "always paid to it."

It will not seem strange, to observe the wisest of the ancients pushing this principle to so great a length, and considering glory as the amplest reward of a well-spent life, when we reflect, that the greatest part of them had no notion of any other reward or futurity; and even those who believed a state of happiness to the good, yet entertained it with so much diffidence, that they indulged it rather as a wish, than a well grounded hope, and were glad therefore to lay hold on that which seemed to be within their reach; a futurity of their own creating; an immortality of fame and glory from the applause of posterity. This, by a pleasing fiction, they looked upon as a propagation of life, and an eternity of existence; and had no small comfort in imagining, that though the sense of it should not reach to themselves, it would extend at least to others; and that they should be doing good still when dead, by leaving the example of their virtues to the imitation of mankind. Thus Cicero, as he often declares, never looked upon that to be his life, which was confined to this narrow circle on earth, but considered his acts as seeds sown in the immense universe, to raise up the fruit of glory and immortality to him through a succession of infinite ages; nor has he been frustrated of his hope, or disappointed of his end; but as long as the name of Rome subsists, or as long as learning, virtue, and liberty preserve any credit in the world, he will

will be great and glorious in the memory of all poſterity.

As to the other part of the charge, or the proof of his vanity, drawn from *his boaſting ſo frequently of himſelf* in his ſpeeches both to the ſenate and the people, though it may appear to a common reader to be abundantly confirmed by his writings; yet if we attend to the circumſtances of the times, and the part which he acted in them, we ſhall find it not only excuſable, but in ſome degree even neceſſary. The fate of Rome was now brought to a criſis, and the contending parties were making their laſt efforts either to oppreſs or preſerve it: Cicero was the head of thoſe who ſtood up for its liberty, which entirely depended on the influences of his counſels; he had many years, therefore, been the common mark of the rage and malice of all who were aiming at illegal powers, or a tyranny in the ſtate; and while theſe were generally ſupported by the military power of the empire, he had no other arms or means of defeating them but his authority with the ſenate and people, grounded on the experience of his ſervices, and the perſuaſion of his integrity; ſo that to obviate the perpetual calumnies of the factious, he was obliged to inculcate the merit and good effects of his counſels, in order to confirm people in their union and adherence to them, againſt the intrigues of thoſe who were employing all arts to ſubvert them. "The frequent commemoration of "his acts," ſays Quintilian, "was not "made ſo much for glory as for defence; "to repel calumny, and vindicate his mea- "ſures when they were attacked:" and this is what Cicero himſelf declared in all his ſpeeches, "That no man ever heard "him ſpeak of himſelf but when he was "forced to it: that when he was urged "with fictitious crimes, it was his cuſtom "to anſwer them with his real ſervices: "and if ever he ſaid any thing glorious of "himſelf, it was not through a fondneſs of "praiſe, but to repel an accuſation: that "no man who had been converſant in "great affairs, and treated with particular "envy, could refute the contumely of an "enemy, without touching upon his own "praiſes; and after all his labours for the "common ſafety, if a juſt indignation had "drawn from him, at any time, what "might ſeem to be vain-glorious, it might "reaſonably be forgiven to him: that "when others were ſilent about him, if he "could not then forbear to ſpeak of him- "ſelf, that indeed would be ſhameful; "but when he was injured, accuſed, ex- "poſed to popular odium, he muſt cer- "tainly be allowed to aſſert his liberty, if "they would not ſuffer him to retain his "dignity."

This then was the true ſtate of the caſe, as it is evident from the facts of his hiſtory; he had an ardent love of glory, and an eager thirſt of praiſe: was pleaſed, when living, to hear his acts applauded; yet more ſtill with imagining, that they would ever be celebrated when he was dead: a paſſion which, for the reaſons already hinted, had always the greateſt force on the greateſt ſouls: but it muſt needs raiſe our contempt and indignation, to ſee every conceited pedant, and trifling declaimer, who knew little of Cicero's real character, and leſs ſtill of their own, preſuming to call him *the vaineſt of mortals.*

But there is no point of light in which we can view him with more advantage or ſatiſfaction to ourſelves, than in the contemplation of his learning, and the ſurpriſing extent of his knowledge. This ſhines ſo conſpicuous in all the monuments which remain of him, that it even leſſens the dignity of his general character: while the idea of the ſcholar abſorbs that of the ſenator; and by conſidering him as the greateſt writer, we are apt to forget, that he was the greateſt magiſtrate alſo of Rome. We learn our Latin from him at ſchool; our ſtile and ſentiments at the college: here the generality take their leave of him, and ſeldom think of him more but as of an orator, a moraliſt, or philoſopher of antiquity. But it is with characters as with pictures; we cannot judge well of a ſingle part, without ſurveying the whole, ſince the perfection of each depends on its proportion and relation to the reſt; while in viewing them all together, they mutually reflect an additional grace upon each other. His learning, conſidered ſeparately, will appear admirable; yet much more ſo, when it is found in the poſſeſſion of the firſt ſtateſman of a mighty empire. His abilities as a ſtateſman are glorious; yet ſurpriſe us ſtill more when they are obſerved in the ableſt ſcholar and philoſopher of his age; but an union of both theſe characters exhibits that ſublime ſpecimen of perfection, to which the beſt parts, with the beſt culture, can exalt human nature.

No man, whoſe life had been wholly ſpent in ſtudy, ever left more numerous, or more valuable fruits of his learning in every branch of ſcience, and the politer arts; in

oratory, poetry, philoſophy, law, hiſtory, criticiſm, politics, ethics; in each of which he equalled the greateſt maſters of his time; in ſome of them excelled all men of all times. His remaining works, as voluminous as they appear, are but a ſmall part of what he really publiſhed; and though many of theſe are come down to us maimed by time, and the barbarity of the intermediate ages, yet they are juſtly eſteemed the moſt precious remains of all antiquity, and, like *the ſybylline books*, if more of them had periſhed, would have been equal ſtill to any price.

His induſtry was incredible, beyond the example, or even conception of our days; this was the ſecret by which he performed ſuch wonders, and reconciled perpetual ſtudy with perpetual affairs. He ſuffered no part of his leiſure to be idle, or the leaſt interval of it to be loſt; but what other people gave to *the public ſhews, to pleaſures, to feaſts*, nay even *to ſleep, and the ordinary refreſhments of nature*, he generally gave to *his books*, and the enlargement of his knowledge. On days of buſineſs, when he had any thing particular to compoſe, he had no other time for meditating but when he was taking *a few turns in his walks*, where he uſed to dictate his thoughts *to his ſcribes* who attended him. We find many of his letters dated before *day-light*; and ſome from *the ſenate*; others from *his meals*; and the crowd of *his morning levee*.

No compoſitions afford more pleaſure than *the epiſtles* of great men; they touch the heart of the reader by laying open that of the writer. The letters of eminent wits, eminent ſcholars, eminent ſtateſmen, are all eſteemed in their ſeveral kinds; but there never was a collection that excelled ſo much in every kind as Cicero's, for the purity of ſtile, the importance of the matter, or the dignity of the perſons concerned in them. We have above *a thouſand* ſtill remaining, all written after he was *forty* years old; which are a ſmall part not only of what he wrote, but of what were actually publiſhed after his death by his ſervant Tiro. For we ſee many volumes of them quoted by the ancients, which are utterly loſt; as *the firſt book* of his Letters to Licinius Calvus; the firſt alſo to Q. Axius; a *ſecond book* to his ſon; *a ſecond* alſo to Corn. Nepos; *a third book* to J. Cæſar; *a third* to Octavius; *a third alſo* to Panſa; *an eighth book* to M. Brutus; *and a ninth* to A. Hirtius. Of all which, excepting a few to J. Cæſar and Brutus, we have nothing more left than ſome ſcattered phraſes and ſentences, gathered from the citations of the old critics and grammarians. What makes theſe letters ſtill more eſtimable is, that he had never deſigned them for the public, nor kept any copies of them; for the year before his death, when Atticus was making ſome enquiry about them, he ſent him word, *that he had made no collection*; *and that Tiro had preſerved only about ſeventy*. Here then we may expect to ſee the genuine man, without diſguiſe or affectation; eſpecially in his letters to Atticus, to whom he talked with the ſame frankneſs as to himſelf; opened the riſe and progreſs of each thought, and never entered into any affair without his particular advice; ſo that theſe may be conſidered *as the memoirs of his times*; containing the moſt authentic materials for the hiſtory of that age, and laying open the grounds and motives of all the great events that happened in it, and it is the want of attention to them that makes the generality of writers on thoſe times ſo ſuperficial, as well as erroneous; while they chuſe to tranſcribe the dry and imperfect relations of the later *Greek hiſtorians*, rather than take the pains to extract the original account of facts from one who was a principal actor in them.

In his familiar letters he affected no particular elegance or choice of words, but took the firſt that occurred from *common uſe, and the language of converſation*. Whenever he was diſpoſed to joke, his wit was eaſy and natural; flowing always from the ſubject, and throwing out *what came uppermoſt*; nor diſdaining even a pun, when it ſerved to make his friends laugh. In letters of compliment, ſome of which were addreſſed to the greateſt men who ever lived, his inclination to pleaſe is expreſſed in a manner agreeable to nature and reaſon, with the utmoſt delicacy both of ſentiment and diction, yet without any of thoſe pompous titles and lofty epithets, which modern cuſtom has introduced into our commerce with the great, and falſely ſtamped with the name of politeneſs; though they are the real offspring of barbariſm, and the effects of our degeneracy both in taſte and manners. In his political letters, all his maxims are drawn from an intimate knowledge of men and things: he always touches the point on which the affair turns; foreſees the danger, and foretells the miſchief, which never failed to follow upon the neglect of his counſels; of which there were ſo many inſtances, that, as an eminent writer of his own time obſerved to him, *his prudence ſeemed to be a kind of divination, which foretold every thing that afterwards happened, with the veracity of a prophet*. But

none

none of his letters do him more credit than those of the *recommendatory* kind: the others shew his wit and his parts, these his benevolence and his probity: he solicits the interests of his friends, with all the warmth and force of words of which he was master; and alledges generally some personal reason for his peculiar zeal in the cause, and that his own honour was concerned in the success of it.

But his letters are not more valuable on any account, than for their being the only monuments of that sort, which remain to us from *free Rome*. They breathe the last words of expiring liberty; a great part of them having been written in the very crisis of its ruin, to rouse up all the virtue that was left in the honest and the brave, to the defence of their country. The advantage which they derive from this circumstance, will easily be observed by comparing them with the epistles of the best and greatest, who flourished afterwards in *Imperial Rome*. Pliny's letters are justly admired by men of taste: they shew the scholar, the wit, the fine gentleman; yet we cannot but observe a poverty and barrenness through the whole, that betrays the awe of a master. All his stories and reflections terminate in private life; there is nothing important in politics; no great affairs explained; no account of the motives of public counsels: he had borne all the same offices with Cicero, whom in all points he affected to emulate; yet his honours were in effect nominal, conferred by a superior power, and administered by a superior will; and with the old titles of consul and proconsul, we want still the statesman, the politician, and the magistrate. In his provincial command, where Cicero governed all things with supreme authority, and had kings attendant on his orders, Pliny durst not venture *to repair a bath, or to punish a fugitive slave, or incorporate a company of masons*, till he had first consulted and obtained the leave of Trajan.

His historical works are all lost; the Commentaries of his Consulship in Greek; the History of his own Affairs, to his return from exile, in Latin verse; and his Anecdotes; as well as the pieces that he published on Natural History, of which Pliny quotes one upon the Wonders of Nature, and another on Perfumes. He was meditating likewise a general History of Rome, to which he was frequently urged by his friends, as the only man capable of adding that glory also to his country, of excelling the Greeks in a species of writing, which of all others was at that time the least cultivated by the Romans. But he never found leisure to execute so great a task; yet he has sketched out a plan of it, which, short as it is, seems to be the best that can be formed for the design of a perfect history.

"He declares it to be the first and fundamental law of history, that it should neither dare to say any thing that was false, or fear to say any thing that was true, nor give any just suspicion either of favour or disaffection; that in the relation of things, the writer should observe the order of time, and add also the description of places: that in all great and memorable transactions he should first explain the councils, then the acts, lastly the events; that in councils he should interpose his own judgment, or the merit of them; in the acts, should relate not only what was done, but how it was done; in the events should shew, what share chance, or rashness, or prudence had in them; that in regard to persons, he should describe not only their particular actions, but the lives and characters of all those who bear an eminent part in the story; that he should illustrate the whole in a clear, easy, natural stile, flowing with a perpetual smoothness and equability, free from the affectation of points and sentences, or the roughness of judicial pleadings."

We have no remains likewise of his poetry, except some fragments occasionally interspersed through his other writings; yet these, as I have before observed, are sufficient to convince us, that his poetical genius, if it had been cultivated with the same care, would not have been inferior to his oratorical. The two arts are so nearly allied, that an excellency in the one seems to imply a capacity for the other, the same qualities being essential to them both; a sprightly fancy, fertile invention, flowing and numerous diction. It was in Cicero's time, that the old rusticity of the Latin muse first began to be polished by the ornaments of dress, and the harmony of numbers; but the height of perfection to which it was carried after his death by the succeeding generation, as it left no room for *a mediocrity in poetry*, so it quite eclipsed the fame of Cicero. For the world always judges of things by comparison, and because he was not so great a poet as Virgil and Horace, he was decried as none at all; especially in the courts of Antony and Augustus, where it was a compliment to the sovereign, and a fashion consequently

among their flatterers, to make his character ridiculous wherever it lay open to them; hence flowed that perpetual raillery which subsists to this day, or his famous verses:

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ,
O fortunatam natam me Consule Romam.

And two bad lines picked out by the malice of enemies, and transmitted to posterity as a specimen of the rest, have served to damn many thousands of good ones. For Plutarch reckons him among *the most eminent of the Roman poets*; and Pliny the younger was proud of emulating him in his poetic character; and Quintilian seems to charge the cavils of his censurers to *a principle of malignity*. But his own verses carry the surest proof of his merit, being written in the best manner of that age in which he lived, and in the stile of Lucretius, whose poem he is said to have *revised and corrected* for its publication, after Lucretius's death. This however is certain, that he was the constant friend and generous patron of all the celebrated poets of his time; of Aceius, Archias, Chilius, Lucretius, Catullus, who pays his thanks to him in the following lines, for some favour that he had received from him:—

Tully, most eloquent by far
Of all, who have been or who are,
Or who in ages still to come
Shall rise of all the sons of Rome,
To thee Catullus grateful sends
His warmest thanks, and recommends
His humble muse, as much below
All other poets he, as thou
All other patrons dost excell,
In power of words and speaking well.

Catull. 47.

But poetry was the amusement only, and relief of his other studies; *eloquence* was his distinguishing talent, his sovereign attribute: to this he devoted all the faculties of his soul, and attained to a degree of perfection in it, that no mortal ever surpassed: so that as a polite historian observes, *Rome had but few orators before him, whom it could praise; none whom it could admire.* Demosthenes was the pattern by which he formed himself; whom he emulated with such success, as to merit what *St. Jerom* calls *that beautiful eloge: Demosthenes has snatched from thee the glory of being the first: thou from Demosthenes, that of being the only orator.* The genius, the capacity, the stile and manner of them both were much the same; their eloquence of that great, sublime, and comprehensive kind, which dignified every subject, and gave it all the force and beauty of which it was capable; it was that *roundness of speaking*, as the ancients call it, where there was nothing either redundant or deficient; nothing either to be added or retrenched: their perfections were in all points so transcendent, and yet so similar, that the critics are not agreed on which side to give the preference. Quintilian indeed, the most judicious of them, has given it on the whole to Cicero; but if, as others have thought, Cicero had not all the nerves, the energy, or, as he himself calls it, *the thunder of Demosthenes*; he excelled him in the copiousness and elegance of his diction, the variety of his sentiments, and, above all, *in the vivacity of his wit, and smartness of his raillery:* Demosthenes had nothing *jocose* or *facetious* in him; yet, by attempting sometimes to jest, shewed, *that the thing itself did not displease, but did not belong to him:* for, as Longinus says, *whenever he affected to be pleasant, he made himself ridiculous; and if he happened to raise a laugh, it was chiefly upon himself.* Whereas Cicero, from a perpetual fund of wit and ridicule, had the power always to please, when he found himself unable to convince, and could put his judges into good humour, when he had cause to be afraid of their severity; so that, *by the opportunity of a well-timed joke*, he is said to have *preserved many of his clients from manifest ruin.*

Yet in all this height and fame of his eloquence, there was another set of orators at the same time in Rome, men of parts and learning, and of the first quality; who, while they acknowledged the superiority of his genius, yet censured his diction, as not truly *attic* or *classical*; some calling it loose and languid, others timid and exuberant. These men affected a minute and fastidious correctness, pointed sentences, short and concise periods, without a syllable to spare in them, as if the perfection of oratory consisted *in a frugality of words*, and in crowding our sentiments into the narrowest compass. The chief patrons of this taste were, M. Brutus, Licinius, Calvus, Asinius, Pollio, and Sallust, whom Seneca seems to treat as the author of the obscure, abrupt, and sententious stile. Cicero often ridicules these pretenders to *attic* elegance, as judging of eloquence *not by the force of the art, but their own weakness*; and resolving to decry what they could not attain, and to admire nothing but what they could imitate; and though their way of speaking, he says, might please *the ear of a critic or a scholar*, yet it was not

of that sublime and sonorous kind, whose end was not only *to instruct, but to move* an audience: an eloquence, born for the multitude; whose merit was always shewn by its effects of *exciting admiration, and extorting shouts of applause*; and on which there never was any difference of judgment between the learned and the populace.

This was the genuine eloquence that prevailed in Rome as long as Cicero lived: his were the only speeches that were relished or admired by the city; while those attic orators, as they called themselves, were generally despised, and frequently deserted by the audience, in the midst of their harangues. But after Cicero's death, and the ruin of the republic, the Roman oratory sunk of course with its liberty, and a false species universally prevailed; when instead of that elate, copious, and flowing eloquence, which launched out freely into every subject, there succeeded a guarded, dry, sententious kind, full of laboured turns and studied points; and proper only for the occasion on which it was employed, the making panegyrics and servile compliments to their tyrants. This change of stile may be observed in all their writers, from Cicero's time to the younger Pliny; who carried it to its utmost perfection, in his celebrated *panegyric* on the emperor Trajan; which, as it is justly admired for the elegance of diction, the beauty of sentiments, and the delicacy of its compliments, so is become in a manner the standard of fine speaking to modern times, where it is common to hear the pretenders to criticism, descanting on the tedious length and spiritless exuberance of the *Ciceronian* periods. But the superiority of Cicero's eloquence, as it was acknowledged by the politest age of *free* Rome, so it has received the most authentic confirmation that the nature of things can admit, from the concurrent sense of nations; which neglecting the productions of his rivals and contemporaries, have preserved to us his inestimable remains, as a specimen of the most perfect manner of speaking, to which the language of mortals can be exalted: so that, as Quintilian declared of him even in that early age, he has acquired such fame with posterity, that Cicero is not reckoned so much the *name* of a man, as of eloquence itself.

But we have hitherto been considering the exterior part of Cicero's character, and shall now attempt to penetrate the recesses of his mind, and discover the real source and principle of his actions, from a view of that philosophy which he professed to follow, as the general rule of his life. This, as he often declares, was drawn from the *academic sect*; which derived its origin from the Socrates, and its name from a celebrated gymnasium, or place of exercise in the suburbs of Athens, called the *Academy*, where the professors of that school used to hold their lectures and philosophical disputations. Socrates was the first who banished *physics out of philosophy*, which till his time had been the sole object of it, and drew it off from the obscure and intricate inquiries into nature, and the constitution of the heavenly bodies, to questions of morality; of more immediate use and importance to the happiness of man, concerning the true notions *of virtue and vice, and the natural difference of good and ill*; and as he found the world generally possessed with false notions on those subjects, so his method was *not to assert any opinion of his own, but to refute the opinions of others*, and attack the errors in vogue; as the first step towards preparing men for the reception of truth, or what came the nearest to it, probability. While he himself therefore professed to *know nothing*, he used to sift out the several doctrines of all the pretenders to science, and then tease them with a series of questions, so contrived as to reduce them, by the course of their answers, to an evident absurdity, and the impossibility of defending what they had at first affirmed.

But Plato did not strictly adhere to the method of his master Socrates, and his followers wholly deserted it: for instead of the *Socratic* modesty of affirming nothing, and examining every thing, they turned philosophy, as it were, into an art, and formed a system of opinions, which they delivered to their disciples as the peculiar tenets of their sect. Plato's nephew Speusippus, who was left the heir of his school, continued his lectures, as his successors also did in the academy, and preserved the name of Academics; whilst Aristotle, the most eminent of Plato's scholars, retired to another *gymnasium*, called the Lyceum; where, from a custom which he and his followers observed, of teaching and disputing as they *walked* in the portico's of the place, they obtained the name of Peripatetics, or the Walking Philosophers. These two sects, though differing in name, agreed generally in things, or in all the principal points of their philosophy: they placed the chief happiness of man *in virtue, with a competency of external goods*; taught *the existence of a God, a providence, the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments*.

This

This was the ſtate of the academic ſchool under five ſucceſſive maſters, who governed it after Plato; Speuſippus, Xenocrates, Polemo, Crates, Crantor; till Arceſilas the ſixth diſcarded at once all the ſyſtems of his predeceſſors, and revived the *Socratic* way, *of affirming nothing, doubting of all things*, and expoſing the vanity of the then reigning opinions. He alledged the neceſſity of making this reformation, from *that obſcurity of things*, which had reduced Socrates, *and all the ancients before him, to a confeſſion of their ignorance:* he obſerved, as they had all likewiſe done, *that the ſenſes were narrow, reaſon infirm, life ſhort, truth immerſed in the deep, opinion and cuſtom every where predominant, and all things involved in darkneſs.* He taught therefore, "That there was no certain knowledge or perception of any thing in nature, nor any infallible criterion of truth and falſhood; that nothing was ſo deteſtable as raſhneſs, nothing ſo ſcandalous to a philoſopher, as to profeſs what was either falſe or unknown to him; that we ought to aſſent nothing dogmatically, but in all caſes to ſuſpend our aſſent; and inſtead of pretending to certainty, content ourſelves with opinion, grounded on probability, which was all that a rational mind had to acquieſce in." This was called *the new academy*, in diſtinction from *the Platonic*, or *the old:* which maintained its credit down to Cicero's time, by a ſucceſſion of able maſters; the chief of whom was Carneades, the fourth from Arceſilas, who carried it to its utmoſt height of glory, and is greatly celebrated by antiquity for the vivacity of his wit, and force of his eloquence.

We muſt not however imagine, that theſe *academics* continued doubting and fluctuating all their lives in ſcepticiſm and irreſolution, without any preciſe opinions, or ſettled principle of judging and acting: no; their rule was as certain and conſiſtent as that of any other ſect, as it is frequently explained by Cicero, in many parts of his works. "We are not of that ſort," ſays he, "whoſe mind is perpetually wandering in "error, without any particular end or ob"ject of its purſuit: for what would ſuch a "mind or ſuch a life indeed be worth, "which had no determinate rule or method "of thinking and acting? But the differ"ence between us and the reſt is, that "whereas they call ſomething *certain*, and "others *uncertain*; we call the one *probable*, "the other *improbable*. For what reaſon "then, ſhould not I purſue *the probable*, re"ject the contrary, and declining the arro"gance of affirming, avoid the imputation "of raſhneſs, which of all things is the far"theſt removed from wiſdom? Again; "we do not pretend to ſay that there is no "ſuch thing as truth; but that all truths "have ſome falſhood annexed to them, of "ſo near a reſemblance and ſimilitude, as "to afford no certain note of diſtinction, "whereby to determine our judgment and "aſſent: whence it follows alſo of courſe, "that there are many things *probable*; "which, though not perfectly comprehend"ed, yet on account of their attractive and "ſpecious appearance, are ſufficient to go"vern the life of a wiſe man. In another "place, there is no difference, ſays he, be"tween us, and thoſe who pretend to know "things; but that they never doubt of the "truth of what they maintain: whereas we "have many *probabilities*, which we readily "embrace, but dare not affirm. By this "we preſerve our judgment free and un"prejudiced, and are under no neceſſity of "defending what is preſcribed and enjoined "to us; whereas in other ſects, men are "tied down to certain doctrines, before "they are capable of judging what is the "beſt; and in the moſt infirm part of life, "drawn either by the authority of a friend, "or charmed with the firſt maſter whom "they happen to hear, they form a judg"ment of things unknown to them; and "to whatever ſchool they chance to be "driven by the tide, cleave to it as faſt as "the oyſter to the rock."

Thus *the academy* held the proper medium between the rigid ſtoic, and the indifference of the ſceptic: the ſtoics embraced all their doctrines, as ſo many *fixed and immutable truths*, from which it was infamous to depart; and by making this their point of honour, held all their diſciples in an inviolable attachment to them. The ſceptics, on the other hand, obſerved a perfect neutrality towards all opinions; maintaining all of them to be equally uncertain; and that we could not affirm of any thing, *that it was this or that*, ſince there was *as much reaſon to take it for the one as for the other, or for neither of them*; and wholly indifferent which of them we thought it to be: thus they lived, without ever engaging themſelves on any ſide of a queſtion, directing their lives in the mean time by natural affections, and the laws and cuſtoms of their country. But the *academics*, by adopting the *probable* inſtead of the *certain*, kept the balance in an equal poiſe between the two extremes, making it their general

general principle to obſerve a moderation in all their opinions; and as Plutarch, who was one of them, tells us, paying a great regard always to that old maxim,

Μηδὲν ἄγαν;—*ne quid nimis.*

As this ſchool then was in no particular oppoſition to any, but an equal adverſary to all, or rather to dogmatical philoſophy in general, ſo every other ſect, next to itſelf, readily gave it the preference to the reſt; which univerſal conceſſion of the ſecond place, is commonly thought to infer a right to the firſt: and if we reflect on the ſtate of the heathen world, and what they themſelves ſo often complain of, the darkneſs that ſurrounded them, and the *infinite diſſenſions* of the beſt and wiſeſt on the fundamental queſtions of religion and morality, we muſt neceſſarily allow, that the academic manner of philoſophizing was of all others the moſt rational and modeſt, and the beſt adapted to the diſcovery of truth, whoſe peculiar character it was to encourage enquiry; to ſift every queſtion to the bottom; to try the force of every argument, till it had found its real moment, or the preciſe quantity of its weight.

This it was that induced Cicero, at his advanced life and ripened judgment, to deſert *the old academy*, and declare for the new; when, from a long experience of the vanity of thoſe ſects who call themſelves the proprietors of truth, and the ſole guides of life, and through a deſpair of finding *any thing certain*, he was glad, after all his pains, to take up with the *probable*. But the genius and general character of *both the academies* was in ſome meaſure ſtill the ſame: for *the old*, though it profeſſed to teach a peculiar ſyſtem of doctrines, yet it was ever diffident and cautious of affirming; and the new, only the more ſcrupulous and ſceptical of the two; this appears from the writings of Plato, the firſt maſter of the old, in which, as Cicero obſerves, nothing is abſolutely affirmed, nothing delivered for certain, but all things freely inquired into, and both ſides of the queſtion impartially diſcuſſed. Yet there was another reaſon that recommended this philoſophy in a peculiar manner to Cicero, its being, of all others, the beſt ſuited to the profeſſion of an orator; ſince by its practice of diſputing *for and againſt* every opinion of the other ſects, it gave him the beſt opportunity of perfecting his oratorical faculty, and acquiring a habit of ſpeaking readily upon all ſubjects. He calls it therefore *the parent of elegance and copiouſneſs*; and declares, *that he owed all the fame of his eloquence, not to the mechanic rules of the rhetoricians, but to the enlarged and generous principles of the academy.*

This ſchool however was almoſt deſerted in *Greece*, and had but few diſciples at *Rome*, when Cicero undertook its patronage, and endeavoured to revive its drooping credit. The reaſon is obvious: it impoſed a hard taſk upon its ſcholars, of diſputing againſt every ſect, and on every queſtion in philoſophy; and *if it was difficult, as* Cicero ſays, *to be maſter of any one, how much more of them all?* which was incumbent on thoſe who profeſſed themſelves academics. No wonder then that it loſt ground every where, in proportion as eaſe and luxury prevailed, which naturally diſpoſed people to the doctrine of *Epicurus*; in relation to which there is a ſmart ſaying recorded of Arceſilas, who being aſked, *why ſo many of all ſects went over to the Epicureans, but none ever came back from them*, replied, *that men might be made eunuchs, but eunuchs could never be made men again.*

This general view of Cicero's philoſophy, will help us to account in ſome meaſure, for that difficulty which people frequently complain of in diſcovering his real ſentiments, as well as for the miſtakes which they are apt to fall into in that ſearch; ſince it was the diſtinguiſhing principle of *the academy to refute the opinions of others, rather than declare any of their own.* Yet the chief difficulty does not lie here; for Cicero was not ſcrupulous on that head, nor affected any obſcurity in the delivery of his thoughts, when it was his buſineſs to explain them; but it is the variety and different characters of his ſeveral writings, that perplexes the generality of his readers: for wherever they dip into his works, they are apt to fancy themſelves poſſeſſed of his ſentiments, and to quote them indifferently as ſuch, whether from his Orations, his Dialogues, or his Letters, without attending to the peculiar nature of the work, or the different perſon that he aſſumes in it.

His orations are generally of the judicial kind; or the pleadings of an advocate, whoſe buſineſs it was to make the beſt of his cauſe; and to deliver, not ſo much what was true, as what was uſeful to his client; the patronage of truth belonging in ſuch caſes to the judge, and not to the pleader. It would be abſurd therefore to require a ſcrupulous veracity, or ſtrict declaration of his ſentiments in them: the thing does not admit of it; and he himſelf forbids us to expect it; and in one of thoſe orations frankly declares the

true

true nature of the ... ll.—" That man," says he, " is much mistaken, who thinks, that " in these judicial pleadings, he has an au- " thentic specimen of our opinions; they " are the speeches of the causes and the " times; not of the men or the advocates: " if the causes could speak of themselves, " no body would employ an orator; but we " are employed to speak, not what we would " undertake to affirm upon our authority, " but what is suggested by the cause and the " thing itself." Agreeably to this notion, Quintilian tells us, " that those who are " truly wise, and have spent their time in " public affairs, and not in idle disputes, " though they have resolved with them- " selves to be strict and honest in all their " actions, yet will not scruple to use every " argument that can be of service to the " cause which they have undertaken to de- " fend." In his orations, therefore, where we often meet with the sentences and maxims of philosophy, we cannot always take them for his own, but as topics applied to move his audience, or add an air of gravity and probability to his speech.

His letters indeed to familiar friends, and especially those to Atticus, place the real man before us, and lay open his very heart; yet in these some distinction must necessarily be observed; for in letters of compliment, condolence, or recommendation, or where he is soliciting any point of importance, he adapts his arguments to the occasion; and uses such as would induce his friend the most readily to grant what he desired. But as his letters in general seldom touch upon any questions of philosophy, except slightly and incidentally, so they will afford very little help to us in the discovery of his *Philosophical Opinions*, which are the subject of the present inquiry, and for which we must wholly recur to his philosophical works.

Now the general purpose of these works was, to give *a history rather of the ancient philosophy*, than any account of his own, and to explain to his fellow-citizens in their own language, whatever the philosophers of all sects, and all ages, had taught on every important question, in order to enlarge their minds, and reform their morals; and to employ himself most usefully to his country, at a time when arms and superior force had deprived him of the power of serving it in any other way. This he declares in his treatise called *de Finibus*, or on *the Chief Good or Ill of Man*; in that upon *the Nature of the Gods*; in his *Tusculan Disputations*; and in his book on the Academic Philosophy; in all which he sometimes takes upon himself the part of *a Stoic*; sometimes of *an Epicurean*; sometimes of *the Peripatetic*; for the sake of explaining with more authority the different doctrines of each sect; and as he assumes the person of the one to confute the other, so in his proper character of *an Academic*, he sometimes disputes against them all; while the unwary reader, not reflecting on the nature of dialogues, takes Cicero still for the perpetual speaker; and under that mistake, often quotes a sentiment for his, that was delivered by him only in order to be confuted. But in these dialogues, as in all his other works, wherever he treats any subject professedly, or gives a judgment upon it deliberately, either in his own person, or that of an *Academic*, there he delivers his own opinions; and where he himself does not appear in the scene, he takes care usually to inform us, to which of the characters he has assigned the patronage of his own sentiments; who was generally the principal speaker of the dialogue; as Crassus in his treatise *on the Orator*; Scipio, in that of *the Republic*; Cato, in his piece *on Old Age*. This key will let us into his real thoughts; and enable us to trace his genuine notions through every part of his writings, from which I shall now proceed to give a short abstract of them.

As to *Physics*, or Natural Philosophy, he seems to have had the same notion with Socrates, that a minute and particular attention to it, and the making it the sole end and object of our inquiries, was a study rather curious than profitable, and contributing but little to the improvement of human life. For though he was perfectly acquainted with the various systems of all the philosophers of any name, from the earliest antiquity, and has explained them all in his works; yet he did not think it worth while, either to form any distinct opinions of his own, or at least to declare them. From his account however of those systems we may observe, that several of the fundamental principles of modern philosophy, which pass for the original discoveries of these later times, are the revival rather of ancient notions maintained by some of the first philosophers, of whom we have any notice in history; as *the Motion of the Earth*; *the Antipodes*; *a Vacuum*; *and an universal Gravitation, or attractive Quality of Matter, which holds the World in its present Form and Order.*

But in all the great points of religion and morality, which are of more immediate relation to the happiness of man, *the being of a God*;

a God; *a Providence*; *the immortality of the soul*; *a future state of rewards and punishments*; *and the eternal difference of good and ill*; he has largely and clearly declared his mind in many parts of his writings. He maintained that there was *one God, or Supreme Being*; *incorporeal, eternal, self-existent, who created the world by his power, and sustained it by his Providence.* This he inferred from *the consent of all nations*; *the order and beauty of the heavenly bodies*; *the evident marks of counsel, wisdom, and a fitness to certain ends, observable in the whole, and in every part of the visible world*; and declares that person *unworthy of the name of a man, who can believe all this to have been made by chance*; *when with the utmost stretch of human wisdom, we cannot penetrate the depth of that wisdom which contrived it.*

He believed also a *Divine Providence*, constantly presiding over the whole system, and extending its care to all the principal members of it, with a peculiar attention *to the conduct and actions of men*, but leaving *the minute and inferior parts* to the course of his general laws. This he collected from the nature and attributes of the Deity; his *omniscience, omnipresence, and infinite goodness*; that could never desert or neglect what he had once produced into being: and declares, that without this belief, there could be no such thing *as piety or religion in the world.*

He held likewise *the immortality of the soul, and its separate existence after death in a state of happiness or misery.* This he inferred from *that ardent thirst of immortality*, which was always the most conspicuous in the best and most exalted minds; from which the truest specimen of their nature must needs be drawn, from *its unmixed and indivisible essence*, which had nothing separable or perishable in it; from its wonderful powers and faculties; *its principle of self-motion*; *its memory, invention, wit, comprehension*; *which were all incompatible with sluggish matter.* The Stoics fancied that the soul was a subtilized, fiery substance, which survived the body after death, and subsisted a long time, yet not eternally, but was to perish at last in the general conflagration; in which they allowed, as Cicero says, *the only thing that was hard to conceive, its separate existence from the body*; *yet denied what was not only easy to imagine, but a consequence of the other*; *its eternal duration.* Aristotle taught, that besides *the four elements of the material world*, whence all other things were supposed to draw their being, there was *a fifth essence or texture, peculiar to God and the soul*, which had nothing in it that was common to any of the rest. This opinion Cicero followed, and illustrated with his usual perspicuity in the following passage:

"The origin of the human soul," says he, "is not to be found any where on "earth; there is nothing mixed, concrete, "or earthly; nothing of water, air, or "fire in it. For these natures are not sus-"ceptible of memory, intelligence, or "thought; have nothing that can retain "the past, foresee the future, lay hold on "the present; which faculties are purely "divine, and could not possibly be derived "to man, except from God; the nature of "the soul therefore is of a singular kind, "distinct from these known and obvious "natures; and whatever it be that feels and "tastes, that lives and moves in us, it must "be heavenly and divine, and for that rea-"son eternal. Nor is God indeed himself, "whose existence we can clearly discover, "to be comprehended by us in any other "manner, but as a free and pure mind, "clear from all mortal concretion; observ-"ing and moving all things; and indeed "with an eternal principle of self-motion: "of this kind, and of the same nature, is "the human soul."

As to *a future state of rewards and punishments*, he considered it as a consequence of the soul's immortality, deducible from the *attributes of God, and the condition of man's life on earth*; and thought it so highly probable, *that we could hardly doubt of it*, he says, *unless it should happen to our minds, when they look into themselves, as it does to our eyes, when they look too intensely at the sun, that finding their sight dazzled, they give over looking at all.* In this opinion he followed Socrates and Plato, for whose judgment he professed so great a reverence, that *if they had given no reasons, where yet they had given many, he should have been persuaded*, he says, *by their sole authority.* Socrates, therefore, as he tells us, declared in his dying speech, "That there were two ways appointed to "the human souls at their departure from "the human body: that those who had "been immersed in sensual pleasures and "lusts, and had polluted themselves with "private vices or public crimes against their "country, took an obscure and devious "road, remote from the seat and assembly "of the gods; whilst those who had pre-"served their integrity, and received little "or no contagion from the body, from "which they had constantly abstracted "themselves, and in the bodies of men "imitated

" imitated the life of the gods, had an eafy " afcent lying open before them to thofe " gods, from whom they derived their " being."

From what has already been faid, the reader will eafily imagine what Cicero's opinion muft have been concerning *the religion of his country:* for a mind enlightened by the noble principles juft ftated, could not poffibly harbour a thought of the truth or divinity of fo abfurd a worfhip: and the liberty which not only he, but all the old writers take, in ridiculing the characters of their gods, and the fictions of their *infernal torments* fhews, that there was not a man of liberal education, who did not confider it as an engine of ftate, or political fyftem; contrived for the ufes of government, and to keep the people in order; in this light Cicero always commends it as a wife inftitution, fingularly adapted to the genius of Rome, and conftantly inculcates *an adherence to its rights* as the duty of all good citizens.

Their religion confifted of two principal branches; *the obfervation of the auſpices*, and *the worſhip of the gods:* the firft was inftituted by Romulus; the fecond by his fucceffor, Numa; who drew up a ritual, or order of ceremonies, to be obferved in the different facrifices of their feveral deities: to thefe a third part was afterwards added, relating to *divine admonitions from portents*; *monſtrous births*; *the entrails of beaſts in ſacrifice*; and *the prophecies of the ſybils.* The College of Augurs prefided over *the auſpices*, as *the ſupreme interpreters of the will of Jove*; and determined what figns were propitious, and what not: the other prieſts were the judges of all the other cafes relating to religion, as well of what concerned the public worfhip, as that of private families.

Now the prieſts of all denominations were of the firft nobility of Rome, and the augurs efpecially were commonly fenators of conſular rank, who had paffed through all the dignities of the republic, and by their power over *the auſpices*, could put an immediate ftop to all proceedings, and diffolve at once all the aſſemblies of the people convened for public buſineſs. The interpretation of the *ſybils prophecies* was veſted in the *decemviri*, or guardians of the fybilline books, ten perfons of diftinguifhed rank, chofen ufually from the prieſts. And the province of interpreting prodigies, and inſpecting the entrails, belonged to *the haruſpices*; who were the fervants of the public, hired to attend the magiftrates in all their ſacrifices; and who never failed to accommodate their anfwers to the views of thofe who employed them, and to whofe protection they owed their credit and their livelihood.

This conſtitution of a religion among a people naturally fuperftitious, neceffarily threw the chief influence of affairs into the hands of the fenate, and the better fort; who by this advantage frequently checked the violences of the populace, and the factious attempts of the tribunes: fo that it is perpetually applauded by Cicero as the main bulwark of the republic; though confidered all the while by men of fenfe, as merely political, and of human invention. The only part that admitted any difpute concerning its origin, was *augury*, or their method of divining by *auſpices*. The Stoics held that God, out of his goodnefs to man, had imprinted on the nature of things *certain marks or notices of future events*; as on *the entrails of beaſts, the flight of birds, thunder, and other celeſtial ſigns*, which, by long obfervation, and the experience of ages, were reduced into an art, by which the meaning of each fign might be determined, and applied to the event that was fignified by it. This they called *artificial divination*, in diftinction from *the natural*, which they fuppofed to flow from an *inſtinct, or native power*, implanted in the foul, which it exerted always with the greateft efficacy, when it was the moft free and difengaged from the body, as *in dreams and madneſs*. But this notion was generally ridiculed by the other philofophers; and of all the College of Augurs, there was but one who at this time maintained it, Appius Claudius, who was laughed at for his pains by the reft, and called the Pifidian: it occafioned however a fmart controverfy between him and his colleague Marcellus, who feverally publifhed books on each fide of the queftion; wherein Marcellus aſſerted the whole affair *to be the contrivance of ſtateſmen:* Appius, on the contrary, that *there was a real art and power of divining ſubſiſting in the augural diſcipline, and taught by the augural books.* Appius dedicated this treatife to Cicero, who, though he preferred Marcellus's notion, yet did not wholly agree with either, but believed *that augury might probably be inſtituted at firſt upon a perſuaſion of its divinity; and when by the improvements of arts and learning, that opinion was exploded in ſucceeding ages, yet the thing itſelf was wiſely retained for the ſake of its uſe to the republic.*

But whatever was the origin of the religion of Rome, Cicero's religion was undoubtedly

doubtedly of *heavenly extraction*, built, as we have seen, on the foundation *of a God*; *a providence*; *an immortality*. He considered this short period of our life on earth as a state of trial, or a kind of school, in which we were to improve and prepare ourselves for that eternity of existence which was provided for us hereafter; that we were placed therefore here by our Creator, not so much *to inhabit the earth, as to contemplate the heavens*; on which were imprinted, in legible characters, all the duties of that nature which was given to us. He observed, *that this spectacle belonged to no other animal but man*; to whom God, for that reason, had given *an erect and upright form, with eyes not prone or fixed upon the ground*, like those of other animals, but placed *on high and sublime*, in a situation the most proper for *this celestial* contemplation, to remind him perpetually of his task, and to acquaint him with the place on which he sprung, and for which he was finally designed. He took the system of the world, or the visible works of God, to be *the promulgation of God's law*, or the declaration of his will to mankind; whence, as we might collect his being, nature, and attributes, so we could trace the reasons also and motives of his acting; *till, by observing what He had done, we might learn what we ought to do, and, by the operations of the divine reason, be instructed how to perfect our own*; since the perfection of man consisted in the imitation of God.

From this source he deduced the origin of all duty, or moral obligation; from *the will of God manifested in his works*; or from that *eternal reason, fitness and relation of things*, which is displayed in every part of the creation. This he calls the *original, immutable law*; *the criterion of good and ill, of just and unjust*; imprinted on the nature of things, as the rule by which all human laws are formed; which, whenever they deviate from this pattern, ought, he says, to be called any thing rather than *laws*, and are in effect nothing but *acts of force, violence, and tyranny*. That to imagine *the distinction of good and ill not to be founded in nature, but in custom, opinion, or human institution, is mere folly and madness*; which would overthrow all society, and confound all right and justice amongst men: that this was the constant opinion of the wisest of all ages; who held, *that the mind of God, governing all things by eternal reason, was the principal and sovereign law*; *whose substitute on earth was the reason or mind of the wise:* to which purpose there are many strong and beautiful passages scattered occasionally through every part of his works.

"The true law," says he, "is right "reason, conformable to the nature of "things; constant, eternal, diffused through "all; which calls us to duty by command-"ing; deters us from sin by forbidding; "which never loses its influence with the "good, nor ever preserves it with the "wicked. This cannot possibly be over-"ruled by any other law, nor abrogated "in the whole, or in part: nor can we be "absolved from it either by the senate or "the people; nor are we to seek any other "comment or interpreter of it but itself: "nor can there be one law at Rome, an-"other at Athens; one now, another here-"after; but the same eternal, immutable "law, comprehends all nations, at all "times, under one common Master and "Governor of all, GOD. He is the in-"ventor, propounder, enactor of this law; "and whosoever will not obey it, must first "renounce himself, and throw off the "nature of man; by doing which, he will "suffer the greatest punishment, though he "should escape all the other torments which "are commonly believed to be prepared for "the wicked."

In another place he tells us, that the study of this law was the only thing which could teach us that most important of all lessons, said to be prescribed by *the Pythian oracle*, TO KNOW OURSELVES; that is, to know our true nature and rank in the universal system, the relation that we bear to all other things, and the purposes for which we were sent into the world. "When a "man," says he, "has attentively surveyed "the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all "things in them, observed whence they "sprung, and whither they all tend; when "and how they are to end; what part is "mortal and perishable, what divine and "eternal: when he has almost reached and "touched, as it were, the Governor and "Ruler of them all, and discovered him-"self not to be confined to the walls of any "certain place, but a citizen of the world, "as of one common city; in this magnifi-"cent view of things, in this enlarged "prospect and knowledge of nature, good "gods! how will he learn to *know himself*? "How will he contemn, despise, and set "at nought all those things which the "vulgar esteem the most splendid and "glorious?"

These were the principles on which Cicero built his religion and morality, which shine

ſhine indeed through all his writings, but were largely and explicitly illuſtrated by him in his Treatiſes on Government and on Laws; to which he added afterwards his book of Offices, to make the ſcheme compleat: volumes which, as the *elder* Pliny ſays to the emperor Titus, ought not only *to be read, but to be got by heart.* The firſt and greateſt of theſe works is loſt, except a few fragments, in which he had delivered his real thoughts ſo profeſſedly, that in a letter to Atticus, he calls *thoſe ſix books on the republic, ſo many pledges given to his country* for the integrity of his life; from which, if ever he ſwerved, he could never have the face *to look into them again.* In his *book of Laws*, he purſued the ſame argument, and deduced the origin of law from *the will of the ſupreme God.* Theſe two pieces therefore contain his belief, and *the book of Offices his practice:* where he has traced out all the duties of man, or a rule of life conformable to the divine principles, which he had eſtabliſhed in the other two; to which he often refers, as to the foundation of his whole ſyſtem. This work was one of the laſt that he finiſhed, for the uſe of his ſon, to whom he addreſſed it; being deſirous, in the decline of a glorious life, to explain to him the maxims by which he had governed it, and teach him the way of paſſing through the world with innocence, virtue, and true glory, to an immortality of happineſs: where the ſtrictneſs of his morals, adapted to all the various caſes and circumſtances of human life, will ſerve, if not to inſtruct, yet to reproach the practice of moſt Chriſtians. This was that law, which is mentioned by St. Paul, to be taught *by nature, and written on the hearts of the Gentiles*, to guide them through that ſtate of ignorance and darkneſs, of which they themſelves complained, till they ſhould be bleſſed with a more perfect revelation of the divine will; and this ſcheme of it profeſſed by Cicero, was certainly the moſt complete that the Gentile world had ever been acquainted with; the utmoſt effort that human nature could make towards attaining its proper end, or that ſupreme good for which the Creator had deſigned it: upon the contemplation of which ſublime truths, as delivered by a heathen, Eraſmus could not help perſuading himſelf, *that the breaſt from which they flowed, muſt needs have been inſpired by the Deity.*

But after all theſe glorious ſentiments that we have been aſcribing to Cicero, and collecting from his writings, ſome have been apt to conſider them as the flouriſhes rather of his eloquence, than the concluſions of his reaſon, ſince in other parts of his works he ſeems to intimate not only a diffidence, but a diſbelief *of the immortality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments*; and eſpecially in his letters, where he is ſuppoſed to declare his mind with the greateſt frankneſs. But in all the paſſages brought to ſupport this objection, where he is imagined to ſpeak of *death as the end of all things to man*, as they are addreſſed to friends in diſtreſs by way of conſolation; ſo ſome commentators take them to mean nothing more, and that death *is the end of all things here below, and without any farther ſenſe of what is done upon earth*; yet ſhould they be underſtood to relate, as perhaps they may, *to an utter extinction of our being*; it muſt be obſerved, that he was writing in all probability to Epicureans, and accommodating his arguments to the men; by offering ſuch topics of comfort to them, from their own philoſophy, as they themſelves held to be the moſt effectual. But if this alſo ſhould ſeem precarious, we muſt remember always, *that Cicero was an academic*; and though he believed *a future ſtate*, was fond of the opinion, and declares himſelf reſolved *never to part with it*; yet he believed it as *probable* only, not as *certain*; and as probability implies ſome mixture of doubt, and admits the degrees of more and leſs, ſo it admits alſo ſome variety in the ſtability of our perſuaſion: thus, in a melancholy hour, when his ſpirits were depreſſed, the ſame argument will not appear to him with the ſame force; but doubts and difficulties get the aſcendant, and what humoured his preſent chagrin, find the readieſt admiſſion.

The paſſages alledged were all of this kind, and written in the ſeaſon of his dejection, when all things were going with him, in the height of Cæſar's power; and though we allow them to have all the force that they can poſſibly bear, and to expreſs what Cicero really meant at that time; yet they prove at laſt nothing more, than that, agreeably to the characters and principles of *the Academy*, he ſometimes doubted of what he generally believed. But after all, whatever be the ſenſe of them, it cannot ſurely be thought reaſonable to oppoſe a few ſcattered hints, accidentally thrown out, when he was not conſidering the ſubject, to the volumes that he had deliberately written on the other ſide of the queſtion.

As to his political conduct, no man was ever a more determined patriot, or a warmer

lover

lover of his country than he: his whole character, natural temper, choice of life and principles, made its true intereſt inſeparable from his own. His general view therefore was always one and the ſame; to ſupport the peace and liberty of the republic in that form and conſtitution of it, which their anceſtors had delivered down to them. He looked upon that as the only foundation on which it could be ſupported, and uſed to quote a verſe of old Ennius, as the dictate of an oracle, which derived all the glory of Rome from an adherence to its ancient manners and diſcipline.

Moribus antiquis ſtat res Romana virisque.
Fragm. de Repub. l. 5.

It is one of his maxims, which he inculcates in his writings, *that as the end of a pilot is a proſperous voyage; of a phyſician, the health of his patient; of a general, victory; ſo that of a ſtateſman is, to make his citizens happy; to make them firm in power, rich in wealth, ſplendid in glory, eminent in virtue, which he declares to be the greateſt and beſt of all works among men:* and as this cannot be effected but *by the concord and harmony* of the conſtituent members of a city; ſo it was his conſtant aim to unite the different orders of the ſtate into one common intereſt, and to inſpire them with a mutual confidence in each other; ſo as to balance the ſupremacy of the people by the authority of the ſenate: that the one *ſhould enact*, but the other *adviſe*; the one have *the laſt reſort*, the other the *chief influence*. This was the old conſtitution of Rome, by which it had been raiſed to all its grandeur; whilſt all its miſfortunes were owing to the contrary principle of diſtruſt and diſſenſion between theſe two rival powers: it was the great object, therefore, of his policy, to throw *the aſcendant in all affairs into the hands of the ſenate and the magiſtrates*, as far as it was conſiſtent with the rights and liberties of the people; which will always be the general view of the wiſe and honeſt in all popular governments.

This was the principle which he eſpouſed from the beginning, and purſued to the end of his life: and though in ſome paſſages of his hiſtory, he may be thought perhaps to have deviated from it, yet upon an impartial view of the caſe, we ſhall find that his end was always the ſame, though he had changed his meaſures of purſuing it, when compelled to it by the violence of the times, and an over-ruling force, and a neceſſary regard to his own ſafety: ſo that he might ſay with great truth, what an Athenian orator once ſaid in excuſe of his inconſtancy; *that he had acted indeed on ſome occaſions contrary to himſelf, but never to the republic:* and here alſo his academic philoſophy ſeems to have ſhewed its ſuperior uſe in practical as well as in ſpeculative life, by indulging that liberty of acting which nature and reaſon require; and when the times and things themſelves are changed, allowing a change of conduct, and a recourſe to new means for the attainment of the ſame end.

The *three ſects*, which at this time chiefly engroſſed the philoſophical part of Rome, were *the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic*; and the chief ornaments of each were, Cato, Atticus, and Cicero, who lived together in ſtrict friendſhip, and a mutual eſteem of each other's virtue; but the different behaviour of *theſe three*, will ſhew by fact and example, the different merit of their ſeveral principles, and which of them was the beſt adapted to promote the good of ſociety. The Stoics were *the bigots or enthuſiaſts* in philoſophy, who held none to be truly wiſe but themſelves; placed *perfect happineſs in virtue, though ſtripped of every other good*; affirmed *all ſins to be equal*; *all deviations from right equally wicked*; *to kill a dunghill cock without reaſon, the ſame crime as to kill a parent*; a wiſe man could never forgive, never be moved by anger, favour, or pity; never be deceived; never repent; never change his mind. With theſe principles Cato entered into public life, and acted in it, as Cicero ſays, as if he had lived in *the polity of Plato*, not in the dregs of Romulus. He made no diſtinction of times or things; no allowance for the weakneſs of the republic, and the power of thoſe who oppreſſed it: it was his maxim to combat all power, not built upon the laws, or to defy it at leaſt if he could not controul it: he knew no way to this end but the direct, and whatever obſtructions he met with, reſolved ſtill to puſh on, and either ſurmount them or periſh in the attempt; taking it for baſeneſs and confeſſion of being conquered, to decline a tittle from the true road. In an age, therefore, of the utmoſt libertiniſm, when the public diſcipline was loſt, and the government itſelf tottering, he ſtruggled with the ſame zeal againſt all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a ſuperior force; whilſt the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate friends, than reconcile enemies; and by provoking the power that he could not ſubdue, helped to haſten that ruin which he was ſtriving to avert: ſo that after a perpetual courſe of

disappointments and repulses, finding himself unable to pursue his own way any farther, instead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philosophy to put an end to his life.

But as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, so the Epicureans depressed it too low; as those raised to the heroic, these debased it to the brutal state; they held *pleasure to be the chief good of a man*; death the extinction of his being; and placed their happiness consequently in the secure enjoyment of a pleasurable life, esteeming virtue on no other account, than as it was a handmaid to pleasure; and helped to insure the possession of it, by preserving health and conciliating friends. Their wise man had therefore no other duty, but to provide for his own ease; to decline all struggles; to retire from public affairs, and to imitate *the life of their gods*; by passing his days in a calm, contemplative, undisturbed repose; in the midst of rural shades and pleasant gardens. This was the scheme that Atticus followed: he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be useful to society; great parts, learning, judgment, candour, benevolence, generosity; the same love of his country, and the same sentiments in politics with Cicero; whom he was always advising and urging to act, yet determined never to act himself; or never at least so far as to disturb his ease, or endanger his safety. For though he was so strictly united with Cicero, and valued him above all men, yet he managed an interest all the while with the opposite party faction, and a friendship even with his mortal enemies, Clodius and Antony; that he might secure against all events the grand point, which he had in view, the peace and tranquillity of his life.

Thus two excellent men by their mistaken notion of virtue, drawn from the principles of their philosophy, were made useless in a manner to their country, each in a different extreme of life; the one always acting and exposing himself to dangers, without the prospect of doing good; the other without attempting to do any, resolving never to act at all. Cicero chose the middle way between the obstinacy of Cato, and the indolence of Atticus: he preferred always the readiest road to what was right, if it lay open to him: if not, took the next; and in politics as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himself with the probable. He often compares *the statesman to the pilot*, whose art consists in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the most perverse to the progress of his voyage; so that by changing his course, and enlarging his circuit of sailing, to arrive with safety at his destined port. He mentions likewise an observation, which long experience had confirmed to him, *that none of the popular and ambitious, who aspired to extraordinary commands, and to be leaders in the republic, ever chose to obtain their ends from the people, till they had first been repulsed by the senate.* This was verified by all their civil dissensions, from the Gracchi down to Cæsar: so that when he saw men of this spirit at the head of the government, who by the splendor of their lives and actions had acquired an ascendant over the populace; it was his constant advice to the senate, to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thirst for power by a voluntary grant of it, as the best way to moderate their ambition, and reclaim them from desperate counsels. He declared *contention to be no longer prudent, than while it either did service, or at least not hurt*; but when faction was grown too strong to be withstood, that it was time to give over fighting, and nothing left but *to extract some good out of the ill*, by mitigating that power by patience, which they could not reduce by force, and conciliating it, if possible, to the interest of the state. This was what he advised, and what he practised; and it will account, in a great measure, for those parts of his conduct which are the most liable to exception, on the account of that complacence, which he is supposed to have paid at different times to the several usurpers of illegal power.

He made a just distinction between *bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn*; and submitted therefore, yet never consented to those usurpations; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a reluctance, that he expressed very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without controul, as in his *consulship*, in his *province*, and after Cæsar's *death*, the only periods of his life in which he was truly master of himself; there we see him shining out in his genuine character, of an excellent citizen; a great magistrate; a glorious patriot: there we see the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus, as to the best witness of his conscience, *that he had always done the greatest service to his country, when it was in his power; or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it, but*

what was divine. If we must needs compare him therefore with Cato, as some writers affect to do; it is certain, that if Cato's virtue seems more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice; the one was romantic, the other rational; the one drawn from the refinements of the schools, the other from nature and social life; the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude; Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely: but was the proper end of such a life, which must have been rendered less glorious, if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was therefore what he not only expected, but in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he, who had before been *timid in dangers and desponding in distress*, yet from the time of Cæsar's death, roused *by the desperate state of the republic*, assumed the fortitude of a hero: discarded all fear; despised all danger; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life, which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus, like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself as it were, for the last act; and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory.

Middleton's Cicero.

§ 39. *The Character of* Martin Luther.

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a-gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the protestant church, Luther was saved by a seasonable death from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eisleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age.—As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a dæmon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited, as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure, nor the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness, as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples; remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor to the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty, and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praise-worthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to

conſider every thing as ſubordinate to truth, he expected the ſame deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth, againſt thoſe who diſappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardleſs of any diſtinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chaſtiſed all his adverſaries, indiſcriminately, with the ſame rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Eraſmus, ſcreened them from the ſame abuſe with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But theſe indecencies of which Luther was guilty, muſt not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with thoſe maxims, which, by putting continual reſtraint on the paſſions of individuals, have poliſhed ſociety, and rendered it agreeable, diſputes of every kind were managed with heat, and ſtrong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reſerve or delicacy. At the ſame time, the works of learned men were all compoſed in Latin; and they were not only authoriſed, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to uſe their antagoniſts with the moſt illiberal ſcurrility; but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear leſs ſhocking than in a living language, whoſe idioms and phraſes ſeem groſs, becauſe they are familiar.

In paſſing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by thoſe of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the ſame, manners and cuſtoms vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear moſt culpable, gave no diſguſt to his contemporaries. It was even by ſome of thoſe qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accompliſhing the great work which he undertook. To rouſe mankind, when ſunk in ignorance or ſuperſtition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmoſt vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to exceſs. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited thoſe to whom it was addreſſed. A ſpirit, more amiable, but leſs vigorous than Luther's, would have ſhrunk back from the dangers which he braved and ſurmounted. Towards the cloſe of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declenſion of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increaſed upon him, ſo that he daily grew more peeviſh, more iraſcible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witneſs of his own amazing ſucceſs; to ſee a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to ſhake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightieſt monarchs had trembled, he diſcovered, on ſome occaſions, ſymptoms of vanity and ſelf applauſe. He muſt have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accompliſhed, he had never felt any ſentiment of this kind riſing in his breaſt.

Some time before his death he felt his ſtrength declining, his conſtitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of buſineſs, added to the labour of diſcharging his miniſterial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of conſtant ſtudy, beſides the compoſition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leiſure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forſake him at the approach of death: his laſt converſation with his friends was concerning the happineſs reſerved for good men in a future world, of which he ſpoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wiſhed to enter ſoon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with exceſſive as well as indecent joy, and damped the ſpirits of all his followers; neither party ſufficiently conſidering that his doctrines were now ſo firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flouriſh, independent of the hand which firſt had planted them. His funeral was celebrated by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp. He left ſeveral children by his wife, Catharine a Boria, who ſurvived him: towards the end of the laſt century, there were in Saxony ſome of his deſcendants in decent and honourable ſtations.

Robertſon.

§ 40. *Character of* Alfred, *King of England.*

The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be ſet in oppoſition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can preſent to us. He ſeems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a ſage or wiſe man, the philoſophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever ſeeing it reduced to practice: ſo happily were

were all his virtues tempered together, ſo juſtly were they blended, and ſo powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the moſt enterprifing ſpirit with the cooleſt moderation; the moſt obſtinate perſeverance with the eaſieſt flexibility; the moſt ſevere juſtice with the greateſt lenity; the greateſt vigour in command with the greateſt affability of deportment; the higheſt capacity and inclination for ſcience, with the moſt ſhining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almoſt equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more uſeful, ſeem chiefly to challenge our applauſe. Nature alſo, as if deſirous that ſo bright a production of her ſkill ſhould be ſet in the faireſt light, had beſtowed on him all bodily accompliſhments, vigour of limbs, dignity of ſhape and air, and a pleaſant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of hiſtorians worthy to tranſmit his fame to poſterity; and we wiſh to ſee him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular ſtrokes, that we may at leaſt perceive ſome of thoſe ſmall ſpecks and blemiſhes, from which, as a man, it is impoſſible he could be entirely exempted.

Hume.

§ 41. *Another Character of* ALFRED.

Alfred, that he might be the better able to extend his charity and munificence, regulated his finances with the moſt perfect œconomy, and divided his revenues into a certain number of parts, which he appropriated to the different expences of the ſtate, and the exerciſe of his own private liberality and devotion; nor was he a leſs œconomiſt in the diſtribution of his time, which he divided into three equal portions, allotting one to ſleep, meals, and exerciſe; and devoting the other two to writing, reading, buſineſs, and prayer. That this diviſion might not be encroached upon inadvertently, he meaſured them by tapers of an equal ſize, which he kept continually burning before the ſhrines of relics. Alfred ſeemed to be a genius ſelf-taught, which contrived and comprehended every thing that could contribute to the ſecurity of his kingdom. He was author of that ineſtimable privilege, peculiar to the ſubjects of this nation, which conſiſts in their being tried by their peers; for he firſt inſtituted juries, or at leaſt improved upon an old inſtitution, by ſpecifying the number and qualifications of jurymen, and extending their power to trials of property as well as criminal indictments; but no regulation redounded more to his honour and the advantage of his kingdom, than the meaſures he took to prevent rapine, murder, and other outrages, which had ſo long been committed with impunity. His attention ſtooped even to the meaneſt circumſtances of his people's conveniency. He introduced the art of brick-making, and built his own houſes of thoſe materials; which being much more durable and ſecure from accidents than timber, his example was followed by his ſubjects in general. He was, doubtleſs, an object of moſt perfect eſteem and admiration; for, excluſive of the qualities which diſtinguiſhed him as a warrior and legiſlator, his perſonal character was amiable in every reſpect. Died 897, aged 52.

Smollett.

§ 42. *Character of* WILLIAM *the Conqueror.*

Few princes have been more fortunate than this great monarch, or were better entitled to proſperity and grandeur for the abilities and vigour of mind which he diſplayed in all his conduct. His ſpirit was bold and enterpriſing, yet guided by prudence. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and lay little under the reſtraints of juſtice, and ſtill leſs under thoſe of humanity, ever ſubmitted to the dictates of reaſon and ſound policy. Born in an age when the minds of men were intractable and unacquainted with ſubmiſſion, he was yet able to direct them to his purpoſes; and, partly from the aſcendant of his vehement diſpoſition, partly from art and diſſimulation, to eſtabliſh an unlimited monarchy. Though not inſenſible to generoſity, he was hardened againſt compaſſion, and ſeemed equally oſtentatious and ambitious of eclat in his clemency and his ſeverity. The maxims of his adminiſtration were ſevere; but might have been uſeful, had they been ſolely employed in preſerving order in an eſtabliſhed government: they were ill calculated for ſoftening the rigours which under the moſt gentle management are inſeparable from conqueſt. His attempt againſt England was the laſt enterprize of the kind, which, during the courſe of ſeven hundred years, had fully ſucceeded in Europe; and the greatneſs of his genius broke through thoſe limits, which firſt the feudal inſtitutions, then the refined policy of princes, have fixed on the ſeveral ſtates of Chriſtendom.

Though he rendered himself infinitely odious to his English subjects, he transmitted his power to his posterity, and the throne is still filled by his descendants; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and solid, and that amongst all his violences, while he seemed only to gratify the present passion, he had still an eye towards futurity. Died Sept. 9, 1087, aged 63 *. *Hume.*

§ 43. *Another Character of* William *the Conqueror.*

From the transactions of William's reign, he appears to have been a prince of great courage, capacity, and ambition; politic, cruel, vindictive, and rapacious; stern and haughty in his deportment, reserved and jealous in his disposition. He was fond of glory; and, though parsimonious in his household, delighted much in ostentation. Though sudden and impetuous in his enterprizes, he was cool, deliberate, and indefatigable, in times of danger and difficulty. His aspect was nobly severe and imperious, his stature tall and portly; his constitution robust, and the composition of his bones and muscles strong: there was hardly a man of that age, who could bend his bow, or handle his arms. *Smollett.*

§ 44. *Another Character of* William *the Conqueror.*

The character of this prince has seldom been set in its true light; some eminent writers have been dazzled so much by the more shining parts of it, that they have hardly seen his faults; while others, out of a strong detestation of tyranny, have been unwilling to allow him the praise he deserves.

He may with justice be ranked among the greatest generals any age has produced. There was united in him activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing presence of mind. He was strict in his discipline, and kept his soldiers in perfect obedience; yet preserved their affection. Having been from his very childhood continually in war, and at the head of armies, he joined to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and skill that experience could teach, and was a perfect master of the military art, as it was practised in the times wherein he lived. His constitution enabled him to endure any hardships, and very few were equal to him in personal strength, which was an excellence of more importance than it is now, from the manner of fighting then in use. It is said of him, that none except himself could bend his bow. His courage was heroic, and he possessed it not only in the field, but (which is more uncommon) in the cabinet, attempting great things with means that to other men appeared totally unequal to such undertakings, and steadily prosecuting what he had boldly resolved; being never disturbed or disheartened by difficulties, in the course of his enterprizes; but having that noble vigour of mind, which, instead of bending to opposition, rises against it, and seems to have a power of controlling and commanding Fortune herself.

Nor was he less superior to pleasure than to fear: no luxury softened him, no riot disordered, no sloth relaxed. It helped not a little to maintain the high respect his subjects had for him, that the majesty of his character was never let down by any incontinence or indecent excess. His temperance and his chastity were constant guards, that secured his mind from all weakness, supported its dignity, and kept it always as it were on the throne. Through his whole life he had no partner of his bed but his queen; a most extraordinary virtue in one who had lived, even from his earliest youth, amidst all the licence of camps, the allurements of a court, and the seductions of sovereign power! Had he kept his oaths to his people as well as he did his marriage vow, he would have been the best of kings; but he indulged other passions of a worse nature, and infinitely more detrimental to the public than those he restrained. A lust of power, which no regard to justice could limit, the most unrelenting cruelty, and the most insatiable avarice, possessed his soul. It is true, indeed, that among many acts of extreme inhumanity, some shining instances of great clemency may be produced, that were either effects of his policy, which taught him this method of acquiring friends, or of his magnanimity, which made him slight a weak and subdued enemy, such as was Edgar Atheling, in whom he found neither spirit nor talents able to contend with him for the crown. But where he had no advantage nor pride in forgiving, his nature discovered itself to be utterly void of all sense of compassion; and some barbarities which he committed exceeded the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors prescribe to themselves.

Most of our ancient historians give him the character of a very religious prince; but

* Smollett says, 61.

but his religion was after the fashion of those times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that prompted him to endow monasteries, and at the same time allowed him to pillage kingdoms; that threw him on his knees before a relic or cross, but suffered him unrestrained to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind.

As to his wisdom in government, of which some modern writers have spoken very highly, he was indeed so far wise, that, through a long unquiet reign, he knew how to support oppression by terror, and employ the properest means for the carrying on a very iniquitous and violent administration. But that which alone deserves the name of wisdom in the character of a king, the maintaining of authority by the exercise of those virtues which make the happiness of his people, was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have possessed. Nor did he excel in those soothing and popular arts, which sometimes change the complexion of a tyranny, and give it a fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that constitution which he himself had established. Yet so far he performed the duty of a sovereign, that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm; curbing licentiousness with a strong hand, which, in the tumultuous state of his government, was a great and difficult work. How well he performed it we may learn even from the testimony of a contemporary Saxon historian, who says, that during his reign a man might have travelled in perfect security all over the kingdom with his bosom full of gold, nor durst any kill another in revenge of the greatest offences, nor offer violence to the chastity of a woman. But it was a poor compensation, that the highways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in authority, or in office, used his power to oppress and pillage the people. The king himself did not only tolerate, but encourage, support, and even share these extortions. Though the greatness of the ancient landed estate of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he legally was entitled, rendered him one of the richest monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that opulence, but by authorizing the sheriffs, who collected his revenues in the several counties, to practise the most grievous vexations and abuses, for the raising of them higher, by a perpetual auction of the crown lands, so that none of his tenants could be secure of possession, if any other would come and offer more; by various iniquities in the court of exchequer, which was entirely Norman; by forfeitures wrongfully taken; and, lastly, by arbitrary and illegal taxations, he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

It must however be owned, that if his avarice was insatiably and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly parsimonious, nor of that sordid kind which brings on a prince dishonour and contempt. He supported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence; and though he never was lavish, he sometimes was liberal, more especially to his soldiers and to the church. But looking on money as a necessary means of maintaining and increasing power, he desired to accumulate as much as he could, rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a covetous nature; at least his avarice was subservient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occasion required it, for the defence and enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues; and if those actions that most particularly distinguish the man or the king are impartially considered, we shall find that in his character there is much to admire, but still more to abhor.

Lyttleton.

§ 45. *The Character of* William Rufus.

The memory of this monarch is transmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended; and though we may suspect in general that their account of his vices is somewhat exaggerated, his conduct affords little reason for contradicting the character which they have assigned him, or for attributing to him any very estimable qualities: he seems to have been a violent and tyrannical prince; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour; an unkind and ungenerous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treasury; and, if he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration; and he indulged intirely the domineering policy which suited his temper, and which, if supported, as it was in him, with courage and vigour, proves often more successful in disorderly times, than the deepest foresight and most refined artifice. The

monuments which remain of this prince in England are, the Tower, Weſtminſter Hall, and London Bridge, which he built. Died Auguſt 2, 1100, aged 40. *Hume.*

§ 46. *Another Character of* William Rufus.

Thus fell William*, ſurnamed Rufus, from his red hair and florid complexion, after he had lived four and forty years, and reigned near thirteen, during which time he oppreſſed his people in every form of tyranny and inſult. He was equally void of learning, principle, and honour; haughty, paſſionate, and ungrateful; a ſcoffer at religion, a ſcourge to the clergy; vain-glorious, talkative, rapacious, laviſh, and diſſolute; and an inveterate enemy to the Engliſh, though he owed his crown to their valour and fidelity, when the Norman lords intended to expel him from the throne. In return for this inſtance of their loyalty, he took *all* opportunities to fleece and enſlave them; and at one time impriſoned fifty of the beſt families in the kingdom, on pretence of killing his deer; ſo that they were compelled to purchaſe their liberty at the expence of their wealth, though not before they had undergone the *fiery ordeal.* He lived in a ſcandalous commerce with proſtitutes, profeſſing his contempt for marriage; and, having no legitimate iſſue, the crown devolved to his brother Henry, who was ſo intent upon the ſucceſſion, that he paid very little regard to the funeral of the deceaſed king. *Smollett.*

§ 47. *Character of* Henry I.

This prince was one of the moſt accompliſhed that has filled the Engliſh throne; and poſſeſſed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high ſtation to which he attained: his perſon was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, ſerene, and penetrating. The affability of his addreſs encouraged thoſe who might be overawed by the ſenſe of his dignity or his wiſdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with diſcretion, and ever kept at a diſtance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers. His ſuperior eloquence and judgment would have given him an aſcendant, even if he had been born in a private ſtation; and his perſonal bravery would have procured him reſpect, even though it had been leſs ſupported by art and policy. By his great progreſs in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar; but his application to ſedentary purſuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government: and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the underſtanding; his natural good ſenſe preſerved itſelf untainted both from the pedantry and ſuperſtition which were then ſo prevalent among men of letters. His temper was very ſuſceptible of the ſentiments as well of friendſhip as reſentment; and his ambition, though high, might be eſteemed moderate, had not his conduct towards his brother ſhewed, that he was too much diſpoſed to ſacrifice to it all the maxims of juſtice and equity. Died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years. *Hume.*

§ 48. *Another Character of* Henry I.

Henry was of a middle ſtature and robuſt make, with dark brown hair, and blue ſerene eyes. He was facetious, fluent, and affable to his favourites. His capacity, naturally good, was improved and cultivated in ſuch a manner, that he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc* by his learning. He was cool, cautious, politic, and penetrating; his courage was unqueſtioned, and his fortitude invincible. He was vindictive, cruel, and implacable, inexorable to offenders, rigid and ſevere in the execution of juſtice; and, though temperate in his diet, a voluptuary in his amours, which produced a numerous family of illegitimate iſſue. His Norman deſcent and connections with the continent inſpired him with a contempt for the Engliſh, whom he oppreſſed in the moſt tyrannical manner. *Smollett.*

§ 49. *Character of* Stephen.

England ſuffered great miſeries during the reign of this prince: but his perſonal character, allowing for the temerity and injuſtice of his uſurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he ſeems to have been well qualified, had he ſucceeded by a juſt title, to have promoted the happineſs and proſperity of his ſubjects. He was poſſeſſed of induſtry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability, had the talent of gaining men's

* By the hand of Tyrrel, a French gentleman, remarkable for his addreſs in archery, attending him in the recreation of hunting, as William had diſmounted after a chace. Tyrrel, impatient to ſhew his dexterity, let fly at a ſtag which ſuddenly ſtarted before him; the arrow glancing from a tree, ſtruck the king in his breaſt, and inſtantly ſlew him.

men's affections; and, notwithstanding his precarious situation, never indulged himself in the exercise of any cruelty or revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquillity nor happiness. Died 1154. *Hume.*

§ 50. *Another Character of* Stephen.

Stephen was a prince of great courage, fortitude, and activity, and might have reigned with the approbation of his people, had he not been harrassed by the efforts of a powerful competitor, which obliged him to take such measures for his safety as were inconsistent with the dictates of honour, which indeed his ambition prompted him to forego, in his first endeavours to ascend the throne. His necessities afterwards compelled him to infringe the charter of privileges he granted at his accession; and he was instigated by his jealousy and resentment to commit the most flagrant outrages against gratitude and sound policy. His vices, as a king, seem to have been the effect of troubles in which he was involved; for, as a man, he was brave, open, and liberal; and, during the short calm that succeeded the tempest of his reign, he made a progress through his kingdom, published an edict to restrain all rapine and violence, and disbanded the foreign mercenaries who had preyed so long on his people.

Smollett.

§ 51. *Character of* Henry II.

Thus died, in the 56th year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his reign, the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, virtue, and ability, and the most powerful in extent of dominion, of all those that had ever filled the throne of England. His character, both in public and private life, is almost without a blemish; and he seems to have possessed every accomplishment, both of body and mind, which makes a man estimable or amiable. He was of a middle stature, strong, and well proportioned; his countenance was lively and engaging; his conversation affable and entertaining; his elocution easy, persuasive, and ever at command. He loved peace, but possessed both conduct and bravery in war; was provident without timidity; severe in the execution of justice without rigour; and temperate without austerity. He preserved health, and kept himself from corpulency, to which he was somewhat inclined, by an abstemious diet, and by frequent exercise, particularly by hunting. When he could enjoy leisure, he recreated himself in learned conversation, or in reading; and he cultivated his natural talents by study, above any prince of his time. His affections, as well as his enmities, were warm and durable; and his long experience of ingratitude and infidelity of men never destroyed the natural sensibility of his temper, which disposed him to friendship and society. His character has been transmitted to us by many writers who were his contemporaries; and it resembles extremely, in its most remarkable strokes, that of his maternal grandfather, Henry I. excepting only that ambition, which was a ruling passion in both, found not in the first Henry such unexceptionable means of exerting itself, and pushed that prince into measures which were both criminal in themselves, and were the cause of further crimes, from which his grandson's conduct was happily exempted. Died 1189. *Hume.*

§ 52. *Another Character of* Henry II.

Thus died Henry in the fifty-seventh year of his age (Hume says 58) and thirty-fifth of his reign, in the course of which he had, on sundry occasions, displayed all the abilities of a politician, all the sagacity of a legislator, and all the magnanimity of a hero. He lived revered above all the princes of his time; and his death was deeply lamented by his subjects, whose happiness seems to have been the chief aim of all his endeavours. He not only enacted wholesome laws, but saw them executed with great punctuality. He was generous, even to admiration, with regard to those who committed offences against his own person; but he never forgave the injuries that were offered to his people, for atrocious crimes were punished severely without respect of persons. He was of a middle stature, and the most exact proportion; his countenance was round, fair, and ruddy; his blue eyes were mild and engaging, except in a transport of passion, when they sparkled like lightning, to the terror of the beholders. He was broad-chested, strong, muscular, and inclined to be corpulent, though he prevented the bad effects of this disposition by hard exercise and continual fatigue; he was temperate in his meals, even to a degree of abstinence, and seldom or ever sat down, except at supper; he was eloquent, agreeable, and facetious; remarkably courteous and polite; compassionate to all in distress; so charitable, that he constantly allotted one tenth of his household provisions to the poor, and in time of dearth he maintained ten thousand

thouſand indigent perſons, from the beginning of ſpring till the end of autumn. His talents, naturally good, he had cultivated with great aſſiduity, and delighted in the converſation of learned men, to whom he was a generous benefactor. His memory was ſo ſurprizingly tenacious, that he never forgot a face nor a circumſtance that was worth remembering. Though ſuperior to his contemporaries in ſtrength, riches, true courage, and military ſkill; he never engaged in war without reluctance, and was ſo averſe to bloodſhed, that he expreſſed an uncommon grief at the loſs of every private ſoldier: yet he was not exempt from human frailties; his paſſions, naturally violent, often hurried him to exceſs; he was prone to anger, tranſported with the luſt of power, and particularly accuſed of incontinence, not only in the affair of Roſamond, whom he is ſaid to have concealed in a labyrinth at Woodſtock, from the jealous enquiry of his wife, but alſo in a ſuppoſed commerce with the French princeſs Adalais, who was bred in England as the future wife of his ſon Richard. This infamous breach of honour and hoſpitality, if he was actually guilty, is the fouleſt ſtain upon his character; though the fact is doubtful, and we hope the charge untrue.

Smollett.

§ 53. *Character of* RICHARD I.

The moſt ſhining part of this prince's character was his military talents; no man ever in that romantic age carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of the *lion-hearted, cœur de lion.* He paſſionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he ſeems to have poſſeſſed every talent neceſſary for acquiring it: his reſentments alſo were high, his pride unconquerable, and his ſubjects, as well as his neighbours, had therefore reaſon to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual ſcene of blood and violence. Of an impetuous and vehement ſpirit, he was diſtinguiſhed by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to that character. He was open, frank, generous, ſincere, and brave; he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel, and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the ſplendour of his enterprizes, than either to promote their happineſs, or his own grandeur by a ſound and well-regulated policy. As military talents make great impreſſion on the people, he ſeems to have been much beloved by his Engliſh ſubjects; and he is remarked to have been the firſt prince of the Norman line who bore a ſincere affection and regard for them. He paſſed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom: the cruſade employed him near three years: he was detained about four months in captivity; the reſt of his reign was ſpent either in war, or preparations for war againſt France: and he was ſo pleaſed with the fame which he had acquired in the Eaſt, that he ſeemed determined, notwithſtanding all his paſt misfortunes, to have further exhauſted his kingdom, and to have expoſed himſelf to new hazards, by conducting another expedition againſt the infidels. Died April 6, 1199, aged 42. Reigned ten years. *Hume.*

§ 54. *Another Character of* RICHARD I.

This renowned prince was tall, ſtrong, ſtraight, and well-proportioned. His arms were remarkably long, his eyes blue, and full of vivacity; his hair was of a yellowiſh colour; his countenance fair and comely, and his air majeſtic. He was endowed with good natural underſtanding; his penetration was uncommon; he poſſeſſed a fund of manly eloquence; his converſation was ſpirited, and was admired for his talents of repartee; as for his courage and ability in war, both Europe and Aſia reſound with his praiſe. The Saracens ſtilled their children with the terror of his name; and Saladine, who was an accompliſhed prince, admired his valour to ſuch a degree of enthuſiaſm, that immediately after Richard had defeated him on the plains of Joppa, he ſent him a couple of fine Arabian horſes, in token of his eſteem; a polite compliment, which Richard returned with magnificent preſents. Theſe are the ſhining parts of his character, which, however, cannot dazzle the judicious obſerver ſo much, but that he may perceive a number of blemiſhes, which no hiſtorian has been able to efface from the memory of this celebrated monarch. His ingratitude and want of filial affection are unpardonable. He was proud, haughty, ambitious, choleric, cruel, vindictive, and debauched; nothing could equal his rapaciouſneſs but his profuſion, and, indeed, the one was the effect of the other; he was a tyrant to his wife, as well as to his people, who groaned under his taxations to ſuch a degree, that even the glory of his victories did not exempt him from their execrations; in a word, he has been aptly compared to a lion, a ſpecies of animals which he reſembled not only in courage, but likewiſe in ferocity. *Smollett.*

§ 55.

§ 55. *Character of* John.

The character of this prince is nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious, ruinous to himself, and deſtructive to his people: cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiouſneſs, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all theſe qualities too evidently appear in the ſeveral incidents of his life, to give us room to ſuſpect, that the diſagreeable picture has been anywiſe overcharged by the prejudice of the ancient hiſtorians. It is hard to ſay, whether his conduct to his father, his brother, his nephew, or his ſubjects, was moſt culpable; or whether his crimes in theſe reſpects were not even exceeded by the baſeneſs which appeared in his tranſactions with the king of France, the pope, and the barons. His dominions, when they devolved to him by the death of his brother, were more extenſive than have ever ſince his time been ruled by any Engliſh monarch. But he firſt loſt, by his miſconduct, the flouriſhing provinces in France; the ancient patrimony of his family. He ſubjected his kingdom to a ſhameful vaſſalage, under the fee of Rome; he ſaw the prerogatives of his crown diminiſhed by law, and ſtill more reduced by faction; and he died at laſt when in danger of being totally expelled by a foreign power, and of either ending his life miſerably in a priſon, or ſeeking ſhelter as a fugitive from the purſuit of his enemies.

The prejudices againſt this prince were ſo violent, that he was believed to have ſent an embaſſy to the emperor of Morocco, and to have offered to change his religion and become Mahometan, in order to purchaſe the protection of that monarch; but, though that ſtory is told us on plauſible authority, it is in itſelf utterly improbable, except that there is nothing ſo incredible as may not become likely from the folly and wickedneſs of John. Died 1216. *Hume.*

§ 56. *Another Character of* John.

John was in his perſon taller than the middle ſize, of a good ſhape and agreeable countenance; with reſpect to his diſpoſition, it is ſtrongly delineated in the tranſactions of his reign. If his underſtanding was contemptible, his heart was the object of deteſtation; we find him ſlothful, ſhallow, proud, imperious, cowardly, libidinous, and inconſtant, abject in adverſity, and overbearing in ſucceſs; contemned and hated by his ſubjects, over whom he tyrannized to the utmoſt of his power; abhorred by the clergy, whom he oppreſſed with exactions; and deſpiſed by all the neighbouring princes of Europe: though he might have paſſed through life without incurring ſuch a load of odium and contempt, had not his reign been perplexed by the turbulence of his barons, the rapaciouſneſs of the pope, and the ambition of ſuch a monarch as Philip Auguſtus; his character could never have afforded one quality that would have exempted him from the diſguſt and ſcorn of his people: nevertheleſs, it muſt be owned, that his reign is not altogether barren of laudable tranſactions. He regulated the form of the government in the city of London, and ſeveral other places in the kingdom. He was the firſt who coined ſterling money. *Smollett.*

§ 57. *Character of* Henry III.

The moſt obvious circumſtance of Henry the Third's character, is his incapacity for government, which rendered him as much a priſoner in the hands of his own miniſters and favourites, and as little at his own diſpoſal, as when detained a captive in the hands of his enemies. From this ſource, rather than from inſincerity and treachery, aroſe his negligence in obſerving his promiſes; and he was too eaſily induced, for the ſake of preſent convenience, to ſacrifice the laſting advantages ariſing from the truſt and confidence of his people. Hence were derived his profuſion to favourites, his attachment to ſtrangers, the variableneſs of his conduct, his haſty reſentments, and his ſudden forgiveneſs and return of affection. Inſtead of reducing the dangerous power of his nobles, by obliging them to obſerve the laws towards their inferiors, and ſetting them the ſalutary example in his own government, he was ſeduced to imitate their conduct, and to make his arbitrary will, or rather that of his miniſters, the rule of his actions.

Inſtead of accommodating himſelf, by a ſtrict frugality, to the embarraſſed ſituation in which his revenue had been left, by the military expedition of his uncle, the diſſipations of his father, and the uſurpations of the barons; he was tempted to levy money by irregular exactions, which, without enriching himſelf, impoveriſhed, or at leaſt diſguſted, his people. Of all men, nature ſeemed leaſt to have fitted him for being a tyrant; yet are there inſtances of oppreſſion in his reign, which, though derived from the precedents left him by his predeceſſors, had been carefully guarded againſt by the great

great charter; and are inconsistent with all rules of good government: and, on the whole, we may say, that greater abilities, with his good dispositions, would have prevented him from falling into his faults; or, with worse dispositions, would have enabled him to maintain and defend them. Died November 16, 1272, aged 64. Reigned 56 years. *Hume.*

§ 58. *Another Character of* Henry III.

Henry was of a middle size and robust make, and his countenance had a peculiar cast from his left eye-lid, which hung down so far as to cover part of his eye. The particulars of his character may be gathered from the detail of his conduct. He was certainly a prince of very mean talents; irresolute, inconstant, and capricious; proud, insolent, and arbitrary; arrogant in prosperity, and abject in adversity; profuse, rapacious, and choleric, though destitute of liberality, œconomy, and courage; yet his continence was praise-worthy, as well as his aversion to cruelty; for he contented himself with punishing the rebels in their effects, when he might have glutted his revenge with their blood. He was prodigal even to excess, and therefore always in necessity. Notwithstanding the great sums he levied from his subjects, and though his occasions were never so pressing, he could not help squandering away his money upon worthless favourites, without considering the difficulty he always found in obtaining supplies from parliament. *Smollett.*

§ 59. *Character of* Edward I.

The enterprizes finished by this prince, and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a conclusion, were more prudent and more regularly conducted, and more advantageous to the solid interests of this kingdom, than those which were undertaken in any reign either of his ancestors or successors. He restored authority to the government, disordered by the weakness of his father; he maintained the laws against all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed to the crown the principality of Wales; he took the wisest and most effectual measures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of this latter enterprize may reasonably be questioned, the circumstances of the two kingdoms promised such success, and the advantage was so visible, of uniting the whole island under one head, that those who give great indulgence to reasons of state in the measures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much severity.

But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of justice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigour, and enterprize. He was frugal in all expences that were not necessary; he knew how to open the public treasures on proper occasions; he punished criminals with severity; he was gracious and affable to his servants and courtiers; and being of a majestic figure, expert at all bodily exercise, and in the main well proportioned in his limbs, notwithstanding the great length of his legs, he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of sense by his more solid virtues. Died July 7, 1307, aged 69. Reigned 35 years. *Hume.*

§ 60. *Another Character of* Edward I.

He was a prince of very dignified appearance, tall in stature; regular and comely in his features; with keen piercing eyes, and of an aspect that commanded reverence and esteem. His constitution was robust; his strength and dexterity perhaps unequalled in his kingdom; and his shape was unblemished in all other respects, but that of his legs, which are said to have been too long in proportion to his body; whence he derived the epithet of *Long Shanks.* In the qualities of his head, he equalled the greatest monarchs who have sat on the English throne. He was cool, penetrating, sagacious, and circumspect. The remotest corners of the earth sounded with the fame of his courage; and all over Europe he was considered as the flower of chivalry. Nor was he less consummate in his legislative capacity, than eminent for his prowess. He may be styled the English Justinian: for, besides the excellent statutes that were enacted in his reign, he new-modelled the administration of justice, so as to render it more sure and summary; he fixed proper bounds to the courts of jurisdiction; settled a new and easy method of collecting the revenue, and established wise and effectual methods of preserving peace and order among his subjects. Yet, with all these good qualities, he cherished a dangerous ambition, to which he did not scruple to sacrifice the good of his country; witness his ruinous war with Scotland, which drained the kingdom of men and money, and gave rise to that rancorous enmity which proved so prejudicial to

to both nations. Though he is celebrated for his chaſtity and regular deportment, there is not, in the whole courſe of his reign, one inſtance of his liberality and munificence. He had great abilities, but no genius; and was an accompliſhed warrior, without the leaſt ſpark of heroiſm.

Smollett.

§ 61. *Character of* EDWARD II.

It is not eaſy to imagine a man more innocent or inoffenſive than this unhappy king; nor a prince leſs fitted for governing that fierce and turbulent people ſubjected to his authority. He was obliged to devolve on others the weight of government which he had neither ability nor inclination to bear: the ſame indolence and want of penetration led him to make choice of miniſters and favourites, which were not always beſt qualified for the truſt committed to them. The ſeditious grandees, pleaſed with his weakneſs, and complaining of it, under pretence of attaching his miniſters, inſulted his perſon, and invaded his authority; and the impatient populace, ignorant of the ſource of their grievances, threw all the blame upon the king, and increaſed the public diſorders by their faction and inſolence. It was in vain to look for protection from the laws, whoſe voice, always feeble in thoſe times, was not heard in the din of arms: what could not defend the king, was leſs able to give ſhelter to any one of his people; the whole machine of government was torn in pieces, with fury and violence; and men, inſtead of complaining againſt the manners of the age, and the form of their conſtitution, which required the moſt ſteady and the moſt ſkilful hand to conduct them, imputed all errors to his perſon who had the misfortune to be intruſted with the reins of empire. Murdered 21 September, 1327.

Hume.

§ 62. *Another Character of* EDWARD II.

Thus periſhed Edward II. after having atoned by his ſufferings for all the errors of his conduct. He is ſaid to have reſembled his father in the accompliſhments of his perſon, as well as in his countenance: but in other reſpects he ſeems only to have inherited the defects of his character; for he was cruel and illiberal, without his valour or capacity. He had levity, indolence, and irreſolution, in common with other weak princes; but the diſtinguiſhing foible of his character was that unaccountable paſſion for the reigning favourites, to which he ſacrificed every other conſideration of policy and convenience, and at laſt fell a miſerable victim.

Smollett.

§ 63. *Character of* EDWARD III.

The Engliſh are apt to conſider with peculiar fondneſs the hiſtory of Edward the Third, and to eſteem his reign, as it was one of the longeſt, the moſt glorious alſo, which occurs in the annals of the nation. The aſcendant which they began to have over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them caſt their eyes on this period with great complacency, and ſanctifies every meaſure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domeſtic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed, by his prudence and vigour of adminiſtration, a longer interval of domeſtic peace and tranquillity, than ſhe had been bleſt with in any former period, or than ſhe experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiouſneſs: he made them feel his power, without their daring, or even being inclined to murmur at it; his affable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generoſity, made them ſubmit with pleaſure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them ſucceſsful in moſt of their enterprizes; and their unquiet ſpirits, directed againſt a public enemy, had no leiſure to breed diſturbances, to which they were naturally ſo much inclined, and which the form of the government ſeemed ſo much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which reſulted from Edward's victories and conqueſts. His foreign wars were, in other reſpects, neither founded in juſtice, nor directed to any very ſalutary purpoſe. His attempt againſt the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of ſuperiority over that kingdom, were both unreaſonable and ungenerous: and he allowed himſelf to be too ſoon ſeduced by the glaring proſpects of French conqueſt, from the acquiſition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of laſting utility to his country and to his ſucceſſors. But the glory of a conqueror is ſo dazzling to the vulgar, and the animoſity of nations ſo extreme, that the fruitleſs deſolation of ſo fine a part of Europe as France is totally diſregarded by us, and never conſidered as a blemiſh in the character or conduct of this prince: and indeed, from the unfortunate ſtate of human nature, it will commonly happen that a ſovereign of great genius,

genius, such as Edward, who usually finds every thing easy in the domestic government, will turn himself towards military enterprizes, where alone he meets opposition, and where he has full exercise for his industry and capacity. Died 21st of June, aged 65, in the 51st year of his reign.

Hume.

§ 64. *Another Character of* Edward III.

Edward's constitution had been impaired by the fatigues of his youth: so that he began to feel the infirmities of old age, before they approach the common course of nature: and now he was seized with a malignant fever, attended with eruptions, that soon put a period to his life. When his distemper became so violent, that no hope of his recovery remained, all his attendants forsook him, as a bankrupt no longer able to requite their services. The ungrateful Alice, waiting until she perceived him in the agonies of death, was so inhuman as to strip him of his rings and jewels, and leave him without one domestic to close his eyes, and do the last offices to his breathless corse. In this deplorable condition, bereft of comfort and assistance, the mighty Edward lay expiring; when a priest, not quite so savage as the rest of his domestics, approached his bed; and, finding him still breathing, began to administer some comfort to his soul. Edward had not yet lost all perception, when he found himself thus abandoned and forlorn, in the last moments of his life. He was just able to express a deep sense of sorrow and contrition for the errors of his conduct, and died pronouncing the name of Jesus.

Such was the piteous and obscure end of Edward the Third, undoubtedly one of the greatest princes that ever swayed the sceptre of England; whether we respect him as a warrior, a lawgiver, a monarch, or a man. He possessed all the romantic spirit of Alexander; the penetration, the fortitude, the polished manners of Julius; the liberality, the munificence, the wisdom of Augustus Cæsar. He was tall, majestic, finely shaped, with a piercing eye, and aquiline visage. He excelled all his contemporaries in feats of arms, and personal address. He was courteous, affable, and eloquent; of a free deportment, and agreeable conversation; and had the art of commanding the affection of his subjects, without seeming to solicit popularity. The love of glory was certainly the predominant passion of Edward, to the gratification of which he did not scruple to sacrifice the feelings of humanity, the lives of his subjects, and the interests of his country. And nothing could have induced or enabled his people to bear the load of taxes with which they were encumbered in his reign, but the love and admiration of his person, the fame of his victories, and the excellent laws and regulations which the parliament enacted with his advice and concurrence.

Smollett.

§ 65. *Character of* Richard II.

All the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard, composed their works during the reign of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires that we should not give entire credit to the reproaches which have been thrown upon his memory. But after making all proper abatements, he still appears to have been a weak prince, and unfit for government; less for want of natural parts and capacity, than of solid judgment and good education. He was violent in his temper, profuse in his expences, fond of idle show and magnificence, devoted to favourites, and addicted to pleasure; passions, all of them, the most inconsistent with a prudent œconomy, and consequently dangerous in a limited and mixed government. Had he possessed the talents of gaining, and, still more, of overawing his great barons, he might have escaped all the misfortunes of his reign, and been allowed to carry much further his oppressions over his people, if he really was guilty of any, without their daring to rebel, or even murmur, against him. But when the grandees were tempted, by his want of prudence and rigour, to resist his authority, and execute the most violent enterprizes upon him, he was naturally led to seek for an opportunity of retaliation; justice was neglected; the lives of the chief nobility sacrificed; and all these evils seem to have proceeded more from a settled design of establishing arbitrary power, than from the insolence of victory, and the necessities of the king's situation. The manners, indeed, of the age, were the chief sources of such violence; laws, which were feebly executed in peaceable times, lost all their authority in public convulsions. Both parties were alike guilty; or, if any difference may be remarked between them, we shall find the authority of the crown, being more legal, was commonly carried, when it prevailed, to less desperate extremities than those of aristocracy *.

Hume.

* He was starved to death in prison, or murdered, after having been dethroned, A. D. 1399, in the year of his age 34; of his reign 23.

§ 66. *Another*

§ 66. *Another Character of* Richard II.

Such was the last conclusion of Richard II. a weak, vain, frivolous, inconstant prince; without weight to balance the scales of government, without discernment to choose a good ministry; without virtue to oppose the measures, or advice, of evil counsellors, even where they happened to clash with his own principles and opinion. He was a dupe to flattery, a slave to ostentation, and not more apt to give up his reason to the suggestion of sycophants, and vicious ministers, than to sacrifice those ministers to his safety. He was idle, profuse, and profligate; and, though brave by starts, naturally pusillanimous, and irresolute. His pride and resentment prompted him to cruelty and breach of faith; while his necessities obliged him to fleece his people, and degrade the dignity of his character and situation. Though we find none of his charities on record, all his historians agree, that he excelled all his predecessors in state hospitality, and fed a thousand every day from his kitchen. *Smollett.*

§ 67. *Another Character of* Richard II.

Richard of Bourdeaux (so called from the place of his birth) was remarkably beautiful, and handsome in his person; and doth not seem to be naturally defective, either in courage or understanding. For on some occasions, particularly in the dangerous insurrections of the crown, he acted with a degree of spirit and prudence superior to his years. But his education was miserably neglected; or, rather, he was intentionally corrupted and debauched by three ambitious uncles, who, being desirous of retaining the management of his affairs, encouraged him to spend his time in the company of dissolute young people of both sexes, in a continual course of feasting and dissipation. By this means, he contracted a taste for pomp and pleasure, and a dislike to business. The greatest foible in the character of this unhappy prince was an excessive fondness for, and unbounded liberality to his favourites, which enraged his uncles, particularly the duke of Gloucester, and disgusted such of the nobility as did not partake of his bounty. He was an affectionate husband, a generous master, and a faithful friend; and if he had received a proper education, might have proved a great and good king. *Henry.*

§ 68. *Character of* Henry IV.

The great popularity which Henry enjoyed before he attained the crown, and which had so much aided him in the acquisition of it, was entirely lost, many years before the end of his reign, and he governed the people more by terror than affection, more by his own policy than their sense of duty and allegiance. When men came to reflect in cold blood on the crimes which led him to the throne; the rebellion against his prince; the deposition of a lawful king, guilty sometimes of oppression, but more frequently of imprudences; the exclusion of the true heir; the murder of his sovereign and near relation; these were such enormities, as drew on him the hatred of his subjects, sanctified all the rebellions against him, and made the executions, though not remarkably severe, which he found necessary for the maintenance of his authority, appear cruel as well as iniquitous to his people. Yet, without pretending to apologize for these crimes, which must ever be held in detestation, it may be remarkable, that he was insensibly led into this blameable conduct, by a train of incidents, which few men possess virtue enough to withstand. The injustice with which his predecessor had treated him, in first condemning him to banishment, and then despoiling him of his patrimony, made him naturally think of revenge, and of recovering his lost rights; the headstrong zeal of the people hurried him into the throne, the care of his own security, as well as his ambition, made him an usurper; and the steps have always been so few between the prisons of princes and their graves, that we need not wonder that Richard's fate was no exception to the general rule. All these considerations made the king's situation, if he retained any sense of virtue, very much to be lamented; and the inquietudes, with which he possessed his envied greatness, and the remorses by which, it is said, he was continually haunted, rendered him an object of our pity, even when seated upon the throne. But it must be owned, that his prudence, vigilance, and foresight in maintaining his power, were admirable; his command of temper remarkable; his courage, both military and political, without blemish: and he possessed many qualities, which fitted him for his high station, and which rendered his usurpation of it, though pernicious in after-times, rather salutary during his own reign, to the English nation. *Hume.*

Died 1413. Aged 43.

§ 69. *Another*

§ 69. *Another Character of* HENRY IV.

Henry IV. was of a middle ſtature, well proportioned, and perfect in all the exerciſes of arms and chivalry; his countenance was ſevere, rather than ſerene, and his diſpoſition ſour, ſullen, and reſerved: he poſſeſſed a great ſhare of courage, fortitude, and penetration; was naturally imperious, though he bridled his temper with a great deal of caution; ſuperſtitious though without the leaſt tincture of virtue and true religion; and meanly parſimonious, though juſtly cenſured for want of œconomy, and ill-judged profuſion. He was tame from caution, humble from fear, cruel from policy, and rapacious from indigence. He roſe to the throne by perfidy and treaſon; and eſtabliſhed his authority in the blood of his ſubjects, and died a penitent for his ſins, becauſe he could no longer enjoy the fruit of his tranſgreſſions. *Smollet.*

§ 70. *Character of* HENRY V.

This prince poſſeſſed many eminent virtues; and, if we give indulgence to ambition in a monarch, or rank it, as the vulgar do, among his virtues, they were unſtained by any conſiderable blemiſh; his abilities appeared equally in the cabinet and in the field: the boldneſs of his enterprizes was no leſs remarkable than his perſonal valour in conducting them. He had the talent of attaching his friends by affability, and gaining his enemies by addreſs and clemency.

The Engliſh, dazzled by the luſtre of his character, ſtill more by that of his victories, were reconciled to the defects of his title. The French almoſt forgot he was an enemy; and his care of maintaining juſtice in his civil adminiſtration, and preſerving diſcipline in his armies, made ſome amends to both nations for the calamities inſeparable from thoſe wars in which his ſhort reign was almoſt occupied. That he could forgive the earl of Marche, who had a better right to the throne than himſelf, is a ſure proof of his magnanimity; and that the earl relied ſo on his friendſhip, is no leſs a proof of his eſtabliſhed character for candour and ſincerity.

There remain, in hiſtory, few inſtances of ſuch mutual truſt; and ſtill fewer, where neither found reaſon to repent it.

The exterior figure of this great prince, as well as his deportment, was engaging. His ſtature was ſomewhat above the middle ſize; his countenance beautiful, his limbs genteel and ſlender, but full of vigour; and he excelled in all warlike and manly exerciſes. *Hume.*

Died 31ſt Auguſt, 1422: in the year of his age 34; of his reign, the 10th.

§ 71. *Another Character of* HENRY V.

Henry was tall and ſlender, with a long neck, and engaging aſpect, and limbs of the moſt elegant turn. He excelled all the youth of that age, in agility, and the exerciſe of arms; was hardy, patient, laborious, and more capable of enduring cold, hunger, and fatigue, than any individual in his army. His valour was ſuch as no danger could ſtartle, and no difficulty oppoſe; nor was his policy inferior to his courage.

He managed the diſſenſions among his enemies with ſuch addreſs, as ſpoke him conſummate in the arts of the cabinet. He fomented their jealouſy, and converted their mutual reſentment to his own advantage.

Henry poſſeſſed a ſelf-taught genius, that blazed out at once, without the aid of inſtruction and experience; and a fund of natural ſagacity, that made ample amends for all theſe defects. He was chaſte, temperate, moderate, and devout, ſcrupulouſly juſt in his adminiſtration, and ſeverely exact in the diſcipline of his army; upon which he knew his glory and ſucceſs, in a great meaſure, depended. In a word, it muſt be owned, he was without an equal in the arts of war, policy, and government. But we cannot be ſo far dazzled with his great qualities, as to overlook the defects in his character. His pride and imperious temper loſt him the hearts of the French nobility, and frequently fell out into outrage and abuſe; as at the ſiege of Melun, when he treated the Marechal l'Iſle d'Adam with the utmoſt indignity, although that nobleman had given him no other offence, than that of coming into his preſence in plain decent apparel. *Smollett.*

§ 72. HUME's *Account of* HENRY VI. *(for there is no regular Character of this Prince given by this Hiſtorian) is expreſſed in the following Manner.*

In this manner finiſhed the reign of Henry VI. who, while yet in his cradle, had been proclaimed king both of France and England, and who began his life with the moſt ſplendid proſpects which any prince in Europe had ever enjoyed. The revolution was unhappy for his people, as it was the ſource of civil wars; but was almoſt entirely

entirely indifferent to Henry himself, who was utterly incapable of exercising his authority, and who, provided he met perpetually with good usage, was equally easy, as he was equally enslaved, in the hands of his enemies and of his friends. His weakness, and his disputed title, were the chief causes of his public misfortunes: but whether his queen and his ministers were not guilty of some great abuses of power, it is not easy for us, at this distance of time, to determine. There remain no proofs on record of any considerable violation of the laws, except in the death of the duke of Gloucester, which was a private crime, formed no precedent, and was but too much of a piece with the usual ferocity and cruelty of the times.

§ 73. Smollett's *Account of the Death of* Henry VI. *with some Strictures on his Character, is as follows.*

This insurrection* in all probability hastened the death of the unfortunate Henry, who was found dead in the Tower, in which he had been confined since the restoration of Edward. The greater part of historians have alledged that he was assassinated by the duke of Gloucester, who was a prince of the most brutal disposition; while some moderns, from an affectation of singularity, affirm that Henry died of grief and vexation. This, no doubt, might have been the case; and it must be owned, that nothing appears in history, from which either Edward or Richard could be convicted of having contrived or perpetrated his murder: but, at the same time, we must observe some concurring circumstances that amount to strong presumption against the reigning monarch. Henry was of a hale constitution, but just turned of fifty, naturally insensible of affliction, and hackneyed in the vicissitudes of fortune, so that one would not expect he should have died of age and infirmity, or that his life would have been affected by grief arising from his last disaster. His sudden death was suspicious, as well as the conjuncture at which he died, immediately after the suppression of a rebellion, which seemed to declare that Edward would never be quiet, while the head of the house of Lancaster remained alive: and lastly, the suspicion is confirmed by the characters of the reigning king and his brother Richard, who were bloody, barbarous, and unrelenting. Very different was the disposition of the ill-fated Henry, who, without any princely virtue or qualification, was totally free from cruelty or revenge: on the contrary, he could not, without reluctance, consent to the punishment of those malefactors who were sacrificed to the public safety; and frequently sustained indignities of the grossest nature, without discovering the least mark of resentment. He was chaste, pious, compassionate, and charitable; and so inoffensive, that the bishop, who was his confessor for ten years, declares, that in all that time he had never committed any sin that required penance or rebuke. In a word, he would have adorned a cloister, though he disgraced a crown; and was rather respectable for those vices he wanted, than for those virtues he possessed. He founded the colleges of Eton and Windsor, and King's College in Cambridge, for the reception of those scholars who had begun their studies at Eton.

On the morning that succeeded his death, his body was exposed at St. Paul's church, in order to prevent unfavourable conjectures, and, next day, sent by water to the abbey of Chertsey, where he was interred; but it was afterwards removed, by order of Richard III. to Windsor, and there buried with great funeral solemnity.

§ 74. *Character of* Edward IV.

Edward IV. was a prince more splendid and shewy, than either prudent or virtuous; brave, though cruel; addicted to pleasure, though capable of activity in great emergencies; and less fitted to prevent ills by wise precautions, than to remedy them after they took place, by his vigour and enterprize. *Hume.*

§ 75. *Another Character of* Edward IV.

He was a prince of the most elegant person and insinuating address; endowed with the utmost fortitude and intrepidity; possessed of uncommon sagacity and penetration; but, like all his ancestors, was brutally cruel and vindictive, perfidious, lewd, perjured, and rapacious; without one liberal thought, without one sentiment of humanity. *Smollett.*

§ 76. *Another Character of* Edward IV.

When Edward ascended the throne, he was one of the handsomest men in England, and perhaps in Europe. His noble mien, his free and easy way, his affable carriage, won the hearts of all at first sight. These qualities gained him esteem and affection,

* Revolt of the bastard of Falconbridge.

which ſtood him in great ſtead in ſeveral circumſtances of his life. For ſome time he was exceeding liberal; but at length he grew covetous, not ſo much from his natural temper, as out of a neceſſity to bear the immediate expences which his pleaſures ran him into.

Though he had a great deal of wit, and a ſound judgment, he committed, however, ſeveral overſights. But the crimes Edward is moſt juſtly charged with, are his cruelty, perjury, and incontinence. The firſt appears in the great number of princes and lords he put to death, on the ſcaffold, after he had taken them in battle. If there ever was reaſon to ſhew mercy in caſe of rebellion, it was at that fatal time, when it was almoſt impoſſible to ſtand neuter, and ſo difficult to chuſe the juſteſt ſide between the two houſes that were contending for the crown.

And yet we do not ſee that Edward had any regard to that conſideration. As for Edward's incontinence, one may ſay, that his whole life was one continued ſcene of exceſs that way; he had abundance of miſtreſſes, but eſpecially three, of whom he ſaid, that one was the merrieſt, the other the wittieſt, and the other the holieſt in the world, ſince ſhe would not ſtir from the church but when he ſent for her.—What is moſt aſtoniſhing in the life of this prince is his good fortune, which ſeemed to be prodigious.

He was raiſed to the throne, after the loſs of two battles, one by the duke his father, the other by the Earl of Warwick, who was devoted to the houſe of York. The head of the father was ſtill upon the walls of York, when the ſon was proclaimed in London.

Edward eſcaped, as it were, by miracle, out of his confinement at Middleham. He was reſtored to the throne, or at leaſt received into London, at his return from Holland, before he had overcome, and whilſt his fortune yet depended upon the iſſue of a battle which the Earl of Warwick was ready to give him. In a word, he was ever victorious in all the battles wherein he fought in perſon. Edward died the 9th of April, in the 42d year of his age, after a reign of twenty-two years and one month.

Rapin.

§ 77. Edward V.

Immediately after the death of the fourth Edward, his ſon was proclaimed king of England, by the name of Edward V. though that young prince was but juſt turned of twelve years of age, never received the crown, nor exerciſed any function of royalty; ſo that the interval between the death of his father, and the uſurpation of his uncle, the Duke of Glouceſter, afterwards Richard III. was properly an interregnum, during which the uncle took his meaſures for wreſting the crown from his nephew.

§ 78. *Character of* Richard III.

Thoſe hiſtorians who favour Richard, for even *He* has met with partizans among later writers, maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes but ſuch as were neceſſary to procure him poſſeſſion of the crown: but this is a very poor apology, when it is confeſſed, that he was ready to commit the moſt horrid crimes which appeared neceſſary for that purpoſe; and it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really ſeems not to have been deficient, would never have made compenſation to the people, for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, exalted upon the throne. This prince was of ſmall ſtature, hump-backed, and had a very harſh diſagreeable viſage; ſo that his body was in every particular no leſs deformed than his mind. *Hume.*

§ 79. *Another Character of* Richard III.

Such was the end * of Richard III. the moſt cruel, unrelenting tyrant that ever ſat on the throne of England. He ſeems to have been an utter ſtranger to the ſofter emotions of the human heart, and entirely deſtitute of every ſocial enjoyment. His ruling paſſion was ambition; for the gratification of which he trampled upon every law, both human and divine; but this thirſt of dominion was unattended with the leaſt work of generoſity, or any deſire of rendering himſelf agreeable to his fellow-creatures: it was the ambition of a ſavage, not of a prince; for he was a ſolitary king, altogether detached from the reſt of mankind, and incapable of that ſatisfaction which reſults from private friendſhip and diſintereſted ſociety. We muſt acknowledge, however, that after his acceſſion to the throne, his adminiſtration in general was conducted by the rules of juſtice; that he enacted ſalutary laws, and eſtabliſhed wiſe regulations; and that, if his reign had been protracted, he might

* Slain at the battle of Boſworth.

have

have proved an excellent king to the Engliſh nation. He was dark, ſilent, and reſerved, and ſo much maſter of diſſimulation, that it was almoſt impoſſible to dive into his real ſentiments, when he wanted to conceal his deſigns. His ſtature was ſmall, his aſpect cloudy, ſevere, and forbidding: one of his arms was withered, and one ſhoulder higher than another, from which circumſtance of deformity he acquired the epithet of Crook-backed. *Smollett.*

§ 80. *Character of* Henry VII.

The reign of Henry VII. was in the main fortunate for his people at home, and honourable abroad. He put an end to the civil wars with which the nation had been ſo long harraſſed; he maintained peace and order to the ſtate; he depreſſed the former exorbitant power of the nobility; and, together with the friendſhip of ſome foreign princes, he acquired the conſideration and regard of all.

He loved peace, without fearing war; though agitated with criminal ſuſpicions of his ſervants and miniſters, he diſcovered no timidity, either in the conduct of his affairs, or in the day of battle; and, though often ſevere in his puniſhments, he was commonly leſs actuated by revenge than by the maxims of policy.

The ſervices which he rendered his people were derived from his views of private intereſt, rather than the motives of public ſpirit; and where he deviated from ſelfiſh regards, it was unknown to himſelf, and ever from malignant prejudices, or the mean projects of avarice; not from the fallies of paſſion, or allurements of pleaſure; ſtill leſs from the benign motives of friendſhip and generoſity.

His capacity was excellent, but ſomewhat contracted by the narrowneſs of his heart; he poſſeſſed inſinuation and addreſs, but never employed theſe talents except ſome great point of intereſt was to be gained; and while he neglected to conciliate the affections of his people, he often felt the danger of reſting his authority on their fear and reverence alone. He was always extremely attentive to his affairs; but poſſeſſed not the faculty of ſeeing far into futurity; and was more expert at promoting a remedy for his miſtakes, than judicious in avoiding them. Avarice was on the whole his ruling paſſion; and he remained an inſtance almoſt ſingular, of a man placed in a high ſtation, and poſſeſſed of talents for great affairs, in whom that paſſion predominated above ambition. Even among private perſons, avarice is nothing but a ſpecies of ambition, and is chiefly incited by the proſpect of that regard, diſtinction, and conſideration, which attends on riches.

Died April 12th, 1509, aged 52, having reigned 23 years. *Hume.*

§ 81. *Another Character of* Henry VII.

Henry was tall, ſtraight, and well-ſhaped, though ſlender; of a grave aſpect, and ſaturnine complexion; auſtere in his dreſs, and reſerved in converſation, except when he had a favourite point to carry; and then he would fawn, flatter, and practiſe all the arts of inſinuation. He inherited a natural ſund of ſagacity, which was improved by ſtudy and experience; nor was he deficient in perſonal bravery and political courage. He was cool, cloſe, cunning, dark, diſtruſtful, and deſigning; and of all the princes who had ſat on the Engliſh throne, the moſt ſordid, ſelfiſh, and ignorant. He poſſeſſed, in a peculiar manner, the art of turning all his domeſtic troubles, and all his foreign diſputes, to his own advantage; hence he acquired the appellation of the Engliſh Solomon; and all the powers of the continent courted his alliance, on account of his wealth, wiſdom, and uninterrupted proſperity.

The nobility he excluded entirely from the adminiſtration of public affairs, and employed clergymen and lawyers, who, as they had no intereſt in the nation, and depended entirely upon his favour, were more obſequious to his will, and ready to concur in all his arbitrary meaſures. At the ſame time it muſt be owned, he was a wiſe legiſlator; chaſte, temperate, and aſſiduous in the exerciſe of religious duties; decent in his deportment, and exact in the adminiſtration of juſtice, when his private intereſt was not concerned; though he frequently uſed religion and juſtice as cloaks for perfidy and oppreſſion. His ſoul was continually actuated by two ruling paſſions, equally baſe and unkingly, namely, the fear of loſing his crown, and the deſire of amaſſing riches: and theſe motives influenced his whole conduct. Nevertheleſs, his apprehenſion and avarice redounded, on the whole, to the advantage of the nation. The firſt induced him to depreſs the nobility, and aboliſh the feudal tenures, which rendered them equally formidable to the prince and people; and his avarice prompted him to encourage induſtry and trade, becauſe it improved his cuſtoms, and enriched his ſubjects,

whom he could afterwards pillage at discretion. *Smollett.*

§ 82. *Character of* Henry VIII.

It is difficult to give a just summary of this prince's qualities; he was so different from himself in different parts of his reign, that, as is well remarked by Lord Herbert, his history is his best character and description. The absolute and uncontrouled authority which he maintained at home, and the regard he obtained among foreign nations, are circumstances which entitle him to the appellation of a great prince; while his tyranny and cruelty seem to exclude him from the character of a good one.

He possessed, indeed, great vigour of mind, which qualified him for exercising dominion over men; courage, intrepidity, vigilance, inflexibility; and though these qualities lay not always under the guidance of a regular and solid judgment, they were accompanied with good parts, and an extensive capacity; and every one dreaded a contest with a man who was never known to yield, or to forgive; and who, in every controversy, was determined to ruin himself, or his antagonist.

A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature. Violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption, caprice; but neither was he subject to all these vices in the most extreme degree, nor was he at intervals altogether devoid of virtues. He was sincere, open, gallant, liberal, and capable at least of a temporary friendship and attachment. In this respect he was unfortunate, that the incidents of his times served to display his faults in their full light; the treatment he met with from the court of Rome provoked him to violence; the danger of a revolt from his superstitious subjects seemed to require the most extreme severity. But it must at the same time be acknowledged, that his situation tended to throw an additional lustre on what was great and magnanimous in his character.

The emulation between the Emperor and the French King rendered his alliance, notwithstanding his impolitic conduct, of great importance to Europe. The extensive powers of his prerogative, and the submission, not to say slavish disposition of his parliament, made it more easy for him to assume and maintain that entire dominion, by which his reign is so much distinguished in English history.

It may seem a little extraordinary, that notwithstanding his cruelty, his extortion, his violence, his arbitrary administration, this prince not only acquired the regard of his subjects, but never was the object of their hatred; he seems even, in some degree, to have possessed their love and affection. His exterior qualities were advantageous, and fit to captivate the multitude; his magnificence, and personal bravery, rendered him illustrious to vulgar eyes; and it may be said with truth, that the English in that age were so thoroughly subdued, that, like eastern slaves, they were inclined to admire even those acts of violence and tyranny, which were exercised over themselves, and at their own expence.

Died January 28th, 1547, anno ætatis 57, regni 37. *Hume.*

§ 83. *Another Character of* Henry VIII.

Henry VIII. before he became corpulent, was a prince of a goodly personage, and commanding aspect, rather imperious than dignified. He excelled in all the exercises of youth, and possessed a good understanding, which was not much improved by the nature of his education. Instead of learning that philosophy which opens the mind, and extends the qualities of the heart, he was confined to the study of gloomy and scholastic disquisitions, which served to cramp his ideas, and pervert the faculty of reason, qualifying him for the disputant of a cloister, rather than the lawgiver of a people. In the first years of his reign, his pride and vanity seemed to domineer over all his other passions; though from the beginning he was impetuous, headstrong, impatient of contradiction and advice. He was rash, arrogant, prodigal, vain-glorious, pedantic, and superstitious. He delighted in pomp and pageantry, the baubles of a weak mind. His passions, soothed by adulation, rejected all restraint; and as he was an utter stranger to the finer feelings of the soul, he gratified them at the expence of justice and humanity, without remorse or compunction.

He wrested the supremacy from the bishop of Rome, partly on conscientious motives, and partly from reasons of state and conveniency. He suppressed the monasteries, in order to supply his extravagance with their spoils; but he would not have made those acquisitions, had they not been productive of advantage to his nobility, and agreeable to the nation in general. He was frequently at war; but the greatest conquest he obtained was over his own parliament and

and people.—Religious diſputes had divided them into two factions. As he had it in his power to make either ſcale preponderate, each courted his favour with the moſt obſequious ſubmiſſion, and, in trimming the balance, he kept them both in ſubjection. In accuſtoming them to theſe abject compliances, they degenerated into ſlaves, and he from their proſtitution acquired the moſt deſpotic authority. He became rapacious, arbitrary, froward, fretful, and ſo cruel that he ſeemed to delight in the blood of his ſubjects.

He never ſeemed to betray the leaſt ſymptoms of tenderneſs in his diſpoſition; and, as we already obſerved, his kindneſs to Cranmer was an inconſiſtence in his character. He ſeemed to live in defiance of cenſure, whether eccleſiaſtical or ſecular; he died in apprehenſion of futurity; and was buried at Windſor, with idle proceſſions and childiſh pageantry, which in thoſe days paſſed for real taſte and magnificence.

Smollett.

§ 84. *Character of* Edward VI.

Thus died Edward VI. in the ſixteenth year of his age. He was counted the wonder of his time; he was not only learned in the tongues and the liberal ſciences, but he knew well the ſtate of his kingdom. He kept a table-book, in which he had written the characters of all the eminent men of the nation: he ſtudied fortification, and underſtood the mint well. He knew the harbours in all his dominions, with the depth of the water, and way of coming into them. He underſtood foreign affairs ſo well, that the ambaſſadors who were ſent into England, publiſhed very extraordinary things of him, in all the courts of Europe. He had great quickneſs of apprehenſion; but, being diſtruſtful of his memory, he took notes of every thing he heard (that was conſiderable) in Greek characters, that thoſe about him might not underſtand what he writ, which he afterwards copied out fair in the journal that he kept. His virtues were wonderful: when he was made to believe that his uncle was guilty of conſpiring the death of the other counſellors, he upon that abandoned him.

Barnaby Fitz Patrick was his favourite; and when he ſent him to travel, he writ oft to him to keep good company, to avoid exceſs and luxury; and to improve himſelf in thoſe things that might render him capable of employment at his return. He was afterwards made Lord of Upper Oſſory, in Ireland, by Queen Elizabeth, and did anſwer the hopes this excellent king had of him. He was very merciful in his nature, which appeared in his unwillingneſs to ſign the warrant for burning the maid of Kent. He took great care to have his debts well paid, reckoning that a prince who breaks his faith, and loſes his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himſelf liable to perpetual diſtruſt, and extreme contempt. He took ſpecial care of the petitions that were given him by poor and oppreſt people. But his great zeal for religion crowned all the reſt—it was not an angry heat about it that actuated him, but it was a true tenderneſs of conſcience, founded on the love of God and his neighbour. Theſe extraordinary qualities, ſet off with great ſweetneſs and affability, made him univerſally beloved by his people. *Burnet.*

§ 85. *Another Character of* Edward VI.

All the Engliſh hiſtorians dwell with pleaſure on the excellencies of this young prince, whom the flattering promiſes of hope, joined to many real virtues, had made an object of the moſt tender affections of the public. He poſſeſſed mildneſs of diſpoſition, application to ſtudy and buſineſs, a capacity to learn and judge, and an attachment to equity and juſtice. He ſeems only to have contracted, from his education, and from the age in which he lived, too much of a narrow prepoſſeſſion in matters of religion, which made him incline ſomewhat to bigotry and perſecution. But as the bigotry of Proteſtants, leſs governed by prieſts, lies under more reſtraints than that of Catholics, the effects of this malignant quality were the leſs to be apprehended, if a longer life had been granted to young Edward. *Hume.*

§ 86. *Another Character of* Edward VI.

Edward is celebrated by hiſtorians for the beauty of his perſon, the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, and the extent of his knowledge. By that time he had attained his ſixteenth year, he underſtood the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spaniſh languages; he was verſed in the ſciences of logic, muſic, natural philoſophy, and maſter of all theological diſputes; inſomuch that the famous Cardanus, in his return from Scotland, viſiting the Engliſh court, was aſtoniſhed at the progreſs he had made in learning; and afterwards extolled him in his works as a prodigy of nature. Notwithſtanding theſe encomiums, he ſeems to have had an ingredient of bigotry in his

disposition, that would have rendered him very troublesome to those of tender consciences, who might have happened to differ with him in religious principles; nor can we reconcile either to his boasted humanity or penetration, his consenting to the death of his uncle, who had served him faithfully; unless we suppose he wanted resolution to withstand the importunities of his ministers, and was deficient in that vigour of mind, which often exists independent of learning and culture. *Smollett.*

§ 87. *Character of* MARY.

It is not necessary to employ many words in drawing the character of this princess. She possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable, and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, and tyranny; every circumstance of her character took a tincture from her bad temper and narrow understanding. And amidst that complication of vices which entered into her composition, we shall scarcely find any virtue but sincerity; a quality which she seems to have maintained throughout her whole life, except in the beginning of her reign, when the necessity of her affairs obliged her to make some promises to the Protestants, which she certainly never intended to perform. But in these cases a weak bigoted woman, under the government of priests, easily finds casuistry sufficient to justify to herself the violation of an engagement. She appears, as well as her father, to have been susceptible of some attachment of friendship; and that without caprice and inconstancy, which were so remarkable in the conduct of that monarch. To which we may add, that in many circumstances of her life, she gave indications of resolution and vigour of mind; a quality which seems to have been inherent in her family.

Died Nov. 7, A. D. 1558. *Hume.*

§ 88. *Another Character of* MARY.

We have already observed, that the characteristics of Mary were bigotry and revenge: we shall only add, that she was proud, imperious, froward, avaricious, and wholly destitute of every agreeable qualification. *Smollett.*

§ 89. *Character of* ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth had a great deal of wit, and was naturally of a sound and solid judgment. This was visible by her whole management, from one end of her reign to the other. Nothing shews her capacity more, than her address in surmounting all the difficulties and troubles created by her enemies, especially when it is considered who these enemies were; persons the most powerful, the most artful, the most subtile, and the least scrupulous in Europe. The following are the maxims which she laid down for the rule and measures of her whole conduct, and from which she never swerved: "To make "herself beloved by her people: To be "frugal of her treasure: To keep up dis-"sension amongst her neighbours."

Her enemies pretend that her abilities consisted wholly in overstrained dissimulation, and a profound hypocrisy. In a word, they say she was a perfect comedian. For my part, I don't deny that she made great use of dissimulation, as well with regard to the courts of France and Spain, as to the queen of Scotland and the Scots. I am also persuaded that, being as much concerned to gain the love and esteem of her subjects, she affected to speak frequently, and with exaggeration, of her tender affection for them. And that she had a mind to make it believed that she did some things from an excessive love to her people, which she was led to more by her own interest.

Avarice is another failing which her own friends reproach her with. I will not deny that she was too parsimonious, and upon some occasions stuck too close to the maxims she had laid down, not to be at any expence but what was absolutely necessary. However in general I maintain, that if her circumstances did not require her to be covetous, at least they required that she should not part with her money but with great caution, both in order to preserve the affection of her people, and to keep herself always in a condition to withstand her enemies.

She is accused also of not being so chaste, as she affected to appear. Nay, some pretend that there are now in England, the descendants of a daughter she had by the Earl of Leicester; but as hitherto nobody has undertaken to produce any proofs of this accusation, one may safely reckon it among the slanders which they endeavoured to stain her reputation with, both in her life-time and after her decease.

It is not so easy to justify her concerning the death of the queen of Scots. Here it must be owned she sacrificed equity, justice and it may be her own conscience, to her safety. If Mary was guilty of the murde

of her husband, as there is ground to believe, it was not Elizabeth's business to punish her for it. And truly it was not for that she took away her life; but she made use of that pretence to detain her in prison, under the deceitful colour of making her innocence appear. On this occasion her dissimulation was blame-worthy. This first piece of injustice, drew her in afterwards to use a world of artful devices to get a pretence to render Mary's imprisonment perpetual. From hence arose in the end, the necessity of putting her to death on the scaffold. This doubtless is Elizabeth's great blemish, which manifestly proves to what degree she carried the fear of losing a crown. The continual fear and uneasiness she was under on that account, is what characterises her reign, because it was the main spring of almost all her actions. The best thing that can be said in Elizabeth's behalf is, that the queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass, that one of the two queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall. I don't believe any body ever questioned her being a true Protestant. But, as it was her interest to be so, some have taken occasion to doubt whether the zeal she expressed for her religion, was the effect of her persuasion or policy. All that can be said is, that she happened sometimes to prefer her temporal concerns, before those of religion. To sum up in two words what may serve to form Elizabeth's character, I shall add she was a good and illustrious queen, with many virtues and noble qualities, and few faults. But what ought above all things to make her memory precious is, that she caused the English to enjoy a state of felicity unknown to their ancestors, under most part of the kings, her predecessors.

Died March 24, 1603, aged 70, having reigned 44 years, 4 months, and 8 days.

Rapin.

§ 90. *Another Character of* Elizabeth.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarce any whose reputation has been more certainly determined, by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat their panegyricks, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, and vigilance, are allowed to merit the highest praise, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less vigorous, less imperious; more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controuled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active spirit from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care, or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herself, she obtained an uncontrouled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprizing, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness mean while untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of them their advancement to her choice, they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her,

ſerves only to diſplay the firmneſs of her reſolution, and the loftineſs of her ambitious ſentiments.

The fame of this princeſs, though it has ſurmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies ſtill expoſed to another prejudice which is more durable, becauſe more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we ſurvey her, is capable either of exalting beyond meaſure, or diminiſhing the luſtre of her character. This prejudice is founded in conſideration of her ſex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be ſtruck with the higheſt admiration of her great qualities and extenſive capacity; but we are apt alſo to require ſome more ſoftneſs of diſpoſition, ſome greater lenity of temper, ſome of thoſe amiable weakneſſes by which her ſex is diſtinguiſhed. But the true method of eſtimating her merit is, to lay aſide all thoſe conſiderations, and conſider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entruſted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife, or a miſtreſs; but her qualities as a ſovereign, though with ſome conſiderable exceptions, are the object of undiſputed applauſe and approbation.

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Thus left unfiniſhed by *Hume.*

§ 91. *Another Character of* Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, in her perſon, was maſculine, tall, ſtraight, and ſtrong-limbed, with an high round forehead, brown eyes, fair complexion, fine white teeth, and yellow hair; ſhe danced with great agility; her voice was ſtrong and ſhrill; ſhe underſtood muſic, and played upon ſeveral inſtruments. She poſſeſſed an excellent memory, and underſtood the dead and living languages, and made good proficiency in the ſciences, and was well read in hiſtory. Her converſation was ſprightly and agreeable, her judgment ſolid, her apprehenſion acute, her application indefatigable, and her courage invincible. She was the great bulwark of the Proteſtant religion; ſhe was highly commendable for her general regard to the impartial adminiſtration of juſtice; and even for her rigid œconomy, which ſaved the public money, and evinced that love for her people which ſhe ſo warmly profeſſed. Yet ſhe deviated from juſtice in ſome inſtances when her intereſt and paſſions were concerned; and, notwithſtanding all her great qualities, we cannot deny ſhe was vain, proud, imperious, and in ſome caſes cruel: her predominant paſſion was jealouſy and avarice; though ſhe was alſo ſubject to ſuch violent guſts of anger as overwhelmed all regard to the dignity of her ſtation, and even hurried her beyond the common bounds of decency. She was wiſe and ſteady in her principles of government, and above all princes fortunate in a miniſtry.

Smollett.

§ 92. *Character of* James I.

James was of a middle ſtature, of a fine complexion, and a ſoft ſkin; his perſon plump, but not corpulent, his eyes large and rolling, his beard thin, his tongue too big for his mouth, his countenance diſagreeable, his air awkward, and his gait remarkably ungraceful, from a weakneſs in his knees that prevented his walking without aſſiſtance; he was tolerably temperate in his diet, but drank of little elſe than rich and ſtrong wines. His character, from the variety of groteſque qualities that compoſe it, is not eaſy to be delineated. The virtues he poſſeſſed were ſo loaded with a greater proportion of their neighbouring vices, that they exhibit no lights, to ſet off the dark ſhades; his principles of generoſity were tainted by ſuch a childiſh profuſion, that they left him without means of paying his juſt obligations, and ſubjected him to the neceſſity of attempting irregular, illegal, and unjuſt methods of acquiring money. His friendſhip, not to give it the name of vice, was directed by ſo puerile a fancy, and ſo abſurd a caprice, that the objects of it were contemptible, and its conſequences attended with ſuch an unmerited profuſion of favours, that it was perhaps the moſt exceptionable quality of any he poſſeſſed. His diſtinctions were formed on the principles of ſelfiſhneſs; he valued no perſon for any endowments that could not be made ſubſervient to his pleaſures or his intereſt; and thus he rarely advanced any man of real worth and preferment. His familiar converſation, both in writing and ſpeaking, was ſtuffed with vulgar and indecent phraſes. Though proud and arrogant in his temper, and full of the importance of his ſtation, he deſcended to buffoonery, and ſuffered his favourites to addreſs him in the moſt diſreſpectful terms of groſs familiarity.

Himſelf affected a ſententious wit, but roſe no higher in thoſe attempts than to quaint, and often ſtale conceits. His education had been a more learned one than is commonly beſtowed on princes; this, from the conceit it gave him, turned out a very diſad-

disadvantageous circumstance, by contracting his opinions to his own narrow views; his pretences to a consummate knowledge in divinity, politics, and the art of governing, expose him to a high degree of ridicule; his conduct shewing him more than commonly deficient in all these points. His romantic idea of the natural rights of princes, caused him publicly to avow pretensions that impressed into the minds of the people an incurable jealousy; this, with an affectation of a profound skill in the art of dissembling, or kingcraft, as he termed it, rendered him the object of fear and distrust; when at the same time he was himself the only dupe to an impertinent useless hypocrisy.

If the laws and constitution of England received no prejudice from his government, it was owing to his want of ability to effect a change suitable to the purpose of an arbitrary sway. Stained with these vices, and sullied with these weaknesses, if he is even exempt from our hatred, the exemption must arise from motives of contempt. Despicable as he appears through his own Britannic government, his behaviour when king of Scotland was in many points unexceptionable; but, intoxicated with the power he received over a people whose privileges were but feebly established, and who had been long subjected to civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, he at once flung off that moderation that hid his deformities from the common eye. It is alledged that the corruption he met with in the court of England, and the time-serving genius of the English noblemen, were the great means that debauched him from his circumspect conduct. Among the forwardest of the worthless tribe was Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, who told him on his coming to the crown, that he should find his English subjects like asses, on whom he might lay any burden, and should need neither bit nor bridle, but their asses ears. Died March 27, A. D. 1625. Aged 59. *Macaulay.*

§ 93. *Another Character of* James.

James was in his stature of the middle size, inclining to corpulency; his forehead was high, his beard scanty, and his aspect mean; his eyes, which were weak and languid, he rolled about incessantly, as if in quest of novelty; his tongue was so large, that in speaking or drinking, he beslabbered the by-standers; his knees were so weak as to bend under the weight of his body; his address was awkward, and his appearance slovenly. There was nothing dignified either in the composition of his mind or person. We have in the course of his reign exhibited repeated instances of his ridiculous vanity, prejudices, profusion, folly, and littleness of soul. All that we can add in his favour is, that he was averse to cruelty and injustice; very little addicted to excess, temperate in his meals, kind to his servants, and even desirous of acquiring the love of his subjects, by granting that as a favour, which they claimed as a privilege. His reign, though ignoble to himself, was happy to his people. They were enriched by commerce, which no war interrupted. They left no severe impositions; and the commons made considerable progress in ascertaining the liberties of the nation. *Smollett.*

§ 94. *Another Character of* James.

No prince, so little enterprizing and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy, and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people. While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable, but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frugal judgment; exposed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness,

and

and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious, *Hume.*

§ 95. *Another Character of* James.

The principal thing which is made to serve for matter for king James's panegyric, is the constant peace he caused his subjects to enjoy. This cannot be said to be the effect of chance, since it clearly appears, it was his sole, or at least his chief aim in the whole course of his administration. Nothing, say his friends, is more worthy a great king than such a design. But the same design loses all its merit, if the prince discovers by his conduct, that he preserves peace only out of fear, carelessness, excessive love of ease and repose; and king James's whole behaviour shews he acted from these motives, though he coloured it with the pretence of his affection for the people.

His liberality, which some praise him for, is exclaimed against by others as prodigality. These last pretend he gave without measure and discretion, without any regard to his own wants, or the merit of those whom he heaped his favours upon.

As to his manners, writers are no less divided: some will have him to be looked on as a very wise and virtuous prince; whilst others speak of him as a prince of a dissolute life, given to drinking, and a great swearer in common conversation, especially when in a passion. He is likewise taxed with dissolving the Earl of Essex's marriage, the pardoning the Earl and Countess of Somerset, the death of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the confidence wherewith in full parliament he called God to witness, that he never had any thoughts of giving the Papists a toleration, which he could not affirm but by means of some mental reservation.

But whatever may be said for or against James's person, it is certain England never flourished less than in his reign; the English saw themselves exposed to the insults and jests of other nations, and all the world in general threw the blame on the king.

Rapin.

§ 96. *Character of* Charles I.

Such was the unworthy and unexampled fate of Charles I. king of England, who fell a sacrifice to the most atrocious insolence of treason, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and in the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was a prince of a middling stature, robust, and well proportioned. His hair was of a dark colour, his forehead high, his complexion pale, his visage long, and his aspect melancholy. He excelled in riding, and other manly exercises; he inherited a good understanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great assiduity. His perception was clear and acute, his judgment solid and decisive; he possessed a refined taste for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to those who excelled in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. In his private morals he was altogether unblemished and exemplary. He was merciful, modest, chaste, temperate, religious, personally brave, and we may join the noble historian in saying, "He was the worthiest gentleman, the "best master, the best friend, the best hus"band, the best father, and the best chris"tian of the age in which he lived." He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honour and his duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted. He suffered himself to be guided by counsellors, who were not only inferior to himself in knowledge and judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible; and from an excess of conjugal affection that bordered upon weakness, he paid too much deference to the advice and desires of his consort, who was superstitiously attached to the errors of popery, and importuned him incessantly in favour of the Roman Catholics.

Such were the sources of all that misgovernment which was imputed to him during the first fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil war to his fatal catastrophe, his conduct seems to have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the course of this narration. He was not very liberal to his dependants; his conversation was not easy, nor his address pleasing; yet the probity of his heart, and the innocence of his manners, won the affection of all who attended his person, not even excepting those who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deserved the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted some of those shining qualities which constitute the

the character of a great monarch. Beheaded January 30, 1648-9. *Smollett.*

§ 97. *Another Character of* Charles I.

The character of this prince, as that of moſt men, if not of all men, was mixed, but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices; or, more properly ſpeaking, his imperfections: for ſcarce any of his faults aroſe to that pitch, as to merit the appellation of vices. To conſider him in the moſt favourable light, it may be affirmed, that his dignity was exempted from pride, his humanity from weakneſs, his bravery from raſhneſs, his temperance from auſterity, and his frugality from avarice: all theſe virtues in him maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreſerved praiſe. To ſpeak the moſt harſhly of him, we may affirm, that many of his good qualities were attended with ſome latent frailty, which, though ſeemingly inconſiderable, was able, when ſeconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to diſappoint them of all their influence. His beneficent diſpoſition was clouded by a manner not gracious, his virtue was tinctured with ſuperſtition, his good ſenſe was diſfigured by a deference to perſons of a capacity much inferior to his own, and his moderate temper exempted him not from haſty and precipitate reſolutions. He deſerves the epithet of a good, rather than of a great man; and was more fitted to rule in a regular eſtabliſhed government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular aſſembly, or finally to ſubdue their pretenſions. He wanted ſuppleneſs and dexterity ſufficient for the firſt meaſure; he was not endowed with vigour requiſite for the ſecond. Had he been born an abſolute prince, his humanity and good ſenſe had rendered his reign happy, and his memory precious. Had the limitations on the prerogative been in his time quite fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard as ſacred the boundaries of the conſtitution. Unhappily his fate threw him into a period, when the precedents of many former reigns favoured ſtrongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not ſufficient to extricate him from ſo perilous a ſituation, he may be excuſed; ſince, even after the event, when it is commonly eaſy to correct all errors, one is at a loſs to determine what conduct in his circumſtances would have maintained the authority of the crown, and preſerved the peace of the nation. Expoſed without revenue, without arms, to the aſſault of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions; it was never permitted him, but with the moſt fatal conſequences, to commit the ſmalleſt miſtake; a condition too rigorous to be impoſed on the greateſt human capacity.

Some hiſtorians have raſhly queſtioned the good faith of this prince: but, for this reproach, the moſt malignant ſcrutiny of his conduct, which in every circumſtance is now thoroughly known, affords not any reaſonable foundation. On the contrary, if we conſider the extreme difficulties to which he was ſo frequently reduced, and compare the ſincerity of his profeſſions and declarations, we ſhall avow, that probity and honour ought juſtly to be numbered among his moſt ſhining qualities. In every treaty, thoſe conceſſions which he thought in conſcience he could not maintain, he never would by any motive or perſuaſion be induced to make.

And though ſome violations of the petition of right may be imputed to him; thoſe are more to be aſcribed to the neceſſity of his ſituation, and to the lofty ideas of royal prerogative which he had imbibed, than to any failure of the integrity of his principles. This prince was of a comely preſence; of a ſweet and melancholy aſpect; his face was regular, handſome, and well complexioned; his body ſtrong, healthy, and juſtly proportioned; and being of middle ſtature, he was capable of enduring the greateſt fatigues. He excelled in horſemanſhip and other exerciſes; and he poſſeſſed all the exterior, as well as many of the eſſential qualities, which form an accompliſhed prince. *Hume.*

§ 98. *Another Character of* Charles I.

In the character of Charles, as repreſented by his panegyriſts, we find the qualities of temperance, chaſtity, regularity, piety, equity, humanity, dignity, condeſcenſion, and equanimity; ſome have gone ſo far as to allow him integrity, and many writers, who condemn his political principles, give him the title of a moral man. In the compariſon of this repreſentation with Charles's conduct, accurately and juſtly deſcribed, it is diſcernible that vices of the worſt tendency, when ſhaded by a plauſible and formal carriage, when concordant to the intereſts of a faction, and the prejudices of the vulgar, aſſume the appearances of, and are impoſed on the credulous world as, virtues of the firſt rank.

Paſſion

Paſſion for power was Charles's predominant vice; idolatry to his regal prerogatives, his governing principle. The intereſts of the crown, legitimated every meaſure, and ſanctified in his eye the wideſt deviation from moral rule.

Neither gratitude, clemency, humanity, equity, nor generoſity, have place in the fair part of Charles's character; of the virtues of temperance, fortitude, and perſonal bravery, he was undeniably poſſeſſed. His manners partook of diſſipation, and his converſation of the indecency of a court. His chaſtity has been called in queſtion, by an author of the higheſt repute; and were it allowed, it was tainted by an exceſs of uxorioufneſs, which gave it the properties and the conſequences of vice. The want of integrity is manifeſt in every part of his conduct; which, whether the corruption of his judgment, or heart loſt him fair opportunities of reinſtatement in the throne, and was the vice for which above all others he paid the tribute of his life. His intellectual powers were naturally good, and ſo improved by a continual exerciſe, that, though in the beginning of his reign he ſpoke with difficulty and heſitation, towards the cloſe of his life he diſcovered in his writings purity of language and dignity of ſtyle; in his debates elocution, and quickneſs of perception. The high opinion he entertained of regal dignity, occaſioned him to obſerve a ſtateline's and imperiouſneſs in his manner; which, to the rational and intelligent, was unamiable and offenſive; by the weak and formal it was miſtaken for dignity.

In the exerciſe of horſemanſhip he excelled; had a good taſte, and even ſkill, in ſeveral of the polite arts; but though a proficient in ſome branches of literature, was no encourager of uſeful learning, and only patronized adepts in jargon of the divine right, and utility of kings and biſhops. His underſtanding in this point was ſo depraved by the prejudices of his education, the flattery of prieſts, and the affections of his heart, that he would never endure converſation which tended to inculcate the principles of equal right in men; and notwithſtanding that the particularity of his ſituation enforced his attention to doctrines of this kind, he went out of the world with the ſame fond prejudices with which he had been foſtered in his nurſery, and cajoled in the zenith of his power.

Charles was of a middle ſtature, his body ſtrong, healthy, and juſtly proportioned; and his aſpect melancholy, yet not unpleaſing. His ſurviving iſſue, were three ſons and three daughters. He was executed in the 49th year of his age, and buried, by the appointment of the parliament, at Windſor, decently, yet without pomp.

Macaulay.

§ 99. *Character of* Oliver Cromwell *.

Oliver Cromwell was of a robuſt make and conſtitution, his aſpect manly though cloumiſh. His education extended no farther than a ſuperficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were ſuch as he could not have exerted to advantage at any other juncture than that of a civil war, inflamed by religious conteſts. His character was formed from an amazing conjuncture of enthuſiaſm, hypocriſy, and ambition. He was poſſeſſed of courage and reſolution, that overlooked all dangers, and ſaw no difficulties. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful ſagacity, whilſt he concealed his own purpoſes, under the impenetrable ſhield of diſſimulation.

He reconciled the moſt atrocious crimes to the moſt rigid notions of religious obligations. From the ſevereſt exerciſe of devotion, he relaxed into the moſt ridiculous and idle buffoonry: yet he preſerved the dignity and diſtance of his character, in the midſt of the coarſeſt familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannic from policy; juſt and temperate from inclination; perplexed and deſpicable in his diſcourſe; clear and conſummate in his deſigns; ridiculous in his reveries; reſpectable in his conduct; in a word, the ſtrangeſt compound of villainy and virtue, baſeneſs and magnanimity, abſurdity and good ſenſe, that we find on record in the annals of mankind †.

Noble.

* From Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral houſe of Cromwell.

† Cromwell died more than five millions in debt; though the parliament had left him in the treaſury above five hundred thouſand pounds, and in ſtores to the value of ſeven hundred thouſand pounds.

Richard, the ſon of Cromwell, was proclaimed protector in his room; but Richard, being of a very different diſpoſition to his father, reſigned his authority the 22d of April 1659; and ſoon after ſigned his abdication in form, and retired to live ſeveral years after his reſignation, at firſt on the Continent, and afterwards upon his paternal fortune at home.

§ 100. *Character of* CHARLES II.

If we survey the character of Charles the Second in the different lights which it will admit of, it will appear very various, and give rise to different and even opposite sentiments. When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and indeed, in this view, his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good-breeding, that it was never offensive. His propensity to satire was so checked with discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it. His wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself an exquisite judge*, could not be said so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though perhaps he talked more than strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves. This indeed is the most shining part of the king's character, and he seems to have been sensible of it; for he was fond of dropping the formalities of state, and of relapsing every moment into the companion.

In the duties of private life, his conduct, though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. The voluntary friendships, however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a very sincere affection. He believed them to have no other motive for serving him but self-interest, and he was still ready, in his turn, to sacrifice them to present ease and convenience.

With a detail on his private character we must set bounds to our panegyric on Charles. The other parts of his conduct may admit of some apology, but can deserve small applause. He was indeed so much fitted for private life, preferably to public, that he even possessed order, frugality, œconomy in the former; was profuse, thoughtless, negligent in the latter. When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether void of virtues, was in the main dangerous to his people, and dishonourable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, and sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his measures (though he appeared ever but in sport) to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign contest. Yet may all these enormities, if fairly and candidly examined, be imputed, in a great measure, to the indolence of his temper: a fault, which, however unfortunate in a monarch, it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.

It has been remarked of this king, that he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one: a censure, which, though too far carried, seems to have some foundation in his character and deportment. Died Feb. 6, 1685, aged 54. *Hume.*

* Marquis of Halifax.

§ 101. *Another Character of* CHARLES II.

Charles II. was in his person tall and swarthy, and his countenance marked with strong harsh lineaments. His penetration was keen, his judgment clear, his understanding extensive, his conversation lively and entertaining, and he possessed the talent of wit and ridicule. He was easy of access, polite, and affable; had he been limited to a private station, he would have passed for the most agreeable and best-natured man of the age in which he lived. His greatest enemies allow him to have been a civil husband, an obliging lover, an affectionate father, and an indulgent master; even as a prince, he manifested an aversion to cruelty and injustice. Yet these good qualities were more than overbalanced by his weakness and defects. He was a scoffer at religion, and a libertine in his morals; careless, indolent, profuse, abandoned to effeminate pleasure, incapable of any noble enterprize, a stranger to any manly friendship and gratitude, deaf to the voice of honour, blind to the allurements of glory, and in a word, wholly destitute of every active virtue. Being himself unprincipled, he believed mankind were false, perfidious, and interested; and therefore practised dissimulation for his own convenience. He was strongly attached to the French manners, government, and monarch; he was dissatisfied with his own limited prerogative. The majority of his own subjects he despised or hated, as hypocrites, fanatics, and republicans, who had persecuted his father and himself, and sought the destruction of the monarchy. In these sentiments, he could not be supposed to pursue the interest of

of the nation; on the contrary, he seemed to think that his own safety was incompatible with the honour and advantage of his people. *Smollett.*

§ 102. *Another Character of* CHARLES II.

Thus lived and died king Charles the Second. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life, with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years in great inequalities, unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England.—While he was abroad at Paris, Colen, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay any thing to heart. He pursued all his diversions, and irregular pleasures, in a free career; and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown, as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects, with which, he complained often, his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expence. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading and study; and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most: so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things, and all persons, with a depth of craft and dissimulation. He desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and laws; yet he would neither run the risque, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature; and in the end of his life he became cruel.

Burnet.

§ 103. *Another Character of* CHARLES II.

The character of Charles the Second, like the transactions of his reign, has assumed various appearances, in proportion to the passions and prejudices of different writers. To affirm that he was a great and good king, would be as unjust as to alledge that he was destitute of all virtue, and a bloody and inhuman tyrant. The indolence of his disposition, and the dissipation occasioned by his pleasures, as they were at first the source of his misfortunes, became afterwards the safety of the nation. Had he joined the ambition of power, and the perseverance and attention of his brother, to his own insinuating and engaging address, he might have secured his reputation with writers, by enslaving them with the nation.

In his person he was tall and well made. His complexion was dark, the lines of his face strong and harsh, when singly traced: but when his features were comprehended in one view, they appeared dignified and even pleasing. In the motions of his person he was easy, graceful, and firm. His constitution was strong, and communicated an active vigour to all his limbs. Though a lover of ease of mind, he was fond of bodily exercise. He rose early, he walked much, he mixed with the meanest of his subjects, and joined in their conversation, without diminishing his own dignity, or raising their presumption. He was acquainted with many persons in the lower stations of life. He captivated them with sprightly terms of humour, and with a kind of good-natured wit, which rendered them pleased with themselves. His guards only attended him on public occasions. He took the air frequently in company with a single friend; and though crowds followed him, it was more from a wish to attract his notice, than from an idle curiosity. When evident designs against his life were daily exhibited before the courts of justice, he changed not his manner of appearing in public. It was soon after the Rye-house plot was discovered, he is said to have been severe on his brother's character, when he exhibited a striking feature of his own. The duke returning from hunting with his guards, found the king one day in Hyde Park. He expressed his surprize how his majesty could venture his person alone at such a perilous time. "James," (replied the king,) "take you "care of yourself, and I am safe. No "man in England will kill ME, to make "YOU king."

When he was opposed with most violence in parliament, he continued the most popular man in the kingdom. His good-breeding as a gentleman, overcame the opinion conceived of his faults as a king. His affabi-

lity, his eafy addreſs, his attention to the very prejudices of his people, rendered him independent of all the arts of his enemies to inflame the vulgar. He is ſaid with reaſon to have died opportunely for his country. Had his life extended to the number of years which the ſtrength of his conſtitution ſeemed to promiſe, the nation would have loſt all memory of their liberties. Had his fate placed Charles the Second in theſe latter times; when influence ſupplies the place of obvious power; when the crown has ceaſed to be diſtreſſed through the channel of its neceſſities; when the repreſentatives of the people, in granting ſupplies for the public ſervice, provide for themſelves; his want of ambition would have precluded the jealouſy, and his popular qualities ſecured the utmoſt admiration of his ſubjects. His gallantry itſelf would be conſtrued into ſpirit, in an age where decency is only an improvement on vice. *Macpherſon.*

§ 104. *Character of* JAMES II.

In many reſpects it muſt be owned, that he was a virtuous man, as well as a good monarch. He was frugal of the public money; he encouraged commerce with great attention; he applied himſelf to naval affairs with ſucceſs; he ſupported the fleet as the glory and protection of England. He was alſo zealous for the honour of his country; he was capable of ſupporting its intereſts with a degree of dignity in the ſcale of Europe. In his private life he was almoſt irreproachable; he was an indulgent parent, a tender huſband, a generous and ſteady friend; in his deportment he was affable, though ſtately; he beſtowed favours with peculiar grace; he prevented ſolicitation by the ſuddenneſs of his diſpoſal of places; though ſcarce any prince was ever ſo generally deſerted, few ever had ſo many private friends; thoſe who injured him moſt were the firſt to implore his forgiveneſs, and even after they had raiſed another prince to the throne, they reſpected his perſon, and were anxious for his ſafety. To theſe virtues he added a ſteadineſs of counſels, a perſeverance in his plans, and courage in his enterprizes. He was honourable and fair in all his dealings; he was unjuſt to men in their principles, but never with regard to their property. Though few monarchs ever offended a people more, he yielded to none in his love of his ſubjects; he even affirmed, that he quitted England to prevent the horrors of a civil war, as much as from fear of a reſtraint upon his perſon from the prince of Orange. His great virtue was a ſtrict adherence to facts and truth in all he wrote and ſaid, though ſome parts of his conduct had rendered his ſincerity in his political profeſſion ſuſpected by his enemies. Abdicated his throne 1689. *Macpherſon.*

§ 105. *Another Character of* JAMES II.

The enemies of James did not fail to make the moſt of the advantages they had gained by their ſubtle manœuvres; ſome ſaid, that the king's flight was the effect of a diſturbed conſcience, labouring under the load of ſecret guilt; and thoſe whoſe cenſures were more moderate, aſſerted, that his incurable bigotry had led him even to ſacrifice his crown to the intereſts of his prieſts; and that he choſe rather to depend on the precarious ſupport of a French force to ſubdue the refractory ſpirit of his people, than to abide the iſſue of events which threatened ſuch legal limitations as ſhould effectually prevent any further abuſe of power.

The whole tenor of the king's paſt conduct undoubtedly gave a countenance to inſinuations which were in themſelves ſufficiently plauſible to anſwer all the purpoſes for which they were induſtriouſly circulated; but when the following circumſtances are taken into conſideration, namely, that timidity is natural to the human mind, when oppreſſed with an uninterrupted ſeries of misfortunes; that the king's life was put entirely into the hands of a rival, whoſe ambitious views were altogether incompatible even with the ſhadow of regal power in his perſon; that the means taken to increaſe the apprehenſions which reflections of this nature muſt neceſſarily occaſion, were of the moſt mortifying kind; it muſt be acknowledged, that if the principles of heroic virtue might have produced conduct in ſome exalted individuals, yet that the generality of mankind would, in James's ſituation, have ſought ſhelter in the profeſſed generoſity of a truſted friend, from perſonal inſult, perſonal danger, and from all the harraſſing ſuſpenſe under which the mind of this imprudent and unfortunate monarch had long laboured.

The oppoſition of James's religious principles to thoſe of his ſubjects, his unpopular connections with the court of France; but, above all, the permanent eſtabliſhment of a rival family on the throne of England, has formed in his favour ſuch an union of prejudice and intereſt, as to deſtroy in the minds of poſterity, all that ſympathy which, on ſimilar occaſions, and in ſimilar misfortunes, has ſo wonderfully operated in favour of other

other princes; and whilſt we pay the tribute of unavailing tears over the memory of Charles the Firſt; whilſt, with the Church of England, we venerate him as a martyr to the power and office of prelates; whilſt we ſee, with regret, that he was ſtripped of his dignity and life at the very time when the chaſtening hand of affliction had, in a great meaſure, corrected the errors of a faulty education; the irreſiſtible power of truth muſt oblige us to confeſs, that the adherence to religious principles, which coſt the father his life, deprived the ſon of his dominions; that the enormous abuſes of power with which both ſovereigns are accuſed, owed their origin to the ſame ſource; the errors ariſing from a bad education, aggravated and extended by the impious flattery of deſigning prieſts; we ſhall alſo be obliged to confeſs, that the parliament itſelf, by an unprecedented ſervility, helped to confirm James in the exalted idea he had entertained of the royal office, and that the doctrines of an abſolute and unconditional ſubmiſſion on the part of ſubjects, which, in the reign of his father, was, in a great meaſure, confined to the precepts of a Laud, a Sibthorpe, and Maynwaring, were now taught as the avowed doctrines of the Church of England, were acknowledged by the two Univerſities, and implicitly avowed by a large majority of the nation; ſo great, indeed, was the change in the temper, manners, and opinions of the people, from the commencement of the reign of Charles the Firſt to the commencement of the reign of his ſon James, that at this ſhameful period the people gloried in having laid all their privileges at the foot of the throne, and execrated every generous principle of freedom, as ariſing from a ſpirit totally incompatible with the peace of ſociety, and altogether repugnant to the doctrines of Chriſtianity.

This was the ſituation of affairs at the acceſſion of the unfortunate James; and had he been equally unprincipled as his brother, the deceaſed king; had he profeſſed himſelf a Proteſtant, whilſt he was in his heart a Papiſt; had he not regarded it as his duty to uſe his omnipotent power for the reſtoring to ſome parts of its ancient dignity a Church which he regarded as the only true Church of Chriſt; or had he, inſtead of attacking the prerogative of the prelacy, ſuffered them to ſhare the regal deſpotiſm which they had fixed on the baſis of conſcience, the moſt flagrant abuſes of civil power would never have been called in judgment againſt him, and parliament themſelves would have lent their conſtitutional authority to have riveted the chains of the empire in ſuch a manner as ſhould have put it out of the power of the moſt determined votaries of freedom to have re-eſtabliſhed the government on its ancient foundation. From this immediate evil England owes its deliverance to the bigoted ſincerity of James; a circumſtance which ought, in ſome meaſure, to conciliate our affections to the memory of the ſufferer, and induce us to treat thoſe errors with lenity, which have led to the enjoyment of privileges which can never be entirely loſt, but by a general corruption of principle and depravity of manners.

It was ſaid by the witty duke of Buckingham, "that Charles the Second might "do well if he would, and that James "would do well if he could;" an obſervation which ſays little for the underſtanding of James, but a great deal for his heart; and, with all the blemiſhes with which his public character is ſtained, he was not deficient in ſeveral qualities neceſſary to compoſe a good ſovereign. His induſtry and buſineſs were exemplary, he was frugal of the public money, he cheriſhed and extended the maritime power of the empire, and his encouragement of trade was attended with ſuch ſucceſs, that, according to the obſervation of the impartial hiſtorian Ralph, as the frugality of his adminiſtration helped to increaſe the number of malcontents, ſo his extreme attention to trade was not leſs alarming to the whole body of the Dutch, than his reſolution not to ruſh into a war with France was mortifying to their ſtadtholder.

In domeſtic life, the character of James, though not irreproachable, was comparatively good. It is true, he was in a great meaſure tainted with that licentiouſneſs of manners, which at this time pervaded the whole ſociety, and which reigned triumphant within the circle of the court; but he was never carried into any exceſſes which trenched deeply on the duties of ſocial life; and if the qualities of his heart were only to be judged by his different conduct in the different characters of huſband, father, maſter, and friend, he might be pronounced a man of very amiable diſpoſition. But thoſe who know not how to forgive injuries, and can never pardon the errors, the infirmities, the vices, or even the virtues of their fellow-creatures, when in any reſpect they affect perſonal intereſt or inclination, will aim againſt them the ſenſibility of every humane mind

mind, and can never expect from others that juſtice and commiſeration which themſelves have never exerciſed: but whilſt we execrate that rancorous cruelty with which James, in the ſhort hour of triumph, perſecuted all thoſe who endeavoured to thwart his ambitious hopes, it is but juſtice to obſerve, that the rank vices of pride, malice, and revenge, which blacken his conduct, whilſt he figured in the ſtation of preſumptive heir to the crown, and afterwards in the character of ſovereign, on the ſucceſsful quelling of the Monmouth rebellion, were thoroughly corrected by the chaſtiſing hand of affliction: that the whole period of his life, from his return to Ireland to the day of his death, was ſpent in the exerciſe of the firſt Chriſtian virtues, patience, fortitude, humility, and reſignation. Bretonneau, his biographer, records, that he always ſpoke with an extreme moderation of the individuals who had acted the moſt ſucceſsfully in his diſfavour; that he reproved thoſe who mentioned their conduct with ſeverity; that he read, even with a ſtoical apathy, the bittereſt writings which were publiſhed againſt him; that he regarded the loſs of empire as a neceſſary correction of the miſdemeanors of his life, and even rebuked thoſe who expreſſed any concern for the iſſue of events, which he reſpected as ordinations of the divine will.

According to the ſame biographer, James was exact in his devotion, moderate even to abſtinence in his life; full of ſentiments of the higheſt contrition for paſt offences; and, according to the diſcipline of the Romiſh church, was very ſevere in the auſterities which he inflicted on his perſon. As this prince juſtly regarded himſelf as a martyr to the Catholic faith, as his warmeſt friends were all of this perſuaſion, as his converſation in his retirement at St. Germains was entirely, in a great meaſure, confined to prieſts and devotees, it is natural that this ſuperſtition ſhould increaſe with the increaſe of religious ſentiment; and as he had made uſe of his power and authority, whilſt in England, to enlarge the number of proſelytes in popery, ſo, in a private ſtation, he laboured inceſſantly, by prayer, exhortation, and example, to confirm the piety of his Popiſh adherents, and to effect a reformation in thoſe who ſtill continued firm to the doctrines of the church of England. He viſited the monks of La Trappe once a year, the ſevereſt order of religioniſts in France; and his conformity to the diſcipline of the convent was ſo ſtrict and exact, that he impreſſed thoſe devotees with ſentiments of admiration at his piety, humility, and conſtancy.

Thus having ſpent twelve years with a higher degree of peace and tranquillity than he had ever experienced in the moſt triumphant part of his life, he was ſeized with a palſy in September 1701, and after having languiſhed fifteen days, died in the ſixty-eighth year of his age, having filled up the interval between his firſt ſeizure and final exit with the whole train of religious exerciſes enjoined on ſimilar occaſions by the church of Rome, with ſolemn and repeated profeſſions of his faith, and earneſt exhortations to his two children, the youngeſt of whom was born in the ſecond year of his exile, to keep ſtedfaſt to the religion in which they had been educated. Theſe precepts and commands have acted with a force ſuperior to all the temptations of a crown, and have been adhered to with a firmneſs which obliges an hiſtorian to acknowledge the ſuperiority which James's deſcendants, in the nice points of honour and conſcience, have gained over the character of Henry the Fourth, who, at the period when he was looked up to as the great hero of the Proteſtant cauſe, made no ſcruple to accept a crown on the diſgraceful terms of abjuring the principles of the Reformation, and embracing the principles of a religion, which, from his early infancy, he had been taught to regard as idolatrous and profane.

The dominion of error over the minds of the generality of mankind is irreſiſtible. James, to the laſt hour of his life, continued as great a bigot to his political as his religious errors: he could not help conſidering the ſtrength and power of the crown as a circumſtance neceſſary to the preſervation and happineſs of the people; and in a letter of advice which he wrote to his ſon, whilſt he conjures him to pay a religious obſervance to all the duties of a good ſovereign, he cautions him againſt ſuffering any entrenchment on the royal prerogative. Among ſeveral heads, containing excellent inſtructions on the art of reigning happily and juſtly, he warns the young prince never to diſquiet his ſubjects in their property or their religion; and, what is remarkable, to his laſt breath he perſiſted in aſſerting, that he never attempted to ſubvert the laws, or procure more than a toleration and equality of privilege to his Catholic ſubjects. As there is great reaſon to believe this aſſertion to be true, it ſhews, that the deluſion was incurable under which the king laboured, by

the truſ had put in the knaviſh doctrines of lawyers and prieſts; and that neither himſelf, nor his Proteſtant abettors, could fathom the conſequences of that enlarged toleration which he endeavoured to eſtabliſh.

Macaulay.

§ 106. *Character of* William III.

William III. was in his perſon of the middle ſtature, a thin body, and delicate conſtitution, ſubject to an aſthma and continual cough from his infancy. He had an aquiline noſe, ſparkling eyes, a large forehead, and grave ſolemn aſpect. He was very ſparing of ſpeech; his converſation was dry, and his manner diſguſting, except in battle, when his deportment was free, ſpirited, and animating. In courage, fortitude, and equanimity, he rivalled the moſt eminent warriors of antiquity; and his natural ſagacity made amends for the defects of his education, which had not been properly ſuperintended. He was religious, temperate, generally juſt and ſincere, a ſtranger to violent tranſports of paſſion, and might have paſſed for one of the beſt princes of the age in which he lived, had he never aſcended the throne of Great Britain. But the diſtinguiſhing criterion of his character was ambition; to this he ſacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in depoſing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expence of the nation that raiſed him to ſovereign authority. He aſpired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the conteſts of Europe; and the ſecond object of his attention was, the proſperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the intereſts of the Continent and Great Britain were inſeparable, or ſought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally; certain it is, he involved theſe kingdoms in foreign connections, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to eſtabliſh this favourite point, he ſcrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which means the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary ſanction for a ſtanding army, which now ſeems to be interwoven in the conſtitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that neceſſarily hatched a brood of uſurers, brokers, and ſtock-jobbers, to [illegible] upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a [illegible] debt, and a ſyſtem of politics big with miſery, deſpair, and deſtruction. To ſum up his character in a few words, William was a fataliſt in religion, indefatigable in war, enterpriſing in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent huſband, a diſagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious ſovereign.

Died March 8th, 1701, aged 52, having reigned 13 years. *Smollett.*

§ 107. *Another Character of* William III.

William the Third, king of Great Britain and Ireland, was in his perſon of middle ſize, ill-ſhaped in his limbs, ſomewhat round in his ſhoulders, light brown in the colour of his hair, and in his complexion. The lines of his face were hard, and his noſe was aquiline; but a good and penetrating eye threw a kind of light on his countenance, which tempered its ſeverity, and rendered his harſh features, in ſome meaſure, agreeable. Though his conſtitution was weak, delicate, and infirm, he loved the manly exerciſes of the field; and often indulged himſelf in the pleaſures, and even ſometimes in the exceſſes, of the table. In his private character he was frequently harſh, paſſionate, and ſevere, with regard to trifles; but when the ſubject roſe equal to his mind, and in the tumult of battle, he was dignified, cool, and ſerene. Though he was apt to form bad impreſſions, which were not eaſily removed, he was neither vindictive in his diſpoſition, nor obſtinate in his reſentment. Neglected in his education, and, perhaps, deſtitute by nature, of an elegance of mind, he had no taſte for literature, none for the ſciences, none for the beautiful arts. He paid no attention to muſic, he underſtood no poetry; he diſregarded learning; he encouraged no men of letters, no painters, no artiſts of any kind. In fortification and the mathematics he had a conſiderable degree of knowledge. Though unſucceſsful in the field, he underſtood military operations by land; but he neither poſſeſſed nor pretended to any ſkill in maritime affairs.

In the diſtributions of favours he was cold and injudicious. In the puniſhment of crimes, often too eaſy, and ſometimes too ſevere. He was parſimonious where he ſhould have been liberal; where he ought to be ſparing, frequently profuſe. In his temper he was ſilent and reſerved, in his addreſs ungraceful; and though not deſtitute of diſſimulation, and qualified for intrigue, leſs apt to conceal his paſſions than his

his designs: these defects, rather than vices of the mind, combining with an indifference about humouring mankind through their ruling passions, rendered him extremely unfit for gaining the affections of the English nation. His reign, therefore, was crowded with mortifications of various kinds; the discontented parties among his subjects found no difficulty in estranging the minds of the people from a prince possessed of few talents to make him popular. He was trusted, perhaps, less than he deserved, by the most obsequious of his parliaments; but it seems, upon the whole, apparent, that the nation adhered to his government more from a fear of the return of his predecessor, than from any attachment to his own person, or respect for his right to the throne.

Macpherson.

§ 108. *Character of* MARY, *Queen Consort of* WILLIAM III.

Mary was in her person tall and well proportioned, with an oval visage, lively eyes, agreeable features, a mild aspect, and an air of dignity. Her apprehension was clear, her memory tenacious, and her judgment solid. She was a zealous Protestant, scrupulously exact in all the duties of devotion, of an even temper, of a calm and mild conversation; she was ruffled by no passion, and seems to have been a stranger to the emotions of natural affection, for she ascended the throne from which her father had been deposed, and treated her sister as an alien to her blood. In a word, Mary seems to have imbibed the cold disposition and apathy of her husband, and to have centered all her ambition in deserving the epithet of an humble and obedient wife.

Smollett.

Died 28th December, 1694, aged 33.

§ 109. *Character of* ANNE.

The queen continued to dose in a lethargic insensibility, with very short intervals, till the first day of August in the morning, when she expired, in the fiftieth year of her age, and in the thirteenth of her reign. Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, was in her person of the middle size, well proportioned; her hair was of dark brown colour, her complexion ruddy, her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aspect more comely than majestic: her voice was clear and melodious, and her presence engaging; her capacity was naturally good, but not much cultivated by learning; nor did she exhibit any marks of extraordinary genius, or personal ambition: she was certainly deficient in that vigour of mind by which a prince ought to preserve her independence, and avoid the snares and fetters of sycophants and favourites; but, whatever her weakness in this particular might have been, the virtues of her heart were never called in question; she was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, a tender mother, a warm friend, an indulgent mistress, a munificent patron, a mild and merciful princess; during whose reign no blood was shed for treason. She was zealously attached to the Church of England, from conviction rather than from prepossession; unaffectedly pious, just, charitable, and compassionate. She felt a mother's fondness for her people, by whom she was universally beloved with a warmth of affection which even the prejudice of party could not abate. In a word, if she was not the greatest, she was certainly one of the best and most unblemished sovereigns that ever sat upon the throne of England, and well deserved the expressive, though simple epithet of, the "good queen Anne."

Smollett.

She died in 1714.

§ 110. *Another Character of* ANNE.

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, and one of the best and greatest monarchs that ever filled that throne. What was most remarkable, was a clear harmonious voice, always admired in her graceful delivery of her speeches to parliament, insomuch that it used to be a common saying in the mouth of every one, "that her very "speech was music." Good-nature, the true characteristic of the Stuarts, predominated in her temper, which was a compound of benevolence, generosity, indolence, and timidity, but not without a due sensibility of any slight which she thought was offered to her person or her dignity; to these all her actions, both as a monarch and as a woman, may be ascribed; these were the sources both of her virtues and her failings; her greatest blessing upon earth was that entire union of affections and inclinations between her and her royal consort; which made them a perfect pattern of conjugal love. She was a fond and tender mother, an easy and indulgent mistress, and a most gracious sovereign; but she had more than once reason to repent her giving up her heart, and trusting her secrets without reserve to her favourites. She retained to the last the principle of that true religion which she had

imbibed early; being devout without affectation, and charitable without oſtentation. She had a great reverence for clergymen eminent for learning and good lives, and was particularly beneficent to the poorer ſort of them, of which ſhe left an evidence which bears her name, and will perpetuate both that and her bounty to all ſucceeding generations. *Chamberlaine.*

§ 111. *Another Character of* Anne.

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, in the fiftieth year of her age, and thirteenth of her reign. In her perſon ſhe was of a middle ſtature, and, before ſhe bore children, well made. Her hair was dark, her complexion ſanguine, her features ſtrong, but not irregular, her whole countenance more dignified than agreeable. In the accompliſhments of the mind, as a woman, ſhe was not deficient; ſhe underſtood muſic; ſhe loved painting; ſhe had even ſome taſte for works of genius; ſhe was always generous, ſometimes liberal, but never profuſe. Like the reſt of the family, ſhe was good natured to a degree of weakneſs; indolent in her diſpoſition, timid by nature, devoted to the company of her favourites, eaſily led. She poſſeſſed all the virtues of her father, except political courage; ſhe was ſubject to all his weakneſſes, except enthuſiaſm in religion; ſhe was jealous of her authority, and ſullenly irreconcileable towards thoſe who treated either herſelf or prerogative with diſreſpect; but, like him alſo, ſhe was much better qualified to diſcharge the duties of a private life than to act the part of a ſovereign. As a friend, a mother, a wife, ſhe deſerved every praiſe. Her conduct as a daughter could ſcarcely be exceeded by a virtue much ſuperior to all theſe. Upon the whole, though her reign was crowded with great events, ſhe cannot, with any juſtice, be called a great princeſs. Subject to terror, beyond the conſtitutional timidity of her ſex, ſhe was altogether incapable of deciſive counſels, and nothing but her irreſiſtible popularity could have ſupported her authority amidſt the ferment of thoſe diſtracted times. *Macpherſon.*

§ 112. *The Character of* Mary *Queen of* Scots.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmoſt elegance of external form, Mary added thoſe accompliſhments which render their impreſſion irreſiſtible. Polite, affable, inſinuating, ſprightly, and capable of ſpeaking and of writing with equal eaſe and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; becauſe her heart was warm and unſuſpicious. Impatient of contradiction, becauſe ſhe had been accuſtomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No ſtranger, on ſome occaſions, to diſſimulation; which, in that perfidious court where ſhe received her education, was reckoned among the neceſſary arts of government. Not inſenſible to flattery, or unconſcious of that pleaſure, with which almoſt every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire; ſhe was an agreeable woman rather than an illuſtrious queen. The vivacity of her ſpirit, not ſufficiently tempered with ſound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the reſtraint of diſcretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To ſay that ſhe was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almoſt uninterrupted ſucceſſion of calamities which befel her; we muſt likewiſe add, that ſhe was often imprudent. Her paſſion for Darnly was raſh, youthful, and exceſſive. And though the ſudden tranſition to the oppoſite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, inſolence, and brutality; yet neither theſe, nor Bothwell's artful addreſs and important ſervices, can juſtify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy paſſion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous ſcene, which followed upon it, with leſs abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt ſome to impute her actions to her ſituation, more than to her diſpoſition; and to lament the unhappineſs of the former, rather than accuſe the perverſeneſs of the latter. Mary's ſufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, thoſe tragical diſtreſſes which fancy has feigned to excite ſorrow and commiſeration; and while we ſurvey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with leſs indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were ſhed for a perſon who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's perſon, a circumſtance not to be omitted in writing the hiſtory of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in aſcribing to Mary the utmoſt beauty of countenance and elegance of ſhape of which the human form is capable. Her hair

hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism which deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow. *Robertson.*

§ 113. *The Character of* FRANCIS I. *with some Reflections on his Rivalship with* CHARLES V.

Francis died at Rambouillet, on the last day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalship subsisted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars, prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to both. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance, peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of great extent, the French king's lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but, being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit, from impatience, and sometimes from levity.

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best-laid schemes: Charles, by a more calm, but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to an happy issue: many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the splendour of an undertaking; Charles was allured by the prospect of its turning to his advantage. The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a strict scrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial consideration of the greatness and success of their undertakings; and Francis is one of those monarchs who occupies a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumstances. The superiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preserved through the remainder of his reign, was so manifest, that Francis's struggle against his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by most of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally arises from those who gallantly maintain an unequal contest, but with the favour due to one who was resisting a common enemy, and endeavouring to set bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes too, especially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men.

Francis, notwithſtanding the many errors conſpicuous in his foreign policy and domeſtic adminiſtration, was nevertheleſs humane, beneficent, generous. He poſſeſſed dignity without pride; affability free from meanneſs, and courteſy exempt from deceit. All who had acceſs to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) reſpected and loved him. Captivated with his perſonal qualities, his ſubjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the moſt accompliſhed and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of mal-adminiſtration, which in a prince of leſs engaging diſpoſitions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, muſt have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who beſtowed it; the illuſion ariſing from his private virtues muſt have ceaſed, and poſterity would have judged of his public conduct with its uſual impartiality; but another circumſtance prevented this, and his name hath been tranſmitted to poſterity with increaſing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progreſs in France. They were juſt beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only ſeat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himſelf in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he converſed with them familiarly, he employed them in buſineſs; he raiſed them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the reſpect to which they fancy themſelves entitled, than apt to be pleaſed when treated with the diſtinction which they conſider as their due, thought they could not exceed in gratitude to ſuch a benefactor, ſtrained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their deſcriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, beſtowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory ſacred among hiſtorians, and they ſeem to have regarded it as a ſort of impiety to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithſtanding his inferior abilities, and want of ſucceſs, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he poſſeſſed as a man have entitled him to greater admiration and praiſe, than have been beſtowed upon the extenſive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable, but leſs amiable rival.

Robertſon.

§ 114. *The Character of* Charles V.

As Charles was the firſt prince of his age in rank and dignity, the part which he acted, whether we conſider the greatneſs, the variety, or the ſucceſs of his undertakings, was the moſt conſpicuous. It is from an attentive obſervation to his conduct, not from the exaggerated praiſes of the Spaniſh hiſtorians, or the undiſtinguiſhing cenſure of the French, that a juſt idea of Charles's genius and abilities is to be collected. He poſſeſſed qualities ſo peculiar, as ſtrongly mark his character, and not only diſtinguiſh him from the princes who were his contemporaries, but account for that ſuperiority over them which he ſo long maintained. In forming his ſchemes, he was, by nature as well as by habit, cautious and conſiderate. Born with talents, which unfolded themſelves ſlowly, and were late in attaining maturity, he was accuſtomed to ponder every ſubject that demanded his conſideration, with a careful and deliberate attention. He bent the whole force of his mind towards it, and dwelling upon it with ſerious application, undiverted by pleaſure, and hardly relaxed by any amuſement, he revolved it in ſilence in his own breaſt: he then communicated the matter to his miniſters; and after hearing their opinions, took his reſolution with a deciſive firmneſs, which ſeldom follows ſuch ſlow conſultations. In conſequence of this, Charles's meaſures, inſtead of reſembling the deſultory and irregular ſallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I. had the appearance of a conſiſtent ſyſtem, in which all the parts were arranged, the effects were foreſeen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution was no leſs remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He conſulted with phlegm, but he acted with vigour; and did not diſcover greater ſagacity in his choice of the meaſures which it was proper to purſue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his purſuit of them ſucceſsful. Though he had naturally ſo little of the martial turn, that during the moſt ardent and buſtling period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive; yet when he choſe at length to appear at the head of his armies, his mind was ſo formed for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired ſuch knowledge in the art of

of war, and such talents for command, as rendered him equal in reputation and success to the most able generals of the age. But Charles possessed, in the most eminent degree, the science which is of greatest importance to a monarch, that of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to the various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chièvres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in the field, no minister in the cabinet, no ambassador to a foreign court, no governor of a province, whose abilities were inadequate to the trust which he reposed in them. Though destitute of that bewitching affability of manner, which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his person, he was no stranger to the virtues which secure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their services with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor discovered any jealousy of their power. Almost all the generals who conducted his armies, may be placed on a level with those illustrious personages who have attained the highest eminence of military glory; and his advantages over his rivals are to be ascribed so manifestly to the superior abilities of the commanders whom he set in opposition to them, that this might seem to detract, in some degree, from his own merit, if the talent of discovering and employing such instruments were not the most undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheless, defects in his political character, which must considerably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was insatiable; and though there seems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of establishing an universal monarchy in Europe, it is certain that his desire of being distinguished as a conqueror involved him in continual wars, which exhausted and oppressed his subjects, and left him little leisure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happiness of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houses of Austria and Burgundy; this opened to him such a vast field of enterprise, and engaged him in schemes so complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of these, he had often recourse to low artifices, unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes ventured on such deviations from integrity, as were dishonourable in a great prince. His insidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conspicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a comparison with the open and undesigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and Henry VIII. This difference, though occasioned chiefly by the diversity of their tempers, must be ascribed in some degree to such an opposition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords some excuse for this defect in Charles's behaviour, though it cannot serve as a justification of it. Francis and Henry seldom acted but from the impulse of their passions, and rushed headlong towards the object in view. Charles's measures being the result of cool reflection, were disposed into a regular system, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Persons who act in the former manner naturally pursue the end in view, without assuming any disguise, or displaying much address. Such as hold the latter course, are apt, in forming, as well as in executing their designs, to employ such refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit. *Robertson.*

§ 115. *The Character of* EPAMINONDAS.

Epaminondas was born and educated in that honest poverty which those less corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The instructions of a Pythagorean philosopher, to whom he was entrusted in his earliest years, formed him to all the temperance and severity peculiar to that sect, and were received with a docility and pleasure which bespoke an ingenuous mind. Music, dancing, and all those arts which were accounted honourable distinctions at Thebes, he received from the greatest masters. In the athletic exercises he became conspicuous, but soon learned to apply particularly to those which might prepare him for the labours and occasions of a military life. His modesty and gravity rendered him ready to hear and receive instruction; and his genius enabled him to learn and improve. A love of truth, a love of virtue, tenderness, and humanity, and an exalted patriotism, he had learned, and soon displayed. To these glorious qualities he added penetration and sagacity, a happiness in improving every incident, a consummate skill in war, an unconquerable patience of toil and distress, a boldness in enterprise, vigour,

and magnanimity. Thus did he become great and terrible in war: nor was he leſs diſtinguiſhed by the gentler virtues of peace and retirement. He had a ſoul capable of the moſt exalted and diſintereſted friendſhip. The warmth of his benevolence ſupplied the deficiencies of his fortune; his credit and good offices frequently were employed to gain that relief for the neceſſities of others, which his own circumſtances could not grant them: within the narrow ſphere of theſe were his deſires regularly confined; no temptations could corrupt him; no proſpects of advantage could ſhake his integrity; to the public he appeared unalterably and ſolely devoted; nor could neglect or injuries abate his zeal for Thebes. All theſe illuſtrious qualities he adorned with that eloquence which was then in ſuch repute, and appeared in council equally eminent, equally uſeful to his country, as in action. By him Thebes firſt roſe to ſovereign power, and with him ſhe loſt her greatneſs. *Leland.*

§ 116. *The Character of Lord* Townshend.

Lord Townſhend, by very long experience, and unwearied application, was certainly an able man of buſineſs, which was his only paſſion. His parts were neither above nor below it; they were rather ſlow, a defect of the ſafer ſide. He required time to form his opinion; but when formed, he adhered to it with invincible firmneſs, not to ſay obſtinacy, whether right or wrong, and was impatient of contradiction.

He was a moſt ungraceful and confuſed ſpeaker in the houſe of lords, inelegant in his language, perplexed in his arguments, but always near the ſtreſs of the queſtion.

His manners were coarſe, ruſtic, and ſeemingly brutal; but his nature was by no means ſo; for he was a kind huſband to both his wives, a moſt indulgent father to all his children, and a benevolent maſter to his ſervants; ſure teſts of real good-nature, for no man can long together ſimulate or diſſimulate at home.

He was a warm friend, and a warm enemy; defects, if defects they are, inſeparable in human nature, and often accompanying the moſt generous minds.

Never miniſter had cleaner hands than he had. Mere domeſtic œconomy was his only care as to money; for he did not add one acre to his eſtate, and left his younger children very moderately provided for, though he had been in conſiderable and lucrative employments near thirty years.

As he only loved power for the ſake of power, in order to preſerve it he was obliged to have a moſt unwarrantable complaiſance for the intereſts and even dictates of the electorate, which was the only way by which a Britiſh miniſter could hold either favour or power during the reigns of king George the Firſt and Second.

The coarſeneſs and imperiouſneſs of his manners made him diſagreeable to queen Caroline.

Lord Townſhend was not of a temper to act a ſecond part, after having acted a firſt, as he did during the reign of king George the Firſt. He reſolved, therefore, to make one convulſive ſtruggle to revive his expiring power, or, if that did not ſucceed, to retire from buſineſs. He tried the experiment upon the king, with whom he had a perſonal intereſt. The experiment failed, as he might eaſily, and ought to have foreſeen. He retired to his ſeat in the country, and, in a few years, died of an apoplexy.

Having thus mentioned the ſlight defects, as well as the many valuable parts of his character, I muſt declare, that I owed the former to truth, and the latter to gratitude and friendſhip as well as to truth, ſince, for ſome years before he retired from buſineſs, we lived in the ſtricteſt intimacy that the difference of our age and ſituations could admit, during which time he gave me many unaſked and unequivocal proofs of his friendſhip. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 117. *The Character of Mr.* Pope.

Pope in converſation was below himſelf; he was ſeldom eaſy and natural, and ſeemed afraid that the man ſhould degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unſucceſsfully, and too often unſeaſonably. I have been with him a week at a time at his houſe at Twickenham, where I neceſſarily ſaw his mind in its undreſs, when he was both an agreeable and inſtructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural conſequence of his ſhining turn to ſatire, of which many felt, and all feared the ſmart. It muſt be owned that he was the moſt irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think that the poet was more in fault than the man. He was as great an inſtance as any he quotes, of the contrarieties and inconſiſtencies of human nature; for, notwithſtanding the malignancy of his ſatires, and

and ſome blameable paſſages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piouſly attentive to an old bed-ridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the phyſical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his ſatire, and may in ſome degree excuſe it.

I will ſay nothing of his works, they ſpeak ſufficiently for themſelves; they will live as long as letters and taſte ſhall remain in this country, and be more and more admired as envy and reſentment ſhall ſubſide. But I will venture this piece of claſſical blaſphemy, which is, that however he may be ſuppoſed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him.

Cheſterfield.

§ 118. *Character of Lord* Bolingbroke.

It is impoſſible to find lights and ſhades ſtrong enough to paint the character of lord Bolingbroke, who was a moſt mortifying inſtance of the violence of human paſſions, and of the moſt improved and exalted human reaſon. His virtues and his vices, his reaſon and his paſſions, did not blend themſelves by a gradation of tints, but formed a ſhining and ſudden contraſt.

Here the darkeſt, there the moſt ſplendid colours, and both rendered more ſtriking from their proximity. Impetuoſity, exceſs, and almoſt extravagancy, characterized not only his paſſions, but even his ſenſes. His youth was diſtinguiſhed by all the tumult and ſtorm of pleaſures, in which he licentiouſly triumphed, diſdaining all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhauſted, with his body, in celebrating and deifying the proſtitute of the night: and his convivial joys were puſhed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. Theſe paſſions were never interrupted but by a ſtronger ambition. The former impaired both his conſtitution and his character; but the latter deſtroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in buſineſs. His penetration was almoſt intuition, and he adorned whatever ſubject he either ſpoke or wrote upon, by the moſt ſplendid eloquence; not a ſtudied or laboured eloquence, but by ſuch a flowing happineſs of diction, which (from care, perhaps, at firſt) was become ſo habitual to him, that even his moſt familiar converſations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the preſs, without the leaſt correction, either as to method or ſtyle. He had noble and generous ſentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good-nature and friendſhip; but they were more violent than laſting, and ſuddenly and often varied to their oppoſite extremes, with regard even to the ſame perſons. He received the common attentions of civility as obligations, which he returned with intereſt; and reſented with paſſion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with intereſt too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philoſophical ſubject, would provoke and prove him no practical philoſopher at leaſt.

Notwithſtanding the diſſipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almoſt univerſal knowledge, which, from the cleareſt and quickeſt conception, and the happieſt memory that ever man was bleſſed with, he always carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occaſion to draw upon a book for any ſum. He excelled more particularly in hiſtory, as his hiſtorical works plainly prove. The relative, political, and commercial intereſts of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how ſteadily he purſued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleaſure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himſelf to ſtudy with his characteriſtical ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of his great philoſophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aſpiring imagination; he muſt go *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphyſics, which open an unbounded field for the excurſions of an ardent imagination; where endleſs conjectures ſupply the defects of unattainable knowledge, and too often uſurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handſome perſon, with a moſt engaging addreſs in his air and manners; he had all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality ſhould or can have, and which ſo few, in this country at leaſt, really have.

He profeſſed himſelf a deiſt, believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting, (as is commonly ſuppoſed) the immortality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate.

He died of a cruel and ſhocking diſtemper, a cancer

a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness. A week before he died, I took my last leave of him with grief; and he returned me his last farewel with tenderness, and said, "God, who placed me here, will "do what he pleases with me hereafter; "and he knows best what to do. May he "bless you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but, alas! poor human nature! *Chesterfield.*

§ 119. *Character of Mr.* Pulteney.

Mr. Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Resentment made him engage in business. He had thought himself slighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge, but utter destruction. He had lively and shining parts, a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c. in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.

He had a quick and clear conception of business; could equally detect and practise sophistry. He could state and explain the most intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmost perspicuity. His parts were rather above business; and the warmth of his imagination, joined to the impetuosity and restlessness of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and steadiness.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and, in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously.

His sudden passion was outrageous, but supported by great personal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition, but his avarice; they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the causes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compassion; and perhaps his heart might feel the misfortunes and distresses of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was seldom or never stretched out to relieve them. Though he was an able actor of truth and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside, to serve the purposes of his ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in. When the opposition, of which he was the leader in the house of commons, prevailed at last against Sir Robert Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people; the former imploring his protection, the latter his support. In that critical moment his various jarring passions were in the highest ferment, and for a while suspended his ruling one. Sense of shame made him hesitate at turning courtier on a sudden, after having acted the patriot so long, and with so much applause; and his pride made him declare, that he would accept of no place; vainly imagining, that he could, by such a simulated and temporary self-denial, preserve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was mistaken in both. The king hated him almost as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley ministry was formed, which by no means desired his company. The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom.

He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain; his situation would not allow it.—He was fixed in the house of lords, that hospital of incurables; and his retreat to popularity was cut off: for the confidence of the public, when once great, and once lost, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement, with the wretched comfort of Horace's miser:

Populus me sibilat, &c.

I may, perhaps, be suspected to have given too strong colouring to some features of this portrait; but I solemnly protest, that I have drawn it conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with, and observation of, the original. Nay, I have rather softened than heightened the colouring. *Chesterfield.*

§ 120. *Character of Sir* Robert Walpole.

I much question whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity; for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated

incorporated themſelves, with every thing that was ſaid or written concerning him. Never was man more flattered, nor more abuſed; and his long power was probably the chief cauſe of both. I was much acquainted with him, both in his public and his private life. I mean to do impartial juſtice to his character; and therefore my picture of him will, perhaps, be more like him than it will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured, chearful, ſocial; inelegant in his manners, looſe in his morals. He had a coarſe, ſtrong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his ſtation, as it is always inconſiſtent with dignity. He was very able as a miniſter, but without a certain elevation of mind neceſſary for great good or great miſchief. Profuſe and appetent, his ambition was ſubſervient to his deſire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the beſt parliament-man, and the ableſt manager of parliament, that, I believe, ever lived. An artful, rather than an eloquent ſpeaker; he ſaw, as by intuition, the diſpoſition of the houſe, and preſſed or receded accordingly. So clear in ſtating the moſt intricate matters, eſpecially in the finances, that, whilſt he was ſpeaking, the moſt ignorant thought that they underſtood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his adminiſtration; and he employed it with a ſucceſs which in a manner diſgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that ſhameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground inſenſibly ever ſince Charles II. but, with uncommon ſkill, and unbounded profuſion, he brought it to that perfection, which at this time diſhonours and diſtreſſes this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) muſt ruin it.

Beſides this powerful engine of government, he had a moſt extraordinary talent of perſuading and working men up to his purpoſe. A hearty kind of frankneſs, which ſometimes ſeemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his ſecrets, whilſt the impoliteneſs of his manners ſeemed to atteſt his ſincerity. When he found any body proof againſt pecuniary temptations; which, alas! was but ſeldom, he had recourſe to a ſtill worſe art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them, "The chimerical ſchool-boy flights of claſſical learning;" declaring himſelf, at the ſame time, "No ſaint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would frequently aſk young fellows, at their firſt appearance in the world, while their honeſt hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? you will ſoon come off of that, and grow wiſer." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am perſuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

He was the eaſy and profuſe dupe of women, and in ſome inſtances indecently ſo. He was exceſſively open to flattery, even of the groſſeſt kind; and from the coarſeſt bunglers of that vile profeſſion; which engaged him to paſs moſt of his leiſure and jovial hours with people whoſe blaſted characters reflected upon his own. He was loved by many, but reſpected by none; his familiar and illiberal mirth and raillery leaving him no dignity. He was not vindictive, but, on the contrary, very placable to thoſe who had injured him the moſt. His good-humour, good-nature, and beneficence, in the ſeveral relations of father, huſband, maſter, and friend, gained him the warmeſt affections of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in hiſtory among the "beſt men," or the "beſt miniſters;" but much leſs ought it to be ranked among the worſt. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 121. *Character of Lord* GRANVILLE.

Lord Granville had great parts, and a moſt uncommon ſhare of learning for a man of quality. He was one of the beſt ſpeakers in the houſe of lords, both in the declamatory and the argumentative way. He had a wonderful quickneſs and preciſion in ſeizing the ſtreſs of a queſtion, which no art, no ſophiſtry, could diſguiſe in him. In buſineſs he was bold, enterpriſing, and overbearing. He had been bred up in high monarchical, that is, tyrannical principles of government, which his ardent and imperious temper made him think were the only rational and practicable ones. He would have been a great firſt miniſter in France, little inferior, perhaps, to Richlieu; in this government, which is yet free, he would have been a dangerous one, little leſs ſo, perhaps, than Lord Stafford. He was neither ill-natured, nor vindictive, and had a great contempt for money; his ideas were all above it. In ſocial life he was an agreeable, good-humoured,

moured, and inſtructive companion; a great but entertaining talker.

He degraded himſelf by the vice of drinking; which, together with a great ſtock of Greek and Latin, he brought away with him from Oxford, and retained and practiſed ever afterwards. By his own induſtry, he had made himſelf maſter of all the modern languages, and had acquired a great knowledge of the law. His political knowledge of the intereſt of princes and of commerce was extenſive, and his notions were juſt and great. His character may be ſummed up, in nice preciſion, quick deciſion, and unbounded preſumption. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 122. *Character of Mr.* Pelham.

Mr. Pelham had good ſenſe, without either ſhining parts or any degree of literature. He had by no means an elevated or enterpriſing genius, but had a more manly and ſteady reſolution than his brother the Duke of Newcaſtle. He had a gentleman-like frankneſs in his behaviour, and as great point of honour as a miniſter can have, eſpecially a miniſter at the head of the treaſury, where numberleſs ſturdy and inſatiable beggars of condition apply, who cannot all be gratified, nor all with ſafety be refuſed.

He was a very inelegant ſpeaker in parliament, but ſpoke with a certain candour and openneſs that made him be well heard, and generally believed.

He wiſhed well to the public, and managed the finances with great care and perſonal purity. He was *par negotiis neque ſupra:* had many domeſtic virtues and no vices. If his place, and the power that accompanied it, made him ſome public enemies, his behaviour in both ſecured him from perſonal and rancorous ones. Thoſe who wiſhed him worſt, only wiſhed themſelves in his place.

Upon the whole, he was an honourable man, and a well-wiſhing miniſter.

Cheſterfield.

§ 123. *Character of* Richard *Earl of* Scarborough.

In drawing the Character of Lord Scarborough, I will be ſtrictly upon my guard againſt the partiality of that intimate and unreſerved friendſhip, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendſhip, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be ſuſpected to have biaſſed my judgment, it muſt, at the ſame time, be allowed to have informed it; for the moſt ſecret movements of his whole ſoul were, without diſguiſe, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the ſhades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeneſs.

He had a very good perſon, rather above the middle ſize; a handſome face, and, when he was chearful, the moſt engaging countenance imaginable: when grave, which he was oftenеſt, the moſt reſpectable one. He had in the higheſt degree the air, manners, and addreſs, of a man of quality; politeneſs with eaſe, and dignity without pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be ſuppoſed that he was untainted with the faſhionable vices of theſe warm climates; but (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) he dignified them, inſtead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of claſſical, and a great one of modern knowledge; with a juſt, and, at the ſame time, a delicate taſte.

In his common expences he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to ſome preſent inconveniencies.

He was a ſtrong, but not an eloquent or florid ſpeaker in parliament. He ſpoke ſo unaffectedly the honeſt dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and ſeldom wear, ornaments, ſeemed only to borrow his voice. This gave ſuch an aſtoniſhing weight to all he ſaid, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unſuſpected virtue, that it will ſometimes ſhame vice into decency at leaſt.

He was not only offered, but preſſed to accept, the poſt of ſecretary of ſtate; but he conſtantly refuſed it. I once tried to perſuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in thoſe miniſterial employments, the courſe of buſineſs made it neceſſary to do many hard things, and ſome unjuſt ones, which could only be authorized by the jeſuitical caſuiſtry of the direction of the intention: a doctrine which he ſaid he could not poſſibly adopt. Whether he was the firſt that ever made that objection, I cannot affirm; but I ſuſpect that he will be the laſt.

He was a true conſtitutional, and yet practicable patriot; a ſincere lover, and a zealous aſſerter of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country: but he would not quarrel with the crown, for ſome ſlight ſtretches of the prerogative; nor with the

the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*; I sincerely think (I had almost said I know,) one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity, the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and, as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation; nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow-creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet says,

> When I confess there is who feels for fame,
> And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did; for surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for I protest I never knew one), they could only be such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the Just.

He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good-manners. But, if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a chearful and agreeable companion; but, conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writ for the sake of writing it; but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small deposit of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.

Chesterfield.

§ 124. *Character of Lord* Hardwicke.

Lord Hardwicke was, perhaps, the greatest magistrate that this country ever had. He presided in the court of Chancery above twenty years, and in all that time none of his decrees were reversed, nor the justness of them ever questioned. Though avarice was his ruling passion, he was never in the least suspected of any kind of corruption: a rare and meritorious instance of virtue and self-denial, under the influence of such a craving, insatiable, and increasing passion.

He had great and clear parts; understood, loved, and cultivated the *belles lettres*. He was an agreeable, eloquent speaker in parliament, but not without some little tincture of the pleader.

Men are apt to mistake, or at least to seem to mistake, their own talents, in hopes, perhaps, of misleading others to allow them that which they are conscious they do not possess. Thus Lord Hardwicke valued himself more upon being a great minister of state, which he certainly was not, than upon being a great magistrate, which he certainly was.

All his notions were clear, but none of them great. Good order and domestic details were his proper department. The great and shining parts of government, though not above his parts to conceive, were above his timidity to undertake.

By great and lucrative employments, during the course of thirty years, and by still greater parsimony, he acquired an immense fortune, and established his numerous family in advantageous posts and profitable alliances.

Though he had been solicitor and attor-

ney-

ney-general, he was by no means what is called a prerogative lawyer. He loved the conſtitution, and maintained the juſt prerogative of the crown, but without ſtretching it to the oppreſſion of the people.

He was naturally humane, moderate, and decent; and when, by his former employments, he was obliged to proſecute ſtate-criminals, he diſcharged that duty in a very different manner from moſt of his predeceſſors, who were too juſtly called the "blood-hounds of the crown."

He was a chearful and inſtructive companion, humane in his nature, decent in his manners, unſtained with any vice (avarice excepted), a very great magiſtrate, but by no means a great miniſter. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 125. *Character of the Duke of* NEWCASTLE.

The Duke of Newcaſtle will be ſo often mentioned in the hiſtory of theſe times, and with ſo ſtrong a bias either for or againſt him, that I reſolved, for the ſake of truth, to draw his character with my uſual impartiality: for as he had been a miniſter for above forty years together, and in the laſt ten years of that period firſt miniſter, he had full time to oblige one half of the nation, and to offend the other.

We were cotemporaries, near relations, and familiar acquaintances; ſometimes well and ſometimes ill together, according to the ſeveral variations of political affairs, which know no relations, friends, or acquaintances.

The public opinion put him below his level: for though he had no ſuperior parts, or eminent talents, he had a moſt indefatigable induſtry, a perſeverance, a court craft, a ſervile compliance with the will of his ſovereign for the time being; which qualities, with only a common ſhare of common ſenſe, will carry a man ſooner and more ſafely through the dark labyrinths of a court, than the moſt ſhining parts would do, without thoſe meaner talents.

He was good natured to a degree of weakneſs, even to tears, upon the ſlighteſt occaſions. Exceedingly timorous, both perſonally and politically, dreading the leaſt innovation, and keeping, with a ſcrupulous timidity, in the beaten tracks of buſineſs, as having the ſafeſt bottom.

I will mention one inſtance of this diſpoſition, which, I think, will ſet it in the ſtrongeſt light. When I brought the bill into the houſe of lords, for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions: he was alarmed at ſo bold an undertaking, and conjured me not to ſtir matters that had been long quiet; adding, that he did not love new-fangled things. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of theſe arguments, but brought in the bill, and it paſſed unanimouſly. From ſuch weakneſſes it neceſſarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind.

His ruling, or rather his only, paſſion was, the agitation, the buſtle, and the hurry of buſineſs, to which he had been accuſtomed above forty years; but he was as dilatory in diſpatching it, as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked, but always run, inſomuch that I have ſometimes told him, that by his fleetneſs one ſhould rather take him for the courier than the author of the letters.

He was as jealous of his power as an impotent lover of his miſtreſs, without activity of mind enough to enjoy or exert it, but could not bear a ſhare even in the appearances of it.

His levees were his pleaſure, and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and conſequently they were ſo: there he made people of buſineſs wait two or three hours in the anti-chamber, while he trifled away that time with ſome inſignificant favourites in his cloſet. When at laſt he came into his levee-room, he accoſted, hugged, embraced, and promiſed every body, with a ſeeming cordiality, but at the ſame time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

He was exceedingly diſintereſted: very profuſe of his own fortune, and abhorring all thoſe means, too often uſed by perſons in his ſtation, either to gratify their avarice, or to ſupply their prodigality; for he retired from buſineſs in the year 1762, above four hundred thouſand pounds poorer than when firſt engaged in it.

Upon the whole, he was a compound of moſt human weakneſſes, but untainted with any vice or crime. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 126. *Character of the Duke of* BEDFORD.

The Duke of Bedford was more conſiderable for his rank and immenſe fortune, than for either his parts or his virtues.

He had rather more than a common ſhare of common ſenſe, but with a head ſo wrong-turned, and ſo invincibly obſtinate, that the ſhare of parts which he had was of little uſe to him, and very troubleſome to others.

He was paſſionate, though obſtinate; and, though both, was always governed by ſome low

low dependants; who had art enough to make him believe that he governed them.

His manners and addreſs were exceedingly illiberal; he had neither the talent nor the deſire of pleaſing.

In ſpeaking in the houſe, he had an inelegant flow of words, but not without ſome reaſoning, matter, and method.

He had no amiable qualities; but he had no vicious nor criminal ones: he was much below ſhining, but above contempt in any character.

In ſhort, he was a duke of reſpectable family, and with a very great eſtate.

§ 127. *Another Character.*

The Duke of Bedford is indeed a very conſiderable man. The higheſt rank, a ſplendid fortune, and a name glorious till it was his, were ſufficient to have ſupported him with meaner abilities than he poſſeſſed. The uſe he made of theſe uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to himſelf, but could not be more inſtructive to mankind. The eminence of his ſtation gave him a commanding proſpect of his duty. The road which led to honour was open to his view. He could not loſe it by miſtake, and he had no temptation to depart from it by deſign.

An independent, virtuous duke of Bedford, would never proſtitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence, either in oppreſſing or defending a miniſter: he would not at one moment rancorouſly perſecute, at another baſely cringe to the favourite of his ſovereign. Though deceived perhaps in his youth, he would not, through the courſe of a long life, have invariably choſen his friends from among the moſt profligate of mankind: his own honour would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleaſures or converſation with jockeys, gameſters, blaſphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much leſs would he have ſubmitted to, the humiliating neceſſity of engaging in the intereſt and intrigues of his dependants; of ſupplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expence of his country. He would not have betrayed ſuch ignorance, or ſuch contempt of the conſtitution, as openly to avow in a court of juſtice the purchaſe and ſale of a borough. If it ſhould be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domeſtic misfortune, he would ſubmit to the ſtroke with feeling, but not without dignity; and not look for, or find, an immediate conſolation for the loſs of an only ſon in conſultations and empty bargains for a place at court, nor in the miſery of ballotting at the India-houſe.

The Duke's hiſtory began to be important at that auſpicious period, at which he was deputed to the court of Verſailles. It was an honourable office, and was executed with the ſame ſpirit with which it was accepted. His patrons wanted an ambaſſador who would ſubmit to make conceſſions:—their buſineſs required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity, as for the welfare of his country; and they found him in the firſt rank of the nobility. *Junius.*

§ 128. *Character of Mr.* HENRY FOX, *afterwards Lord* HOLLAND.

Mr. Henry Fox was a younger brother of the loweſt extraction. His father, Sir Stephen Fox, made a conſiderable fortune, ſome how or other, and left him a fair younger brother's portion, which he ſoon ſpent in the common vices of youth, gaming included: this obliged him to travel for ſome time.

When he returned, though by education a Jacobite, he attached himſelf to Sir Robert Walpole, and was one of his ableſt *elevés*. He had no fixed principles either of religion or morality, and was too unwary in ridiculing and expoſing them.

He had very great abilities and indefatigable induſtry in buſineſs; great ſkill in managing, that is, in corrupting, the houſe of commons; and a wonderful dexterity in attaching individuals to himſelf. He promoted, encouraged, and practiſed their vices; he gratified their avarice, or ſupplied their profuſion. He wiſely and punctually performed whatever he promiſed, and moſt liberally rewarded their attachment and dependence. By theſe, and all other means that can be imagined, he made himſelf many perſonal friends and political dependants.

He was a moſt diſagreeable ſpeaker in parliament, inelegant in his language, heſitating and ungraceful in his elocution, but ſkilful in diſcerning the temper of the houſe, and in knowing when and how to preſs, or to yield.

A conſtant good-humour and ſeeming frankneſs made him a welcome companion in ſocial life, and in all domeſtic relations he was good-natured. As he advanced in life, his ambition became ſubſervient to his avarice. His early profuſion and diſſipation had made him feel the many inconveniences of want, and, as it often happens, carried him

him to the contrary and worſe extreme of corruption and rapine. *Rem, quocunque modo rem,* became his maxim, which he obſerved (I will not ſay religiouſly and ſcrupulouſly, but) invariably and ſhamefully.

He had not the leaſt notion of, or regard for, the public good or the conſtitution, but deſpiſed thoſe cares as the objects of narrow minds, or the pretences of intereſted ones: and he lived, as Brutus died, calling virtue only a name. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 129. *Character of Mr.* PITT.

Mr. Pitt owed his riſe to the moſt conſiderable poſts and power in this kingdom ſingly to his own abilities; in him they ſupplied the want of birth and fortune, which latter in others too often ſupply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his fortune only an annuity of one hundred pounds a year.

The army was his original deſtination, and a cornetcy of horſe his firſt and only commiſſion in it. Thus, unaſſiſted by favour or fortune, he had no powerful protector to introduce him into buſineſs, and (if I may uſe that expreſſion) to do the honours of his parts; but their own ſtrength was fully ſufficient.

His conſtitution refuſed him the uſual pleaſures, and his genius forbad him the idle diſſipations of youth; for ſo early as at the age of ſixteen, he was the martyr of an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leiſure which that tedious and painful diſtemper either procured or allowed him, in acquiring a great fund of premature and uſeful knowledge. Thus, by the unaccountable relation of cauſes and effects, what ſeemed the greateſt misfortune of his life was, perhaps, the principal cauſe of its ſplendor.

His private life was ſtained by no vices, nor ſullied by any meanneſs. All his ſentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling paſſion was an unbounded ambition, which, when ſupported by great abilities, and crowned by great ſucceſs, make what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog, great ones.

He had manners and addreſs; but one might diſcern through them too great a conſciouſneſs of his own ſuperior talents. He was a moſt agreeable and lively companion in ſocial life; and had ſuch a verſatility of wit, that he could adapt it to all ſorts of converſation. He had alſo a moſt happy turn to poetry, but he ſeldom indulged, and ſeldom avowed it.

He came young into parliament, and upon that great theatre ſoon equalled the oldeſt and the ableſt actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way; but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with ſuch energy of diction, and ſtern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated thoſe who were the moſt willing and the beſt able to encounter him*; their arms fell out of their hands, and they ſhrunk under the aſcendant which his genius gained over theirs.

In that aſſembly, where the public good is ſo much talked of, and private intereſt ſingly purſued, he ſet out with acting the patriot, and performed that part ſo nobly, that he was adopted by the public as their chief, or rather only unſuſpected, champion.

The weight of his popularity, and his univerſally acknowledged abilities, obtruded him upon King George II. to whom he was perſonally obnoxious. He was made ſecretary of ſtate: in this difficult and delicate ſituation, which one would have thought muſt have reduced either the patriot or the miniſter to a deciſive option, he managed with ſuch ability, that while he ſerved the king more effectually, in his moſt unwarrantable electoral views, than any former miniſter, however willing, had dared to do, he ſtill preſerved all his credit and popularity with the public; whom he aſſured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of ſeventy-five thouſand men in Britiſh pay, was the only poſſible method of ſecuring our poſſeſſions or acquiſitions in North America. So much eaſier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

His own diſintereſtedneſs, and even contempt of money, ſmoothed his way to power, and prevented or ſilenced a great ſhare of that envy which commonly attends it. Moſt men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make the proper uſe of them; but not very many of them have the impudence to think themſelves qualified for power.

Upon the whole, he will make a great and ſhining figure in the annals of this country, notwithſtanding the blot which his acceptance of three thouſand pounds per annum penſion for three lives, on his voluntary re-

* Hume, Campbell, and Lord Chief Juſtice Mansfield.

signation of the seals in the first year of the present king, must make in his character, especially as to the disinterested part of it. However, it must be acknowledged, that he had those qualities which none but a great man can have, with a mixture of those failings which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature.

Chesterfield.

§ 130. *Another Character.*

Mr. Pitt had been originally designed for the army, in which he actually bore a commission; but fate reserved him for a more important station. In point of fortune he was barely qualified to be elected member of parliament, when he obtained a seat in the house of commons, where he soon outshone all his compatriots. He displayed a surprising extent and precision of political knowledge, and irresistible energy of argument, and such power of elocution as struck his hearers with astonishment and admiration: it flashed like the lightning of heaven against the ministers and sons of corruption, blasting where it smote, and withering the nerves of opposition: but his more substantial praise was founded upon his disinterested integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable spirit of independence, and his invariable attachment to the interest and liberty of his country. *Smollett.*

§ 131. *Another Character.*

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind over-awed majesty, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite: and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the forbid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightned upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe. *Anonymous.*

§ 132. *Another Character.*

Lord Chatham is a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

—— Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.

The venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind,

and, more than all the reſt, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and ſanctifies a great character, will not ſuffer me to cenſure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am ſure I am not diſpoſed to blame him: let thoſe who have betrayed him by their adulation, inſult him with their malevolence. But what I do not preſume to cenſure, I may have leave to lament.

For a wiſe man, he ſeemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims: one or two of theſe maxims, flowing from an opinion not the moſt indulgent to our unhappy ſpecies, and ſurely a little too general, led him into meaſures that were greatly miſchievous to himſelf; and for that reaſon, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; meaſures, the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable. He made an adminiſtration ſo checkered and ſpeckled; he put together a piece of joinery ſo croſsly indented and whimſically dove-tailed; a cabinet ſo variouſly inlaid; ſuch a piece of diverſified moſaic, ſuch a teſſelated pavement without cement; here a bit of black ſtone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious ſhow, but utterly unſafe to touch, and unſure to ſtand on. The colleagues whom he had aſſorted at the ſame boards ſtared at each other, and were obliged to aſk, "Sir, your name, &c." It ſo happened, that perſons had a ſingle office divided between them who had never ſpoken to each other in their lives; until they found themſelves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the ſame truckle-bed.

In conſequence of this arrangement having put ſo much the larger part of his enemies and oppoſers into power, the confuſion was ſuch that his own principles could not poſſibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cauſe withdrew him from public cares, principles directly contrary were ſure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to ſtand upon: when he had accompliſhed his ſcheme of adminiſtration, he was no longer a miniſter.

When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole ſyſtem was on a wide ſea, without chart or compaſs. The gentlemen, his particular friends, in various departments of miniſtry, with a confidence in him which was juſtified, even in its extravagance, by his ſuperior abilities, had never in any inſtance preſumed on any opinion of their own; deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the ſport of every guſt, and eaſily driven into any port; and as thoſe who joined with them in manning the veſſel were the moſt directly oppoſite to his opinions, meaſures, and character, and far the moſt artful and moſt powerful of the ſet, they eaſily prevailed, ſo as to ſeize upon the moſt vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends, and inſtantly they turned the veſſel wholly out of the courſe of his policy. As if it were to inſult as well as to betray him, even long before the cloſe of the firſt ſeſſion of his adminiſtration, when every thing was publicly tranſacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act, declaring it highly juſt and expedient to raiſe a revenue in America. For even then, even before the ſplendid orb was entirely ſet, and while the weſtern horizon was in a blaze with his deſcending glory, on the oppoſite quarter of the heavens aroſe another luminary (Charles Townſhend) and for his hour became lord of the aſcendant, who was officially the reproducer of the fatal ſcheme, the unfortunate act to tax America for a revenue. *Edm. Burke.*

§ 133. *Mr.* Pulteney's *Speech on the Motion for reducing the Army.*

Sir,

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always ſhall be, againſt a ſtanding army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other deſignation, a ſtanding army is ſtill a ſtanding army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men diſtinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire ſubmiſſion to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enſlaved, and have been enſlaved by thoſe very means: by means of their ſtanding armies they have every one loſt their liberties: it is indeed impoſſible that the liberties of the people can be preſerved in any country where a numerous ſtanding army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our meaſures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn

learn to avoid thoſe rocks upon which they have ſplit.

It ſignifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by ſuch gentlemen as cannot be ſuppoſed to join in any meaſures for enſlaving their country. It may be ſo; I hope it is ſo; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any ſuch meaſures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be ſure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all diſmiſſed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Beſides, Sir, we know the paſſions of men, we know how dangerous it is to truſt the beſt of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæſar? Where was there ever an army that had ſerved their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the beſt citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country, yet that army enſlaved their country. The affections of the ſoldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on: by the military law the adminiſtration of juſtice is ſo quick, and the puniſhment ſo ſevere, that neither officer nor ſoldier dares offer to diſpute the orders of his ſupreme commander; he muſt not conſult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this houſe, he muſt do it; he dares not diſobey; immediate death would be the ſure conſequence of the leaſt grumbling. And if an officer were ſent into the court of requeſts, accompanied by a body of muſketeers with ſcrewed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this houſe; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby; but, Sir, I doubt much if ſuch a ſpirit could be found in the houſe, or in any houſe of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an Engliſh houſe of Commons, and from an Engliſh army: not only from an Engliſh army, but an army that was raiſed by that very houſe of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raiſed and maintained by authority of parliament will always be ſubmiſſive to them; if any army be ſo numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the parliament, they will be ſubmiſſive as long as the Parliament does nothing to diſoblige their favourite general; but when that caſe happens, I am afraid that in place of the Parliament's diſmiſſing the army, the army will diſmiſs the Parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that Parliament, or of that army, alter the caſe; for, with reſpect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the Parliament diſmiſſed by them was a legal Parliament; they were an army raiſed and maintained according to law, and at firſt they were raiſed, as they imagined, for the preſervation of thoſe liberties which they afterwards deſtroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, muſt be for continuing the army: for that very reaſon, Sir, I am againſt continuing the army. I know that neither the Proteſtant ſucceſſion in his majeſty's moſt illuſtrious houſe, nor any ſucceſſion, can ever be ſafe, as long as there is a ſtanding army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary ſucceſſions. The firſt two Cæſars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable ſubjection, becauſe the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their ſucceſſors? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raiſe himſelf in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every ſucceeding emperor raiſed to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the duſt, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the ſoldiers?

We are told this army is deſired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How abſurd is this diſtinction! Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the moſt abſolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the ſtanding armies of thoſe countries which have already ſubmitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his majeſty's own mouth we are aſſured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there

is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

§ 134. *Sir* John St. Aubin's *Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.*

Mr. Speaker,

The subject matter of this debate is of such importance, that I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the best manner I am able, to declare publicly the reasons which induced me to give my most ready assent to this question.

The people have an unquestionable right to frequent new parliaments by ancient usage; and this usage has been confirmed by several laws, which have been progressively made by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary to insist on this essential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a sacrifice, as they stood in the way of his avarice, or disappointed his ambition: he therefore introduced long parliaments, because he very well knew that they would become the proper instruments of both; and what a slavish obedience they paid to all his measures is sufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of King Charles the First, we must acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper; he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune; he was led from his natural disposition by sycophants and flatterers; they advised him to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments, and therefore, by not taking the constant sense of his people in what he did, he was worked up into so high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to restrain it, obtained that independent fatal power, which at last unhappily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the same time subverted the whole constitution; and I hope we shall learn this lesson from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people those rights which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to preserve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second naturally took a surfeit of parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely desirous to lay them aside: but this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did so: for he obtained a parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here; the people were amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution: it existed, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no substance nor reality in it: for the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments were wholly lost. This was that remarkable parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the Pension Parliament; and was the model from which, I believe, some later parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a fresh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile parliaments, it was then declared, that they should be held frequently. But, it seems, their full meaning was not understood by this declaration; and, therefore, as in every new settlement the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the parliament never ceased struggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and strong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their first meaning, and therefore stands a part of that original contract

tract under which the conſtitution was then ſettled. His majeſty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if upon a review there ſhall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as ſo many injuries done to that title. And I dare ſay, that this houſe, which has gone through ſo long a ſeries of ſervices to his majeſty, will at laſt be willing to revert to thoſe original ſtated meaſures of government, to renew and ſtrengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the ſeptennial law was firſt introduced, is a very ſtrong reaſon why it ſhould be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourſe to deſperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in ſeaſon, will themſelves prove fatal to that conſtitution which they were meant to ſecure. Such is the nature of the ſeptennial law; it was intended only as a preſervative againſt a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the miſchievous effects ſtill continue; for it not only altered the conſtitution of parliaments, but it extended that ſame parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this moſt unjuſt implication with it, That you may at any time uſurp the moſt indubitable, the moſt eſſential privilege of the people, I mean that of chuſing their own repreſentatives: a precedent of ſuch a dangerous conſequence, of ſo fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our ſtatute-book, if that law was any longer to ſubſiſt, which might record it to poſterity.

This is a ſeaſon of virtue and public ſpirit; let us take advantage of it to repeal thoſe laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce ſuch as may reſtore the vigour of our ancient conſtitution.

Human nature is ſo very corrupt, that all obligations loſe their force, unleſs they are frequently renewed: long parliaments become therefore independent of the people, and when they do ſo, there always happens a moſt dangerous dependence elſewhere.

Long parliaments give the miniſter an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practiſing his ſeveral arts to win them into his ſchemes. This muſt be the work of time. Corruption is of ſo baſe a nature, that at firſt ſight it is extremely ſhocking; hardly any one has ſubmitted to it all at once: his diſpoſition muſt be previouſly underſtood, the particular bait muſt be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many ſtruggles that he ſurrenders his virtue. Indeed there are ſome who will at once plunge themſelves into any baſe action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leiſurely degrees; one or two perhaps have deſerted their colours the firſt campaign, ſome have done it a ſecond; but a great many, who have not that eager diſpoſition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reaſon, ſhort parliaments have been leſs corrupt than long ones; they are obſerved, like ſtreams of water, always to grow more impure the greater diſtance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware, it may be ſaid, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expences; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy againſt the evil of bribery at elections, eſpecially as you have provided ſo wholeſome a law to co-operate upon theſe occaſions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it ariſe? not from country gentlemen, for they are ſure of being choſen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt miniſters, who have from time to time led weak princes into ſuch deſtructive meaſures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural repreſentation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, firſt introduced bribery, becauſe they were worth purchaſing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to ſerve, are unable to oppoſe it, eſpecially if at any time the public treaſure ſhall be unfaithfully ſquandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make ſome weak efforts, but as they generally prove unſucceſsful, and the time of a freſh ſtruggle is at ſo great a diſtance, they at laſt grow faint in the diſpute, give up their country for loſt, and retire in deſpair; deſpair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper diſpoſition for ſlavery. Miniſters of ſtate underſtand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the ſpirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by conſtant action; that it is impoſſible to enſlave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themſelves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raiſe that zeal and ſpirit, which will at laſt get the better of thoſe

undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the ſeveral boroughs, have been able to ſupplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not ſay this upon idle ſpeculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the houſe, to more out of it, (and who are ſo for this very reaſon) for the truth of my aſſertion. Sir, it is a ſore which has been long eating into the moſt vital part of our conſtitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a miniſter ſhould ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs; if he ſhould keep a regiſter of them in his cloſet, and, by ſending down his treaſury-mandates, ſhould procure a ſpurious repreſentation of the people, the offſpring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and juſtify the moſt contradictory meaſures of his adminiſtration, and even to vote every crude indigeſted dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power ſhould become the ſole object of their attention, and they ſhould be guilty of the moſt violent breach of parliamentary truſt, by giving the king a diſcretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or controul; the laſt fatal compliment they can pay to the crown; —if this ſhould ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints ſhould be heard, will for ever be ſhut againſt them.

Our diſeaſe, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wiſely intended to remove the firſt and principal diſorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will reſtore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our conſtitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot expreſs a greater zeal for his majeſty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this houſe, than by ſeconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

§ 135. *Sir* Robert Walpole's *Reply.*

Mr. Speaker,

Though the queſtion has been already ſo fully oppoſed, that there is no great occaſion to ſay any thing farther againſt it, yet I hope the houſe will indulge me with the liberty of giving ſome of thoſe reaſons which induce me to be againſt the motion. In general, I muſt take notice, that the nature of our conſtitution ſeems to be very much miſtaken by the gentlemen who have ſpoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixed government, and the perfection of our conſtitution conſiſts in this, that the monarchical, ariſtocratical, and democratical forms of government, are mixt and interwoven in ours, ſo as to give us all the advantages of each, without ſubjecting us to the dangers and inconveniencies of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occaſion to take notice of, is liable to theſe inconveniencies;—that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any reſolution, and ſeldom briſk and expeditious enough in carrying their reſolutions into execution: that they are always wavering in their reſolutions, and never ſteady in any of the meaſures they reſolve to purſue; and that they are often involved in factions, ſeditions, and inſurrections, which expoſes them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours: therefore, in all regulations we make with reſpect to our conſtitution, we are to guard againſt running too much into that form of government, which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it ſhould be reſtored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their reſolves, is evident; becauſe, in ſuch caſe, no prudent adminiſtration would ever reſolve upon any meaſure of conſequence till they had felt not only the pulſe of the parliament, but the pulſe of the people; and the miniſters of ſtate would always labour under this diſadvantage, that, as ſecrets of ſtate muſt not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for expoſing their meaſures, and rendering them diſagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election againſt them, before they could have an opportunity of juſtifying their meaſures, by divulging thoſe facts and circumſtances, from whence the juſtice and the wiſdom of their meaſures would clearly appear.

Then, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country are apt to be too much elated with ſucceſs, and too much dejected with every misfortune; this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of ſtate, and never long of the ſame mind; and as this

this houſe is choſen by the free and unbiaſſed voice of the people in general, if this choice were ſo often renewed, we might expect that this houſe would be as wavering, and as unſteady, as the people uſually are: and it being impoſſible to carry on the public affairs of the nation without the concurrence of this houſe, the miniſters would always be obliged to comply, and conſequently would be obliged to change their meaſures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With ſeptennial parliaments, Sir, we are not expoſed to either of theſe misfortunes, becauſe, if the miniſters, after having felt the pulſe of the parliament, which they can always ſoon do, reſolve upon any meaſures, they have generally time enough, before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to ſhew them the juſtice and the wiſdom of the meaſures they have purſued; and if the people ſhould at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or ſhould without a cauſe change their minds, thoſe at the helm of affairs have time to ſet them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and ſedition, Sir, I will grant, that, in monarchical and ariſtocratical governments, it generally ariſes from violence and oppreſſion; but, in democratical governments, it always ariſes from the people's having too great a ſhare in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet ſpirits, who can never be at reſt either in power or out of power: when in power, they are never eaſy, unleſs every man ſubmits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing againſt thoſe that are in, without any regard to juſtice, or to the intereſt of their country. In popular governments ſuch men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impreſſion of, and to raiſe diſcontents againſt, thoſe that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and theſe diſcontents often break out into ſeditions and inſurrections. This, Sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our parliament were either annual or triennial: by ſuch frequent elections there would be ſo much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would deſtroy that equal mixture which is the beauty of our conſtitution: in ſhort, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preſerve our conſtitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preſerve that law, which I really think has brought our conſtitution to a more equal mixture, and conſequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were poſſible to influence, by ſuch baſe means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain to chuſe ſuch men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were poſſible to influence, by ſuch means, a majority of the members of this houſe to conſent to the eſtabliſhment of arbitrary power; I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other ſide were juſt, and their inference true; but I am perſuaded that neither of theſe is poſſible. As the members of this houſe generally are, and muſt always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, that any one of them could, by a penſion, or a poſt, be influenced to conſent to the overthrow of our conſtitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with reſpect to bribery, the price muſt be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it muſt likewiſe be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the ſpirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themſelves in any danger, there may be many of the electors, who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper ſpirit would, without doubt, ariſe in the nation; and in ſuch a caſe, I am perſuaded, that none, or very few, even of ſuch electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the ſum.

There may, Sir, be ſome bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be ſome: but it is no proof of it, that ſtrangers are ſometimes choſen; for a gentleman may have ſo much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to chuſe any perſon he pleaſes to recommend;

and if upon such recommendation they chuse one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To insinuate, Sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for the very next session, in this house, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages: they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expence than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage, with respect to the supporting their interest in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year, at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business: so that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money, at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly enquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raising among the people without any just cause, is what I am surprised to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? And it is well known what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation soon after his late majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

§ 136. *Lord* LYTTELTON's *Speech on the Repeal of the Act called the Jew Bill, in the Year* 1753.

Mr. Speaker,

I see no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we passed the last session, for the naturalization of Jews, because I am convinced, that in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take the benefit of that act; and therefore the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year, in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but that any man alive could be zealous, either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion is indeed of the highest and most serious importance: God forbid we should ever be indifferent about that! but I thought this had no more to do with religion, than any turnpike-act we passed in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but, it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist: and there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom on some occasions must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honest ministry will indulge a small folly, and will resist a great one. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance

ignorance in human nature; not to reſiſt the latter at all times would be meanneſs and ſervility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at preſent debating, not as a ſacrifice made to popularity (for it ſacrifices nothing) but as a prudent regard to ſome conſequences ariſing from the nature of the clamour raiſed againſt the late act for naturalizing Jews, which ſeem to require a particular conſideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majeſty's reign, that his ſubjects have enjoyed ſuch a ſettled tranquillity, ſuch a freedom from angry religious diſputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Chriſtian ſpirit of moderation, of charity, of univerſal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, inſtead of thoſe narrow principles, thoſe bigoted pleaſures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done ſo much hurt both to the church and the ſtate. But from the ill-underſtood, inſignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occaſion has been taken to deprive us of this ineſtimable advantage. It is a pretence to diſturb the peace of the church, to infuſe idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itſelf an engine of ſedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wiſdom of parliament, to diſappoint thoſe endeavours. Sir, the very worſt miſchief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purpoſes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more diſtant than the benevolent ſpirit of the Goſpel, and the malignant ſpirit of party. The moſt impious wars ever made were thoſe called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Chriſtian, is himſelf not a Chriſtian. Chriſtianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately diſtinguiſhed this nation; and a glorious diſtinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a ſpark of enthuſiaſm, which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it ſeems quite extinguiſhed, be ſuddenly revived and raiſed to a flame. The act of laſt ſeſſion for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly adminiſtered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may riſe, if it ſhould continue much longer, one cannot eaſily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itſelf.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the ſtate, the civil power and the hierarchy, have ſeparate intereſts; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happineſs, that here they form but one ſyſtem. While this harmony laſts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the ſtate: whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its ſtrength, and ſhakes the whole conſtitution.

Sir, I truſt and believe that, by ſpeedily paſſing this bill, we ſhall ſilence that obloquy which has ſo unjuſtly been caſt upon our reverend prelates (ſome of the moſt reſpectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they ſhould not loſe that reſpect which is ſo juſtly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in oppoſition to a meaſure of no importance in itſelf. But if the departing from that meaſure ſhould not remove the prejudice ſo maliciouſly raiſed, I am certain that no further ſtep you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will ſtop here. This appears to be a reaſonable and ſafe condeſcenſion, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakneſs in government: it might open a door to the wildeſt enthuſiaſm, and to the moſt miſchievous attacks of political diſaffection working upon that enthuſiaſm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the ſynagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-houſe, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progreſs. The more zealous we are to ſupport Chriſtianity, the more vigilant ſhould we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back perſecution, we bring back the Anti-chriſtian ſpirit of popery; and when the ſpirit is here, the whole ſyſtem will ſoon follow. Toleration is the baſis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which ſecures our perſons and eſtates. Indeed, they are inſeparably connected together: for, where the mind is not free, where the conſcience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We ſee it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both ſeen and felt it in England. By the bleſſing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppreſſion. Let us take care, that they may never return.

END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c.

WITH OTHER

HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, AND ENTERTAINING PIECES.

§ 1. *The Story of* LE FEVRE.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing 'till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*——

——If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:——Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay

——Stay in the room a little, says my uncle Toby.——

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.——Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.—I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it?—Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it—"Your honour is good:"—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself,—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

——I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing

ing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it was wrong, added the corporal——I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate:——A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-morrow:—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.——Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.——It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.——Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.——Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember

the

he ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well.——Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſſed it twice ——Here, Billy, ſaid he,—the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle Toby with a deep ſigh,——I wiſh, Trim, I was aſleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?——Do, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, (I forget what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon:——'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young Le Fevre roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders—But alas! ſaid the corporal,—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law, know not for their ſouls which way in the world to turn themſelves——That notwithſtanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheleſs he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itſelf,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

——That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompenſe thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what Trim.—In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fevre,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf, out of his pay,—that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.——Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth my uncle Toby, ——thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,——when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe,——thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too:——A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:——thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim,——and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.——

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal:——He will march, ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off:—An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He ſhall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment.—He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal.—He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point, the poor ſoul will die:——He ſhall not die, by G—d, cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accuſing ſpirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſhed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed and fell aſleep.

The ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſs'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology ſat himſelf down upon the chair, by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?——and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—— You ſhall go home directly, Le Fevre, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe, and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe;—and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cauſe of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuper-added, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and ſpirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forſook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then caſt a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulſe flutter'd—ſtopp'd—went on—throbb'd—ſtopp'd again—mov'd—ſtopp'd—ſhall I go on?——No. *Sterne.*

§ 2. Yorick's *Death.*

A few hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſtept in, with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewel of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,——and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever.—I hope not, anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke,—I hope not, Yorick, ſaid he.——Yorick replied, with a look-up, and a gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand,—and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt wanteſt them;—who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, that there is ſtill enough of thee left to make a biſhop,—and that I may live to ſee it.——I beſeech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,——his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius,——I beſeech thee to take a view of my head.——I ſee nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, ſaid Yorick, let me tell you, that it is ſo bruiſed and miſ-ſhapened with the blows which have been ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, that ſhould I recover, and "mitres thereupon "be ſuffered to rain down from heaven as "thick as hail, not one of them would fit "it."——Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantic tone;—and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;——faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakſpeare ſaid of his

his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he ſqueezed his hand,——and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,—— he then cloſed them——and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble-ſlab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph, and elegy——

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him;——a foot-way croſſing the church-yard cloſe by his grave,—not a paſſenger goes by, without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it,——and ſighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

Sterne.

§ 3. *The Story of* Alcander *and* Septimius. *Taken from a Byzantine Hiſtorian.*

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, ſtill continued the ſeat of learning, politeneſs, and wiſdom. Theodoric the Oſtrogoth repaired the ſchools which barbarity was ſuffering to fall into decay, and continued thoſe penſions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-ſtudents together: the one the moſt ſubtle reaſoner of all the Lyceum, the other the moſt eloquent ſpeaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration ſoon begot a friendſhip. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two moſt celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this ſtate of harmony they lived for ſome time together; when Alcander, after paſſing the firſt part of his youth in the indolence of philoſophy, thought at length of entering into the buſy world; and, as a ſtep previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquiſite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happineſs, or being unable to enjoy any ſatisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-ſtudent; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himſelf equally happy in friendſhip and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no ſooner ſaw her, but he was ſmitten with an involuntary paſſion; and, though he uſed every effort to ſuppreſs deſires at once ſo imprudent and unjuſt, the emotions of his mind in a ſhort time became ſo ſtrong, that they brought on a fever, which the phyſicians judged incurable.

During this illneſs, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondneſs, and brought his miſtreſs to join in thoſe amiable offices of friendſhip. The ſagacity of the phyſicians, by theſe means, ſoon diſcovered that the cauſe of their patient's diſorder was love: and Alcander being apprized of their diſcovery, at length extorted a confeſſion from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to deſcribe the conflict between love and friendſhip in the breaſt of Alcander on this occaſion; it is enough to ſay, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at ſuch refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to exceſs. In ſhort, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the conſtitution of the now happy Septimius: in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and ſet out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of thoſe talents which he was ſo eminently poſſeſſed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the higheſt dignities of the ſtate, and was conſtituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being ſeparated from his friend and his miſtreſs, but a proſecution was alſo commenced againſt him by the relations of Hypatia, for having baſely given up his bride, as was ſuggeſted, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and

and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther encreased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted: shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

§ 4. *The Monk.*

A poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The Monk, as I judge from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy——but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which was in them, which ſeemed more tempered by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty——truth might lie between——He was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithſtanding ſomething ſeemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at ſomething beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows; but it would have ſuited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan, I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elégant nor otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now ſtands preſent to my imagination, it gain'd more than it loſt by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order——and did it with ſo ſimple a grace—and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been ſtruck with it——

—A better reaſon was, I had pre-determined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

—'Tis very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very true—and Heaven be their reſource who have no other but the charity of the world, the ſtock of which, I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words "great "claims," he gave a ſlight glance with his eye downwards upon the ſleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, ſaid I—a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wiſh to procure them by preſſing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languiſhes alſo for his ſhare of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, inſtead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully ſhould it have been opened to you for the ranſom of the unfortunate. The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, reſumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, ſurely, have the firſt rights; and I have left thouſands in diſtreſs upon our own ſhore——The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to ſay, No doubt, there is miſery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent——But we diſtinguiſh, ſaid I, laying my hand upon the ſleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we diſtinguiſh, my good father! betwixt thoſe who wiſh only to eat the bread of their own labour—and thoſe who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in ſloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciſcan made no reply: a hectic of a moment paſs'd acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature ſeemed to have had done with her reſentments in him; he ſhewed none—but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſſed both his hands with reſignation upon his breaſt, and retired.

My heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door——Pſha! ſaid I, with an air of careleſſneſs, three ſeveral times——but it would not do; every ungracious ſyllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciſcan, but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I conſidered his grey hairs—his courteous figure ſeemed to re-enter, and gently aſk me, what injury he had done me? and why I could uſe him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, ſaid I within myſelf;

myſelf; but I have only juſt ſet out upon my travels; and ſhall learn better manners as I get along. *Sterne.*

§ 5. *Sir Bertrand. A Fragment.*

——— Sir Bertrand turned his ſteed towards the woulds, hoping to croſs theſe dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to eſpy any object but the brown heath ſurrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he ſhould direct his courſe, Night overtook him in this ſituation. It was one of thoſe nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering ſky. Now and then ſhe ſuddenly emerged in full ſplendour from her veil, and then inſtantly retired behind it; having juſt ſerved to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended proſpect over the deſolate waſte. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to puſh forwards, but at length the increaſing darkneſs and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he ſtood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horſe in deſpair, he threw himſelf on the ground. He had not long continued in that poſture, when the ſullen toll of a diſtant bell ſtruck his ears—he ſtarted up, and turning towards the ſound, diſcerned a dim twinkling light. Inſtantly he ſeized his horſe's bridle, and with cautious ſteps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was ſtopped by a moated ditch, ſurrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpſe of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique manſion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were ſtrongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demoliſhed, and the windows broken and diſmantled. A drawbridge, with a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and inſtantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vaniſhed; at the ſame moment the moon ſunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was ſilent—Sir Bertrand faſtened his ſteed under a ſhed, and approaching the houſe, traverſed its whole front with light and ſlow footſteps—All was ſtill as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not diſtinguiſh a ſingle object through the impenetrable gloom. After a ſhort parley with himſelf, he entered the porch, and ſeizing a maſſy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and heſitating, at length ſtruck a loud ſtroke—the noiſe reſounded through the whole manſion with hollow echoes. All was ſtill again—he repeated the ſtrokes more boldly and louder—another interval of ſilence enſued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was ſtill. He then fell back to ſome diſtance, that he might diſcern whether any light could be ſeen in the whole front—It again appeared in the ſame place, and quickly glided away, as before—at the ſame inſtant a deep ſullen toll ſounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful ſtop—he was a while motionleſs; then terror impelled him to make ſome haſty ſteps towards his ſteed—but ſhame ſtopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a reſiſtleſs deſire of finiſhing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his ſoul to a full ſteadineſs of reſolution, he drew forth his ſword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his ſhoulder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and ſtept forward—the door inſtantly ſhut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could ſeize it—but his utmoſt ſtrength could not open it again. After ſeveral ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, acroſs a hall, upon a large ſtair-caſe, a pale bluiſh flame, which caſt a diſmal gleam of light around. He again ſummoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the ſtairs, and after a moment's deliberation aſcended. He went ſlowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in ſilent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footſteps ſtartled him. It led him to the foot of another ſtair-caſe, and then vaniſhed—At the ſame inſtant another toll ſounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it ſtrike upon his heart. He was now in total darkneſs, and, with his arms extended, began to aſcend the ſecond ſtair-caſe. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly graſped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to diſengage himſelf, but could not—he made a furious blow with his ſword, and inſtantly a loud ſhriek pierced his

his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless with his—He dropt it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place—Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room, on both sides, were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight, and falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast: delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —

Aikin's Miscel.

§ 6. *On Human Grandeur.*

An alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout: at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which was grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself.

ſelf. There were ſome alſo knocking down a neighbouring ſtatue of one of the Orſini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is poſſible a man who knew leſs of the world would have condemned the adulation of thoſe bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander ſeemed pleaſed at their zeal; and, turning to Borgia, his ſon, ſaid with a ſmile, "Videſ, mi fili, quam leve diſcrimen, patibulum inter et ſtatuam." "You ſee, my ſon, the ſmall difference between a gibbet and a ſtatue." If the great could be taught any leſſon, this might ſerve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory ſtands: for, as popular applauſe is excited by what ſeems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet: her lovers muſt toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at laſt, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, reſembles a woman of ſenſe; her admirers muſt play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are ſure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift uſed to appear in public, he generally had the mob ſhouting in his train. "Pox take theſe fools," he would ſay, "how much joy might all this "bawling give my lord-mayor?"

We have ſeen thoſe virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally tranſmitted to poſterity, as the trueſt objects of admiration and praiſe. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be ſet up, even above that of his more talked-of predeceſſor; ſince an aſſemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far ſuperior to thoſe vulgarly called the great ones. I muſt be pardoned for this ſhort tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much deteſt to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I ſhould to offer it.

I know not how to turn ſo trite a ſubject out of the beaten road of commonplace, except by illuſtrating it, rather by the aſſiſtance of my memory than judgment; and, inſtead of making reflections, by telling a ſtory.

A Chineſe, who had long ſtudied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thouſand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and obſerve the cuſtoms of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amſterdam, his paſſion for letters naturally led him to a bookſeller's ſhop; and, as he could ſpeak a little Dutch, he civilly aſked the bookſeller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookſeller aſſured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpoſe, then, has he "faſted to death, to gain a renown which "has never travelled beyond the precincts "of China!"

There is ſcarce a village in Europe, and not one univerſity, that is not thus furniſhed with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who oppoſes the deſigns of a prince, who would tyrannically force his ſubjects to ſave their beſt cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiſcovered quality in the polype, or deſcribes an unheeded proceſs in the ſkeleton of a mole; and whoſe mind, like his microſcope, perceives nature only in detail: the rhymer, who makes ſmooth verſes, and paints to our imagination, when he ſhould only ſpeak to our hearts; all equally fancy themſelves walking forward to immortality, and deſire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philoſopher, and poet, are ſhouted in their train. "Where was there ever ſo "much merit ſeen? no times ſo important "as our own! ages, yet unborn, ſhall gaze "with wonder and applauſe!" To ſuch muſic the important pigmy moves forward, buſtling and ſwelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a ſtorm.

I have lived to ſee generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraiſed by news-papers and magazines, thoſe echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long ſunk into merited obſcurity, with ſcarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fiſhery employed all Grub-ſtreet; it was the topic in every coffee-houſe, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the ſea; we were to ſupply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At preſent, we hear no more of all this. We have fiſhed up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furniſh the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we ſhall find all our expectations an herring fiſhery. *Goldſmith.*

§ 7. *A Dialogue between Mr.* Addison *and Dr.* Swift.

Dr. Swift. Surely, Addiſon, Fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humour

(a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a minister of state, and me a divine!

Addison. I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to insinuate, that, if our destinies had been reversed, all would have been right?

Swift. Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent bishop, and I should have governed Great Britain as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

Addison. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

Swift. Aye, so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times when the nation itself is a mob, and may be treated as such by a skilful observer.

Addison. I do not deny the truth of your axiom: but is there no danger that, from the vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may: but I risked it, and it answered my purpose. Ask the lord-lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a seat in either house of parliament, what should I have done if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

Addison. You would doubtless have done very marvellous acts! perhaps you might have then been as zealous a whig as lord Wharton himself: or, if the whigs had offended the statesman, as they unhappily did the doctor, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me ask you one question, between you and me: If you had been first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you witty upon me? Do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he could also make you as great in wit as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must come from above. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough to pretend to a competition with me.

Addison. I have been often told by my friends that I was rather too modest; so, if you please, I will not decide this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who happens just now to be coming this way, with a soul he has newly brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave——

Mercury. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you.—How does my old lad? How does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray, when did you eat a crust with Lord Peter? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almost got well by more gentle usage. If he had but more food he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be at them: they would be excellent food for your tooth; and a sharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the gum of a mortal; aye, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's teeth: one should not have thought it belonged to a man.——Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is decided before the judge has heard the cause.

Addison. I own it is in your favour, and I submit—but—

Mercury. Do not be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another: he worships

me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer; but yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you——Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, seat you very high in the class of my authors, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the force and spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in shewing all the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints which would escape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this.——He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I am to speak as a god, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine: it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to say a word for myself) do you think that my talent was of no use to correct human nature? Is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

Mercury. Men are not so patient of whipping as boys, and I seldom have known a rough satirist mend them. But I will allow that you have done some good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this manner; —When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled, (as most heroes do) they should set Swift upon him to bring him down. The same good office he may frequently do to a saint swoln too much with the wind of spiritual pride, or to a philosopher, vain of his wisdom and virtue. He will soon shew the first that he cannot be holy without being humble; and the last, that with all his boasted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would also have him apply his anticosmetic wash to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant wit. But you, Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those whose good and noble souls are dejected with a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable mirrour, which would bring to their sight all their hidden perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium.—Adieu: I must now return to my business above. *Dialogues of the Dead.*

§ 8. *The Hill of Science. A Vision.*

In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first inclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more: while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend further, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were lost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colours than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noonday was never stronger than that of a bright moon-shine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprize, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who

were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain; I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

Aikin's Miscel.

§ 9. *On the Love of Life.*

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, encreases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreasing as our years encrease, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment encreases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this encreased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, encreases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with

with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us, encreases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would "not chuse," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which "I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, "now eighty-five years old, who was shut "up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-"two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now "lived in solitude and darkness for more "than fifty years, and am grown familiar "with distress. As yet, dazzled with the "splendor of that sun to which you have "restored me, I have been wandering the "streets to find out some friend that would "assist, or relieve, or remember me; but "my friends, my family, and relations, are "all dead; and I am forgotten. Permit "me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the "wretched remains of life in my former "prison; the walls of my dungeon are to "me more pleasing than the most splendid "palace: I have not long to live, and shall "be unhappy except I spend the rest of "my days where my youth was passed; in "that prison from whence you were pleased "to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only encreases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprize, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it, husband the wasting treasure with encreasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so dis-"pleasing," cried he to himself, "what "will it appear when age comes on? if it "be at present indifferent, sure it will "then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion. *Goldsmith.*

§ 10. *The Canal and the Brook. A Reverie.*

A delightfully pleasant evening succeeding a sultry summer-day, invited me to take a solitary walk; and, leaving the dust of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleasant little valley watered by a small meandring brook. The meadow ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new grass was springing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in several places by the shrubs that grew on each side, and intermingled their branches. The sides of the valley were roughened by small irregular

gular thickets; and the whole scene had an air of solitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgewater's canal crossed the valley, high raised on a mound of earth, which preserved a level with the elevated ground on each side. An arched road was carried under it, beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a subterraneous passage. I threw myself upon a green bank, shaded by a leafy thicket, and resting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my senses, I saw, with the eyes of fancy, the following scene.

The firm-built side of the aqueduct suddenly opened, and a gigantic form issued forth, which I soon discovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a close garment of russet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, surrounded his brow. His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a huge pick-axe; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded instantly closed, and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the Stream arose to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with sweet-scented flag: an angling rod supported his steps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began:

"Hence, ignoble rill! with thy scanty "tribute to thy lord the Mersey; nor thus "waste thy almost-exhausted urn in linger-"ing windings along the vale. Feeble as "thine aid is, it will not be unacceptable "to that master stream himself; for, as I "lately crossed his channel, I perceived his "sands loaded with stranded vessels. I "saw, and pitied him, for undertaking a "task to which he is unequal. But thou, "whose languid current is obscured by "weeds, and interrupted by misshapen "pebbles: who losest thyself in endless "mazes, remote from any sound but thy "own idle gurgling; how canst thou sup-"port an existence so contemptible and use-"less? For me, the noblest child of Art, "who hold my unremitting course from "hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who "pierce the solid rock for my passage, and "connect unknown lands with distant seas; "wherever I appear I am viewed with "astonishment, and exulting Commerce "hails my waves. Behold my channel "thronged with capacious vessels for the "conveyance of merchandize, and splen-"did barges for the use and pleasure of "travellers; my banks crowned with airy "bridges and huge warehouses, and echo-"ing with the busy sounds of industry! "Pay then the homage due from Sloth "and Obscurity to Grandeur and Utility."

"I readily acknowledge," replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent, "the superior magnificence and more ex-"tensive utility of which you so proudly "boast; yet, in my humble walk, I am not "void of a praise less shining, but not less "solid than yours. The nymph of this "peaceful valley, rendered more fertile and "beautiful by my stream; the neighbour-"ing sylvan deities, to whose pleasure I "contribute; will pay a grateful testimony "to my merit. The windings of my "course, which you so much blame, serve "to diffuse over a greater extent of ground "the refreshment of my waters; and the "lovers of nature and the Muses, who are "fond of straying on my banks, are better "pleased that the line of beauty marks my "way, than if, like yours, it were directed "in a straight, unvaried line. They prize "the irregular wildness with which I am "decked, as the charms of beauteous "simplicity. What you call the weeds "which darken and obscure my waves, "afford to the botanist a pleasing specula-"tion of the works of nature; and the poet "and painter think the lustre of my stream "greatly improved by glittering through "them. The pebbles which diversify my "bottom, and make these ripplings in my "current, are pleasing objects to the eye of "taste; and my simple murmurs are more "melodious to the learned ear than all the "rude noises of your banks, or even the "music that resounds from your stately "barges. If the unfeeling sons of Wealth "and Commerce judge of me by the mere "standard of usefulness, I may claim no "undistinguished rank. While your wa-"ters, confined in deep channels, or lifted "above the valleys, roll on, a useless bur-"den to the fields, and only subservient to "the drudgery of bearing temporary mer-"chandizes, my stream will bestow unvary-"ing fertility on the meadows, during the "summers of future ages. Yet I scorn to "submit my honours to the decision of "those

" thoſe whoſe hearts are ſhut up to taſte " and ſentiment: let me appeal to nobler " judges. The philoſopher and poet, by " whoſe labours the human mind is ele- " vated and refined, and opened to plea- " ſures beyond the conception of vulgar " ſouls, which acknowledge that the elegant " deities who preſide over ſimple and na- " tural beauty have inſpired them with " their charming and inſtructive ideas. " The ſweeteſt and moſt majeſtic bard that " ever ſung has taken a pride in owning " his affection to woods and ſtreams; and, " while the ſtupendous monuments of Ro- " man grandeur, the columns which pierced " the ſkies, and the aqueducts which poured " their waves over mountains and vallies, " are ſunk in oblivion, the gently-winding " Mincius ſtill retains his tranquil honours. " And when thy glories, proud Genius! " are loſt and forgotten; when the flood of " commerce, which now ſupplies thy urn, " is turned into another courſe, and has " left thy channel dry and deſolate; the " ſoftly-flowing Avon ſhall ſtill murmur in " ſong, and his banks receive the homage " of all who are beloved by Phœbus and " the Muſes." *Aikin's Miſcell.*

§ 11. *The Story of a diſabled Soldier.*

No obſervation is more common, and at the ſame time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers: the great, under the preſſure of calamity, are conſcious of ſeveral others ſympathizing with their diſtreſs; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in ſuch circumſtances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peaſant or courtier, he deſerves admiration, and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect.

While the ſlighteſt inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their ſufferings in all the ſtrains of eloquence; the miſeries of the poor are entirely diſregarded; and yet ſome of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardſhips in one day than thoſe of a more exalted ſtation ſuffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meaneſt of our common ſailors and ſoldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without paſſionately declaiming againſt Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of miſery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardſhips, whoſe greateſt calamity was that of being unable to viſit a certain ſpot of earth, to which they had fooliſhly attached an idea of happineſs! Their diſtreſſes were pleaſures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and ſlept; they had ſlaves to attend them; and were ſure of ſubſiſtence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or aſſiſt them, and even without ſhelter from the ſeverity of the ſeaſon.

I have been led into theſe reflections from accidentally meeting, ſome days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honeſt and induſtrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his preſent ſituation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs. The diſabled ſoldier, for ſuch he was, though dreſſed in a ſailor's habit, ſcratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into an attitude to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory as follows:

" As for my misfortunes, maſter, I can't " pretend to have gone through any more " than other folks; for, except the loſs of " my limb, and my being obliged to beg, " I don't know any reaſon, thank Heaven, " that I have to complain: there is Bill " Tibbs, of our regiment, he has loſt both " his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank " Heaven, it is not ſo bad with me yet.

" I was born in Shropſhire; my father " was a labourer, and died when I was five " years old; ſo I was put upon the pariſh. " As he had been a wandering ſort of a " man, the pariſhioners were not able to

" tell

" tell to what parish I belonged, or where " I was born, so they sent me to another " parish, and that parish sent me to a third. " I thought in my heart, they kept send- " ing me about so long, that they would " not let me be born in any parish at all; " but at last, however, they fixed me. I " had some disposition to be a scholar, and " was resolved, at least, to know my let- " ters; but the master of the workhouse " put me to business as soon as I was able " to handle a mallet; and here I lived an " easy kind of life for five years. I only " wrought ten hours in the day, and had " my meat and drink provided for my la- " bour. It is true, I was not suffered to " stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, " I should run away; but what of that, I " had the liberty of the whole house, and " the yard before the door, and that was " enough for me. I was then bound out " to a farmer, where I was up both early " and late; but I ate and drank well, and " liked my business well enough, till he " died, when I was obliged to provide for " myself; so I was resolved to go seek my " fortune.

" In this manner I went from town to " town, worked when I could get employ- " ment, and starved when I could get none: " when happening one day to go through " a field belonging to a justice of peace, I " spy'd a hare crossing the path just before " me; and I believe the devil put it in my " head to fling my stick at it:—well, what " will you have on't? I killed the hare, " and was bringing it away, when the jus- " tice himself met me; he called me a " poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, " desired I would give an account of my- " self. I fell upon my knees, begged his " worship's pardon, and began to give a " full account of all that I knew of my " breed, seed, and generation; but, though " I gave a very true account, the justice " said I could give no account; so I was " indicted at the sessions, found guilty of " being poor, and sent up to London to " Newgate, in order to be transported as a " vagabond.

" People may say this and that of being " in jail, but, for my part, I found New- " gate as agreeable a place as ever I was in " in all my life. I had my belly-full to " eat and drink, and did no work at all. " This kind of life was too good to last " for ever; so I was taken out of prison, " after five months, put on board a ship, " and sent off, with two hundred more, to " the plantations. We had but an indif- " ferent passage, for, being all confined in " the hold, more than a hundred of our " people died for want of sweet air; and " those that remained were sickly enough, " God knows. When we came a-shore, " we were sold to the planters, and I was " bound for seven years more. As I was " no scholar, for I did not know my let- " ters, I was obliged to work among the " negroes; and I served out my time, as " in duty bound to do.

" When my time was expired, I worked " my passage home, and glad I was to see " Old England again, because I loved my " country. I was afraid, however, that I " should be indicted for a vagabond once " more, so I did not much care to go down " into the country, but kept about the " town, and did little jobs when I could " get them.

" I was very happy in this manner for " some time, till one evening, coming home " from work, two men knocked me down, " and then desired me to stand. They be- " longed to a press-gang: I was carried " before the justice, and, as I could give " no account of myself, I had my choice " left, whether to go on board a man of " war, or list for a soldier: I chose the lat- " ter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I " served two campaigns in Flanders, was " at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and " received but one wound, through the " breast here; but the doctor of our regi- " ment soon made me well again.

" When the peace came on I was dis- " charged; and, as I could not work, be- " cause my wound was sometimes trouble- " some, I listed for a landman in the East " India company's service. I have fought " the French in six pitched battles; and I " very believe that, if I could read or write, " our captain would have made me a cor- " poral. But it was not my good fortune " to have any promotion, for I soon fell " sick, and so got leave to return home again " with forty pounds in my pocket. This " was at the beginning of the present war, " and I hoped to be set on shore, and to " have the pleasure of spending my money; " but the government wanted men, and so " I was pressed for a sailor before ever I " could set foot on shore.

" The boatswain found me, as he said, " an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew " that I understood my business well, but " that I shammed Abraham, to be idle; " but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-

" business

" buſineſs, and he beat me, without con-
" ſidering what he was about. I had ſtill,
" however, my forty pounds, and that was
" ſome comfort to me under every beating;
" and the money I might have had to this
" day, but that our ſhip was taken by the
" French, and ſo I loſt all.

" Our crew was carried into Breſt, and
" many of them died, becauſe they were
" not uſed to live in a jail; but, for my
" part, it was nothing to me, for I was ſea-
" ſoned. One night, as I was a ſleep on
" the bed of boards, with a warm blanket
" about me, for I always loved to lie well,
" I was awakened by the boatſwain, who
" had a dark lanthorn in his hand: 'Jack,'
" ſays he to me, 'will you knock out the
" French centry's brains?' 'I don't care,'
" ſays I, ſtriving to keep myſelf awake, 'if
" I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' ſays
" he, 'and I hope we ſhall do his buſineſs.'
" So up I got, and tied my blanket, which
" was all the cloathes I had, about my mid-
" dle, and went with him to fight the
" Frenchmen. I hate the French, becauſe
" they are all ſlaves, and wear wooden
" ſhoes.

" Though we had no arms, one Engliſh-
" man is able to beat five French at any
" time; ſo we went down to the door,
" where both the centries were poſted, and,
" ruſhing upon them, ſeized their arms in
" a moment, and knocked them down.
" From thence nine of us ran together to
" the quay, and ſeizing the firſt boat we
" met, got out of the harbour, and put to
" ſea. We had not been here three days
" before we were taken up by the Dorſet
" privateer, who were glad of ſo many
" good hands, and we conſented to run our
" chance. However, we had not as much
" luck as we expected. In three days we
" fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of
" forty guns, while he had but twenty-
" three; ſo to it we went, yard arm and
" yard-arm. The fight laſted for three
" hours, and I verily believe we ſhould
" have taken the Frenchman, had we but
" had ſome more men left behind; but,
" unfortunately, we loſt all our men juſt as
" we were going to get the victory.

" I was once more in the power of the
" French, and I believe it would have gone
" hard with me had I been brought back
" to Breſt; but, by good fortune, we were
" retaken by the Viper. I had almoſt for-
" got to tell you that, in that engagement,
" I was wounded in two places; I loſt four
" fingers off the left hand, and my leg was
" ſhot off. If I had had the good fortune
" to have loſt my leg and uſe of my hand
" on board a king's ſhip, and not a-board
" a privateer, I ſhould have been entitled
" to cloathing and maintenance during the
" reſt of my life! but that was not my
" chance: one man is born with a ſilver
" ſpoon in his mouth, and another with a
" wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be God,
" I enjoy good health, and will for ever
" love liberty and Old England. Liberty,
" property, and Old England for ever,
" huzza!"

Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with miſery ſerves better than philoſophy to teach us to deſpiſe it. *Goldſmith.*

§ 12. *A Dialogue between* Ulysses *and* Circe, *in* Circe's *Iſland.*

Circe. You will go then, Ulyſſes; but why will you go? I deſire you to ſpeak the thoughts of your heart. Speak without reſerve.—What carries you from me?

Ulyſſes. Pardon, goddeſs, the weakneſs of human nature. My heart will ſigh for my country. It is a tenderneſs which all my attachment to you cannot overcome.

Circe. This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: but what do you fear? my terrors are gone. The proudeſt goddeſs on earth, when ſhe has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her divinity and power at his feet.

Ulyſſes. It may be ſo, while there ſtill remains in her heart the fondneſs of love, or in her mind the fear of ſhame. But you, Circe, are above thoſe vulgar ſenſations.

Circe. I underſtand your caution, it belongs to your character; and, therefore, to take all diffidence from you, I ſwear by Styx, I will do no harm to you or your friends for any thing which you ſay, though it ſhould offend me ever ſo much, but will ſend you away with all marks of my friendſhip. Tell me now, truly, what pleaſures you hope to enjoy in the barren iſland of Ithaca, which can compenſate for thoſe you leave in this paradiſe, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

Ulyſſes. The pleaſures of virtue; the ſupreme happineſs of doing good. Here I do nothing: my mind is in a palſy; its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into

into action again, that I may employ those talents and virtues which I have cultivated from the earliest days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me: they are the exercise of my soul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than these vacant groves: there I could reap the bright harvest of glory; here I am hid from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of my former self haunts and seems to upbraid me wherever I go: I meet it under the gloom of every shade; it even intrudes itself into your presence, and chides me from your arms. O goddess! unless you have power to lay that troublesome spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

Circe. May not a wise and good man, who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, have leave to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

Ulysses. No retreat can be honourable to a wise and good man, but in company with the Muses; I am deprived of that sacred society here. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, how can I think, while so many beasts (and the worst beasts I know are men turned into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting about me?

Circe. There is something in this; but this is not all: you suppress the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, besides that of your former self, which appears to you in all parts of this island, which follows your walks, which interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from my arms: it is Penelope, Ulysses; I know it is.—Do not pretend to deny it: you sigh for her in my bosom itself.—And yet she is not an immortal.—She is not, as I am, endowed with the gift of unfading youth: several years have past since her's has been faded. I think, without vanity, that she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now?

Ulysses. You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired of you about her, that she is true to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of her youth and her beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falsehood? shall I forget her who cannot forget me; who has nothing so dear to her as my remembrance?

Circe. Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her: let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode here with me; that you have fixed it for ever: let her know that she is free to dispose of her heart and her hand as she pleases. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face.—If all this does not cure her of the remains of her passion, if you do not hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I understand nothing of womankind.

Ulysses. O cruel goddess! why will you force me to tell you those truths I wish to conceal? If by such unjust, such barbarous usage, I could lose her heart, it would break mine. How should I endure the torment of thinking that I had wronged such a wife? what could make me amends for her not being mine, for her being another's? Do not frown, Circe; I own, (since you will have me speak) I own you could not: with all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to assist those of nature, you are not such a powerful charmer as she. You feel desire, and you give it; but you never felt love, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beast? Penelope raised me into a hero: her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bid me go to the siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worse than death to herself: she bid me expose myself there to all perils among the foremost heroes of Greece, though her poor heart trembled to think of the least I should meet, and would have given all its own blood to save a drop of mine. Then there was such a conformity in all our inclinations! when Minerva taught me the lessons of wisdom, she loved to be present; she heard, she retained the moral instructions, the sublime truths of nature, she gave them back to me, softened and sweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Musæus, and Linus, with what taste did she mark every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She seemed herself to be the muse who had inspired those

thoſe verſes, and had tuned their lyres to infuſe into the hearts of mankind the love of wiſdom and virtue, and the fear of the gods. How beneficent was ſhe, how good to my people! what care did ſhe take to inſtruct them in the finer and more elegant arts; to relieve the neceſſities of the ſick and the aged: to ſuperintend the education of children; to do my ſubjects every good office of kind interceſſion; to lay before me their wants; to aſſiſt their petitions; to mediate for thoſe who were objects of mercy; to ſue for thoſe who deſerved the favours of the crown! And ſhall I baniſh myſelf for ever from ſuch a conſort? ſhall I give up her ſociety for the brutal joys of a ſenſual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having loſt the human ſoul, or at leaſt all its noble and god-like powers? Oh, Circe, forgive me; I cannot bear the thought.

Circe. Be gone—do not imagine I aſk you to ſtay. The daughter of the Sun is not ſo mean-ſpirited as to ſolicit a mortal to ſhare her happineſs with her. It is a happineſs which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity you and deſpiſe you. 'That which you ſeem to value ſo much I have no notion of.' All you have ſaid ſeems to me a jargon of ſentiments fitter for a ſilly woman than for a great man. Go, read, and ſpin too, if you pleaſe, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my iſland. You ſhall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every ſtorm that Neptune can raiſe, purſue and overwhelm you! Be gone, I ſay; quit my ſight.

Ulyſſes. Great goddeſs, I obey—but remember your oath.——

§ 13. *Love and Joy, a Tale.*

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celeſtial inhabitants deſcended to the earth, and converſed familiarly with mortals, among the moſt cheriſhed of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers ſprung up beneath their feet, the ſun ſhone with a brighter radiance, and all nature ſeemed embelliſhed by their preſence. They were inſeparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a laſting union ſhould be ſolemnized between them ſo ſoon as they were arrived at maturer years: but in the mean time the ſons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant ſtrides; and Aſtrea, with her train of celeſtial viſitants, forſook their polluted abodes: Love alone remained, having been ſtolen away by Hope, who was his nurſe, and conveyed by her to the foreſts of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the ſhepherds. But Jupiter aſſigned him a different partner, and commanded him to eſpouſe Sorrow, the daughter of Até: he complied with reluctance; for her features were harſh and diſagreeable; her eyes ſunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypreſs and wormwood. From this union ſprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a ſtrong reſemblance to both her parents; but the ſullen and unamiable features of her mother were ſo mixed and blended with the ſweetneſs of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleaſing. The maids and ſhepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red-breaſt was obſerved to build in the cabin where ſhe was born; and while ſhe was yet an infant, a dove purſued by a hawk flew into her boſom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but ſo ſoft and gentle a mien, that ſhe was beloved to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpreſſibly ſweet; and ſhe loved to lie for hours together on the banks of ſome wild and melancholy ſtream, ſinging to her lute. She taught men to weep, for ſhe took a ſtrange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were aſſembled at their evening ſports, ſhe would ſteal in amongſt them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of charming ſadneſs. She wore on her head a garland compoſed of her father's myrtles twiſted with her mother's cypreſs.

One day, as ſhe ſat muſing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever ſince the Muſes' ſpring has retained a ſtrong taſte of the infuſion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the ſteps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds ſhe made, and binding up the hearts ſhe had broken. She follows with her hair looſe, her boſom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughneſs of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is ſo; and when ſhe has fulfilled her deſtined courſe upon the earth, they ſhall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride. *Aikin's Miſcell.*

§ 14.

§ 14. *Scene between Colonel* RIVERS *and Sir* HARRY; *in which the Colonel, from Principles of Honour, refuses to give his Daughter to Sir* HARRY.

Sir *Har.* Colonel, your most obedient: I am come upon the old business; for, unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir *Har.* No, Sir!

Riv. No, Sir: I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney. Do you know that, Sir?

Sir *Har.* I do: but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know——

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir *Har.* I do—But I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine; therefore——

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir *Har.* A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour?

Sir *Har.* And so I do, Sir—a man of the nicest honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal!

Sir *Har.* I really don't understand you, Colonel; I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet signed——

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witness! And so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour: they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir *Har.* Well! but, my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour; and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir *Har.* Insult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an insult? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper——

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir *Har.* Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe——

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies. I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son-in-law; for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.

§ 15. *On Dignity of Manners.*

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent and led captain. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever *is had* (as it

it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation; as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shews that the thing he is about is too big for him—haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters: they are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is the το πρεπτον, or decorum, even though affected and put on. *Lord Chesterfield.*

§ 16. *On Vulgarity.*

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside; and indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles: he suspects himself to be slighted; thinks every thing that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by shewing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters.—He is a man-gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ

in their taſtes; he both ſupports and adorns that opinion, by the good old ſaying, as he reſpectfully calls it, that "what is one "man's meat is another man's poiſon." If any body attempts being *ſmart*, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit for tat*, aye, that he does. He has always ſome favourite word for the time being; which, for the ſake of uſing often, he commonly abuſes. Such as, *vaſtly* angry, *vaſtly* kind, *vaſtly* handſome, and *vaſtly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beaſt along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obleiged*, not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards* ſuch a place. He ſometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of faſhion never has recourſe to proverbs and vulgar aphoriſms; uſes neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to ſpeak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the uſage of the beſt companies.

An awkward addreſs, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedneſs (if I may uſe that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe, that a man can have frequented good company, without having catched ſomething, at leaſt, of their air and motions. A new-raiſed man is diſtinguiſhed in a regiment by his awkwardneſs; but he muſt be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at leaſt the common manual exerciſe, and look like a ſoldier. The very accoutrements of a man of faſhion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loſs what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; deſtroys them firſt, and then accompanies them in their fall. His ſword is formidable only to his own legs, which would poſſibly carry him faſt enough out of the way of any ſword but his own. His cloaths fit him ſo ill, and conſtrain him ſo much, that he ſeems rather their priſoner than their proprietor. He preſents himſelf in company like a criminal in a court of juſtice; his very air condemns him; and people of faſhion will no more connect themſelves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulſe drives and ſinks him into low company; a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged. *Lord Cheſterfield.*

§ 17. *On Good-breeding.*

A friend of yours and mine has very juſtly defined good-breeding to be, "the reſult of much good ſenſe, ſome good-nature, and a little ſelf-denial for the ſake of others, and with a view to obtain the ſame indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be diſputed) it is aſtoniſhing to me, that any body, who has good ſenſe and good nature, can eſſentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to perſons, places, and circumſtances; and are only to be acquired by obſervation and experience; but the ſubſtance of it is every where and eternally the ſame. Good manners are, to particular ſocieties, what good morals are to ſociety in general, their cement and their ſecurity. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at leaſt to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; ſo there are certain rules of civility, univerſally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and puniſh bad ones. And, indeed, there ſeems to me to be leſs difference both between the crimes and puniſhments, than at firſt one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is juſtly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man who, by his ill-manners, invades and diſturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common conſent as juſtly baniſhed ſociety. Mutual complaiſances, attentions, and ſacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and ſubjects; whoever, in either caſe, violates that compact, juſtly forfeits all advantages ariſing from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the conſciouſneſs of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the moſt pleaſing: and the epithet which I ſhould covet the moſt, next to that of Ariſtides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now conſider ſome of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, ſcarcely any, are wanting in the reſpect which they ſhould ſhew to thoſe whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their ſuperiors; ſuch as crowned heads, princes, and public perſons of diſtinguiſhed and eminent poſts. It is the manner of ſhewing that reſpect which is different. The man of faſhion, and of the world, expreſſes it in its fulleſt extent; but naturally, eaſily, and without concern: whereas a man, who

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is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such-like indecencies, in companies that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect which every body means to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously; it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniencies and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shews his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends, is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case:—Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long. *Lord Chesterfield.*

§ 18. *A Dialogue betwixt* MERCURY, *an English Duellist, and a North-American Savage.*

Duellist. Mercury, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water; allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither at the same time as you conducted me to the shades. I never saw one of that species before, and am curious to know what the animal is. He looks very grim.—Pray, Sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my child-

hood, having been bred up for some years in the town of New-York: but before I was a man I returned to my countrymen, the valiant Mohawks; and being cheated by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my friends were victorious, and before I was shot I had scalped seven men and five women and children. In a former war I had done still greater exploits. My name is The Bloody Bear: it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

Duellist. Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester, and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat, but do not understand cutting the throats of women and children.

Savage. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its own customs. But by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was myself, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

Duellist. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me some money; after two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him; I thought his demand an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park; the fellow could not fence: I was the adroitest swordsman in England. I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any sniveling signs of repentance: and he will follow me soon, for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of her fright, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife. —I always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hospital.

Savage. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend: I say, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

Mercury. Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

Savage. Do not tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know that the English are a barbarous nation; but they cannot be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Mercury. You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder: you, who have massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradles?

Savage. I killed none but my enemies; I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it; if he does I will burn it in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am resolved to swim over the water.

Mercury. By this touch of my wand I take all thy strength from thee.—Swim now if thou canst.

Savage. This is a very potent enchanter. ——Restore me my strength, and I will obey thee.

Mercury. I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you, otherwise worse will befal you.

Duellist. Mercury, leave him to me. I will tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

Savage. I know thou art a scoundrel.—Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend, who lent thee money, for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

Mercury. Stop—I command thee. No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

Savage. I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

Duellist. Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Besides, I kept a good table.—I eat as well as any man in England or France.

Savage,

Savage. Eat! Did you ever eat the chine of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? there is fine eating! I have eat twenty.—My table was always well ſerved. My wife was the beſt cook for dreſſing of man's fleſh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine.

Duelliſt. I danced very finely.

Savage. I will dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the war-dance with more ſpirit and vigour than any man of my nation: let us ſee thee begin it. How thou ſtandeſt like a poſt! Has Mercury ſtruck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou aſhamed to let us ſee how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou haſt not yet learnt. I would make thee caper and leap like a buck. But what elſe canſt thou do, thou bragging raſcal?

Duelliſt. Oh, heavens! muſt I bear this? what can I do with this fellow? I have neither ſword nor piſtol; and his ſhade ſeems to be twice as ſtrong as mine.

Mercury. You muſt anſwer his queſtions. It was your own deſire to have a converſation with him. He is not well-bred; but he will tell you ſome truths which you muſt hear in this place. It would have been well for you if you had heard them above. He aſked you what you could do beſides eating and dancing.

Duelliſt. I ſung very agreeably.

Savage. Let me hear you ſing your death-ſong, or the war-hoop. I challenge you to ſing.—The fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a liar.—He tells us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duelliſt. The lie given me!—and, alas! I dare not reſent it. Oh, what a diſgrace to the family of the Puſhwells! this indeed is damnation.

Mercury. Here, Charon, take theſe two ſavages to your care. How far the barbariſm of the Mohawk will excuſe his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge; but the Engliſhman, what excuſe can he plead? The cuſtom of duelling? A bad excuſe at the beſt! but in his caſe cannot avail. The ſpirit that made him draw his ſword in this combat againſt his friend is not that of honour; it is the ſpirit of the furies, of Alecto herſelf. To her he muſt go, for ſhe hath long dwelt in his mercileſs boſom.

Savage. If he is to be puniſhed, turn him over to me. I underſtand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin with this kick on your breech. Get you into the boat, or I'll give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

Duelliſt. Oh, my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 19. Bayes's *Rules for Compoſition.*

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my poſition: and I do here aver, that no man the ſun e'er ſhone upon, has parts ſufficient to furniſh out a ſtage, except it were by the help of theſe my rules.

Smith. What are thoſe rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my firſt rule is the rule of tranſverſion, or *regula duplex*, changing verſe into proſe, and proſe into verſe, alternately, as you pleaſe.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing ſo eaſy, when underſtood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elſewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has ſome) I tranſverſe it; that is, if it be proſe, put it into verſe (but that takes up ſome time); and if it be verſe, put it into proſe.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verſe into proſe, ſhould be called tranſproſing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it ſhall be ſo.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis ſo changed, that no man can know it.—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray obſerve.

Smith. I hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-houſe, or ſome other place where witty men reſort; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as ſoon as any one ſpeaks—pop, I ſlap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not ſometimes in danger of their making you reſtore by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of theſe things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, Sir, may I ask how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do:—if I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic, and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part.—In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Aye, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoiled me once one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham-college, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains—and that shall do my business.

§ 20. *The Art of Pleasing.*

The desire of being pleased is universal: the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not shew the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

The

The man who is amiable, will make almoſt as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not ſuch ſentimental friends, as Pylades or Oreſtes, Nyſus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wiſh him well, and inclined to ſerve him in any thing not inconſiſtent with their own intereſt.

Civility is the eſſential article towards pleaſing, and is the reſult of good-nature, and of good ſenſe; but good-breeding is the decoration, the luſtre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of, good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politeſt courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to ſuch a degree, that I have often known it give currency to baſe coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremonioufneſs, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite aboliſh. A certain degree of ceremony is a neceſſary out-work of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper diſtance, and is a very ſmall reſtraint to the ſenſible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

Cheſterfield.

§ 21. *A Dialogue between* PLINY *the Elder and* PLINY *the Younger.*

Pliny the Elder. The account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour amidſt the terrors and perils that accompanied the firſt eruption of Veſuvius, does not pleaſe me much. There was more of vanity in it than true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth ſhook beneath you, when the heavens were obſcured with ſulphureous clouds, full of aſhes and cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new-formed volcano, when all nature ſeemed on the brink of deſtruction, to be reading Livy, and making extracts, as if all had been ſafe and quiet about you, was an abſurd affectation.—To meet danger with courage is the part of a man, but to be inſenſible of it, is brutal ſtupidity; and to pretend inſenſibility where it cannot exiſt, is ridiculous falſeneſs. When you afterwards refuſed to leave your aged mother, and ſave yourſelf without her by flight, you indeed acted nobly. It was alſo becoming a Roman to keep up her ſpirits, amidſt all the horrors of that dreadful ſcene, by ſhewing yourſelf undiſmayed and courageous. But the merit and glory of this part of your conduct is ſunk by the other, which gives an air of oſtentation and vanity to the whole.

Pliny the Younger. That vulgar minds ſhould ſuppoſe my attention to my ſtudies in ſuch a conjuncture unnatural and affected, I ſhould not much wonder: but that you would blame it as ſuch, I did not expect; you, who approached ſtill nearer than I to the fiery ſtorm, and died by the ſuffocating heat of the vapour.

Pliny the Elder. I died, as a good and brave man ought to die, in doing my duty. Let me recall to your memory all the particulars, and then you ſhall judge yourſelf on the difference of your conduct and mine. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet, which then lay at Miſenum. Upon the firſt account I received of the very unuſual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a veſſel to carry me out to ſome diſtance from the ſhore, that I might the better obſerve the phenomenon, and try to diſcover its nature and cauſe. This I did as a philoſopher, and it was a curioſity proper and natural to a ſearching, inquiſitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and ſurely you ſhould have deſired to go; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and ſuch ſpectacles are not frequent: but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic attachment. When I came out from my houſe, I found all the people forſaking their dwellings, and flying to the ſea, as the ſafeſt retreat. To aſſiſt them, and all others who dwelt on the coaſt, I immediately ordered the fleet to put out, and ſailed with it round the whole bay of Naples, ſteering particularly to thoſe parts of the ſhore where the danger was greateſt, and from whence the inhabitants were endeavouring to eſcape with the moſt trepidation. Thus I ſpent the whole day, and preſerved by my care ſome thouſands of lives; noting, at the ſame time, with a ſteady compoſure and freedom of mind, the ſeveral forms and phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Veſuvius, all the gallies were covered with aſhes and embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then ſhowers of pumice-ſtones, and burnt and broken pyrites, began to fall on our heads: and we were ſtopped by the obſtacles which the ruins of the mountain had ſuddenly formed by falling into the ſea, and almoſt filling it up on that part of the coaſt. I then commanded my pilot to ſteer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus,

ponianus, which you know was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he wished to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. They watched, and I slept, until the heaps of pumice-stones, which fell from the clouds, that had now been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out had I staid any longer; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house: we therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads as well as we could with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing adverse, and the sea very rough, we remained on the shore, until a sulphureous and fiery vapour oppressed my weak lungs, and ended my life.—In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your life, I must say, my dear nephew, that there was a vanity mixed with your virtue, which hurt and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the integrity of your heart and greatness of your sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory by seeking the shadow? Your eloquence had the same fault as your manners: it was too affected. You professed to make Cicero your guide and your pattern: but when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan; the first seems the language of nature and truth, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime eloquence; the latter appears the studied harangue of a florid rhetorician, more desirous to shine and set off his own wit, than to extol the great man he was praising.

Pliny the Younger. I have too high a respect for you, uncle, to question your judgment either of my life or my writings; they might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. But it is not for me to say much on that subject: permit me therefore to return to the subject on which we began our conversation. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have now been describing! Do not you remember the beauty of that charming coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was broken and torn with the violence of those sudden fires that forced their way through it, and carried desolation and ruin over all the neighbouring country? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interspersed with fine villas and magnificent towns; the sides of it were cloathed with the best vines in Italy, producing the richest and noblest wines. How quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the change! all was at once overwhelmed with ashes, and cinders, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and destruction!

Pliny the Elder. You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your mind that this change is an emblem of that which must happen to every rich, luxurious state? While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they think that no evil, no danger is nigh, the seeds of destruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a sudden, lay waste all their opulence, all their delights; till they are left a sad monument of divine wrath, and of the fatal effects of internal corruption. *Dialogues of the Dead.*

§ 22. *Humorous Scene at an Inn between* Boniface *and* Aimwell.

Bon. This way, this way, Sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, Sir—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale!—Here, Tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini.—I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir; I have fed purely

purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always ſleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapſter *with a Tankard.*

Now, Sir, you ſhall ſee——Your worſhip's health: [*Drinks*]—Ha! delicious, delicious!—Fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten ſhillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks*] 'Tis confounded ſtrong.

Bon. Strong! it muſt be ſo, or how would we be ſtrong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived ſo long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, Sir: but it kill'd my wife, poor woman! as the ſaying is.

Aim. How came that to paſs?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir—ſhe would not let the ale take its natural courſe, Sir: ſhe was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the ſaying is; and an honeſt gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a preſent of a dozen bottles of uſquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after—but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the uſquebaugh that killed her?

Ben. My lady Bountiful ſaid ſo—She, good lady, did what could be done: ſhe cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but ſhe's happy, and I'm contented, as the ſaying is.

Aim. Who's that lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Ods my life, Sir, we'll drink her health: [*Drinks.*]—My lady Bountiful is one of the beſt of women. Her laſt huſband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thouſand pounds a year; and, I believe, ſhe lays out one-half on't in charitable uſes for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, Sir, ſhe has a daughter by Sir Charles; the fineſt woman in all our country, and the greateſt fortune. She has a ſon too, by her firſt huſband, 'ſquire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day: if you pleaſe, Sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What ſort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the man's well enough; ſays little, thinks leſs, and does nothing at all, faith: but he's a man of great eſtate, and values nobody.

Aim. A ſportſman, I ſuppoſe?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleaſure; he plays at whiſt, and ſmokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together ſometimes.

Aim. A fine ſportſman, truly!—and married, you ſay?

Bon. Ay; and to a curious woman, Sir.—But he's my landlord, and ſo a man, you know, would not——Sir, my humble ſervice to you. [*Drinks.*]—Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me: I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her——but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface: pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. O, that's right, you have a good many of thoſe gentlemen: pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the ſaying is, that I could wiſh we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, Sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em; and ſo they are willing to reimburſe us a little: one of 'em lodges in my houſe. [*Bell rings.*]—I beg your worſhip's pardon—I'll wait on you in half a minute.

§ 23. *Endeavour to pleaſe, and you can ſcarcely fail to pleaſe.*

The means of pleaſing vary according to time, place, and perſon; but the general rule is the trite one. Endeavour to pleaſe, and you will infallibly pleaſe to a certain degree: conſtantly ſhew a deſire to pleaſe, and you will engage people's ſelf-love in your intereſt; a moſt powerful advocate. This, as indeed almoſt every thing elſe, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the moſt trifling thing that paſſes where you are; have, as the vulgar phraſe is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very fooliſh, though a very common ſaying, "I really "did not mind it," or, "I was thinking "of quite another thing at that time." The proper anſwer to ſuch ingenious excuſes, and which admits of no reply, is, Why did you not mind it? you was preſent when it was ſaid or done. Oh! but you may ſay, you was thinking of quite another thing: if ſo, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you ſay you was thinking of? But you will ſay, perhaps, that the company was ſo ſilly, that it did not

not deſerve your attention: that, I am ſure, is the ſaying of a ſilly man; for a man of ſenſe knows that there is no company ſo ſilly, that ſome uſe may not be made of it by attention.

Let your addreſs, when you firſt come into company, be modeſt, but without the leaſt baſhfulneſs or ſheepiſhneſs; ſteady, without impudence; and unembarraſſed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deſerves great attention; nothing but a long uſage in the world, and in the beſt company, can poſſibly give it.

A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he firſt goes into a faſhionable company, where moſt are his ſuperiors, is commonly either annihilated by baſhfulneſs, or, if he rouſes and laſhes himſelf up to what he only thinks a modeſt aſſurance, he runs into impudence and abſurdity, and conſequently offends inſtead of pleaſing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentleneſs of manners, which never fails to make favourable impreſſions, provided it be equally free from an inſipid ſmile, or a pert ſmirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and diſputative turn, which too many people have, and ſome even value themſelves upon, in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modeſty, calmneſs, and gentleneſs; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagoniſt beginning to grow warm, put an end to the diſpute by ſome genteel ſtroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two beſt friends in the world diſpute with eagerneſs upon the moſt trifling ſubject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Diſputes upon any ſubject are a ſort of trial of the underſtanding, and muſt end in the mortification of one or other of the diſputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you ſhould give an univerſal aſſent to all that you hear ſaid in company; ſuch an aſſent would be mean, and in ſome caſes criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleneſs.

Always look people in the face when you ſpeak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conſcious guilt; beſides that, you loſe the advantage of obſerving by their countenances, what impreſſion your diſcourſe makes upon them. In order to know people's real ſentiments, I truſt much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can ſay whatever they have a mind I ſhould hear; but they can ſeldom help looking what they have no intention that I ſhould know.

If you have not command enough over yourſelf to conquer your humours, as I am ſure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour is upon you. Inſtead of company's diverting you in thoſe moments, you will diſpleaſe, and probably ſhock them; and you will part worſe friends than you met: but whenever you find in yourſelf a diſpoſition to ſullenneſs, contradiction, or teſtineſs, it will be in vain to ſeek for a cure abroad. Stay at home; let your humour ferment and work itſelf off. Cheerfulneſs and good-humour are of all qualifications the moſt amiable in company; for, though they do not neceſſarily imply good-nature and good-breeding, they repreſent them, at leaſt, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known ſome very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not eſſentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulneſs and eaſe in the countenance and manners. By good-humour and cheerfulneſs, I am far from meaning noiſy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whoſe mirth is a kind of ſtorm. Obſerve it, the vulgar often laugh, but never ſmile; whereas, well-bred people often ſmile, but ſeldom laugh. A witty thing never excites laughter; it pleaſes only the mind, and never diſtorts the countenance: a glaring abſurdity, a blunder, a ſilly accident, and thoſe things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden paſſion is called ſhort-lived madneſs; it is a madneſs indeed, but the fits of it return ſo often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madneſs. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate diſpoſition, make it your conſtant ſtudy to ſubdue, or, at leaſt, to check it; when you find your choler riſing, reſolve neither to ſpeak to, nor anſwer the perſon who excites it; but ſtay till you find it ſubſiding, and then ſpeak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and ſteady upon all occaſions; the advantages of ſuch a ſteady calmneſs are innumerable, and would be

too

too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpose: as a proof of this, I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a passion. In truth, there is in that sect a decorum and decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other. *Chesterfield.*

§ 24. *A Dialogue between* M. APICIUS *and* DARTENEUF.

Darteneuf. Alas! poor Apicius.—I pity thee much, for not having lived in my age and my country. How many good dishes have I eat in England, that were unknown at Rome in thy days!

Apicius. Keep your pity for yourself.—How many good dishes have I eat in Rome, the knowledge of which has been lost in these latter degenerate days! the fat paps of a sow, the livers of scari, the brains of phenicopters, and the tripotanum, which consisted of three excellent sorts of fish for which you English have no names, the lupus marinus, the myxo, and the muræna.

Darteneuf. I thought the muræna had been our lamprey. We have excellent ones in the Severn.

Apicius. No:—the muræna was a salt-water fish, and kept in ponds into which the sea was admitted.

Darteneuf. Why then I dare say our lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them potted or stewed?

Apicius. I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I should have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

Darteneuf. I am sorry for you, very sorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never eat the best oysters in the whole world.

Apicius. Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oysters were brought to Rome in my time.

Darteneuf. They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there:—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them: it is a shame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of danger when he is in search of a dainty! did not Leander swim over the Hellespont to get to his mistress? and what is a wench to a barrel of excellent oysters?

Apicius. Nay—I am sure you cannot blame me for any want of alertness in seeking fine fishes. I sailed to the coast of Afric, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coast, and finding that I had received a false information, I returned again without deigning to land.

Darteneuf. There was some sense in that: but why did you not also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you tasted those oysters in their perfection, you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burst.

Apicius. I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did, because, when I came to make up my accounts, I found I had not much above the poor sum of fourscore thousand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from starving.

Darteneuf. A sum of fourscore thousand pounds not keep you from starving! would I had had it! I should not have spent it in twenty years, though I had kept the best table in London, supposing I had made no other expence.

Apicius. Alas, poor man! this shews that you English have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died, I had spent in my kitchen 807,291*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

Darteneuf. I do not believe a word of it: there is an error in the account.

Apicius. Why, the establishment of Lucullus for his suppers in the Apollo, I mean for every supper he eat in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*

Darteneuf. Would I had supped with him there! But is there no blunder in these calculations?

Apicius. Ask your learned men that.—I count as they tell me.—But perhaps you may think that these feasts were only made by great men, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia to help him in his housekeeping. What will you say when I tell you, that the player Æsopus had one dish that cost him 6000 sestertia, that is, 4843*l.* 10*s.* English.

Darteneuf. What will I say? why, that I pity poor Cibber and Booth; and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I should have hanged myself for vexation that I did not live in those days.

Apicius. Well you might, well you might.—You do not know what eating is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the wealth of the Roman empire is sufficient to enable a man to keep a good table,

ble. Our players were richer by far than your princes.

Darteneuf. 'Oh that I had but lived in the bleſſed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their ſlaves!

Apicius. Aye, there you touch me.—I am miſerable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the beſt eaters of the age that I lived in. Vitellius ſpent in eating and drinking, within one year, what would amount in your money to above ſeven millions two hundred thouſand pounds. He told me ſo himſelf in a converſation I had with him not long ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall ſhort of his royal magnificence.

Darteneuf. Theſe indeed were great princes. But what affects me moſt is the diſh of that player, that d——d fellow Æſopus. I cannot bear to think of his having lived ſo much better than I. Pray, of what ingredients might the diſh he paid ſo much for conſiſt?

Apicius. Chiefly of ſinging birds. It was that which ſo greatly enhanced the price.

Darteneuf. Of ſinging birds! choak him!—I never eat but one, which I ſtole from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar about it, as if I had ſtolen and roaſted a child. But, upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have ſo much reaſon to envy Æſopus; for the ſinging bird which I eat was no better in its taſte than a fat lark or a thruſh; it was not ſo good as a wheat-ear or becafigue; and therefore I ſuſpect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity and fooliſh expence. It was like that of the ſon of Æſopus, who diſſolved pearls in vinegar, and drunk them at ſupper. I will be d——d, if a haunch of veniſon, and my favourite ham-pye, were not much better diſhes than any at the table of Vitellius himſelf. I do not find that you had ever any good ſoups, without which no man of taſte can poſſibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat; and what is better than the wing of one of our Engliſh wild rabbits? I have been told that you had no turkies. The mutton in Italy is very ill-flavoured; and as for your boars roaſted whole, I deſpiſe them; they were only fit to be ſerved up to the mob at a corporation feaſt, or election dinner. A ſmall barbecued hog is worth a hundred of them; and a good collar of Shrewſbury brawn is a much better diſh.

Apicius. If you had ſome kinds of meat that we wanted, yet our cookery muſt have been greatly ſuperior to yours. Our cooks were ſo excellent, that they could give to hog's fleſh the taſte of all other meats.

Darteneuf. I ſhould not have liked their d——d imitations. You might as eaſily have impoſed on a good connoiſſeur the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats a rich flavour of bacon, without deſtroying that which makes the diſtinction of one from another. I have not the leaſt doubt that our eſſence of hams is a much better ſauce than any that ever was uſed by the ancients. We have a hundred ragouts, the compoſition of which exceeds all deſcription. Had yours been as good, you could not have lolled, as you did, upon couches, while you were eating; they would have made you ſit up and attend to your buſineſs. Then you had a cuſtom of hearing things read to you while you were at ſupper. This ſhews you were not ſo well entertained as we are with our meat. For my own part, when I was at table, I could mind nothing elſe: I neither heard, ſaw, nor ſpoke: I only ſmelt and taſted. But the worſt of all is, that you had no wine fit to be named with good Claret or Burgundy, or Champagne, or old Hock, or Tokay. You boaſted much of your Falernum; but I have taſted the Lachrymæ Chriſti, and other wines that grow upon the ſame coaſt, not one of which would I drink above a glaſs or two of if you would give me the kingdom of Naples. You boiled your wines, and mixed water with them, which ſhews that in themſelves they were not fit to drink.

Apicius. I am afraid you beat us in wines, not to mention your cyder, perry, and beer, of all which I have heard great fame from ſome Engliſh with whom I have talked; and their report has been confirmed by the teſtimony of their neighbours who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been alſo ſaid to me of a liquor called punch.

Darteneuf. Aye—to have died without taſting that is unhappy indeed! There is rum-punch and arrack-punch; it is hard to ſay which is beſt: but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.

Apicius.

Apicius. The thought of it puts me into a fever with thirſt. From whence do you get your arrack and your rum?

Darteneuf. Why, from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, which you knew nothing of. That is enough to decide the diſpute. Your trade to the Eaſt Indies was very far ſhort of what we carry on, and the Weſt Indies were not diſcovered. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of that, and deſpair.

Apicius. I cannot indeed but lament my ill fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine-apples, and twenty other fine meats or fine fruits produced there, which I have never taſted. What an advantage it is to you, that all your ſweetmeats, tarts, cakes, and other delicacies of that nature, are ſweetened with ſugar inſtead of honey, which we were obliged to make uſe of for want of that plant! but what grieves me moſt is, that I never eat a turtle; they tell me that it is abſolutely the beſt of all foods.

Darteneuf. Yes, I have heard the Americans ſay ſo:—but I never eat any; for in my time, they were not brought over to England.

Apicius. Never eat any turtle! how didſt thou dare to accuſe me of not going to Sandwich to eat oyſters, and didſt not thyſelf take a trip to America to riot on turtles? but know, wretched man, that I am informed they are now as plentiful in England as ſturgeon. There are turtle-boats that go regularly to London and Briſtol from the Weſt Indies. I have juſt ſeen a fat alderman, who died in London laſt week of a ſurfeit he got at a turtle feaſt in that city.

Darteneuf. What does he ſay? Does he tell you that turtle is better than veniſon?

Apicius. He ſays there was a haunch of veniſon untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle; that he ate till he fell aſleep in his chair; and, that the food was ſo wholeſome he ſhould not have died, if he had not unluckily caught cold in his ſleep, which ſtopped his perſpiration, and hurt his digeſtion.

Darteneuf. Alas! how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when the pleaſure of eating was thought to be carried to its higheſt perfection in England and France; and yet a turtle feaſt is a novelty to me! Would it be impoſſible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day, juſt to taſte of that food? I would promiſe to kill myſelf by the quantity I would eat before the next morning.

Apicius. You have forgot, Sir, that you have no body: that which you had has been rotten a great while ago; and you can never return to the earth with another, unleſs Pythagoras carries you thither to animate that of a hog. But comfort yourſelf, that, as you have ate dainties which I never taſted, ſo the next generation will eat ſome unknown to the preſent. New diſcoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. We muſt both be philoſophers. We muſt be thankful for the good things we have had, and not grudge others better, if they fall to their ſhare. Conſider that, after all, we could but have eat as much as our ſtomachs would hold, and that we did every day of our lives.—But ſee, who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

Mercury. Gentlemen, I muſt tell you that I have ſtood near you inviſible, and heard your diſcourſe; a privilege which we deities uſe when we pleaſe. Attend therefore to a diſcovery which I ſhall make to you, relating to the ſubject upon which you were talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, that had more pleaſure in eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

Apicius. One of theſe, I preſume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman ſettled in the Weſt Indies.

Mercury. No; one was a Spartan ſoldier, and the other an Engliſh farmer.—I ſee you both look aſtoniſhed; but what I tell you is truth. The ſoldier never ate his black broth till the exerciſes, to which by their diſcipline the Spartan troops were obliged, had got him ſuch an appetite, that he could have gnawed a bone like a dog. The farmer was out at the tail of his plough, or ſome other wholeſome labour, from morning till night; and when he came home his wife dreſſed him a piece of good beef, or a fine barn-door fowl and a pudding, for his dinner, which he ate much more ravenouſly, and conſequently with a great deal more reliſh and pleaſure, than you did your tripotanum or your ham-pye. Your ſtomachs were always ſo overcharged, that I queſtion if ever you felt real hunger, or eat one meal in twenty years without forcing your appetites, which makes all things inſipid. I tell you therefore again, that

that the soldier and the farmer had much more of the joy of eating than you.

Dartineuf. This is more mortifying than not to have shared a turtle feast. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong system, and never had any true notions of pleasure.

Apicius. It is a sad thing not to know what good living is before one is dead. I wish, Mercury, you had taught me your art of cookery in my life-time, or held your tongue about it here.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 25. *Scene between* IAGO *and* CASSIO, *in which* CASSIO *regrets his Folly in getting drunk.*

Iago. What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation—

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's your's.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, ——Drunk! and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! Oh thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again —he shall tell me I am a drunkard! —— Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!——Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

Shakspeare.

§ 26. *A Dialogue between* MERCURY *and a modern fine Lady.*

Mrs. Modish. Indeed, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

Mercury. I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine children: but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content

tent to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

Mrs. Modish. I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters, when you have a full season.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares: but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

Mrs. Modish. Diversion was indeed the business of my life; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements were gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural chearfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious!

Mrs. Modish. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not; and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides, I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton* *.

Mercury. Bon ton! what's that, Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. Modish. Oh, Sir, excuse me; it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is; but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not wit; in manners it is not politeness; in behaviour it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton?*

Mrs. Modish. What would you have had me do?

Mercury. I will follow your mode of instructing: I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

Mrs. Modish. As to the education of my daughters I spared no expence: they had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master, and a French governess to teach them behaviour and the French language.

Mercury. So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a four old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*; and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt

* *Du bon ton* is a cant phrase in the modern French language, for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 27. *Scene between the Jews* SHYLOCK *and* TUBAL; *in which the latter alternately torments and pleases the former, by giving him an Account of the Extravagance of his Daughter* JESSICA, *and the Misfortunes of* ANTONIO.

Shy. How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? hast thou heard of my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats in Francfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them; and I know not what spent in the search: loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding!

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosie cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. Thank God! thank God! is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news!

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot but break.

Shy. I am glad of it: I'll plague him, I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou torturest me, Tubal! it was my turquoise, I had it of Leah when I was a batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Shakspeare.

§ 28. *Humorous Scene between Prince* HENRY *and* FALSTAFF, *in which the Prince detects* FALSTAFF's *monstrous Lies.*

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack!—Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy:—ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]—You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, Heaven help the while! A bad world! I say. I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms, and all manner of songs. —A plague of all cowards! I say still.

P. Henry. How now, Woolsack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me—give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards! ſtill, ſay I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum!* I never dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray Heav'n you have not murder'd ſome of them!

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou knoweſt my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.—Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me: I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe. Doſt thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to: Theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—ſeven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was ſo dark, Hal, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.)

P. Henry. Theſe lies are like the father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obſcene greaſy tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in Kendal-green, when it was ſo dark thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? Come, tell us your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this? Come, your reaſon, Jack, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion!—No: were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion! Give you a reaſon on compulſion! If reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion: I?

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh—

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you ſtock-fiſh! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you taylor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breath a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tir'd thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this:—Poins and I ſaw you four ſet on four; you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And, Falſtaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight! What trick, what device, what ſtarting-hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know ye?—By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſter, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? ſhould I turn upon the true

prince? why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware inſtinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I grant you: and I ſhall think the better of myſelf and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou loveſt me. *Shakſpeare.*

§ 29. *Scene in which* Moody *gives* Manly *an Account of the Journey to* London.

Manly. Honeſt John!—

Moody. Meaſter Manly! I am glad I ha' ſun ye.—Well, and how d'ye do, Meaſter?

Manly. I am glad to ſee you in London. I hope all the good family are well.

Moody. Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thof' we have had a power of croſſes upo' the road.

Manly. What has been the matter, John?

Moody. Why, we came up in ſuch a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not ſo tight as it ſhould be.

Manly. Come, tell us all—Pray, how do they travel?

Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, Meaſter; and 'cauſe my Lady loves to do things handſome, to be ſure, ſhe would have a couple of cart-horſes clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might ſee ſhe went up to London in her coach and ſix; and ſo Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides poſtilion.

Manly. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yeſterday, an' it had no' been that th'awld weazle-belly horſe tired: and then we were ſo cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came craſh down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we loſt four hours 'fore we could ſet things to rights again.

Manly. So they bring all their baggage with the coach then?

Moody. Ay, ay, and good ſtore on't there is—Why, my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four portmantel trunks, beſides the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey ſit upon behind.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!—And, pray, how many are they within the coach?

Moody. Why there's my Lady and his worſhip, and the younk 'ſquoire, and Miſs Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—only Doll puked a little with riding backward; ſo they hoiſted her into the coach-box, and then her ſtomach was eaſy.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. Then you mun think, Meaſter, there was ſome ſtowage for the belly, as well as th' back too; children are apt to be famiſh'd upo' the road; ſo we had ſuch cargoes of plumb-cake, and baſkets of tongues, and biſcuits, and cheeſe, and cold boil'd beef—and then, in caſe of ſickneſs, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, ſack, tent, and ſtrong beer ſo plenty, as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and ſend them all well to town, I ſay.

Manly. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody. Meaſter! you're a wiſe mon; and, for that matter, ſo am I—Whoam's whoam, I ſay: I am ſure we ha' got but little good e'er ſin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but miſchief! ſome devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnce, goes another! Woa! ſays Roger—Then ſowſe! we are all ſet faſt in a ſlough. Whaw! cries Miſs: Scream! go the maids; and bawl juſt as thof' they were ſtuck. And ſo, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw.

Manly. Well, honeſt John——

Moody. Dear Meaſter Manly! the goodneſs of goodneſs bleſs and preſerve you!

§ 30. *Directions for the Management of Wit.*

If you have wit, which I am not ſure that I wiſh you, unleſs you have at the ſame time, at leaſt an equal portion of judgment to keep it in good order, wear it like your ſword in the ſcabbard, and do not brandiſh it to the terror of the whole company. Wit is a ſhining quality that every body admires; moſt people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it, unleſs in themſelves. A man muſt have a good ſhare of wit himſelf to endure a great ſhare in another. When wit exerts itſelf in ſatire, it is a moſt malignant diſtemper; wit, it is true, may be ſhewn in ſatire; but ſatire does not conſtitute wit, as many imagine. A man of wit ought to find a thouſand better occaſions of ſhewing it.

Abſtain, therefore, moſt carefully from ſatire, which, though it fall on no particular perſon in company, and momentarily, from the malignancy of the human heart, pleaſes

pleaſes all; yet, upon reflection, it frightens all too. Every one thinks it may be his turn next, and will hate you for what he finds you could ſay of him, more than be obliged to you for what you do not ſay. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours; the more wit you have, the more good-nature and politeneſs you muſt ſhew, to induce people to pardon your ſuperiority; for that is no eaſy matter.

Appear to have rather leſs than more wit than you really have. A wiſe man will live at leaſt as much within his wit as his income. Content yourſelf with good ſenſe and reaſon, which at the long-run are ever ſure to pleaſe every body who has either; if wit comes into the bargain, welcome it, but never invite it. Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any; but that nothing but good ſenſe and good qualities can make you be beloved. Theſe are ſubſtantial every-day's wear. Whereas wit is a holiday-ſuit which people put on chiefly to be ſtared at.

There is a ſpecies of minor wit, which is much uſed and much more abuſed; I mean raillery. It is a moſt miſchievous and dangerous weapon, when in unſkilful or clumſy hands; and it is much ſafer to let it quite alone than to play with it; and yet almoſt every body do play with it, though they ſee daily the quarrels and heart-burnings that it occaſions.

The injuſtice of a bad man is ſooner forgiven, than the inſults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property, but the latter hurts and mortifies that ſecret pride which no human breaſt is free from. I will allow that there is a ſort of raillery which may not only be inoffenſive, but even flattering, as when by a genteel irony, you accuſe people of thoſe imperfections which they are moſt notoriouſly free from, and conſequently inſinuate that they poſſeſs the contrary virtues. You may ſafely call Ariſtides a knave, or a very handſome woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character, nor the lady's beauty, be in the leaſt doubtful. But this ſort of raillery requires a very light and ſteady hand to adminiſter it. A little too ſtrong, it may be miſtaken into an offence; and a little too ſmooth, it may be thought a ſneer, which is a moſt odious thing.

There is another ſort, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is mimicry. The moſt ſucceſsful mimic in the world is always the moſt abſurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his ſuperior. His profeſſion is to imitate and ridicule thoſe natural defects and deformities for which no man is in the leaſt accountable, and, in the imitation of which, he makes himſelf, for the time, as diſagreeable and ſhocking as thoſe he mimics. But I will ſay no more of theſe creatures, who only amuſe the loweſt rabble of mankind.

There is another ſort of human animals, called wags, whoſe profeſſion is to make the company laugh immoderately, and who always ſucceed, provided the company conſiſt of fools; but who are equally diſappointed in finding that they never can alter a muſcle in the face of a man of ſenſe. This is a moſt contemptible character, and never eſteemed even by thoſe who are filly enough to be diverted by them.

Be content for yourſelf with ſound good ſenſe, and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffenſive. Good ſenſe will make you eſteemed; good manners will make you beloved; and wit will give a luſtre to both.

Cheſterfield.

§ 31. *Egotiſm to be avoided.*

The egotiſm is the moſt uſual and favourite figure of moſt people's rhetoric, and which I hope you will never adopt, but, on the contrary, moſt ſcrupulouſly avoid. Nothing is more diſagreeable or irkſome to the company, than to hear a man either praiſing or condemning himſelf; for both proceed from the ſame motive, vanity. I would allow no man to ſpeak of himſelf, unleſs in a court of juſtice, in his own defence, or as a witneſs. Shall a man ſpeak in his own praiſe? No: the hero of his own little tale always puzzles and diſguſts the company; who do not know what to ſay, or how to look. Shall he blame himſelf? No: vanity is as much the motive of his condemnation as of his panegyric.

I have known many people take ſhame to themſelves, and, with a modeſt contrition, confeſs themſelves guilty of moſt of the cardinal virtues. They have ſuch a weakneſs in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved with the misfortunes and miſeries of their fellow-creatures; which they feel perhaps more, but at leaſt as much, as they do their own. Their generoſity, they are ſenſible, is imprudence; for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak, the irreſiſtible beneficence of their nature. They are poſſibly too jealous of their honour, too iraſcible when they think

it is touched; and this proceeds from their unhappy warm conſtitution, which makes them too ſenſible upon that point; and ſo poſſibly with reſpect to all the virtues. A poor trick, and a wretched inſtance of human vanity, and what defeats its own purpoſe.

Do you be ſure never to ſpeak of yourſelf, for yourſelf, nor againſt yourſelf; but let your character ſpeak for you: whatever that ſays will be believed; but whatever you ſay of it will not be believed, and only make you odious and ridiculous.

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature; but that, though the principal point, is not quite enough; you muſt ſeem ſo too. I do not mean oſtentatiouſly; but do not be aſhamed, as many young fellows are, of owning the laudable ſentiments of good-nature and humanity, which you really feel. I have known many young men, who deſired to be reckoned men of ſpirit, affect a hardneſs and unfeelingneſs which in reality they never had; their converſation is in the deciſive and menacing tone, mixed with horrid and ſilly oaths; and all this to be thought men of ſpirit. Aſtoniſhing error this! which neceſſarily reduces them to this dilemma: If they really mean what they ſay, they are brutes; and if they do not, they are fools for ſaying it. This, however, is a common character among young men; carefully avoid this contagion, and content yourſelf with being calmly and mildly reſolute and ſteady, when you are thoroughly convinced you are in the right; for this is true ſpirit.

Obſerve the *à-propos* in every thing you ſay or do. In converſing with thoſe who are much your ſuperiors, however eaſy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, preſerve the reſpect that is due to them. Converſe with your equals with an eaſy familiarity, and, at the ſame time, great civility and decency: but too much familiarity, according to the old ſaying, often breeds contempt, and ſometimes quarrels. I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour, than to fix due bounds to familiarity: too little implies an unſociable formality; too much deſtroys friendly and ſocial intercourſe. The beſt rule I can give you to manage familiarity is, never to be more familiar with any body than you would be willing, and even wiſh, that he ſhould be with you. On the other hand, avoid that uncomfortable reſerve and coldneſs which is generally the ſhield of cunning, or the protection of dulneſs. To your inferiors you ſhould uſe a hearty benevolence in your words and actions, inſtead of a refined politeneſs, which would be apt to make them ſuſpect that you rather laughed at them.

Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite obſervation, that no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common ſenſe paſs generally for a fool, becauſe he affected a degree of wit that nature had denied him. A ploughman is by no means awkward in the exerciſe of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a man of faſhion. You learned to dance; but it was not for the ſake of dancing; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and awkward imitations of other boys.

Nature may be cultivated and improved, both as to the body and the mind; but it is not to be extinguiſhed by art; and all endeavours of that kind are abſurd, and an inexpreſſible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind muſt be at eaſe, to be agreeable; but affectation is a particular reſtraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage, or pleaſing in his converſation. Do you think your motions would be eaſy or graceful, if you wore the cloaths of another man much ſlenderer or taller than yourſelf? Certainly not: it is the ſame thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you.

In fine, it may be laid down as a general rule, that a man who deſpairs of pleaſing will never pleaſe; a man that is ſure that he ſhall always pleaſe wherever he goes, is a coxcomb; but the man who hopes and endeavours to pleaſe, will moſt infallibly pleaſe. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 32. *Extract from Lord* Bolingbroke's *Letters.*

My Lord, 1736.

You have engaged me on a ſubject which interrupts the ſeries of thoſe letters I was writing to you; but it is one which, I confeſs, I have very much at heart. I ſhall therefore explain myſelf fully, nor bluſh to reaſon on principles that are out of faſhion among men who intend nothing by ſerving the public, but to feed their avarice, their vanity,

vanity, and their luxury, without the ſenſe of any duty they owe to God or man.

It ſeems to me, that in order to maintain the moral ſyſtem of the world at a certain point, far below that of ideal perfection, (for we are made capable of conceiving what we are incapable of attaining) but however ſufficient, upon the whole, to conſtitute a ſtate eaſy and happy, or at the worſt tolerable; I ſay, it ſeems to me, that the Author of nature has thought fit to mingle from time to time among the ſocieties of men, a few, and but a few, of thoſe on whom he is graciouſly pleaſed to beſtow a larger proportion of the ethereal ſpirit than is given in the ordinary courſe of his providence to the ſons of men. Theſe are they who engroſs almoſt the whole reaſon of the ſpecies, who are born to inſtruct, to guide, and to preſerve, who are deſigned to be the tutors and the guardians of human kind. When they prove ſuch, they exhibit to us examples of the higheſt virtue and the trueſt piety; and they deſerve to have their feſtivals kept, inſtead of that pack of anchorites and enthuſiaſts, with whoſe names the Calendar is crowded and diſgraced. When theſe men apply their talents to other purpoſes, when they ſtrive to be great, and deſpiſe being good, they commit a moſt ſacrilegious breach of truſt; they pervert the means, they defeat, as far as lies in them, the deſigns of Providence, and diſturb, in ſome ſort, the ſyſtem of Infinite Wiſdom. To miſapply theſe talents is the moſt diffuſed, and therefore the greateſt of crimes in its nature and conſequences; but to keep them unexerted and unemployed, is a crime too. Look about you, my Lord, from the palace to the cottage, you will find that the bulk of mankind is made to breathe the air of this atmoſphere, to roam about this globe, and to conſume, like the courtiers of Alcinous, the fruits of the earth. *Nos numerus ſumus & fruges conſumere nati.* When they have trod this inſipid round a certain number of years, and left others to do the ſame after them, they have lived; and if they have performed, in ſome tolerable degree, the ordinary moral duties of life, they have done all they were born to do. Look about you again, my Lord, nay, look into your own breaſt, and you will find that there are ſuperior ſpirits, men who ſhew, even from their infancy, though it be not always perceived by others, perhaps not always felt by themſelves, that they were born for ſomething more, and better. Theſe are the men to whom the part I mentioned is aſſigned; their talents denote their general deſignation, and the opportunities of conforming themſelves to it, that ariſe in the courſe of things, or that are preſented to them by any circumſtances of rank and ſituation in the ſociety to which they belong, denote the particular vocation which it is not lawful for them to reſiſt, nor even to neglect. The duration of the lives of ſuch men as theſe is to be determined, I think, by the length and importance of the parts they act, not by the number of years that paſs between their coming into the world and their going out of it. Whether the piece be of three or five acts, the part may be long; and he who ſuſtains it through the whole, may be ſaid to die in the fulneſs of years; whilſt he who declines it ſooner, may be ſaid not to live out half his days.

§ 33. *The Birth of* Martinus Scribblerus.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himſelf has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dream'd ſhe was brought to bed of a huge ink-horn, out of which iſſued ſeveral large ſtreams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her huſband thought to ſignify, that the child ſhould prove a very voluminous writer. Likewiſe a crab-tree, that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a ſudden laden with a vaſt quantity of crabs: this ſign alſo the old gentleman imagined to be a prognoſtic of the acuteneſs of his wit. A great ſwarm of waſps played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troubleſome to all in the room beſides. This ſeemed a certain preſage of the effects of his ſatire. A dunghill was ſeen within the ſpace of one night to be covered all over with muſhrooms: this ſome interpreted to promiſe the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous fowl, which juſt then dropped through the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a ſwan, and was concluding his ſon would be a poet; but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuoſity of the wind. His back was armed with the

art military, his belly was filled with phyſic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the ſeveral nodes of his voluminous tail were diverſified with ſeveral branches of ſcience; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of logic, a knot of metaphyſics, a knot of caſuiſtry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a lanthorn of Jacob Behmen.

There went a report in the family, that as ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals: he cried like a calf, bleated like a ſheep, chattered like a magpie, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a goose, and brayed like an aſs; and the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls which came down the chimney. His father was greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happened at the birth of Homer.

The Doctor and his Shield.

The day of the chriſtening being come, and the houſe filled with goſſips, the levity of whoſe converſation ſuited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he caſt about how to paſs this day more agreeable to his character; that is to ſay, not without ſome profitable conference, nor wholly without obſervance of ſome ancient cuſtom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a ſhield: and being poſſeſſed of an antique buckler, which he held as a moſt ineſtimable relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the ſtudy, to be ſhewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this ſhield had cauſed him formerly to compile a diſſertation concerning it, proving from the ſeveral properties, and particularly the colour of the ruſt, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatiſe, and a moderate ſupper, he propoſed to entertain his gueſts; though he had alſo another deſign, to have their aſſiſtance in the calculation of his ſon's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a caſe (in which he always kept it, leſt it might contract any modern ruſt) and entruſted it to his houſe-maid, with orders, that when the company was come, ſhe ſhould lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue ſattin.

The gueſts were no ſooner ſeated, but they entered into a warm debate about the Triclinium, and the manner of Decubitus, of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my friends, I purpoſe to "exhibit my ſon before you; a child not "wholly unworthy of inſpection, as he is "deſcended from a race of virtuoſi. Let "the phyſiognomiſts examine his features; "let the chirographiſts behold his palm; "but, above all, let us conſult for the cal-"culation of his nativity. To this end, "as the child is not vulgar, I will not pre-"ſent him unto you in a vulgar manner. "He ſhall be cradled in my ancient ſhield, "ſo famous through the univerſities of "Europe. You all know how I purchaſed "that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the "great (though indeed inadequate) ex-"pence of all the plate of our family, how "happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I tranſported it hither, to the in-"expreſſible grief of all Germany. Happy "in every circumſtance, but that it broke "the heart of the great Melchior Inſi-"pidus!"

Here he ſtopped his ſpeech, upon ſight of the maid, who entered the room with the child: he took it in his arms, and proceeded:

"Behold then my child, but firſt behold "the ſhield: behold this ruſt,—or rather "let me call it this precious ærugo;—be-"hold this beautiful varniſh of time,—this "venerable verdure of ſo many ages!"—In ſpeaking theſe words, he ſlowly lifted up the mantle which covered it inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on ſight of the whole the tremor became univerſal: the ſhield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only ſtrength enough to cry out, "O "God! my ſhield, my ſhield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanlineſs, and her young maſter's honour) had ſcoured it as clean as her hand-irons.

Cornelius ſunk back on a chair, the gueſts ſtood aſtoniſhed, the infant ſqualled, the maid ran in, ſnatched it up again in her arms, flew into her miſtreſs's room, and told what had happened. Down ſtairs in an inſtant hurried all the goſſips, where they found the Doctor in a trance: Hungary-water, hartſhorn, and the confuſed noiſe of ſhrill voices, at length awakened him: when, opening his eyes, he ſaw the ſhield in

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the hands of the houſe-maid. " O woman! woman!" he cried, (and ſnatched it violently from her) " was it to thy ignorance " that this relick owes its ruin? Where, " where is the beautiful cruſt that covered " thee ſo long? where thoſe traces of time, " and fingers as it were of antiquity? " Where all thoſe beautiful obſcurities, the " cauſe of much delightful diſputation, " where doubt and curioſity went hand in " hand, and eternally exerciſed the ſpecu- " lations of the learned? And this the rude " touch of an ignorant woman hath done " away! The curious prominence at the " belly of that figure, which ſome, taking " for the cuſpis of a ſword, denominated " a Roman ſoldier; others, accounting the " *inſignia virilia*, pronounce to be one of " the *Dii Termini*; behold ſhe hath cleaned " it in like ſhameful ſort, and ſhewn to be " the head of a nail. O my ſhield! my " ſhield! well may I ſay with Horace, " *Non bene relicta parmula.*"

The goſſips, not at all inquiring into the cauſe of his ſorrow, only aſked if the child had no hurt? and cried, " Come, come, " all is well; what has the woman done " but her duty? a tight cleanly wench, I " warrant her: what a ſtir a man makes " about a baſon, that an hour ago, before " her labour was beſtowed upon it, a coun- " try barber would not have hung at his " ſhop-door!" " A baſon! (cried ano- " ther) no ſuch matter; 'tis nothing but a " paltry old ſconce, with the nozzle broke " off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had ſtood ſpeechleſs, hereupon looking narrowly on the ſhield, declared their aſſent to this latter opinion, and deſired Cornelius to be comforted; aſſuring him it was a ſconce, and no other. But this, inſtead of comforting, threw the doctor into ſuch a violent fit of paſſion, that he was carried off groaning and ſpeechleſs to bed; where, being quite ſpent, he fell into a kind of ſlumber.

The Nutrition of Scriblerus.

Cornelius now began to regulate the ſuction of his child; ſeldom did there paſs a day without diſputes between him and the mother, or the nurſe, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her ſome diſh or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day ſhe had a longing deſire to a piece of beef; and as ſhe ſtretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and ſpoke to this effect: " Hadſt thou read " the ancients, O nurſe, thou would'ſt pre- " fer the welfare of the infant which thou " nouriſheſt, to the indulging of an irre- " gular and voracious appetite. Beef, it " is true, may confer a robuſtneſs on the " limbs of my ſon, but will hebetate and " clog his intellectuals." While he ſpoke this the nurſe looked upon him with much anger, and now and then caſt a wiſhful eye upon the beef.—" Paſſion (continued the " doctor, ſtill holding the diſh) throws the " mind into too violent a fermentation: it " is a kind of fever of the ſoul; or, as Ho- " race expreſſes it, a ſhort madneſs. Con- " ſider, woman, that this day's ſuction of " my ſon may cauſe him to imbibe many " ungovernable paſſions, and in a manner " ſpoil him for the temper of a philoſopher. " Romulus, by ſucking a wolf, became of " a fierce and ſavage diſpoſition: and were " I to breed ſome Ottoman emperor, or " founder of a military common-wealth, " perhaps I might indulge thee in this car- " nivorous appetite."—What! interrupted the nurſe, beef ſpoil the underſtanding! that's fine indeed—how then could our parſon preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your ancients, had not you almoſt killed the poor babe with a diſh of dæmonial black broth?—" Lacedæmonian black " broth, thou would'ſt ſay (replied Corne- " lius); but I cannot allow the ſurfeit to " have been occaſioned by that diet, ſince " it was recommended by the divine Ly- " curgus. No, nurſe, thou muſt certainly " have eaten ſome meats of ill digeſtion the " day before; and that was the real cauſe " of his diſorder. Conſider, woman, the " different temperaments of different na- " tions: What makes the Engliſh phlegma- " tic and melancholy, but beef? What " renders the Welſh ſo hot and choleric, " but cheeſe and leeks? The French derive " their levity from their ſoups, frogs, and " muſhrooms. I would not let my ſon " dine like an Italian, leſt, like an Italian, " he ſhould be jealous and revengeful. The " warm and ſolid diet of Spain may be " more beneficial, as it might endow him " with a profound gravity; but, at the " ſame time, he might ſuck in with their " food their intolerable vice of pride. " Therefore, nurſe, in ſhort, I hold it re- " quiſite to deny you, at preſent, not only " beef, but likewiſe whatſoever any of " thoſe nations eat." During this ſpeech, the nurſe remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife nor would ſhe

touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman obſerving, ordered that the child, to avoid the riſque of imbibing ill humours, ſhould be kept from her breaſt all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a preſcription he had met with ſomewhere in Euſtathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looſeneſs, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenſed by the improvements of his underſtanding. But from thenceforth he inſiſted every day upon a particular diet to be obſerved by the nurſe; under which, having been long uneaſy, ſhe at laſt parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the paps of a ſow with pig; taking it as the higheſt indignity, and a direct inſult upon her ſex and calling.

Play-Things.

Here follow the inſtructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and play-things to be uſed by his ſon Martin.

"Play was invented by the Lydians, as "a remedy againſt hunger. Sophocles "ſays of Palamedes, that he invented dice "to ſerve ſometimes inſtead of a dinner. "It is therefore wiſely contrived by nature, "that children, as they have the keeneſt "appetites, are moſt addicted to plays. "From the ſame cauſe, and from the un-"prejudiced and incorrupt ſimplicity of "their minds, it proceeds, that the plays "of the ancient's children are preſerved more "entire than any other of their cuſtoms. "In this matter I would recommend to all "who have any concern in my ſon's edu-"cation, that they deviate not in the leaſt "from the primitive and ſimple antiquity.

"To ſpeak firſt of the whiſtle, as it is "the firſt of all play-things. I will have "it exactly to correſpond with the ancient "fiſtula, and accordingly to be compoſed "*ſeptem paribus diſjuncta cicutis.*

"I heartily wiſh a diligent ſearch may "be made after the true crepitaculum or "rattle of the ancients, for that (as Archi-"tas Tarentinus was of opinion) kept the "children from breaking earthen-ware. "The China cups in theſe days are not at "all the ſafer for the modern rattles; which "is an evident proof how far their crepi-"tacula exceeded ours.

"I would not have Martin as yet to "ſcourge a top, till I am better informed "whether the trochus, which was recom-"mended by Cato, be really our preſent "tops, or rather the hoop which the boys "drive with a ſtick. Neither croſs and "pile, nor ducks and drakes, are quite ſo "ancient as handy-dandy, though Macro-"bius and St. Auguſtine take notice of the "firſt, and Minutius Fœlix deſcribes the "latter; but handy-dandy is mentioned by "Ariſtotle, Plato, and Ariſtophanes.

"The play which the Italians call *cinque*, "and the French *mourre*, is extremely an-"cient; it was played at by Hymen and "Cupid at the marriage of Pſyche, and "termed by the Latins *digitis micare*.

"Julius Pollux deſcribes the omilla or "chuck-farthing: though ſome will have "our modern chuck-farthing to be nearer "the aphetinda of the ancients. He alſo "mentions the baſilinda, or King I am; "and mynda, or hoopers hide.

"But the chytrindra, deſcribed by the "ſame author, is certainly not our hot-"cockles; for that was by pinching, and "not by ſtriking; though there are good "authors who affirm the rathapigiſmus to "be yet nearer the modern hot-cockles. "My ſon Martin may uſe either of them "indifferently, they being equally antique.

"Building of houſes, and riding upon "ſticks, have been uſed by children of all "ages, *Edificare caſas, equitare in arundine "longa.* Yet I much doubt whether the "riding upon ſticks did not come into uſe "after the age of the centaurs.

"There is one play which ſhews the "gravity of ancient education, called the "acinetinda, in which children contended "who could longeſt ſtand ſtill. This we "have ſuffered to periſh entirely; and, if "I might be allowed to gueſs, it was cer-"tainly loſt among the French.

"I will permit my ſon to play at apodi-"daſcinda, which can be no other than our "puſs in a corner.

"Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, ſpeaks "of the melolonthe, or the kite; but I "queſtion whether the kite of antiquity "was the ſame with ours: and though the "Ορτυγοκοπία, or quail-fighting, is what is "moſt taken notice of, they had doubtleſs "cock-matches alſo, as is evident from "certain ancient gems and relievos.

"In a word, let my ſon Martin diſport "himſelf at any game truly antique, ex-"cept one, which was invented by a people "among the Thracians, who hung up one "of their companions in a rope, and gave "him a knife to cut himſelf down; which "if he failed in, he was ſuffered to hang "till he was dead; and this was only rec-

"koned

" koned a ſort of joke. I am utterly " againſt this, as barbarous and cruel.

" I cannot conclude, without taking no- " tice of the beauty of the Greek names, " whoſe etymologies acquaint us with the " nature of the ſports; and how infinitely, " both in ſenſe and ſound, they excel our " barbarous names of plays."

Notwithſtanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condeſcended to allow the child the uſe of ſome few modern play-things; ſuch as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by inſtilling an early notion of the ſciences. For example, he found that marbles taught him percuſſion, and the laws of motion; nut-crackers, the uſe of the lever; ſwinging on the ends of a board, the balance; bottle-ſcrews, the vice; whirligigs, the axis and peritrochia; bird-cages, the pully; and tops the centrifugal motion.

Others of his ſports were farther carried to improve his tender ſoul even in virtue and morality. We ſhall only inſtance one of the moſt uſeful and inſtructive, bob-cherry, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and conſtancy; the firſt in adhering to the purſuit of one end, the latter in bearing a diſappointment.

Beſides all theſe, he taught him, as a diverſion, an odd and ſecret manner of ſtealing, according to the cuſtom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he ſucceeded ſo well, that he practiſed it to the day of his death.

MUSIC.

The bare mention of muſic threw Cornelius into a paſſion. " How can you dig- " nify (quoth he) this modern fiddling with " the name of muſic? Will any of your " beſt hautboys encounter a wolf now-a- " days with no other arms but their inſtru- " ments, as did that ancient piper Pitho- " caris? Have ever wild boars, elephants, " deer, dolphins, whales, or turbots, ſhew'd " the leaſt emotion at the moſt elaborate " ſtrains of your modern ſcrapers; all " which have been, as it were, tamed and " humanized by ancient muſicians? Does " not Ælian tell us how the Lybian mares " were excited to horſing by muſic? (which " ought in truth to be a caution to modeſt " women againſt frequenting operas: and " conſider, brother, you are brought to this " dilemma, either to give up the virtue of " the ladies, or the power of your muſic.) " Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our " morals? Is it not from the loſs of an an- " cient muſic, by which (ſays Ariſtotle) " they taught all the virtues? elſe might " we turn Newgate into a college of Do- " rian muſicians, who ſhould teach moral " virtues to thoſe people. Whence comes " it that our preſent diſeaſes are ſo ſtub- " born? whence is it that I daily deplore " my ſciatical pains? Alas! becauſe we " have loſt their true cure, by the melody " of the pipe. All this was well known to " the ancients, as Theophraſtus aſſures us " (whence Cælius calls it *loca dolentia de-* " *cantare*), only indeed ſome ſmall remains " of this ſkill are preſerved in the cure of " the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras ſtop " a company of drunken bullies from ſtorm- " ing a civil houſe, by changing the ſtrain " of the pipe to the ſober ſpondæus? and " yet your modern muſicians want art to " defend their windows from common " nickers. It is well known, that when " the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they " commonly ſent for a Leſbian muſician to " appeaſe them, and they immediately grew " calm as ſoon as they heard Terpander " ſing: yet I don't believe that the pope's " whole band of muſic, though the beſt of " this age, could keep his holineſs's image " from being burnt on the fifth of Novem- " ber." " Nor would Terpander himſelf " (replied Albertus) at Billingſgate, nor " Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have " any manner of effect; nor both of them " together bring Horneck to common civi- " lity." " That's a groſs miſtake" (ſaid Cornelius very warmly); " and, to prove " it ſo, I have here a ſmall lyra of my " own, framed, ſtrung, and tuned, after " the ancient manner. I can play ſome " fragments of Leſbian tunes, and I wiſh " I were to try them upon the moſt paſ- " ſionate creatures alive."——" You never " had a better opportunity (ſays Albertus), " for yonder are two apple-women ſcolding, " and juſt ready to uncoif one another." With that Cornelius, undreſſed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his ſlippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ancles, a ſtocking upon his head, and waiſtcoat of murrey-coloured ſattin upon his body: He touched his lyra with a very unuſual ſort of an harpegiatura, nor were his hopes fruſtrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth inſtrument, the ſtrangeneſs of the man, and of the muſic, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at laſt of the combatants themſelves. They all approached the balcony, in as cloſe attention as Orpheus's firſt audience

dience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when ſome favourite air is juſt awakened. This ſudden effect of his muſic encouraged him mightily; and it was obſerved he never touched his lyre in ſuch a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner, as upon that occaſion. The mob laughed, ſung, jumped, danced, and uſed many odd geſtures; all which he judged to be cauſed by the various ſtrains and modulations. "Mark "(quoth he) in this, the power of the "Ionian; in that you ſee the effect of the "Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw ſtones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greateſt air of triumph in the world. "Brother (ſaid "he) do you obſerve I have mixed, un-"awares, too much of the Phrygian; I "might change it to the Lydian, and "ſoften their riotous tempers: But it is "enough: learn from this ſample to ſpeak "with veneration of ancient muſic. If "this lyre in my unſkilful hands can per-"form ſuch wonders, what muſt it not "have done in thoſe of a Timotheus or a "Terpander?" Having ſaid this, he retired with the utmoſt exultation in himſelf, and contempt of his brother; and, it is ſaid, behaved that night with ſuch unuſual haughtineſs to his family, that they all had reaſon to wiſh for ſome ancient Tibicen to calm his temper.

LOGIC.

Martin's underſtanding was ſo totally immerſed in ſenſible objects, that he demanded examples, from material things, of the abſtracted ideas of logic: as for Crambe, he contented himſelf with the words; and when he could but form ſome conceit upon them, was fully ſatisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his inſtructor, that all men were not ſingular; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly ſaid, that a man is not the ſame he was; that madmen are beſide themſelves, and drunken men come to themſelves; which ſhews, that few men have that moſt valuable logical endowment, individuality. Cornelius told Martin that a ſhoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had ſeen it cut into commons. That's true (quoth the tutor), but you never ſaw it cut into ſhoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the moſt lovely individual of the univerſity. When he was told, a ſubſtance was that which was ſubject to accidents; then ſoldiers (quoth Crambe) are the moſt ſubſtantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of accident, that it could be preſent or abſent without the deſtruction of the ſubject; ſince there are a great many accidents that deſtroy the ſubject, as burning does a houſe, and death a man. But, as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a natural death, and a logical death; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the leaſt pariſh-office, yet he might ſtill keep his ſtall amongſt the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin ſenſible images. Thus, calling up the coachman, he aſked him what he had ſeen in the bear-garden? The man anſwered, he ſaw two men fight a prize: one was a fair man, a ſerjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher: the ſerjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue: they fought upon a ſtage about four o'clock, and the ſerjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark (quoth "Cornelius) how the fellow runs through "the predicaments. Men, *ſubſtantia*; two, "*quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; ſer-"jeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the "other, *actio et paſſio*; fighting, *ſitus*; "ſtage, *ubi*; two o'clock, *quando*; blue "and red breeches, *habitus*." At the ſame time he warned Martin, that what he now learned as a logician, he muſt forget as a natural philoſopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this ſecret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-maſter, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteriſtics of relations. Crambe uſed to help him out, by telling him, a cuckold, a loſing gameſter, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept ſhort by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this laſt caſe, the paternity and filiation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament; Crambe affirmed that his *habitus* was more a ſubſtance than he was; for his clothes could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his clothes.

The Seat of the Soul.

In this deſign of Martin to inveſtigate the diſeaſes of the mind, he thought nothing ſo neceſſary

neceſſary as an enquiry after the ſeat of the ſoul; in which, at firſt, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, ſometimes in the ſtomach, and ſometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it abſurd to confine that ſovereign lady to one apartment; which made him infer, that ſhe ſhifted it according to the ſeveral functions of life: The brain was her ſtudy, the heart her ſtate-room, and the ſtomach her kitchen. But, as he ſaw ſeveral offices of life went on at the ſame time, he was forced to give up this hypotheſis alſo. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the ſoul to perform ſeveral operations by her little miniſters, the animal ſpirits; from whence it was natural to conclude, that ſhe reſides in different parts, according to different inclinations, ſexes, ages, and profeſſions. Thus, in epicures he ſeated her in the mouth of the ſtomach; philoſophers have her in the brain, ſoldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fidlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the glandula pinealis, diſſecting many ſubjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might diſcover the cauſe of the different tempers in mankind. He ſuppoſed that in factious and reſtleſs-ſpirited people, he ſhould find it ſharp and pointed, allowing no room for the ſoul to repoſe herſelf; that in quiet tempers it was flat, ſmooth, and ſoft, affording to the ſoul, as it were, an eaſy cuſhion. He was confirmed in this by obſerving, that calves and philoſophers, tygers and ſtateſmen, foxes and ſharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-ſparrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and ſpaniels, moles and miſers, exactly reſemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt likewiſe to find the ſame reſemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: In order to ſatisfy himſelf in which, it was, that he purchaſed the body of one of the firſt ſpecies (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happineſs of one of the latter too under his anatomical knife.

The Soul a Quality.

This is eaſily anſwered by a familiar inſtance. In every jack there is a meat-roaſting quality, which neither reſides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel in the jack, but is the reſult of the whole compoſition: ſo, in an animal, the ſelf-conſciouſneſs is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roaſting in a jack) but the reſult of ſeveral modes or qualities in the ſame ſubject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one jack, ſo the ſeveral parts of the body make one animal. As perception or conſciouſneſs is ſaid to be inherent in this animal, ſo is meat-roaſting ſaid to be inherent in the jack. As ſenſation, reaſoning, volition, memory, &c. are the ſeveral modes of thinking; ſo roaſting of beef, roaſting of mutton, roaſting of pullets, geeſe, turkeys, &c. are the ſeveral modes of meat-roaſting. And as the general quality of meat-roaſting, with its ſeveral modifications, as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; ſo neither does conſciouſneſs, with its ſeveral modes of ſenſation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the reſult from the mechanical compoſition of the whole animal. *Pope.*

§ 34. *Diverſity of Geniuſes.*

I ſhall range theſe confined and leſs copious geniuſes under proper claſſes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of ſome ſort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the firſt ſight of ſuch as ſhall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The Flying Fiſhes: Theſe are writers who now and then riſe upon their fins, and fly out of the profund; but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The Swallows are authors that are eternally ſkimming and fluttering up and down; but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The Oſtriches are ſuch, whoſe heavineſs rarely permits them to raiſe themſelves from the ground; their wings are of no uſe to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very faſt. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The Parrots are they that repeat another's words, in ſuch a hoarſe odd voice, as makes them ſeem their own. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The Didappers are authors that keep themſelves long out of ſight, under water, and come up now and then where you leaſt expected them. L. W. G. D. Eſq. The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The Porpoiſes are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil

moil and tempeſt: but whenever they appear in plain light (which is ſeldom) they are only ſhapeleſs and ugly monſters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The Frogs are ſuch as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration: they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noiſe whenever they thruſt their heads above water. E. W. L. M. Eſq. T. D. Gent.

8. The Eels are obſcure authors, that wrap themſelves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The Tortoiſes are ſlow and chill, and, like paſtoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the moſt part a fine embroidered ſhell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

Theſe are the chief characteriſtics of the Bathos: and in each of theſe kinds we have the comfort to be bleſſed with ſundry and manifold choice ſpirits in this our iſland.

The Advancement of the Bathos.

Thus have I (my dear countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, diſcovered the hidden ſources of the Bathos, or, as I may ſay, broke open the abyſſes of this great deep. And having now eſtabliſhed good and wholeſome laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmoſt might, do proceed to put the ſame in execution? In order whereto, I think I ſhall, in the ſecond place, highly deſerve of my country, by propoſing ſuch a ſcheme, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confeſſedly far ſuperior to that of the enemy, there ſeems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourſelves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm aſſociation, and incorporate into one regular body; whereof every member, even the meaneſt, will ſome-way contribute to the ſupport of the whole; in like manner as the weakeſt reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the ſame foot with other arts of this age. The vaſt improvement of modern manufactures ariſeth from their being divided into ſeveral branches, and parcelled out to ſeveral trades: for inſtance, in clock-making, one artiſt makes the balance, another the ſpring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the caſe, and the principal work-man puts all together: to this œconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches; and doubtleſs we alſo might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the ſeveral parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers perſons, no other way remarkable, have each a ſtrong diſpoſition to the formation of ſome particular trope or figure. Ariſtotle ſaith, that the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality; accordingly we find in thoſe gentlemen a wonderful propenſity towards it, which is marvelloufly improved by travelling: ſoldiers alſo and ſeamen are very happy in the ſame figure. The periphraſis or circumlocution is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the proverb and apologue of old men at clubs; the ellipſis, or ſpeech by half words, of miniſters and politicians; the apoſiopeſis, of courtiers: the litotes, and diminution, of ladies, whiſperers, and backbiters; and the anadiploſis, of common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the ſame words, perſuade people to buy their oyſters, green haſtings, or new ballads. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingſgate, ſarcaſm and irony learned upon the water, and the epiphonema or exclamation frequently from the bear-garden, and as frequently from the 'Hear him' of the Houſe of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtleſs attain to perfection: and when each became incorporated and ſworn into the ſociety (as hath been propoſed) a poet or orator would have no more to do but to ſend to the particular traders in each kind; to the metaphoriſt for his allegories, to the ſimile-maker for his compariſons, to the ironiſt for his ſarcaſms, to the apophthegmatiſt for his ſentences, &c. whereby a dedication or ſpeech would be compoſed in a moment, the ſuperior artiſt having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propoſe that there be contrived, with all convenient diſpatch, at the public expence, a rhetorical cheſt of drawers, conſiſting of three ſtories; the higheſt for the deliberative, the middle for the demonſtrative, and the loweſt for the judicial. Theſe ſhall be ſubdivided into loci or places, being repoſitories for matter and argument in the ſeveral kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer ſhall again be ſubdivided into cells, reſembling thoſe of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the preſs, may in a very few days be filled with ſeveral argu-

ments

ments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as eafily be repleniſhed with a moſt choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the preſent age. Every compoſer will ſoon be taught the uſe of this cabinet, and how to manage all the regiſters of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of thoſe in an organ.

The keys of it muſt be kept in honeſt hands, by ſome reverend prelate, or valiant officer, of unqueſtionable loyalty and affection to every preſent eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate; which will ſufficiently guard againſt any miſchief which might otherwiſe be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in ſuch hands, it may be at diſcretion let out by the day, to ſeveral great orators in both houſes; from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will accrue to our ſociety.

Dedications and Panegyrics.

Now of what neceſſity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this ſingle conſideration, that nothing is of equal conſequence to the ſucceſs of our works as ſpeed and diſpatch. Great pity it is, that ſolid brains are not, like other ſolid bodies, conſtantly endowed with a velocity in ſinking proportionable to their heavineſs: for it is with the flowers of the Bathos as with thoſe of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not haſtily to market in the morning, muſt unprofitably periſh and wither before night. And of all our productions none is ſo ſhort-lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praiſe of a day, and become by the next utterly uſeleſs, improper, indecent, and falſe. This is the more to be lamented, inaſmuch as theſe two are the ſorts whereon in a manner depends that profit, which muſt ſtill be remembered to be the main end of our writers and ſpeakers.

We ſhall therefore employ this chapter in ſhewing the quickeſt method of compoſing them: after which we will teach a ſhort way to epic poetry. And theſe being confeſſedly the works of moſt importance and difficulty, it is preſumed we may leave the reſt to each author's own learning or practice.

Firſt of Panegyric. Every man is honourable, who is ſo by law, cuſtom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like thoſe of plants, are inherent in them, whether they are exerted or not; and the more ſtrongly inherent, the leſs they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the leſs he ſpends. All great miniſters, without either private or œconomical virtue, are virtuous by their poſts, liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon public ſupplies, juſt by paying public intereſt, courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expences, and prudent by public ſucceſs. They have by their office a right to a ſhare of the public ſtock of virtues; beſides, they are by preſcription immemorial inveſted in all the celebrated virtues of their predeceſſors in the ſame ſtations, eſpecially thoſe of their own anceſtors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of honourable and diſhonourable, they are various in different countries: in this, they are blue, green, and red.

But, foraſmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we ſhould put ſome things in a ſtrong light, and throw a ſhade over others, I ſhall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The firſt and chief rule is the golden rule of tranſformation; which conſiſts in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a ſpendthrift, and will not pay a juſt debt, may have his injuſtice tranſformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphoſed into prudence; intemperance into good-nature and good-fellowſhip; corruption into patriotiſm; and lewdneſs into tenderneſs and facility.

The ſecond is the rule of contraries. It is certain the leſs a man is endued with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully beſtowed, eſpecially thoſe good qualities of which the world generally believes he has none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverſe of theſe precepts will ſerve for ſatire; wherein we are ever to remark, that whoſo loſeth his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his ſhare in public praiſe and honour. Therefore the truly public-ſpirited writer ought in duty to ſtrip him whom the government hath ſtripped; which is the real poetical juſtice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be uſed in the praiſe and diſpraiſe of miniſterial and unminiſterial perſons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet; concluding with an earneſt exhortation to all my brethren, to obſerve the precepts here laid down; the neglect of which has coſt ſome of them their ears in a pillory.

A Recipe

A Recipe to make an Epic Poem.

An epic poem, the critics agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a poet, is a genius. I ſhall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifeſt, that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe who confeſs they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, than any man can do it with money; and if a profeſſed cook cannot do without it, he has his art for nothing: the ſame may be ſaid of making a poem; it is eaſily brought about by him that has a genius, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and ſure recipe, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

To make an Epic Poem.

For the Fable. Take out of any old poem, hiſtory-book, romance, or legend (for inſtance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) thoſe parts of ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for long deſcriptions: put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may chuſe for the ſound of his name, and put him in the midſt of theſe adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Epiſode. Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon, who may be loſt and evaporate in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the Moral and Allegory. Theſe you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leiſure: be ſure you ſtrain them ſufficiently.

For the Manners. For thoſe of the hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in the moſt celebrated heroes of antiquity: if they will not be reduced to a conſiſtency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be ſure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any miſtake which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the head of a dedication or poem. However do not obſerve the exact quantity of theſe virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the hero of a poem to be an honeſt man. For the under-characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

For the Machines. Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can uſe: ſeparate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occaſions to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your ſpirits from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe machines is evident: ſince no epic poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wit, ſeek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct preſcription of Horace, in his Art of Poetry:

> Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit.—

That is to ſay, "A poet ſhould never call "upon the gods for their aſſiſtance, but "when he is in great perplexity."

For the Deſcriptions. For a tempeſt. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, and Boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe: add to theſe of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit*; mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your deſcription here and there with a quickſand. Brew your tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a-blowing.

For a battle. Pick a large quantity of images and deſcriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a ſpice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a ſkirmiſh. Seaſon it well with ſimiles, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a burning town. If ſuch a deſcription be neceſſary (becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to

your hands: but if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumſtanced, and done into verſe, will be a good ſuccedaneum.

As for ſimilies and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the moſt ignorant may gather them: but the danger is in applying them. For this adviſe with your bookſeller. *Pope.*

§ 35. *The Duty of a Clerk.*

No ſooner was I elected into my office, but I laid aſide the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I conſidered myſelf as in ſome wiſe of eccleſiaſtical dignity; ſince by wearing a band, which is no ſmall part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a ſhred of the linen veſtment of Aaron.

Thou may'ſt conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I firſt took my place at the feet of the prieſt. When I raiſed the pſalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the ſhoulders of the miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, "Remember, Paul, thou ſtandeth before men of high worſhip; the wife Mr. Juſtice Freeman, the grave Mr. Juſtice Tonſon, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young maſter the Eſquire, who ſhall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein.

* * * * *

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuſes which had crept into the church.

Firſt, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a ſober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs, though ſore againſt my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me; for I remember the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the ſweat of my own hands I did make plain and ſmooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I cauſed every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom, and trimmed.

Fifthly, and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurplice to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender (yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water); and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neighbouring clergy, foraſmuch as no pariſh kept the miniſter in cleaner linen.

* * * * *

Shoes did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces alſo did I ſhave; and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my two-fold profeſſion, there paſſed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearſed: How that, being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I ſhaved the prieſt with Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes inſtead of a waſh-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But theſe were ſayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth: for it is well known, that great was my care and ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was ſought unto to geld the Lady Frances her ſpaniel, which was wont to go aſtray: he was called Toby, that is to ſay, Tobias. And, thirdly, I was entruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid lady, to ſet an heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch praiſe therefore, that it was ſaid all over the pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the king to mend ſhoes for his majeſty: whom God preſerve! Amen.

Pope.

§ 36. *Cruelty to Animals.*

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, bearbaiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs: yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals; almoſt as ſoon as we

we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as ſwallows and martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs; ſo that this is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for Robin red-breaſts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: ſcarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of owls (who are a ſort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alledged for the deſtruction of frogs is becauſe they are like toads. Yet, amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, 'tis ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reſerved.

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it; but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chaſers, not a little contributes to reſiſt thoſe checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay, with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a ſtag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling, and weeping creature.

Queſtuque cruentus,
Atque imploranti ſimilis.———

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls ſewed up, are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience, and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it: for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking, or horrid, than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, beſtrewed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty. *Pope.*

§ 37. *Paſtoral Comedy.*

I have not attempted any thing of a paſtoral comedy, becauſe I think the taſte of our age will not reliſh a poem of that ſort. People ſeek for what they call wit, on all ſubjects, and in all places; not conſidering that nature loves truth ſo well, that it hardly ever admits of flouriſhing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needleſs, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majeſty in ſimplicity, which is far above all the quaintneſs of wit: inſomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftieſt poetry, as well as the loweſt, and forbid it to the epic no leſs than the paſtoral. I ſhould certainly diſpleaſe all thoſe who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Taſſo not only in the ſimplicity of his thoughts, but

but in that of the fable too. If surprising discoveries should have place in the story of a pastoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence, which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unless it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne; and even that is the most simple in the world: the contrary is observable in Pastor Fido, where Corisca is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the pastoral comedy has another disadvantage, as to the manners: its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character, must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries. *Pope.*

§ 38. *Dogs.*

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of The Dog's Grave to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people in the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wildbrat, to one of their kings, who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains) "Wild-brat was faithful." Sir William Trumbull has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present: King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or grey-hound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the grey-hound, because (said he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold word for a Christian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than, Yours, &c.

Pope.

§ 39. *Lady Mary Wortley Montague.*

The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us: but to follow them the more, the farther they are removed from the sense of it. Sure, flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. 'Tis a generous piece of popery, that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent into another world: whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a sort of piety. I can't be satisfied with strewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost; but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses after you. You have carried away so much of me, that what remains is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here; and, I believe, in three or four months more I shall think Aurat Bazar as good a place as Covent-Garden. You may imagine this is raillery; but I am really so far gone, as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic; so is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing, or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland, for immolating her lover, nor you, for constancy to your lord, must ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger; for having, since you went, frequented those people most, who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a black full-bottomed wig; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered, "Love is blind." I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism, but on the

ſcore of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourſelf; there is nothing I ſo much deſire, to hear of: talk a great deal of yourſelf; that ſhe who I always thought talked the beſt, may ſpeak upon the beſt ſubject. The ſhrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curioſity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to ſee one ſuch face as yours, than both St. John Baptiſt's heads. I wiſh (ſince you are grown ſo covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine ſtatues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar ſet up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies, with reſpect to their huſbands, ſeem to underſtand that text literally, that commands to bear one another's burdens: but, I fancy, many a man there is like Iſſachar, an aſs between two burdens. I ſhall look upon you no more as a Chriſtian, when you paſs from that charitable court to the land of jealouſy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the land of infidelity. Pray how far are you got already? Amidſt the pomp of a high maſs, and the raviſhing thrills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and diſcipline of the church of England? Had you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How did your Chriſtian virtues hold out in ſo long a voyage? You have, it ſeems (without paſſing the bounds of Chriſtendom) out-travelled the ſin of fornication; in a little time you'll look upon ſome others with more patience than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it ſo well as to make your religion laſt to the verge of Chriſtendom, that you may diſcharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find ſome buſineſs.

I doubt not but I ſhall be told (when I come to follow you through theſe countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourſelf to the cuſtoms of the true Muſſulmen. They will tell me at what town you practiſed to ſit on the ſopha, at what village you learned to fold a turban, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy muſt it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worſhip to be giddy-headed! I ſhall hear at Belgrade how the good baſhaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhamed; and how earneſtly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a juſt one; that it was attended with ſome circumſtances under which he could not properly repreſent his Britannic majeſty.

Laſtly, I ſhall hear how, the firſt night you lay at Pera, you had a viſion of Mahomet's paradiſe, and happily awaked without a ſoul; from which bleſſed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I ſee I have done in this letter, as I often have done in your company; talked myſelf into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one: the pleaſure of addreſſing to you makes me run on; and 'tis in your power to ſhorten this letter as much as you pleaſe, by giving over when you pleaſe: ſo I'll make it no longer by apologies. *Pope.*

§ 40. *The Manners of a Bookſeller.*

To the Earl of Burlington.

My Lord,

If your mare could ſpeak, ſhe would give an account of what extraordinary company ſhe had on the road; which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will.

It was the enterpriſing Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonſon, who, mounted on a ſtone-horſe (no diſagreeable companion to your lordſhip's mare) overtook me in Windſor-foreſt. He ſaid, he heard I deſigned for Oxford, the ſeat of the Muſes; and would, as my bookſeller, by all means accompany me thither.

I aſked him where he got his horſe? He anſwered, he got it of his publiſher: "For "that rogue, my printer (ſaid he) diſappointed me: I hoped to put him in good "humour by a treat at the tavern, of a "brown fricaſſee of rabbits, which coſt two "ſhillings, with two quarts of wine, beſides my converſation. I thought myſelf "cock-ſure of his horſe, which he readily "promiſed me, but ſaid that Mr. Tonſon "had juſt ſuch another deſign of going to "Cambridge, expecting there the copy of "a new kind of Horace from Dr. ——; "and if Mr. Tonſon went, he was pre-"engaged to attend him, being to have the "printing of the ſaid copy.

"So, in ſhort, I borrowed this ſtone-"horſe of my publiſher, which he had of Mr.

" Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me, " too, the pretty boy you ſee after me: he " was a ſmutty dog yeſterday, and coſt me " near two hours to waſh the ink off his " face: but the devil is a fair-conditioned " devil, and very forward in his catechiſe: " if you have any more bags, he ſhall carry " them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected; ſo gave the boy a ſmall bag, containing three ſhirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an inſtant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous ſtationer beſide, and the aforeſaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner:— " Now, damn them! what if they ſhould " put it in the news-paper how you and I " went together to Oxford? what would " I care? If I ſhould go down into Suſ- " ſex, they would ſay I was gone to the " ſpeaker: but what of that? If my ſon " were but big enough to go on with the " buſineſs, by G—d I would keep as good " company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquired of his ſon. " The " lad (ſays he) has fine parts, but is ſome- " what ſickly; much as you are—I ſpare " for nothing in his education at Weſtmin- " ſter. Pray don't you think Weſtminſter " to be the beſt ſchool in England? Moſt " of the late miniſtry came out of it, ſo did " many of this miniſtry; I hope the boy " will make his fortune."

Don't you deſign to let him paſs a year at Oxford? " To what purpoſe? (ſaid he) " the univerſities do but make pedants, " and I intend to breed him a man of buſi- " neſs."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I obſerved he ſat uneaſy on his ſaddle, for which I expreſſed ſome ſolicitude. Nothing, ſays he, I can bear it well enough; but ſince we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleaſant for you to reſt awhile under the woods. When we were alighted, " See " here, what a mighty pretty kind of Horace " I have in my pocket! what if you amuſed " yourſelf in turning an ode, till we mount " again? Lord! if you pleaſed, what a " clever miſcellany might you make at your " leiſure hours!" Perhaps I may, ſaid I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my ſpirits: then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence enſued for a full hour: after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, ſtopp'd ſhort, and broke out, " Well, Sir, how far have " you gone?" I anſwered Seven miles. " Z—ds! Sir," ſaid Lintot, " I thought " you had done ſeven ſtanzas. Oldſworth, " in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would " tranſlate a whole ode in half this time. " I'll ſay that for Oldſworth (though I loſt " by his Timothy's) he tranſlates an ode of " Horace the quickeſt of any man in Eng- " land. I remember Dr. King would write " verſes in a tavern three hours after he " could not ſpeak: and there's Sir Richard, " in that rumbling old chariot of his, be- " tween Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's-pound " ſhall make you half a Job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (ſaid I) now you talk of tranſlators, what is your method of managing them? " Sir, (replied he) thoſe are " the ſaddeſt pack of rogues in the world; " in a hungry fit, they'll ſwear they under- " ſtand all the languages in the univerſe: " I have known one of them take down a " Greek book upon my counter, and cry, " Ay, this is Hebrew, I muſt read it from " the latter end. By G—d, I can never " be ſure in theſe fellows; for I neither " underſtand Greek, Latin, French, nor " Italian myſelf. But this is my way; I " agree with them for ten ſhillings per " ſheet, with a proviſo, that I will have " their doings corrected by whom I pleaſe: " ſo by one or other they are led at laſt to " the true ſenſe of an author; my judgment " giving the negative to all my tranſlators." But how are you ſecure thoſe correctors may not impoſe upon you? " Why, I get any " civil gentleman (eſpecially any Scotch- " man) that comes into my ſhop, to read " the original to me in Engliſh; by this I " know whether my tranſlator be deficient, " and whether my corrector merits his mo- " ney or not.

" I'll tell you what happened to me laſt " month: I bargained with S—— for a " new verſion of Lucretius, to publiſh " againſt Tonſon's; agreeing to pay the " author ſo many ſhillings at his producing " ſo many lines. He made a great pro- " greſs in a very ſhort time, and I gave it " to the corrector to compare with the " Latin; but he went directly to Creech's " tranſlation, and found it the ſame, word " for word, all but the firſt page. Now, " what d'ye think I did? I arreſted the " tranſlator for a cheat; nay, and I ſtopped " the corrector's pay too, upon this proof, " that he had made uſe of Creech inſtead " of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? " Sir (ſaid he) nothing more eaſy.

" I can silence the moſt formidable of them: " the rich ones with a ſheet apiece of the " blotted manuſcript, which coſt me no- " thing; they'll go about with it to their " acquaintance, and ſay they had it from " the author, who ſubmitted to their cor- " rection: this has given ſome of them " ſuch an air, that in time they come to be " conſulted with, and dedicated to, as the " top critics of the town.—As for the poor " critics, I'll give you one inſtance of my " management, by which you may gueſs at " the reſt. A lean man, that looked like " a very good ſcholar, came to me t'other " day; he turned over your Homer, ſhook " his head, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and " piſhed at every line of it: One would " wonder (ſays he) at the ſtrange preſump- " tion of ſome men; Homer is no ſuch eaſy " taſk, that every ſtripling, every verſifier " —He was going on, when my wife called " to dinner—Sir, ſaid I, will you pleaſe to " eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot " (ſaid he) I am ſorry you ſhould be at the " expence of this great book; I am really " concerned on your account—Sir, I am " much obliged to you: if you can dine " upon a piece of beef, together with a ſlice " of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not ſay but " Mr. Pope, if he would but condeſcend " to adviſe with men of learning—Sir, the " pudding is upon the table, if you pleaſe " to go in——My critic complies, he comes " to a taſte of your poetry; and tells me, " in the ſame breath, that your book is " commendable, and the pudding excellent. " Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in " return to the frankneſs I have ſhewn, " pray tell me, Is it the opinion of your " friends at court that my Lord Lanſdown " will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him, I heard he would not; and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. " That may be (replied " Mr. Lintot); but, by G—d, if he is not, " I ſhall loſe the printing of a very good " trial."

Theſe, my lord, are a few traits by which you may diſcern the genius of Mr. Lintot; which I have choſen for the ſubject of a letter. I dropt him as ſoon as I got to Oxford, and paid a viſit to my lord Carleton at Middleton.

The converſations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleaſures from them only to be equalled when I meet your lordſhip. I hope in a few days to caſt myſelf from your horſe at your feet.

Pope.

§ 41. *Deſcription of a Country Seat.*

To the Duke of Buckingham.

In anſwer to a letter in which he incloſed the deſcription of Buckingham-houſe, written by him to the D. of Sh.

Pliny was one of thoſe few authors who had a warm houſe over his head, nay, two houſes; as appears by two of his epiſtles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durſt have informed the public where they lodged, we ſhould have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as thoſe of Fleet-ſtreet; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into ſuch a ſecret; therefore we may preſume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their bookſellers.

It ſeems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all; he firſt introduced himſelf to Auguſtus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an obſervation which probably he had not made, unleſs he had lain all night in the ſtreet.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his ſatires he complains of the exceſſive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked ſo feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bed-fellow in it.

I believe, with all the oſtentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houſes for your grace's one; which is a country-houſe in the ſummer, and a town-houſe in the winter, and muſt be owned to be the propereſt habitation for a wiſe man, who ſees all the world change every ſeaſon without ever changing himſelf.

I have been reading the deſcription of Pliny's houſe with an eye to yours; but finding they will bear no compariſon, will try if it can be matched by the large country-ſeat I inhabit at preſent, and ſee what figure it may make by the help of a florid deſcription.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcription, any more than in the houſe; the whole vaſt edifice is ſo diſjointed, and the ſeveral parts of it ſo detached one from the other, and yet ſo joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time; where the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and ſtood ſtone-ſtill with amazement ever ſince.

You muſt excuſe me, if I ſay nothing of the front; indeed I don't know which it is. A ſtranger would be grievouſly diſappoint-

ed,

ed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoaking; but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musquet or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers 'scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight, whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights, and courtly dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildew'd pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell, with all their brimstone about them: these are carefully set at the farther corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy: a little farther, on the right, the servants hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she pray'd she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor, in all, twenty-six apartments; among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The kitchen is built in form of a rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms; you never pass out of one into another, but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a ban-box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not from this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd cielings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have, for many years, had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey: since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I had described,

ſcribed, but for a ſtarch'd grey-headed ſteward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we paſſed from room to room with ſeveral relations of the family; but his obſervations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where ſtood the triple rows of butts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toaſts in a morning; he pointed to the ſtands that ſupported the iron-hooped hogſheads of ſtrong beer; then ſtepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (ſays he, with "tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once maſter "of all this drink. He had two ſons, poor "young maſters! who never arrived to the "age of his beer; they both fell ill in this "very room, and never went out on their "own legs." He could not paſs by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to ſhew us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding ſtone ſteps, which landed us into ſeveral little rooms one above another. One of theſe was nailed up, and our guide whiſpered to us as a ſecret the occaſion of it: it ſeems the courſe of this noble blood was a little interrupted, about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring prior; ever ſince which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghoſt of lady Frances is ſuppoſed to walk there, and ſome prying maids of the family report that they have ſeen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole: but this matter is huſht up, and the ſervants are forbid to talk of it.

I muſt needs have tired you with this long deſcription; but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preſerve the memory of that, which itſelf muſt ſoon fall into duſt, nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old houſe the ſame kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his laſt extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted ſtudy, where no one that paſſes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even thoſe who would dine with us dare not ſtay under our roof! Any one that ſees it, will own I could not have choſen a more likely place to converſe with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I ſhall have the ſenſe to endeavour to converſe with the beſt of them, and ſhall therefore, as ſoon as poſſible, tell you in perſon how much I am, &c. *Pope.*

§ 42. *Apology for his religious Tenets.*

My Lord,

I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and and the deſire you expreſs that I ſhould improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordſhip's friendſhip to me is ſo extenſive, that you include in that wiſh both my ſpiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendſhip, to open my mind unreſervedly to you on this head. It is true I have loſt a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie; I thank God another ſtill remains (and long may it remain) of the ſame tender nature; *Genitrix eſt mihi*—and excuſe me if I ſay with Euryalus,

Nequeam lachrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but ſure it is a virtuous one: at leaſt I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preſerve a good parent's life and happineſs, than I am of any ſpeculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For ſhe, my lord, would think this ſeparation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the ſucceſs of ſuch an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of the moſt poſitive divinity). Whether the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, the part of joining with any one body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy; but I think it would not be ſo, to renounce the other.

Your lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to read the beſt controverſies between the churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both ſides in the reign of king James the Second: I warmed my head with them, and the conſequence was, that I found myſelf a papiſt and a proteſtant by turns, accord-

according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case; and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And, after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the temporal side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life, where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather stooping than climbing. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject: but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman catholic, or a French catholic, or a Spanish catholic, but a true catholic: and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my lord, I end like a preacher: this is *fermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your, &c. *Pope.*

§ 43. *Defence against a noble Lord's Reflections.*

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a lady's (on the printer's word in the title-page) and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that sex in altercation: for I never was so mean a creature as to commit my anger against a lady to paper, though but in a private letter. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of real honour and truth. Your lordship indeed said you had it from a lady, and the lady said it was your lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had two fathers, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) two mothers; indeed I think both sexes had a share in it, but which was uppermost, I know not; I pretend not to determine the exact method of this witty fornication: and, if I call it yours, my lord, 'tis only because, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the ignoble poet, and his noble enemies. What he has written of Fanny, Adonis, Sappho, or who you will, he owned, he published, he set his name to: what they have published of him, they have denied to have written; and what they have written of him, they have denied to have published. One of these was the case in the past libel, and the other in the present; for though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny, in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion concerned him most.

Yet, my lord, this epistle was a piece not written in haste, or in a passion, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at full leisure at Hampton-Court, and I the object singled, like a deer out of season, for so ill-timed, and ill-placed a diversion. It was a deliberate work, directed to a reverend person, of the most serious and sacred character, with whom you are known to cultivate a strict correspondence, and to whom, it will not be doubted, but you open your secret sentiments, and deliver your real judgment of men and things. This, I say, my lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my reflection and attention. Your lordship's opinion of me as a poet, I cannot help; it is yours, my lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor

man; but it is not yours alone, you must be content to share it with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, and (it may be) with many more innocent and ingenious gentlemen. If your lordship destroys my poetical character, they will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my moral character be ruined, it must be wholly the work of your lordship; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I myself co-operate.

How can you talk (my most worthy lord) of all Pope's works as so many libels, affirm, that he has no invention but in defamation, and charge him with selling another man's labours printed with his own name? Fye, my lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world, in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the Odyssey. I can only suppose your lordship (not having at that time forgot your Greek) despised to look upon the translation; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my lord, when you said he sold another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he bought them, which very much alters the case. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your lordship. I dare not affirm he was as well paid as some writers (much his inferiors) have been since; but your lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to buy or sell scribbling so high: and that I have neither place, pension, nor power to reward for secret services. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least envy to such an author as I am; but, were that possible, it were much better gratified by employing not your own, but some of those low and ignoble pens to do you this mean office. I dare engage you'll have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raised the market. Let them drive the bargain for you, my lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses, as these of your lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot Curl do the same? nay, has he not done it before your lordship, in the same kind of language, and almost the same words? I cannot but think, the worthy and discreet clergyman himself will agree, it is improper, nay unchristian, to expose the personal defects of our brother; that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same Maker, who fashioneth his vessels as he pleaseth; and that it is not from their shape we can tell whether they were made for honour or dishonour. In a word, he would teach you charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my lord, as to the obscurity of my birth (a reflection copied also from Mr. Curl and his brethren) I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's: but my father had the honour, in one instance, to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possest. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it! But as to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your lordship yet better, a cobler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family: and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady, whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a better present than even the noble blood they derive only from you: a mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say, she spoiled me; and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he disapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough, that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear.

I have purposely omitted to consider your lordship's criticisms on my poetry. As they are exactly the same with those of the forementioned authors, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to you what belongs to them; or paid more distinction to the same things when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be shewing both them and you (my lord) a more particular respect, to

observe

obſerve how much they are honoured by your imitation of them, which indeed is carried through your whole epiſtle. I have read ſomewhere at ſchool (though I make it no vanity to have forgot where) that Tully naturalized a few phraſes at the inſtance of ſome of his friends. Your lordſhip has done more in honour of theſe gentlemen; you have authorized not only their aſſertions, but their ſtyle. For example, A flow that wants ſkill to reſtrain its ardour,—a dictionary that give us nothing at its own expence.—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, ſo wit unprun'd is but raw fruit —While you rehearſe ignorance, you ſtill know enough to do it in verſe—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we paſs our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W——'s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than ſuch a head (as no head) has to give: your lordſhip would have ſaid never receive inſtead of ever, and any head inſtead of no head. But all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language. *Pope.*

§ 44. *The death of Mr.* Gay.

It is not a time to complain that you have not anſwered my two letters (in the laſt of which I was impatient under ſome fears): it is not now indeed a time to think of myſelf, when one of the neareſt and longeſt ties I have ever had is broken all on a ſudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died laſt night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his ſenſes entirely at laſt, and poſſeſſing them perfectly till within five hours. He aſked for you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breaſt. His effects are in the Duke of Queenſbury's cuſtody. His ſiſters, we ſuppoſe, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this ſtage? In every friend we loſe a part of ourſelves, and the beſt part. God keep thoſe we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one's ſelf the leaſt of all.

I ſhall never ſee you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the moſt amiable by far, his qualities were the gentleſt; but I love you as well, and as firmly. Would to God the man we have loſt had not been ſo amiable, nor ſo good! but that's a wiſh for our own ſakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deſerve happineſs, it muſt be his. Adieu! I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminiſh nothing from it. *Pope.*

§ 45. *Envy.*

Envy is almoſt the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only paſſion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are every where diſcoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impoſſible to mention a name, which any advantageous diſtinction has made eminent, but ſome latent animoſity will burſt out. The wealthy trader, however he may abſtract himſelf from public affairs, will never want thoſe who hint with Shylock, that ſhips are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whoſe fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modeſty, provokes, whenever ſhe appears, a thouſand murmurs of detraction, and whiſpers of ſuſpicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleaſing images of nature, or inſtruct by unconteſted principles of ſcience, yet ſuffers perſecution from innumerable critics, whoſe acrimony is excited merely by the pain of ſeeing others pleaſed, of hearing applauſes which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it ſo familiar, that it eſcapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in ſome uſeful art, finds himſelf purſued by multitudes whom he never ſaw with implacability of perſonal reſentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let looſe upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every ſtratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, expoſed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor thoſe artifices at which he only laughed before, and diſcovers how much the happineſs of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a ſtubborn weed of the mind, and ſeldom yields to the culture of philoſophy. There are, however, conſiderations, which, if carefully implanted, and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repreſs it, ſince no one can nurſe it for the ſake of pleaſure, as its effects are only ſhame, anguiſh, and perturbation.

It

It is, above all other vices, inconſiſtent with the character of a ſocial being, becauſe it ſacrifices truth and kindneſs to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition, in the ſame proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blaſts a flouriſhing reputation, muſt be content with a ſmall dividend of additional fame, ſo ſmall as can afford very little conſolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is ſo baſe and deteſtable, ſo vile in its original, and ſo pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almoſt any other quality is to be deſired. It is one of thoſe lawleſs enemies of ſociety, againſt which poiſoned arrows may honeſtly be uſed. Let it therefore be conſtantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confeſſes his ſuperiority, and let thoſe be reformed by their pride, who have loſt their virtue.

It is no ſlight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed againſt thoſe who have given no intentional provocation; and that the ſufferer is marked out for ruin, not becauſe he has failed in any duty, but becauſe he has dared to do more than was required.

Almoſt every other crime is practiſed by the help of ſome quality which might have produced eſteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil; it purſues a hateful end by deſpicable means, and deſires not ſo much its own happineſs as another's miſery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not neceſſary that any one ſhould aſpire to heroiſm or ſanctity; but only, that he ſhould reſolve not to quit the rank which nature aſſigns, and wiſh to maintain the dignity of a human being. *Rambler.*

§ 46. Epicurus, *a Review of his Character.*

I believe you will find, my dear Hamilton, that Ariſtotle is ſtill to be preferred to Epicurus. The former made ſome uſeful experiments and diſcoveries, and was engaged in a real purſuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The latter was full of vanity and ambition. He was an impoſtor, and only aimed at deceiving. He ſeemed not to believe the principles which he has aſſerted. He committed the government of all things to chance. His natural philoſophy is abſurd. His moral philoſophy wants its proper baſis, the fear of God. Monſieur Bayle, one of his warmeſt advocates, is of this laſt opinion, where he ſays, *On ne ſauroit pas dire aſſez de bien de l'honnêteté de ſes mœurs, ni aſſez de mal de ſes opinions ſur la religion.* His general maxim, That happineſs conſiſted in pleaſure, was too much unguarded, and muſt lay a foundation of a moſt deſtructive practice: although, from his temper and conſtitution, he made his life ſufficiently pleaſurable to himſelf, and agreeable to the rules of true philoſophy. His fortune exempted him from care and ſolicitude; his valetudinarian habit of body from intemperance. He paſſed the greateſt part of his time in his garden, where he enjoyed all the elegant amuſements of life. There he ſtudied. There he taught his philoſophy. This particular happy ſituation greatly contributed to that tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. He had not, however, reſolution ſufficient to meet the gradual approaches of death, and wanted that conſtancy which Sir William Temple aſcribes to him: for in his laſt moments, when he found that his condition was deſperate, he took ſuch large draughts of wine, that he was abſolutely intoxicated and deprived of his ſenſes; ſo that he died more like a bacchanal, than a philoſopher. *Orrery's Life of Swift.*

§ 47. *Example, its Prevalence.*

Is it not Pliny, my lord, who ſays, that the gentleſt, he ſhould have added the moſt effectual, way of commanding is by example? *Mitius jubetur exemplo.* The harſheſt orders are ſoftened by example, and tyranny itſelf becomes perſuaſive. What pity it is that ſo few princes have learned this way of commanding! But again; the force of example is not confined to thoſe alone that paſs immediately under our ſight: the examples that memory ſuggeſts have the ſame effect in their degree, and an habit of recalling them will ſoon produce the habit of imitating them. In the ſame epiſtle from whence I cited a paſſage juſt now, Seneca ſays, that Cleanthes had never become ſo perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not paſſed his life with him; that Plato, Ariſtotle, and the other philoſophers of that ſchool, profited more by the example than by the diſcourſes of Socrates. (But here by the way Seneca miſtook; Socrates died two years according to ſome, and four years according to others, before the birth of Ariſtotle; and

and his miſtake might come from the inaccuracy of thoſe who collected for him; as Eraſmus obſerves, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca.) But be this, which was ſcarce worth a parentheſis, as it will, he adds, that Metrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyxenus, men of great note, were formed by living under the ſame roof with Epicurus, not by frequenting his ſchool. Theſe are inſtances of the force of immediate example. But your lordſhip knows, citizens of Rome placed the images of their anceſtors in the veſtibules of their houſes; ſo that whenever they went in or out, theſe venerable buſtoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead, to fire the living, to excite them to imitate and even emulate their great forefathers. The ſucceſs anſwered the deſign. The virtue of one generation was transfuſed, by the magic of example, into ſeveral: and a ſpirit of heroiſm was maintained through many ages of that commonwealth.

Dangerous, when copied without Judgment.

Peter of Medicis had involved himſelf in great difficulties, when thoſe wars and calamities began which Lewis Sforza firſt drew on and entailed on Italy, by flattering the ambition of Charles the Eighth, in order to gratify his own, and calling the French into that country. Peter owed his diſtreſs to his folly in departing from the general tenor of conduct his father Laurence had held, and hoped to relieve himſelf by imitating his father's example in one particular inſtance. At a time when the wars with the Pope and king of Naples had reduced Laurence to circumſtances of great danger, he took the reſolution of going to Ferdinand, and of treating in perſon with that prince. The reſolution appears in hiſtory imprudent and almoſt deſperate: were we informed of the ſecret reaſons on which this great man acted, it would appear very poſſibly a wiſe and ſafe meaſure. It ſucceeded, and Laurence brought back with him public peace and private ſecurity. When the French troops entered the dominions of Florence, Peter was ſtruck with a panic terror, went to Charles the Eighth, put the port of Leghorn, the fortreſſes of Piſa, and all the keys of the country into this prince's hands: whereby he diſarmed the Florentine commonwealth, and ruined himſelf. He was deprived of his authority, and driven out of the city, by the juſt indignation of the magiſtrates and people; and in the treaty which they made afterwards with the king of France, it was ſtipulated that he ſhould not remain within an hundred miles of the ſtate, nor his brothers within the ſame diſtance of the city of Florence. On this occaſion Guicciardin obſerves, how dangerous it is to govern ourſelves by particular examples; ſince to have the ſame ſucceſs, we muſt have the ſame prudence, and the ſame fortune; and ſince the example muſt not only anſwer the caſe before us in general, but in every minute circumſtance. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 48. *Exile only an imaginary Evil.*

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it ſo? How comes it then to paſs that ſuch numbers of men live out of their countries by choice? Obſerve how the ſtreets of London and of Paris are crowded. Call over thoſe millions by name, and aſk them one by one, of what country they are: how many will you find, who from different parts of the earth come to inhabit theſe great cities, which afford the largeſt opportunities and the largeſt encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and ſome are ſent by duty; many reſort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmoſt extremities of the Eaſt or Weſt: viſit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhoſpitable regions of the North; you will find no climate ſo bad, no country ſo ſavage, as not to have ſome people who come from abroad, and inhabit thoſe by choice.

Among numberleſs extravagances which paſs through the minds of men, we may juſtly reckon for one that notion of a ſecret affection, independent of our reaſon, and ſuperior to our reaſon, which we are ſuppoſed to have for our country; as if there were ſome phyſical virtue in every ſpot of ground, which neceſſarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.

This notion may have contributed to the ſecurity and grandeur of ſtates. It has therefore been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its ſide. Men have come in this caſe, as in many others, from believing that it ought to be ſo, to perſuade others, and even to believe themſelves that it is ſo.

Cannot

Cannot hurt a reflecting Man.

Whatever is beſt is ſafeſt; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the nobleſt part. Theſe are inſeparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we ſhall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the courſe of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coaſt ſoever we are thrown by them, we ſhall not find ourſelves abſolutely ſtrangers. We ſhall meet with men and women, creatures of the ſame figure, endowed with the ſame faculties, and born under the ſame laws of nature.

We ſhall ſee the ſame virtues and vices, flowing from the ſame principles, but varied in a thouſand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and cuſtoms which is eſtabliſhed for the ſame univerſal end, the preſervation of ſociety. We ſhall feel the ſame revolution of ſeaſons, and the ſame ſun and moon will guide the courſe of our year. The ſame azure vault, beſpangled with ſtars, will be every where ſpread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire thoſe planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the ſame central ſun; from whence we may not diſcover an object ſtill more ſtupendous, that army of fixed ſtars hung up in the immenſe ſpace of the univerſe; innumerable ſuns, whoſe beams enlighten and cheriſh the unknown worlds which roll around them: and whilſt I am raviſhed by ſuch contemplations as theſe, whilſt my ſoul is thus raiſed up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 49. *The Love of Fame.*

I can by no means agree with you in thinking, that the love of fame is a paſſion, which either reaſon or religion condemns. I confeſs, indeed, there are ſome who have repreſented it as inconſiſtent with both; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of The Religion of Nature delineated, has treated it as highly irrational and abſurd. As the paſſage falls in ſo thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large; and I give it you, at the ſame time, as a very great authority on your ſide. "In reality," ſays that writer, "the man "is not known ever the more to poſterity, "becauſe his name is tranſmitted to them: "He doth not live becauſe his name does. "When it is ſaid, Julius Cæſar ſubdued "Gaul, conquered Pompey, &c. it is the "ſame thing as to ſay, the conqueror of "Pompey was Julius Cæſar, i. e. Cæſar and "the conqueror of Pompey is the ſame "thing; Cæſar is as much known by one "deſignation as by the other. The amount "then is only this: that the conqueror of "Pompey conquered Pompey; or rather, "ſince Pompey is as little known now as "Cæſar, ſomebody conquered ſomebody. "Such a poor buſineſs is this boaſted im-"mortality! and ſuch is the thing called "glory among us! To diſcerning men "this fame is mere air, and what they "deſpiſe, if not ſhun."

But ſurely "'twere to conſider too cu-"rioufly," as Horatio ſays to Hamlet, to "conſider thus." For though fame with poſterity ſhould be, in the ſtrict analyſis of it, no other than what it is here deſcribed, a mere unintereſting propoſition, amounting to nothing more than that ſomebody acted meritorioufly; yet it would not neceſſarily follow, that true philoſophy would baniſh the deſire of it from the human breaſt. For this paſſion may be (as moſt certainly it is) wiſely implanted in our ſpecies, notwithſtanding the correſponding object ſhould in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our moſt refined and even contemplative pleaſures owe their exiſtence to our miſtakes? It is but extending (I will not ſay, improving) ſome of our ſenſes to a higher degree of acuteneſs than we now poſſeſs them, to make the faireſt views of nature, or the nobleſt productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To ſee things as they truly and in themſelves are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world, any more than in the natural. But, after all, who ſhall certainly aſſure us, that the pleaſure of virtuous fame dies with its poſſeſſor, and reaches not to a farther ſcene of exiſtence? There is nothing, it ſhould ſeem, either abſurd or unphiloſophical in ſuppoſing it poſſible at leaſt, that the praiſes of the good and the judicious, that ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear in this world, may be echoed back to the manſions of the next: that the poet's deſcription of fame may be literally true, and though ſhe walks upon earth, ſhe may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reaſonable to extinguiſh a paſſion

passion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest and best formed bosoms? Accordingly revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose) to eradicate the seed which nature hath thus deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary, to cherish and forward its growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be *had in everlasting remembrance*, are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish dispensation offered to the virtuous; as the person from whom the sacred author of the Christian system received his birth, is herself represented as rejoicing that *all generations should call her blessed*.

To be convinced of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after-life in the breath of others, one need only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in those days, that may well serve as a model to these? Was it not the *consentiens laus bonorum*, the *incorrupta vox bene judicantum* (as Tully calls it) the concurrent approbation of the good, the uncorrupted applause of the wise, that animated their most generous pursuits?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to lessen the motives of right conduct, or to raise any suspicion concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different, that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while some are willing to wed virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry: and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes from her in present, it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined advantage in reversion. *Fitzosborne's Letters.*

§ 50. *Enthusiasm.*

Though I rejoice in the hope of seeing enthusiasm expelled from her religious dominions, let me intreat you to leave her in the undisturbed enjoyment of her civil possessions. To own the truth, I look upon enthusiasm, in all other points but that of religion, to be a very necessary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature seems to have marked with more or less strength in the tempers of most men. No matter what the object is, whether business, pleasures, or the fine arts; whoever pursues them to any purpose must do so *con amore*: and inamoratos, you know, of every kind, are all enthusiasts. There is indeed a certain heightening faculty which universally prevails through our species; and we are all of us, perhaps, in our several favourite pursuits, pretty much in the circumstances of the renowned knight of La Mancha, when he attacked the barber's brazen bason, for Mambrino's golden helmet.

What is Tully's *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, which he professes to aspire after in oratory, but a piece of true rhetorical Quixotism? Yet never, I will venture to affirm, would he have glowed with so much eloquence, had he been warmed with less enthusiasm. I am persuaded indeed, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where this quality had not a principal concern; and as our passions add vigour to our actions, enthusiasm gives spirit to our passions. I might add too, that it even opens and enlarges our capacities. Accordingly I have been informed, that one of the great lights of the present age never sits down to study, till he has raised his imagination by the power of music. For this purpose he has a band of instruments placed near his library, which play till he finds himself elevated to a proper height; upon which he gives a signal, and they instantly cease.

But those high conceits which are suggested by enthusiasm, contribute not only to the pleasure and perfection of the fine arts, but to most other effects of our action and industry. To strike this spirit therefore out of the human constitution, to reduce things to their precise philosophical standard, would be to check some of the main wheels of society, and to fix half the world in an useless apathy. For if enthusiasm did not add an imaginary value to most of the objects of our pursuit; if fancy did not give them their brightest colours, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite desire:

> Weary'd we should lie down in death,
> This cheat of life would take no more,
> If you thought fame an empty breath,
> I Phillis but a perjur'd whore. PRIOR.

In a word, this enthusiasm for which I am pleading, is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or to improve

prove real ones. The worſt that can be ſaid of her is, that ſhe is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer.

Fitzoſborne's Letters.

§ 51. *Free-thinking, the various Abuſes committed by the Vulgar in this Point.*

The publication of lord Bolingbroke's poſthumous works has given new life and ſpirit to free-thinking. We ſeem at preſent to be endeavouring to unlearn our catechiſm, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the faſhion of his lordſhip's ſyſtem. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament now in force gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by tranſportation. I was in hopes the extraordinary price of theſe volumes would have confined their influence to perſons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and abſolute want of bread, their looſe notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country: but if theſe opinions ſpread among the vulgar, we ſhall be knocked down at noonday in our ſtreets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The inſtances I have lately ſeen of free-thinking in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as faſhionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood, where it is uſual for the advocates againſt religion to aſſemble, and openly avow their infidelity. One of the queſtions for the night was, "Whether lord Bolingbroke had not done greater ſervice to mankind by his writings, than the Apoſtles or Evangeliſts?" As this ſociety is chiefly compoſed of lawyers clerks, petty tradeſmen, and the loweſt mechanics, I was at firſt ſurprized at ſuch amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they ſeemed to have got by heart. A ſhoe-maker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by lord Bolingbroke: but I ſoon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the Idea of a Patriot King, which he had miſtaken for a glorious ſyſtem of free-thinking. I could not help ſmiling at another of the company, who took pains to ſhew his diſbelief of the goſpel, by unſainting the Apoſtles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this ſociety have indeed almoſt induced me to wiſh that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the bible, rather than they ſhould read it only to abuſe it.

I have frequently heard many wiſe tradeſmen ſettling the moſt important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occaſion from Canning's affair to maintain, in oppoſition to the ſcriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at leaſt that woman might; "for elſe," ſaid he, "how "could the girl have been ſupported for a "whole month by a few hard cruſts?" In anſwer to this, a barber-ſurgeon ſet forth the improbability of that ſtory; and thence inferred, that it was impoſſible for our Saviour to have faſted forty days in the wilderneſs. I lately heard a midſhipman ſwear that the bible was all a lie: for he had ſailed round the world with lord Anſon, and if there had been any Red Sea, he muſt have met with it. I know a bricklayer, who while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow-labourer that the world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade than his bible, in a diſpute concerning the miracles, made a pleaſant miſtake about the nature of the firſt, and gravely aſked his antagoniſt what he thought of the ſupper at Cana.

This affectation of free-thinking among the lower claſs of people, is at preſent happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the huſbands are toping at the alehouſe, the good women their wives think it their duty to go to church, ſay their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechiſm. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and converſations, little better than free-thinkers. Going to church, ſince it is now no longer the faſhion to carry on intrigues there, is almoſt wholly laid aſide: And I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can fill the churches with people of quality. The fair ſex in general are too thoughtleſs to concern themſelves in deep enquiries into matters of religion. It is ſufficient, that they are taught to believe themſelves angels. It would therefore be an ill compliment, while we talk of the heaven they beſtow, to perſuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no ſouls: though perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady that ſhe has no ſoul, ſhe will be leſs ſcrupulous about the diſpoſal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by free-

free-thinkers in their writings, scarce deserve a serious refutation; and perhaps the best method of answering them would be to select from their works all the absurd and impracticable notions which they so stiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Christian religion. I shall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

The Unbeliever's Creed.

I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe also, that the world was not made; that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last for ever, world without end.

I believe that a man is a beast, that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first philosophy; I believe not the Evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftesbury; I believe in lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the talmud; I believe in the alcoran; I believe not the bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathon; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

Connoisseur.

§ 52. *Fortune not to be trusted.*

The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand without difficulty the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to fortune even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so, that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them; we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states; and having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Her Evils disarmed by Patience.

Banishment, with all its train of evils, is so far from being the cause of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted spirit against them, while so many are dejected by them, erects on his very misfortune a trophy to his honour: for such is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing strikes us with greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Of all ignominies, an ignominious death must be allowed to be the greatest; and yet where is the blasphemer who will presume to defame the death of Socrates! This saint entered the prison with the same countenance with which he reduced the thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place; for how could it be deemed a prison when Socrates was there? Aristides was led to execution in the same city; all those who met the sad procession, cast their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but Justice herself, who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, for monsters are sometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature, who spit in his face as he passed along. Aristides wiped his cheek, smiled, turned to the magistrate, and said, "Admonish this man not to be "so nasty for the future."

Ignominy then can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers; and when she falls into adversity we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, which at every moment we are exposed to?

Our

Our being miſerable, or not miſerable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed proſperity. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 53. *Delicacy conſtitutional, and often dangerous.*

Some people are ſubject to a certain delicacy of paſſion, which makes them extremely ſenſible to all the accidents of life, and gives them a lively joy upon every proſperous event, as well as a piercing grief, when they meet with croſſes and adverſity. Favours and good offices eaſily engage their friendſhip, while the ſmalleſt injury provokes their reſentment. Any honour or mark of diſtinction elevates them above meaſure; but they are as ſenſibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as more pungent ſorrows, than men of cool and ſedate tempers: but I believe, when every thing is balanced, there is no one, who would not rather chuſe to be of the latter character, were he entirely maſter of his own diſpoſition. Good or ill fortune is very little at our own diſpoſal: and when a perſon who has this ſenſibility of temper meets with any misfortune, his ſorrow or reſentment takes entire poſſeſſion of him, and deprives him of all reliſh in the common occurrences of life; the right enjoyment of which forms the greateſt part of our happineſs. Great pleaſures are much leſs frequent than great pains; ſo that a ſenſible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter: not to mention, that men of ſuch lively paſſions are apt to be tranſported beyond all bounds of prudence and diſcretion, and to take falſe ſteps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

Delicacy of Taſte deſirable.

There is a delicacy of taſte obſervable in ſome men, which very much reſembles this delicacy of paſſion, and produces the ſame ſenſibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to proſperity and adverſity, obligations and injuries. When you preſent a poem or a picture to a man poſſeſſed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings makes him to be touched very ſenſibly with every part of it; nor are the maſterly ſtrokes perceived with more exquiſite reliſh and ſatisfaction, than the negligencies or abſurdities with diſguſt and uneaſineſs. A polite and judicious converſation affords him the higheſt entertainment; rudeneſs or impertinence is as great a puniſhment to him. In ſhort, delicacy of taſte has the ſame effect as delicacy of paſſion: it enlarges the ſphere both of our happineſs and miſery, and makes us ſenſible to pains as well as pleaſures which eſcape the reſt of mankind.

I believe, however, there is no one, who will not agree with me, that, notwithſtanding this reſemblance, a delicacy of taſte is as much to be deſired and cultivated as a delicacy of paſſion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if poſſible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our diſpoſal; but we are pretty much maſters what books we ſhall read, what diverſions we ſhall partake of, and what company we ſhall keep. Philoſophers have endeavoured to render happineſs entirely independent of every thing external that is impoſſible to be attained: but every wiſe man will endeavour to place his happineſs on ſuch objects as depend moſt upon himſelf; and that is not to be attained ſo much by any other means, as by this delicacy of ſentiment. When a man is poſſeſſed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleaſes his taſte, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reaſoning, than the moſt expenſive luxury can afford.

That it teaches us to ſelect our Company.

Delicacy of taſte is favourable to love and friendſhip, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and converſation of the greateſt part of men. You will very ſeldom find that mere men of the world, whatever ſtrong ſenſe they may be endowed with, are very nice in diſtinguiſhing of characters, or in marking thoſe inſenſible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent ſenſe, is ſufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleaſures and affairs with the ſame frankneſs as they would to any other; and finding many who are fit to ſupply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his abſence. But, to make uſe of the alluſion of a famous French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the moſt ordinary machine is ſufficient to tell the hours; but the moſt elaborate and artificial can only point the minutes and ſeconds, and diſtinguiſh the ſmalleſt differences of time. One who has well digeſted his knowledge both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few ſelect companions.

companions. He feels too ſenſibly how much all the reſt of mankind fall ſhort of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them farther than if they were more general and undiſtinguiſhed. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle companion improves with him into a ſolid friendſhip; and the ardours of a youthful appetite into an elegant paſſion.

Hume's Eſſays.

§ 54. *Detraction a deteſtable Vice.*

It has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is ſaid, even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleaſed. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt, and expreſſes greater malignity, if it is committed in thoſe ſeaſons which are ſet apart to pleaſantry and good-humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and ſocial beings.

Detraction is among thoſe vices which the moſt languid virtue has ſufficient force to prevent; becauſe by detraction that is not gained which is taken away. "He who ſilches from me my good name," ſays Shakſpeare, "enriches not himſelf, but makes me poor indeed." As nothing therefore degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more diſgraces converſation. The detractor, as he is the loweſt moral character, reflects greater diſhonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he whoſe diſpoſition is a ſcandal to his ſpecies, ſhould be more diligently avoided, than he who is ſcandalous only by his offence.

But for this practice, however vile, ſome have dared to apologize, by contending that the report, by which they injured an abſent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falſhood, and that there is ſome difference between detraction and ſlander. To relate all the ill that is true of the beſt man in the world, would probably render him the object of ſuſpicion and diſtruſt; and was this practice univerſal, mutual confidence and eſteem, the comforts of ſociety, and the endearments of friendſhip, would be at an end.

There is ſomething unſpeakably more hateful in thoſe ſpecies of villainy by which the law is evaded, than thoſe by which it is violated and defiled. Courage has ſometimes preſerved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for proſtitution; but the injuſtice of cowardice is univerſally abhorred, and, like the lewdneſs of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution, and while they perpetrate the wrong, are ſolicitous to avoid the reproach. They do not ſay, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lyſander; but they ſay, that ſuch a report has been ſpread, they know not how true. Thoſe who propagate theſe reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to ſuppoſe this to be always the caſe; becauſe no man who ſpreads detraction would have ſcrupled to produce it: and he who ſhould diffuſe poiſon in a brook, would ſcarce be acquitted of a malicious deſign, though he ſhould alledge, that he received it of another who is doing the ſame elſewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the higheſt dignity of our nature, ſhould indeed be excluded from our converſation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourſelves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the preſence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt, and inſenſible to infamy. *Rambler.*

§ 55. *Learning ſhould be ſometimes applied to cultivate our Morals.*

Envy, curioſity, and our ſenſe of the imperfection of our preſent ſtate, inclines us always to eſtimate the advantages which are in the poſſeſſion of others above their real value. Every one muſt have remarked what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of ſcience is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occaſions where literature is of no uſe, and among weak minds loſes part of his reverence by diſcovering no ſuperiority in thoſe parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progreſs to the remoter provinces, the ruſticks are ſaid ſometimes to wonder that they find him of the ſame ſize with themſelves.

Theſe demands of prejudice and folly can never be ſatisfied, and therefore many of the imputations which learning ſuffers from diſappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Yet it cannot be denied, that there are ſome failures to which men of ſtudy are peculiarly expoſed. Every condition has its diſadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the moſt active and diligent intellect, and while ſcience is purſued with ardour, other accompliſhments of equal uſe

are neceſſarily neglected; as a ſmall garriſon muſt leave one part of an extenſive fortreſs naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally ſupport their dignity with more ſucceſs, if they ſuffered not themſelves to be miſled by ſuperfluous attainments of qualification which few can underſtand or value, and by ſkill which they may ſink into the grave without any conſpicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courſes of the ſtars and the revolutions of heaven, counſels him to withdraw his mind from idle ſpeculations, and, inſtead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more intereſting objects, the ſurvey of his own life, the ſubjection of his paſſions, the knowledge of duties which muſt daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which muſt daily be incurred.

This angelic counſel every man of letters ſhould always have before him. He that devotes himſelf wholly to retired ſtudy, naturally ſinks from omiſſion to forgetfulneſs of ſocial duties, and from which he muſt be ſometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind. *Rambler.*

Its Progreſs.

It had been obſerved by the ancients, That all the arts and ſciences aroſe among free nations; and that the Perſians and Egyptians, notwithſtanding all their eaſe, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards thoſe finer pleaſures, which were carried to ſuch perfection by the Greeks, amidſt continual wars, attended with poverty, and the greateſt ſimplicity of life and manners. It had alſo been obſerved, that as ſoon as the Greeks loſt their liberty, though they encreaſed mightily in riches, by the means of the conqueſts of Alexander; yet the arts, from that moment, declined among them, and have never ſince been able to raiſe their head in that climate. Learning was tranſplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the univerſe; and having met with ſo favourable a ſoil, it made prodigious ſhoots for above a century; till the decay of liberty produced alſo a decay of letters, and ſpread a total barbariſm over the world. From theſe two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and ſhewed the fall of learning in deſpotic governments, as well as its riſe in popular ones, Longinus thought himſelf ſufficiently juſtified in aſſerting, that the arts and ſciences could never flouriſh but in a free government: and in this opinion he has been followed by ſeveral eminent writers in our country, who either confined their view merely to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government which is eſtabliſhed amongſt us.

But what would theſe writers have ſaid to the inſtances of modern Rome and Florence? Of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of ſculpture, painting, and muſic, as well as poetry, though they groaned under ſlavery, and under the ſlavery of prieſts: while the latter made the greateſt progreſs in the arts and ſciences, after they began to loſe their liberty by the uſurpations of the family of Medicis, Ariоſto. Taſſo, Galilæo, no more than Raphael and Michael Angelo, were not born in republics. And though the Lombard ſchool was famous as well as the Roman, yet the Venetians have had the ſmalleſt ſhare in its honours, and ſeem rather inferior to the Italians in their genius for the arts and ſciences. Rubens eſtabliſhed his ſchool at Antwerp, not at Amſterdam; Dreſden, not Hamburgh, is the centre of politeneſs in Germany.

But the moſt eminent inſtance of the flouriſhing ſtate of learning in deſpotic governments, is that of France, which ſcarce ever enjoyed an eſtabliſhed liberty, and yet has carried the arts and ſciences as near perfection as any other nation. The Engliſh are, perhaps, better philoſophers; the Italians better painters and muſicians; the Romans were better orators; but the French are the only people, except the Greeks, who have been at once philoſophers, poets, orators, hiſtorians, painters, architects, ſculptors, and muſicians. With regard to the ſtage, they have excelled even the Greeks, who have far excelled the Engliſh; and in common life they have in a great meaſure perfected that art, the moſt uſeful and agreeable of any, *l'art de vivre*, the art of ſociety and converſation.

If we conſider the ſtate of ſciences and polite arts in our country, Horace's obſervation with regard to the Romans, may, in a great meaſure, be applied to the Britiſh,

ſed in longum tamen ævum
Manſerunt, hodieque manent veſtigia ruris.

The elegance and propriety of ſtile have been very much neglected among us. We have no dictionary of our language, and ſcarce a tolerable grammar. The firſt po-

lite profe we have, was wrote by a man who is ſtill alive. As to Sprat, Locke, and even Temple, they knew too little of the rules of art to be eſteemed very elegant writers. The profe of Bacon, Harrington, and Milton, is altogether ſtiff and pedantic; though their ſenſe be excellent. Men, in this country, have been ſo much occupied in the great diſputes of religion, politics, and philoſophy, that they had no reliſh for the minute obſervations of grammar and criticiſm. And though this turn of thinking muſt have conſiderably improved our ſenſe and our talent of reaſoning beyond thoſe of other nations, it muſt be confeſt, that even in thoſe ſciences above mentioned, we have not any ſtandard book which we can tranſmit to poſterity: and the utmoſt we have to boaſt of, are a few eſſays towards a more juſt philoſophy; which, indeed, promiſe very much, but have not, as yet, reached any degree of perfection.

Uſeleſs without Taſte.

A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipſes of the Copernican ſyſtem, and all the irregular ſpirals of the Ptolemaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has very fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any propoſition, ſaid a word of its beauty. The reaſon is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, whoſe parts are all equally diſtant from a common centre. It is only the effect which that figure operates upon the mind, whoſe particular fabric or ſtructure renders it ſuſceptible of ſuch ſentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or ſeek it, either by your ſenſes, or by mathematical reaſonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician, who took no other pleaſure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas's voyage by the map, might underſtand perfectly the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author, and conſequently might have a diſtinct idea of the whole narration; he would even have a more diſtinct idea of it, than they could have who had not ſtudied ſo exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, every thing in the poem. But he was ignorant of its beauty; becauſe the beauty, properly ſpeaking, lies not in the poem, but the ſentiment or taſte of the reader. And where a man has no ſuch delicacy of temper as to make him feel this ſentiment, he muſt be ignorant of the beauty, though poſſeſſed of the ſcience and underſtanding of an angel. *Hume's Eſſays.*

Its Obſtructions.

So many hindrances may obſtruct the acquiſition of knowledge, that there is little reaſon for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconſiſtent with much ſtudy, and the hours which they would ſpend upon letters muſt be ſtolen from their occupations and their families. Many ſuffer themſelves to be lured by more ſprightly and luxurious pleaſures from the ſhades of contemplation, where they find ſeldom more than a calm delight, ſuch as, though greater than all others, if its certainty and its duration be reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet eaſily quitted for ſome extemporary joy, which the preſent moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to ſeaſon or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleaſure can be obtained. But this quality, which conſtitutes much of its value, is one occaſion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omiſſion, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleneſs gains too much power to be conquered, and the ſoul ſhrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenſeneſs of meditation.

That thoſe who profeſs to advance learning ſometimes obſtruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only diſtracts choice, but diſappoints enquiry. To him that has moderately ſtored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common ſtock of learning is ſo buried in the maſs of general notions, that, like ſilver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of ſeparation; and he that has often been deceived by the promiſe of a title, at laſt grows weary of examining, and is tempted to conſider all as equally fallacious. *Idler.*

§ 56. *Mankind, a Portrait of.*

Vanity bids all her ſons to be generous and brave,——and her daughters to be chaſte and courteous.——But why do we want her inſtructions?——Aſk the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not.—

Is it that the principles of religion want ſtrength, or that the real paſſion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?——God! thou knoweſt they carry us too high——we want not *to be*——but *to ſeem*.——

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man; ſee what diſquieting, intriguing, and ſhifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing:——three grains of honeſty would ſave him all this trouble:———alas! he has them not.——

Behold a ſecond, under a ſhew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life:——he is juſt entering the houſe of God:———would he was more pure—or leſs pious!—but then he could not gain his point.

Obſerve a third going almoſt in the ſame track, with what an inflexible ſanctity of deportment he ſuſtains himſelf as he advances!—every line in his face writes abſtinence;——every ſtride looks like a check upon his deſires: ſee, I beſeech you, how he is cloak'd up with ſermons, prayers, and ſacraments; and ſo bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to ſpare for a worldly purpoſe;—he has armour at leaſt—Why does he put it on? Is there no ſerving God without all this? Muſt the garb of religion be extended ſo wide to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the ſecret———and, What is that?

———That the ſaint has no religion at all.

——But here comes Generosity; giving—not to a decayed artiſt—but to the arts and ſciences themſelves.—See,—he *builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets*; but whole ſchools and colleges for thoſe who come after. Lord! how they will magnify his name!——'tis in capitals already; the firſt—the higheſt, in the gilded rent-roll of every hoſpital and aſylum——

One honeſt tear ſhed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic ſet of creatures does ſimulation make us! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern ſo viſible in the airs of one half of that great aſſembly ſhould ariſe from nothing elſe, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of conſequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noiſe amongſt the claimants about it? Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honeſty almoſt out of knavery:—Chaſtity, never once in harm's way;—and courage, like a Spaniſh ſoldier upon an Italian ſtage—a bladder full of wind.—

———Hark! that, the ſound of that trumpet,——let not my ſoldier run,——'tis ſome good Chriſtian giving alms. O pity, thou gentleſt of human paſſions! ſoft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with ſo loud an inſtrument.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 57. *Manors; their Origin, Nature, and Services.*

Manors are in ſubſtance as ancient as the Saxon conſtitution, though perhaps differing a little, in ſome immaterial circumſtances, from thoſe that exiſt at this day: juſt as was obſerved of feuds, that they were partly known to our anceſtors, even before the Norman conqueſt. A manor, *manerium, à manendo*, becauſe the uſual reſidence of the owner, ſeems to have been a diſtrict of ground, held by lords or great perſonages; who kept in their own hands ſo much land as was neceſſary for the uſe of their families, which were called *terræ dominicales*, or demeſne lands; being occupied by the lord, or *dominus manerii*, and his ſervants. The other tenemental lands they diſtributed among their tenants; which from the different modes of tenure were called and diſtinguiſhed by two different names. Firſt, book land, or charter land, which was held by deed under certain rents and free-ſervices, and in effect differed nothing from free ſocage lands: and from hence have ariſen all the freehold tenants which hold of particular manors, and owe ſuit and ſervice to the ſame. The other ſpecies was called folk land, which was held by no aſſurance in writing, but diſtributed among the common folk or people at the pleaſure of the lord, and reſumed at his diſcretion; being indeed land held in villenage, which we ſhall preſently deſcribe more at large. The reſidue of the manor being uncultivated, was termed the lord's waſte, and ſerved for public roads, and for common of paſture to the lord and his tenants. Manors were formerly called baronies, as they ſtill are lordſhips: and each lord or baron was empowered to hold a domeſtic court, called the court-baron, for redreſſing miſdemeanors and nuiſances within the manor, and for ſettling diſputes of property among the tenants. This court is an inſeparable ingredient of every manor; and if the number of ſuitors ſhould ſo fail, as not to leave ſufficient to make a jury or homage, that is, two tenants at the leaſt, the manor itſelf is loſt.

Before the ſtatute of *quia emptores*, 18 Edward I. the king's greater barons, who had a large extent of territory held under the crown, granted out frequently ſmaller manors to inferior perſons to be held of themſelves; which do therefore now continue to be held under a ſuperior lord, who is called in ſuch caſes the lord paramount over all theſe manors: and his ſeigniory is frequently termed an honour, not a manor, eſpecially if it hath belonged to an ancient feodal baron, or hath been at any time in the hands of the crown. In imitation whereof, theſe inferior lords began to carve out and grant to others ſtill more minute eſtates, to be held as of themſelves, and were ſo proceeding downwards *in infinitum*; till the ſuperior lords obſerved, that by this method of ſubinfeudation they loſt all their feodal profits, of wardſhips, marriages, and eſcheats, which fell into the hands of theſe meſne or middle lords, who were the immediate ſuperiors of the *tenentenant*, or him who occupied the land. This occaſioned the ſtatute of Weſtm. 3. or *quia emptores*, 18 Edw. I. to be made; which directs, that upon all ſales or feoffments of land, the feoffee ſhall hold the ſame, not of his immediate feoffer, but of the chief lord of the fee, of whom ſuch feoffer himſelf held it. And from hence it is held, that all manors exiſting at this day muſt have exiſted by immemorial preſcription; or at leaſt ever ſince the 18th Edw. I. when the ſtatute of *quia emptores* was made. For no new manor can have been created ſince that ſtatute: becauſe it is eſſential to a manor, that there be tenants who hold of the lord, and that ſtatute enacts, that for the future no ſubject ſhall create any new tenants to hold of himſelf.

Now with regard to the folk land, or eſtates held in villenage, this was a ſpecies of tenure neither ſtrictly feodal, Norman, or Saxon; but mixed and compounded of them all: and which alſo, on account of the heriots that attend it, may ſeem to have ſomewhat Daniſh in its compoſition. Under the Saxon government there were, as Sir William Temple ſpeaks, a ſort of people in a condition of downright ſervitude, uſed and employed in the moſt ſervile works, and belonging, both they, their children, and effects, to the lord of the ſoil, like the reſt of the cattle or ſtock upon it. Theſe ſeem to have been thoſe who held what was called the folk land, from which they were removable at the lord's pleaſure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it ſeems not improbable, that they, who were ſtrangers to any other than a feodal ſtate, might give ſome ſparks of enfranchiſement to ſuch wretched perſons as fell to their ſhare, by admitting them, as well as others, to the oath of fealty; which conferred a right of protection, and raiſed the tenant to a kind of eſtate ſuperior to downright ſlavery, but inferior to every other condition. This they called villenage, and the tenants villeins, either from the word *vilis*, or elſe, as Sir Edward Coke tells us, *à villa*; becauſe they lived chiefly in villages, and were employed in ruſtic works of the moſt ſordid kind: like the Spartan *helotes*, to whom alone the culture of the lands was conſigned; their rugged maſters, like our northern anceſtors, eſteeming war the only honourable employment of mankind.

Theſe villeins, belonging principally to lords of manors, were either villeins *regardant*, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or elſe they were *in groſs*, or at large, that is, annexed to the perſon of the lord, and transferrable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permiſſion; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beaſts or other chattels. They held indeed ſmall portions of land by way of ſuſtaining themſelves and families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might diſpoſſeſs them whenever he pleaſed; and it was upon villein ſervices, that is, to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lord's demeſnes, and any other the meaneſt offices: and theſe ſervices were not only baſe, but uncertain both as to their time and quantity. A villein, in ſhort, was in much the ſame ſtate with us, as lord Moleſworth deſcribes to be that of the boors in Denmark, and Stiernhook attributes alſo to the *traals* or ſlaves in Sweden; which confirms the probability of their being in ſome degree monuments of the Daniſh tyranny. A villein could acquire no property either in lands or goods; but, if he purchaſed either, the lord might enter upon them, ouſt the villein, and ſeize them to his own uſe, unleſs he contrived to diſpoſe of them again before the lord had ſeized them; for the lord had then loſt his opportunity.

In many places alſo a fine was payable to the lord, if the villein preſumed to marry his daughter to any one without leave from the lord: and, by the common law, the lord might alſo bring an action againſt the huſband for damages in thus purloining his property. For the children of villeins were alſo in the ſame ſtate of bondage with their

parents; whence they were called in Latin, *nativi*, which gave rise to the female appellation of a villein, who was called a *neife*. In case of a marriage between a freeman and a neife, or a villein and a freewoman, the issue followed the condition of the father, being free if he was free, and villein if he was villein; contrary to the maxim of civil law, that *partus sequitur ventrem*. But no bastard could be born a villein, because by another maxim of our law he is *nullius filius*; and as he can gain nothing by inheritance, it were hard that he should lose his natural freedom by it. The law however protected the persons of villeins, as the king's subjects, against atrocious injuries of the lord: for he might not kill or maim his villein; though he might beat him with impunity, since the villein had no action or remedy at law against his lord, but in case of the murder of his ancestor, or the maim of his own person. Neifes indeed had also an appeal of rape, in case the lord violated them by force.

Villeins might be enfranchised by manumission, which is either express or implied: express; as where a man granted to the villein a deed of manumission: implied; as where a man bound himself in a bond to his villein for a sum of money, granted him an annuity by deed, or gave him an estate in fee, for life or years: for this was dealing with his villein on the footing of a freeman; it was in some of the instances giving him an action against his lord, and in others vesting an ownership in him entirely inconsistent with his former state of bondage. So also if the lord brought an action against his villein, this enfranchised him; for, as the lord might have a short remedy against this villein, by seizing his goods (which was more than equivalent to any damages he could recover) the law, which is always ready to catch at any thing in favour of liberty, presumed that by bringing this action he meant to set his villein on the same footing with himself, and therefore held it an implied manumission. But in case the lord indicted him for felony, it was otherwise; for the lord could not inflict a capital punishment on his villein, without calling in the assistance of the law.

Villeins, by this and many other means, in process of time gained considerable ground on their lords; and in particular strengthened the tenure of their estates to that degree, that they came to have in them an interest in many places full as good, in others better than their lords. For the good-nature and benevolence of many lords of manors having, time out of mind, permitted their villeins and their children to enjoy their possessions without interruption, in a regular course of descent, the common law, of which custom is the life, now gave them title to prescribe against the lords; and, on performance of the same services, to hold their lands, in spite of any determination of the lord's will. For, though in general they are still said to hold their estates at the will of the lord, yet it is such a will as is agreeable to the custom of the manor; which customs are preserved and evidenced by the rolls of the several courts baron in which they are entered, or kept on foot by the constant immemorial usage of the several manors in which the lands lie. And, as such tenants had nothing to shew for their estates but these customs, and admissions in pursuance of them, entered on those rolls, or the copies of such entries witnessed by the steward, they now began to be called 'tenants by copy of court roll,' and their tenure itself a copyhold.

Thus copyhold tenures, as Sir Edward Coke observes, although very meanly descended, yet come of an ancient house; for, from what has been premised, it appears, that copyholds are in truth no other but villeins, who, by a long series of immemorial encroachments on the lord, have at last established a customary right to those estates, which before were held absolutely at the lord's will. Which affords a very substantial reason for the great variety of customs that prevail in different manors, with regard both to the descent of the estates, and the privileges belonging to the tenants. And these encroachments grew to be so universal, that when tenure in villenage was abolished (though copyholds were reserved) by the statute of Charles II. there was hardly a pure villein left in the nation. For Sir Thomas Smith testifies, that in all his time (and he was secretary to Edward VI.) he never knew any villein in gross throughout the realm; and the few villeins regardant that were then remaining were such only as had belonged to bishops, monasteries, or other ecclesiastical corporations, in the preceding times of popery. For he tells us, that "the holy fathers, monks, and friars, had in their confessions, and especially in their extreme and deadly sickness, convinced the laity how dangerous a practice it was, for one Christian man to hold another in bondage: so that temporal men by little and little, by reason of that terror in their consciences, were glad to manumit all their villeins.

villeins. But the ſaid holy fathers, with the abbots and priors, did not in like ſort by theirs; for they alſo had a ſcruple in conſcience to empoveriſh and deſpoil the church ſo much, as to manumit ſuch as were bond to their churches, or to the manors which the church had gotten; and ſo kept their villeins ſtill." By theſe ſeveral means the generality of villeins in the kingdom have long ago ſprouted up into copyholders: their perſons being enfranchiſed by manumiſſion or long acquieſcence; but their eſtates, in ſtrictneſs, remaining ſubject to the ſame ſervile conditions and forfeitures as before; though, in general, the villein ſervices are uſually commuted for a ſmall pecuniary quit-rent.

As a farther conſequence of what has been premiſed, we may collect theſe two main principles, which are held to be the ſupporters of a copyhold tenure, and without which it cannot exiſt: 1. That the lands be parcel of, and ſituate within, that manor, under which it is held; 2. That they have been demiſed, or demiſeable, by copy of court roll immemorially. For immemorial cuſtom is the life of all tenures by copy: ſo that no new copyhold can, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be granted at this day.

In ſome manors, where the cuſtom hath been to permit the heir to ſucceed the anceſtor in his tenure, the eſtates are ſtiled copyholds of inheritance; in others, where the lords have been more vigilant to maintain their rights, they remain copyholds for life only: for the cuſtom of the manor has in both caſes ſo far ſuperſeded the will of the lord, that, provided the ſervices be performed or ſtipulated for by fealty, he cannot, in the firſt inſtance, refuſe to admit the heir of his tenant upon his death; nor, in the ſecond, can he remove his preſent tenant ſo long as he lives, though he holds nominally by the precarious tenure of his lord's will.

The fruits and appendages of a copyhold tenure, that it hath in common with free tenures, are fealty, ſervices (as well in rents as otherwiſe) reliefs, and eſcheats. The two latter belong only to copyholds of inheritance; the former to thoſe for life alſo. But, beſides theſe, copyholds have alſo heriots, wardſhip, and fines. Heriots, which I think are agreed to be a Daniſh cuſtom, are a render of the beſt beaſt or other good (as the cuſtom may be) to the lord on the death of the tenant. This is plainly a relic of villein tenure; there being originally leſs hardſhip in it, when all the goods and chattels belonged to the lord, and he might have ſeized them even in the villein's life-time. Theſe are incident to both ſpecies of copyhold; but wardſhip and fines to thoſe of inheritance only. Wardſhip, in copyhold eſtates, partakes both of that in chivalry and that in ſocage. Like that in chivalry, the lord is the legal guardian, who uſually aſſigns ſome relation of the infant tenant to act in his ſtead: and he, like guardian in ſocage, is accountable to his ward for the profits. Of fines, ſome are in the nature of primer ſeiſins, due on the death of each tenant, others are mere fines for alienation of the lands; in ſome manors only one of theſe ſorts can be demanded, in ſome both, and in others neither. They are ſometimes arbitrary and at the will of the lord, ſometimes fixed by cuſtom; but, even when arbitrary, the courts of law, in favour of the liberty of copyholders, have tied them down to be reaſonable in their extent; otherwiſe they might amount to a diſheriſon of the eſtate. No fine therefore is allowed to be taken upon deſcents and alienations (unleſs in particular circumſtances) of more than two years improved value of the eſtate. From this inſtance we may judge of the favourable diſpoſition, that the law of England (which is a law of liberty) hath always ſhewn to this ſpecies of tenants; by removing, as far as poſſible, every real badge of ſlavery from them, however ſome nominal ones may continue. It ſuffered cuſtom very early to get the better of the expreſs terms upon which they held their lands; by declaring, that the will of the lord was to be interpreted by the cuſtom of the manor: and, where no cuſtom has been ſuffered to grow up to the prejudice of the lord, as in this caſe of arbitrary fines, the law itſelf interpoſes in an equitable method, and will not ſuffer the lord to extend his power ſo far as to diſinherit the tenant.

Blackſtone's Commentaries.

§ 58. *Hard words defended.*

Few faults of ſtyle, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous claſs of readers, than the uſe of hard words.

If an author be ſuppoſed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obſcurity, and to obſtruct, by unneceſſary difficulties, a mind eager in purſuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boaſt the learning which he poſſeſſes himſelf, and wiſhes to be admired rather than underſtood, he counteracts the firſt end of writing, and juſtly

ſuffers the utmoſt ſeverity of cenſure, or the more afflictive ſeverity of neglect.

But words are only hard to thoſe who do not underſtand them; and the critic ought always to enquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many queſtions are ſuch as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither intereſt nor pleaſure in diſcuſſing, and which therefore it would be an uſeleſs endeavour to level with common minds, by tireſome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many ſubjects of general uſe may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffuſion and explication are neceſſary to the inſtruction of thoſe who, being neither able nor accuſtomed to think for themſelves, can learn only what is expreſsly taught; but they who can form parallels, diſcover conſequences, and multiply concluſions, are beſt pleaſed with involution of argument and compreſſion of thought; they deſire only to receive the ſeeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils "to think with the wiſe, but ſpeak with the vulgar." This is a precept ſpecious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another, will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more ſubtilty will ſeek for terms of more nice diſcrimination; and where is the wonder, ſince words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals ſhould not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourſelves. He that reads and grows wiſer, ſeldom ſuſpects his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obſcure ſentences, and aſks why books are written which cannot be underſtood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be uſed, it has been long the cuſtom to number terms of art. "Every man (ſays Swift) is more able to explain the ſubject of an art than its profeſſors; a farmer will tell you, in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a ſurgeon, after a long diſcourſe, ſhall leave you as ignorant as you were before." This could only have been ſaid by ſuch an exact obſerver of life, but in gratification of malignity, or in oſtentation of acuteneſs. Every hour produces inſtances of the neceſſity of terms of art. Mankind could never conſpire in uniform affectation; it is not but by neceſſity that every ſcience and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themſelves with general ideas may reſt in general terms; but thoſe whoſe ſtudies or employments force them upon cloſer inſpection, muſt have names for particular parts, and words by which they may expreſs various modes of combination, ſuch as none but themſelves have occaſion to conſider.

Artiſts are indeed ſometimes ready to ſuppoſe that none can be ſtrangers to words to which themſelves are familiar, talk to an incidental enquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtruſion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always neceſſary to teach the art.

That the vulgar expreſs their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perſpicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the eaſineſs of their language, but the ſhallowneſs of their thoughts. He that ſees a building as a common ſpectator, contents himſelf with relating that it is great or little, mean or ſplendid, lofty or low; all theſe words are intelligible and common, but they convey no diſtinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally diſpleaſe, becauſe they are underſtood by few; but they are little underſtood only becauſe few, that look upon an edifice, examine its parts, or analyſe its columns into their members.

The ſtate of every other art is the ſame; as it is curſorily ſurveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expreſſion become proper. In morality it is one thing to diſcuſs the niceties of the caſuiſt, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that inſtructs the farmer to plough and ſow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find neceſſary in explaining to philoſophers the proceſs of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honeſt by the ſhorteſt way, will perplex his mind with ſubtle ſpeculations; or if he whoſe taſk is to reap and thraſh will not be contented without examining the evolution of the ſeed and circulation of the ſap, the writers whom either ſhall conſult are very little to be

blamed,

blamed, though it ſhould ſometimes happen that they are read in vain. *Idler.*

§ 59. *Diſcontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.*

Such is the emptineſs of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the preſent. Attainment is followed by neglect, and poſſeſſion by diſguſt; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatiſt on marriage, may be applied to every other courſe of life, that its two days of happineſs are the firſt and the laſt.

Few moments are more pleaſing than thoſe in which the mind is concerting meaſures for a new undertaking. From the firſt hint that wakens the fancy to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progreſs, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original ſcheme, ſuggeſts ſome new expedient to ſecure ſucceſs, or diſcovers conſequential advantages not hitherto foreſeen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elyſian proſpects, and the heart dances to the ſong of hope.

Such is the pleaſure of projecting, that many content themſelves with a ſucceſſion of viſionary ſchemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amuſement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feaſt their imagination with pure ideas, advance ſomewhat nearer to the groſſneſs of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requiſite to their deſign, and, after a thouſand reſearches and conſultations, are ſnatched away by death, as they ſtand *in procinctu*, waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find ſome adequate ſolace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himſelf in his own thoughts, and never ſuffers experience to ſhow him the vanity of ſpeculation; for no ſooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forſake the breaſt; every day brings its taſk, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarraſs, uncertainty perplexes, oppoſition retards, cenſure exaſperates, or neglect depreſſes. We proceed, becauſe we have begun; we complete our deſign, that the labour already ſpent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay ſmile of alacrity diſappears, we are neceſſitated to implore ſeverer powers, and truſt the event to patience and conſtancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the proſpect of its end; for though in every long work there are ſome joyous intervals of ſelf-applauſe, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination ſoothed by incidental excellencies not compriſed in the firſt plan, yet the toil with which performance ſtruggles after idea, is ſo irkſome and diſguſting, and ſo frequent is the neceſſity of reſting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that ſeldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual reſuſcitation of deſires which he feels himſelf unable to gratify.

So certainly is wearineſs and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, conſoles himſelf with the hope of change. He that has made his way by aſſiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement: he whom the neceſſity of ſolitary application ſecludes from the world, liſtens with a beating heart to its diſtant noiſes, longs to mingle with living beings, and reſolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diverſions, or to diſplay his abilities on the univerſal theatre, and enjoy the pleaſure of diſtinction and applauſe.

Every deſire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes aſcendant in the mind. When we have been much accuſtomed to conſider any thing as capable of giving happineſs, it is not eaſy to reſtrain our ardour, or to forbear ſome precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our purſuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the ſwelling bud and opening bloſſom, and pleaſed himſelf with computing how much every ſun and ſhower added to its growth, ſcarcely ſtays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerneſs to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpoſe, we are willing to believe that we have attained it; and becauſe we have already done much, too ſuddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is encreaſed by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourſelves ſo deſirous to finiſh, as in the latter part of our work, or ſo impatient of delay,

delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unſeaſonable importunity of diſcontent may be juſtly imputed to languor and wearineſs, which muſt always oppreſs us more as our toil has been longer continued; but the greater part uſually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that eaſe which we now conſider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot ſuffer to be longer withheld. *Rambler.*

§ 60. *Feodal Syſtem, Hiſtory of its Riſe and Progreſs.*

The conſtitution of feuds had its original from the military policy of the Northern or Celtic nations, the Goths, the Huns, the Franks, the Vandals, and the Lombards, who all migrating from the ſame *officina gentium*, as Craig very juſtly intitles it, poured themſelves in vaſt quantities into all the regions of Europe, at the declenſion of the Roman empire. It was brought by them from their own countries, and continued in their reſpective colonies as the moſt likely means to ſecure their new acquiſitions: and, to that end, large diſtricts or parcels of land were allotted by the conquering general to the ſuperior officers of the army, and by them dealt out again in ſmaller parcels or allotments to the inferior officers and moſt deſerving ſoldiers. Theſe allotments were called *feoda*, feuds, fiefs, or fees; which laſt appellation in the northern languages ſignifies a conditional ſtipend or reward. Rewards or ſtipends they evidently were; and the condition annexed to them was, that the poſſeſſor ſhould do ſervice faithfully, both at home and in the wars, to him by whom they were given; for which purpoſe he took the *juramentum fidelitatis*, or oath of fealty: and in caſe of the breach of this condition and oath, by not performing the ſtipulated ſervice, or by deſerting the lord in battle, the lands were again to revert to him who granted them.

Allotments thus acquired, naturally engaged ſuch as accepted them to defend them: and, as they all ſprang from the ſame right of conqueſt, no part could ſubſiſt independent of the whole; wherefore all givers, as well as receivers, were mutually bound to defend each other's poſſeſſions. But, as that could not effectually be done in a tumultuous irregular way, government, and to that purpoſe ſubordination, was neceſſary. Every receiver of lands, or feudatory, was therefore bound, when called upon by his benefactor, or immediate lord of his feud or fee, to do all in his power to defend him. Such benefactor or lord was likewiſe ſubordinate to and under the command of his immediate benefactor or ſuperior; and ſo upwards to the prince or general himſelf. And the ſeveral lords were alſo reciprocally bound, in their reſpective gradations, to protect the poſſeſſions they had given. Thus the feodal connection was eſtabliſhed, a proper military ſubjection was naturally introduced, and an army of feudatories were always ready inliſted, and mutually prepared to muſter, not only in defence of each man's own ſeveral property, but alſo in defence of the whole, and of every part of this their newly-acquired country: the prudence of which conſtitution was ſoon ſufficiently viſible in the ſtrength and ſpirit with which they maintained their conqueſts.

The univerſality and early uſe of this feodal plan, among all thoſe nations which in complaiſance to the Romans we ſtill call Barbarous, may appear from what is recorded of the Cimbri and Tutones, nations of the ſame northern original as thoſe whom we have been deſcribing, at their firſt irruption into Italy about a century before the Chriſtian æra. They demanded of the Romans, "*ut martius populus aliquid ſibi terræ daret quaſi ſtipendium: cæterum, ut vellet, manibus atque armis ſuis uteretur.*" The ſenſe of which may be thus rendered: "they deſired ſtipendary lands (that is, feuds) to be allowed them, to be held by military and other perſonal ſervices, whenever their lords ſhould call upon them." This was evidently the ſame conſtitution, that diſplayed itſelf more fully about ſeven hundred years afterwards; when the Salii, Burgundians, and Franks, broke in upon Gaul, the Viſigoths on Spain, and the Lombards upon Italy, and introduced with themſelves this northern plan of polity, ſerving at once to diſtribute, and to protect, the territories they had newly gained. And from hence it is probable that the emperor Alexander Severus took the hint, of dividing lands conquered from the enemy among his generals and victorious ſoldiery, on condition of receiving military ſervice from them and their heirs for ever.

Scarce had theſe northern conquerors eſtabliſhed themſelves in their new dominions, when the wiſdom of their conſtitutions, as well as their perſonal valour, alarmed all the princes of Europe; that is, of thoſe countries which had formerly been Roman provinces, but had revolted, or were deſerted by their old maſters, in the general

wreck

wreck of the empire. Wherefore moſt, if not all, of them, thought it neceſſary to enter into the ſame or a ſimilar plan of policy. For whereas, before, the poſſeſſions of their ſubjects were perfectly *allodial* (that is, wholly independent, and held of no ſuperior at all) now they parcelled out their royal territories, or perſuaded their ſubjects to ſurrender up and retake their own landed property, under the like feodal obligation of military fealty. And thus, in the compaſs of a very few years, the feodal conſtitution, or the doctrine of tenure, extended itſelf over all the weſtern world. Which alteration of landed property, in ſo very material a point, neceſſarily drew after it an alteration of laws and cuſtoms; ſo that the feodal laws ſoon drove out the Roman, which had univerſally obtained, but now became for many centuries loſt and forgotten; and Italy itſelf (as ſome of the civilians, with more ſpleen than judgment, have expreſſed it) *belluinas, atque ferinas, immaneſque Longobardorum leges accepit.*

But this feodal polity, which was thus by degrees eſtabliſhed over all the continent of Europe, ſeems not to have been received in this part of our iſland, at leaſt not univerſally, and as a part of the national conſtitution, till the reign of William the Norman. Not but that it is reaſonable to believe, from abundant traces in our hiſtory and laws, that even in the times of the Saxons, who were a ſwarm from what Sir William Temple calls the ſame northern hive, ſomething ſimilar to this was in uſe: yet not ſo extenſively, nor attended with all the rigour, that was afterwards imported by the Normans. For the Saxons were firmly ſettled in this iſland, at leaſt as early as the year 600: and it was not till two centuries after, that feuds arrived to their full vigour and maturity, even on the continent of Europe.

This introduction however of the feodal tenures into England, by king William, does not ſeem to have been effected immediately after the conqueſt, nor by the mere arbitrary will and power of the conqueror; but to have been conſented to by the great council of the nation long after his title was eſtabliſhed. Indeed, from the prodigious ſlaughter of the Engliſh nobility at the battle of Haſtings, and the fruitleſs inſurrections of thoſe who ſurvived, ſuch numerous forfeitures had accrued, that he was able to reward his Norman followers with very large and extenſive poſſeſſions: which gave a handle to the monkiſh hiſtorians, and ſuch as have implicitly followed them, to repreſent him as having by the right of the ſword ſeized on all the lands of England, and dealt them out again to his own favourites. A ſuppoſition, grounded upon a miſtaken ſenſe of the word *conqueſt*; which, in its feodal acceptation, ſignifies no more than *acquiſition:* and this has led many haſty writers into a ſtrange hiſtorical miſtake, and one which upon the ſlighteſt examination will be found to be moſt untrue. However, certain it is, that the Normans now began to gain very large poſſeſſions in England: and their regard for their feodal law, under which they had long lived, together with the king's recommendation of this policy to the Engliſh, as the beſt way to put themſelves on a military footing, and thereby to prevent any future attempts from the continent, were probably the reaſons that prevailed to effect this eſtabliſhment here. And perhaps we may be able to aſcertain the time of this great revolution in our landed property with a tolerable degree of exactneſs. For we learn from the Saxon Chronicle, that in the nineteenth year of king William's reign an invaſion was apprehended from Denmark; and the military conſtitution of the Saxons being then laid aſide, and no other introduced in its ſtead, the kingdom was wholly defenceleſs: which occaſioned the king to bring over a large army of Normans and Bretons, who were quartered upon every landholder, and greatly oppreſſed the people. This apparent weakneſs, together with the grievances occaſioned by a foreign force, might co-operate with the king's remonſtrances, and the better incline the nobility to liſten to his propoſals for putting them in a poſture of defence. For, as ſoon as the danger was over, the king held a great council to enquire into the ſtate of the nation; the immediate conſequence of which was the compiling of the great ſurvey called Domeſday-book, which was finiſhed in the next year: and in the latter end of that very year the king was attended by all his nobility at Sarum; where all the principal landholders ſubmitted their lands to the yoke of military tenure, became the king's vaſſals, and did homage and fealty to his perſon. This ſeems to have been the æra of formally introducing the feodal tenures by law; and probably the very law, thus made at the council of Sarum, is that which is ſtill extant, and couched in theſe remarkable words: "*ſtatuimus, ut omnes liberi homines fœdere & ſacramento affirment, quod intra & extra univerſum regnum Angliæ Wilhelmo regi domino*

domino suo fideles esse volunt; terras & honores illius omni fidelitate ubique servare cum eo, et contra inimicos et alienigenas defendere." The terms of this law (as Sir Martin Wright has observed) are plainly feodal: for, first, it requires the oath of fealty, which made, in the sense of the feudists, every man that took it a tenant or vassal; and, secondly, the tenants obliged themselves to defend their lords territories and titles against all enemies foreign and domestic. But what puts the matter out of dispute is another law of the same collection, which exacts the performance of the military feodal services, as ordained by the general council: "*Omnes comites, & barones, & milites, & servientes, & universi liberi homines totius regni nostri prædicti, habeant & teneant se semper bene in armis & in equis, ut decet & oportet: & sint semper prompti & bene parati ad servitium suum integrum nobis explendum & peragendum cum opus fuerit; secundum quod nobis debent de fœdis & tenementis suis de jure facere; & sicut illis statuimus per commune concilium totius regni nostri prædicti.*"

This new polity therefore seems not to have been imposed by the conqueror, but nationally and freely adopted by the general assembly of the whole realm, in the same manner as other nations of Europe had before adopted it, upon the same principle of self-security. And, in particular, they had the recent example of the French nation before their eyes, which had gradually surrendered up all its allodial or free lands into the king's hands, who restored them to the owners as a *beneficium* or feud, to be held to them and such of their heirs as they previously nominated to the king: and thus, by degrees, all the allodial estates of France were converted into feuds, and the freemen became the vassals of the crown. The only difference between this change of tenures in France, and that in England, was, that the former was effected gradually, by the consent of private persons; the latter was done at once, all over England, by the common consent of the nation.

In consequence of this change, it became a fundamental maxim and necessary principle (though in reality a mere fiction) of our English tenures, "that the king is the universal lord and original proprietor of all the lands in his kingdom; and that no man doth or can possess any part of it, but what has mediately or immediately been derived as a gift from him, to be held upon feodal services." For, this being the real case in pure, original, proper feuds, other nations who adopted this system were obliged to act upon the same supposition, as a substruction and foundation of their new polity, though the fact was indeed far otherwise. And, indeed, by thus consenting to the introduction of feodal tenures, our English ancestors probably meant no more than to put the kingdom in a state of defence by a military system; and to oblige themselves (in respect of their lands) to maintain the king's title and territories, with equal vigour and fealty, as if they had received their lands from his bounty upon these express conditions, as pure, proper, beneficiary feudatories. But, whatever their meaning was, the Norman interpreters, skilled in all the niceties of the feodal constitutions, and well understanding the import and extent of the feodal terms, gave a very different construction to this proceeding; and thereupon took a handle to introduce, not only the rigorous doctrines which prevailed in the duchy of Normandy, but also such fruits and dependencies, such hardships and services as were never known to other nations; as if the English had in fact, as well as theory, owed every thing they had to the bounty of their sovereign lord.

Our ancestors therefore, who were by no means beneficiaries, but had barely consented to this fiction of tenure from the crown, as the basis of a military discipline, with reason looked upon those deductions as grievous impositions, and arbitrary conclusions from principles that, as to them, had no foundation in truth. However, this king, and his son William Rufus, kept up with a high hand all the rigours of the feodal doctrines: but their successor, Henry I. found it expedient, when he sat up his pretensions to the crown, to promise a restitution of the laws of king Edward the Confessor, or ancient Saxon system; and accordingly, in the first year of his reign, granted a charter, whereby he gave up the greater grievances, but still reserved the fiction of feodal tenure, for the same military purposes which engaged his father to introduce it. But this charter was gradually broke through, and the former grievances were revived and aggravated, by himself and succeeding princes: till in the reign of king John they became so intolerable, that they occasioned his barons, or principal feudatories, to rise up in arms against him: which at length produced the famous great charter at Running-mead, which, with some alterations, was confirmed by his son Henry III. And though its immunities (especially as altered on its last

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edition by his ſon) are very greatly ſhort of thoſe granted by Henry I. it was juſtly eſteemed at the time a vaſt acquiſition to Engliſh liberty. Indeed, by the farther alteration of tenures that has ſince happened, many of theſe immunities may now appear, to a common obſerver, of much leſs conſequence than they really were when granted: but this, properly conſidered, will ſhew, not that the acquiſitions under John were ſmall, but that thoſe under Charles were greater. And from hence alſo ariſes another inference; that the liberties of Engliſhmen are not (as ſome arbitrary writers would repreſent them) mere infringements of the king's prerogative, extorted from our princes by taking advantage of their weakneſs; but a reſtoration of that ancient conſtitution, of which our anceſtors had been defrauded by the art and fineſſe of the Norman lawyers, rather than deprived by the force of the Norman arms.

Blackſtone's Commentaries.

§ 61. *Of Britiſh Juries.*

The method of trials by juries is generally looked upon as one of the moſt excellent branches of our conſtitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original eſtabliſhment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be ſo avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reaſonable exception can be made to them on either ſide. In treaſon the perſon accuſed has a right to challenge five-and-thirty, and in felony twenty, without ſhewing cauſe of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable. No priſoner can deſire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often compoſed of men of mean eſtates and low underſtandings, and many difficult points of law are brought before them, and ſubmitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciouſly, ſuch nice matters of juſtice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the caſe, and the law which ariſes upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are ſometimes, I fear, from their ſtation and indigence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the inſtitution itſelf. The point moſt liable to objection is the power, which any one or more of the twelve have to ſtarve the reſt into a compliance with their opinion; ſo that the verdict may poſſibly be given by ſtrength of conſtitution, not by conviction of conſcience; and wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

Orrery.

§ 62. *Juſtice, its Nature and real Import defined.*

Mankind in general are not ſufficiently acquainted with the import of the word juſtice: it is commonly believed to conſiſt only in a performance of thoſe duties to which the laws of ſociety can oblige us. This, I allow, is ſometimes the import of the word, and in this ſenſe juſtice is diſtinguiſhed from equity; but there is a juſtice ſtill more extenſive, and which can be ſhewn to embrace all the virtues united.

Juſtice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every perſon what is his due. In this extended ſenſe of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reaſon preſcribes, or ſociety ſhould expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourſelves, are fully anſwered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus juſtice, properly ſpeaking, is the only virtue, and all the reſt have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generoſity, for inſtance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deſerve the title, it is owing only to juſtice, which impels and directs them. Without ſuch a moderator, candour might become indiſcretion, fortitude obſtinacy, charity imprudence, and generoſity miſtaken profuſion.

A diſintereſted action, if it be not conducted by juſtice, is, at beſt, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of ſociety, of preſents, of entertainments, and the other helps to chearfulneſs, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of diſpoſing of our ſuperfluities; but they become vicious when they obſtruct or exhauſt our abilities from a more virtuous diſpoſition of our circumſtances.

True generoſity is a duty as indiſpenſably neceſſary as thoſe impoſed on us by law. It is a rule impoſed on us by reaſon, which ſhould be the ſovereign law of a rational being. But this generoſity does not conſiſt in obeying every impulſe of humanity, in following blind paſſion for our guide, and impairing our circumſtances by preſent benefactions, ſo as to render us incapable of future ones.

Goldſmith's Eſſays.

§ 63. *Habit, the Difficulty of conquering.*

There is nothing which we eſtimate ſo fallaciouſly

fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time is very natural. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty, but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocrify in the world; we do not so often endeavour or wish to impose on others as on ourselves; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy by calling witnesses of our actions; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited at our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself "from an ill habit," says Bacon, "must "not change too much at a time, lest he "should be discouraged by difficulty; nor "too little, for then he will make but "slow advances." This is a precept which may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Those who have been able to conquer habit, are like those that are fabled to have returned from the realms of Pluto:

Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

They are sufficient to give hope but not security, to animate the contest, but not to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil habits, must conquer them as they can, and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained; but those who are not yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom; they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer. *Idler.*

§ 64. *Halfpenny, its Adventures.*

"Sir,

"I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction: and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew pedlar in Duke's-place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandlers-shops, and gin-shops. I had not been long in the world, before an ingenious transmuter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his godmother.

"A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost therefore the very essence of my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired: but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

"I now underwent various hardships among his play-fellows, and was kicked about,

about, huſtled, toſſed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me: but I ſuffered moſt by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this ſtate the unwitting cauſe of rapacity, ſtrife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurſe of thoſe paſſions which diſgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent paſtimes. At length I was diſmiſſed from their ſervice by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

"From her it is natural to conclude, I poſted to the gin-ſhop; where, indeed, it is probable I ſhould have immediately gone, if her huſband, a foot-ſoldier, had not wreſted me from her, at the expence of a bloody noſe, black eye, ſcratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park, where I am aſhamed to tell how I parted from him—let it ſuffice that I was ſoon after depoſited in a night-cellar.

"From hence I got into the coat-pocket of a blood, and remained there with ſeveral of my brethren for ſome days unnoticed. But one evening as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a faſh-window into the dining-room of a tradeſman, who he remembered had been ſo unmannerly to him the day before, as to deſire payment of his bill. We repoſed in ſoft eaſe on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid ſwept us up; and ſome of us were allotted to purchaſe tea, ſome to buy ſnuff, and I myſelf was immediately trucked away at the door for the Sweethearts Delight.

"It is not my deſign to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumſtances, as is the practice of thoſe important egotiſts, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As uſeleſs to community as my ſingle ſelf may appear to be, I have been the inſtrument of much good and evil in the intercourſe of mankind: I have contributed no ſmall ſum to the revenues of the crown, by my ſhare in each news-paper; and in the conſumption of tobacco, ſpirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or ſupported extravagance; I have alſo rewarded the labours of induſtry, and relieved the neceſſities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their conſtant friend; and the rich, though they affect to ſlight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to diſtreſſes, which it is even in my power to relieve.

"The preſent exact ſcrutiny into our conſtitution has, indeed, very much obſtructed and embarraſſed my travels; though I could not but rejoice in my condition laſt Tueſday, as I was debarred having any ſhare in maiming, bruiſing, and deſtroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock encounters with feathers and ſtuffed leather; a childiſh ſport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in acts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exerciſe of inhumanity on helpleſs animals.

"I ſhall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you ſee. A choice ſpirit, a member of the kill-care-club, broke a link-boy's pate with me laſt night, as a reward for lighting him acroſs the channel; the lad waſted half his tar flambeau in looking for me, but I eſcaped his ſearch, being lodged ſnugly againſt a poſt. This morning a pariſh girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's ſhop to purchaſe a roll. The maſter, who was churchwarden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and faſtened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up again, and ſending me away with others in change to the next cuſtomer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you." *Adventurer.*

§ 65. *Hiſtory, our natural Fondneſs for it, and its true Uſe.*

The love of hiſtory ſeems inſeparable from human nature, becauſe it ſeems inſeparable from ſelf-love. The ſame principle in this inſtance carries us forward and backward, to future and to paſt ages. We imagine that the things which affect us, muſt affect poſterity: this ſentiment runs through mankind, from Cæſar down to the pariſh-clerk in Pope's Miſcellany. We are fond of preſerving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of thoſe of our own time, and of thoſe that preceded it. Rude heaps of ſtones have been raiſed, and ruder hymns have been compoſed, for this purpoſe, by nations who had not yet the uſe of arts and letters. To go no further back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic ſongs, and the feats

feats of our Britiſh anceſtors were recorded in thoſe of their bards. The ſavages of America have the ſame cuſtom at this day: and long hiſtorical ballads of their hunting and wars are ſung at all their feſtivals. There is no need of ſaying how this paſſion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us obſerve, that the ſame principle of nature directs us as ſtrongly, and more generally, as well as more early, to indulge our own curioſity, inſtead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurſe; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerneſs fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to hiſtory, or to that which he takes for hiſtory, to authorized romance: and even in age, the deſire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the deſire alone of relating what has happened to ourſelves. Thus hiſtory, true or falſe, ſpeaks to our paſſions always. What pity is it, that even the beſt ſhould ſpeak to our underſtandings ſo ſeldom! That it does ſo, we have none to blame but ourſelves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this ſtudy to every man who can read and think: and what ſhe has made the moſt agreeable, reaſon can make the moſt uſeful application of to our minds. But if we conſult our reaſon, we ſhall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in moſt other caſes, who are ſo proud of being rational. We ſhall neither read to ſooth our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity: as little ſhall we content ourſelves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to ſtudy, with greater eaſe and profit, like philoſophers and ſtateſmen: as little ſhall we affect the ſlender merit of becoming great ſcholars at the expence of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All theſe miſtake the true drift of ſtudy, and the true uſe of hiſtory. Nature gave us curioſity to excite the induſtry of our minds; but ſhe never intended it to be made the principal, much leſs the ſole, object of their application. The true and proper object of this application is a conſtant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any ſtudy, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at beſt but a ſpecious and ingenious ſort of idleneſs, to uſe an expreſſion of Tillotſon: and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the moſt learned, reap from the ſtudy of hiſtory: and yet the ſtudy of hiſtory ſeems to me, of all other, the moſt proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

We need but to caſt our eyes on the world, and we ſhall ſee the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we ſhall ſoon diſcover why example has this force. *Pauci prudentia*, ſays Tacitus, *honeſta ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxiis diſcernunt: plures aliorum eventis docentur.* Such is the imperfection of human underſtanding, ſuch the frail temper of our minds, that abſtract or general propoſitions, though never ſo true, appear obſcure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples; and that the wiſeſt leſſons in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment and determine the will, unleſs they are enforced by the ſame means, and we are obliged to apply to ourſelves what we ſee happen to other men. Inſtructions by precept have the farther diſadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reaſoning. *Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum iter eſt per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.* The reaſon of this judgment, which I quote from one of Seneca's epiſtles, in confirmation of my own opinion, reſts I think on this, That when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our ſenſes, as well as our underſtandings. The inſtruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact when we reſiſt ſpeculation. But this is not the only advantage of inſtruction by example; for example appeals not to our underſtanding alone, but to our paſſions likewiſe. Example aſſuages theſe or animates them; ſets paſſion on the ſide of judgment, and makes the whole man of a piece, which is more than the ſtrongeſt reaſoning and the cleareſt demonſtration can do; and thus forming habits by repetitions, example ſecures the obſervance of thoſe precepts which example inſinuated. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 66. *Human Nature, its Dignity.*

In forming our notions of human nature, we are very apt to make a compariſon betwixt men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought, that fall under our ſenſes. Certainly this compariſon is very favourable to mankind; on the one

one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds either of place or time, who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin of human race; casts his eyes forward to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence: a creature, who traces causes and effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without a foresight, blindly conducted by instinct, and arriving in a very short time at its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a difference is there betwixt these creatures; and how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter!

Hume's Essays.

§ 67. *The Operations of Human Nature considered.*

We are composed of a mind and of a body, intimately united, and mutually affecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal spirit that enlivens this machine is originally of a superior nature in various bodies (which, I own, seems most consistent and agreeable to the scale and order of beings), or, whether the difference depends on a symmetry, or peculiar structure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my reach to determine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiously formed with proper organs to delight, and such as are adapted to all the necessary uses of life. The spirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within just limits. But the natural force of this spirit is often immersed in matter; and the mind becomes subservient to passions, which it ought to govern and direct. Your friend Horace, although of the Epicurean doctrine, acknowledges this truth, where he says,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

It is no less evident, that this immortal spirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, seemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is imprisoned, and soars into higher, and more spacious regions; where, with an energy which I had almost said was divine, it ranges among those heavenly bodies that in this lower world are scarce visible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the distance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretel, even to a degree of minuteness, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the sun will be eclipsed in the next century. These powers certainly evince the dignity of human nature, and the surprising effects of the immaterial spirit within us, which in so confined a state can thus disengage itself from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the soul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order and curious variety of different beings; to consider and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire and imitate the wise benevolence which reigns throughout the sole system of the universe. It is from hence, that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence we delight in copying that great original, who in his essence is utterly incomprehensible, but in his influence is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence too we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a distinction between good and evil. Virtue acts with the utmost generosity, and with no view to her own advantage: while Vice, like a glutton, feeds herself enormously, and then is willing to disgorge the nauseous offals of her feast.

Orrery.

§ 68. *Oeconomy, Want of it no Mark of Genius.*

The indigence of authors, and particularly of poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compassion and contempt.

It has been observed, that not one favourite of the Muses has ever been able to build a house since the days of Amphion, whose art it would be fortunate for them if they possessed; and that the greatest punishment that can possibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to sup in their own lodgings,

——*Molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ,*
Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau introduces Damon, whose writings entertained and instructed the city and the court, as having passed the summer without a shirt, and the winter without

a cloak; and resolving at last to forsake Paris,

——où la vertu n'a plus ni feu ni lieu,
Where shiv'ring worth no longer finds a home,

and to find out a retreat in some distant grotto,

D'où jamais ni l'Huissier, ni le Sergent n'approche,
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest.

Pope.

The rich comedian, says Bruyere, "lolling in his gilt chariot, bespatters the face of Corneille walking afoot:" and Juvenal remarks, that his cotemporary bards generally qualified themselves by their diet to make excellent busts; that they were compelled sometimes to hire lodgings at a baker's, in order to warm themselves for nothing; and that it was the common fate of the fraternity,

Pallere & vinum toto nescire Decembri,
——to pine,
Look pale, and all December taste no wine.

Dryden.

Virgil himself is strongly suspected to have lain in the streets, or on some Roman bulk, when he speaks so feelingly of a rainy and tempestuous night in his well-known epigram.

"There ought to be an hospital founded for decayed wits," said a lively Frenchman, "and it might be called the Hospital of Incurables."

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnassus, but who have reason ardently to wish and to exclaim with Æneas, tho' without that hero's good fortune,

Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus,
Ostendat nemore in tanto!

O! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold!

Pitt.

The patronage of Lælius and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a house. Tasso, in a humorous sonnet addressed to his favourite cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, not being himself able to purchase a candle to write by. Dante, the Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both banished and imprisoned. Cervantes, perhaps the most original genius the world ever beheld, perished by want in the streets of Madrid, as did our own Spenser at Dublin. And a writer little inferior to the Spaniard in the exquisiteness of his humour and raillery, I mean Erasmus, after tedious wanderings of many years from city to city, and from patron to patron, praised, and promised, and deceived by all, obtained no settlement but with his printer. "At last," says he in one of his epistles, "I should have been advanced to a cardinal-ship, if there had not been a decree in my way, by which those are excluded from this honour, whose income amounts not to three thousand ducats."

I remember to have read a satire in Latin prose, entitled, "A poet hath bought a house." The poet having purchased a house, the matter was immediately laid before the parliament of poets assembled on that important occasion, as a thing unheard-of, as a very bad precedent, and of most pernicious consequence; and accordingly a very severe sentence was pronounced against the buyer. When the members came to give their votes, it appeared there was not a single person in the assembly, who, through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth so much as to be proprietor of a house, either by inheritance or purchase: all of them neglecting their private fortunes, confessed and boasted that they lived in lodgings. The poet was, therefore, ordered to sell his house immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make some expiation for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unsettled, and without care, like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and such the pitiable stories related, to expose the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think, are rather boundless exaggerations of satire and fancy, than the sober result of experience, and the determination of truth and judgment; for the general position may be contradicted by numerous examples; and it may, perhaps, appear on reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its particular professors; that it has no peculiar tendency to make them either rakes or spendthrifts; and that those who are indigent poets would have been indigent merchants and mechanics.

The neglect of œconomy, in which great geniuses are supposed to have indulged themselves, has unfortunately given so much authority and justification to carelessness and extravagance, that many a minute rhymer has fallen into dissipation and drunkenness, because Butler and Otway lived and died in an alehouse. As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one shoulder to mimic the

the negligence of Sir Thomas More, ſo theſe ſervile imitators follow their maſters in all that diſgraced them; contract immoderate debts, becauſe Dryden died inſolvent; and neglect to change their linen, becauſe Smith was a ſloven. "If I ſhould "happen to look pale," ſays Horace, "all the hackney writers in Rome would "immediately drink cummin to gain the "ſame complexion." And I myſelf am acquainted with a witling who uſes a glaſs only becauſe Pope was near-ſighted.

Adventurer.

§ 69. *Operas ridiculed, in a Perſian Letter.*

The firſt objects of a ſtranger's curioſity are the public ſpectacles. I was carried laſt night to one they call an Opera, which is a concert of muſic brought from Italy, and in every reſpect foreign to this country. It was performed in a chamber as magnificent as the reſplendent palace of our emperor, and as full of handſome women as his ſeraglio. They had no eunuchs among them; but there was one who ſung upon the ſtage, and, by the luxurious tenderneſs of his airs, ſeemed fitter to make them wanton, than keep them chaſte.

Inſtead of the habit proper to ſuch creatures, he wore a ſuit of armour, and called himſelf Julius Cæſar.

I aſked who Julius Cæſar was, and whether he had been famous for ſinging? They told me he was a warrior that had conquered all the world, and debauched half the women in Rome.

I was going to expreſs my admiration at ſeeing him ſo repreſented, when I heard two ladies, who ſat nigh me, cry out, as it were in eccſtaſy, "O that dear creature! I am dying for love of him."

At the ſame time I heard a gentleman ſay aloud, that both the muſic and ſinging were deteſtable.

"You muſt not mind him," ſaid my friend, "he is of the other party, and comes here only as a ſpy."

"How! ſaid I, have you parties in muſic?" "Yes," replied he, "it is a rule with us to judge of nothing by our ſenſes and underſtanding, but to hear and ſee, and think, only as we chance to be differently engaged."

"I hope," ſaid I, "that a ſtranger may be neutral in theſe diviſions; and, to ſay the truth, your muſic is very far from inflaming me to a ſpirit of faction; it is much more likely to lay me aſleep. Ours in Perſia ſets us all a-dancing; but I am quite unmoved with this."

"Do but fancy it moving," returned my friend, "and you will ſoon be moved as much as others. It is a trick you may learn when you will, with a little pains: we have moſt of us learnt it in our turns."

Lord Lyttelton.

§ 70. *Patience recommended.*

The darts of adverſe fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and ſome fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impoſe an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we muſt freeze. The ſummer returns with heat, and we muſt melt. The inclemency of the air diſorders our health, and we muſt be ſick. Here we are expoſed to wild beaſts, and there to men more ſavage than the beaſts: and if we eſcape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This eſtabliſhed courſe of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to aſſume ſuch a greatneſs of mind as becomes wiſe and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourſelves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us ſubmit to this order; let us be perſuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be ſo fooliſh as to expoſtulate with nature. The beſt reſolution we can take is to ſuffer what we cannot alter, and to purſue without repining the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us: for it is enough to follow; and he is but a bad ſoldier who ſighs, and marches with reluctancy. We muſt receive the orders with ſpirit and chearfulneſs, and not endeavour to ſlink out of the poſt which is aſſigned us in this beautiful diſpoſition of things, whereof even ſufferings make a neceſſary part. Let us addreſs ourſelves to God who governs all, as Cleanthes did in thoſe admirable verſes,

Parent of nature! Maſter of the world!
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My ſteps with chearful reſignation turn.
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why ſhould I grieve, when grieving I muſt bear;
Or take with guilt, what guiltleſs I might ſhare?

Thus let us ſpeak, and thus let us act. Reſignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the ſure mark of a puſillanimous and baſe ſpirit, is to ſtruggle againſt,

to cenſure the order of Providence, and, inſtead of mending our own conduct, to ſet up for correcting that of our Maker.

Bolingbroke.

§ 71. *Patience exemplified in the Story of an Aſs.*

I was juſt receiving the dernier compliments of Monſieur Le Blanc, for a pleaſant voyage down the Rhône——when I was ſtopped at the gate——

'Twas by a poor aſs, who had juſt turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemoſinary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and ſtood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder feet towards the ſtreet, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ſtrike——there is a patient endurance of ſufferings, wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—— I have ever ſomething civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into converſation with him; and ſurely never is my imagination ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance—and where thoſe carry me not deep enough——in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think—as well as a man, upon the occaſion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them——nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the ſame reaſon; they act by rote, as the others ſpeak by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both——(and for my dog, he would ſpeak if he could)—yet, ſomehow or other, they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation—I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them, beyond the propoſition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's converſations, in his beds of juſtice—and thoſe uttered—there's an end of the dialogue——

——But with an aſs, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honeſty! ſaid I—ſeeing it was impracticable to paſs betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The aſs twiſted his head round to look up the ſtreet——

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way——

I underſtand thee perfectly, anſwered I—if thou takeſt a wrong ſtep in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death——Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it ſaves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it ſhall not be ſet down as ill-ſpent.

He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and in the little peeviſh contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again.——God help thee, Jack! ſaid I, thou haſt a bitter breakfaſt on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to others.——And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare ſay, as ſoot—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem) and thou haſt not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.——In ſaying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had juſt purchaſed, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there was more of pleaſantry in the conceit, of ſeeing how an aſs would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which preſided in the act.

When the aſs had eaten his macaroon, I preſs'd him to come in—the poor beaſt was heavy loaded—his legs ſeem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke ſhort in my hand—he look'd up penſive in my face—"Don't thraſh me with it—but if you will, you may."——If I do, ſaid I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbeſs of Andoüillets—(ſo there was no ſin in it)—when a perſon coming in, let fall a thundering baſtinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I——but the interjection was equivocal——and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an oſier, which had ſtarted out from the contexture of the aſs's pannier, had

had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the *Out upon it!* in my opinion, should have come in here. *Sterne.*

§ 72. *Players in a Country Town described.*

The players, you must know, finding this a good town, had taken a lease the last summer of an old synagogue deserted by the Jews; but the mayor, being a presbyterian, refused to licence their exhibitions: however, when they were in the utmost despair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayoress, who prevailed on her husband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened their synagogue theatre with the Merchant of Venice; and finding a quack doctor's zany, a droll fellow, they decoyed him into their service; and he has since performed the part of the Mock Doctor with universal applause. Upon his revolt the doctor himself found it absolutely necessary to enter of the company; and, having a talent for tragedy, has performed with great success the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet.

The performers at our rustic theatre are far beyond those paltry strollers, who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or a cow-house: for (as their bills declare) they are a company of Comedians from the Theatre Royal; and I assure you they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The shops of our tradesmen have been almost deserted, and a croud of weavers and hardwaremen have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us, in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be performed by Mr. ———, at the particular desire of several ladies of distinction. 'Tis true, indeed, that our principal actors have most of them had their education at Covent-garden or Drury-lane; but they have been employed in the business of the drama in a degree but just above a scene-shifter. An heroine, to whom your managers in town (in envy to her rising merit) scarce allotted the humble part of a confidante, now blubbers out Andromache or Belvidera; the attendants on a monarch strut monarchs themselves, mutes find their voices, and message-bearers rise into heroes. The humour of our best comedian consists in shrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry mouth, and repartees in a grin; in short, he practises on Congreve and Vanbrugh all those distortions which gained him so much applause from the galleries, in the drubs which he was obliged to undergo in pantomimes. I was vastly diverted at seeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whose chief action was a continual pressing together of the thumb and forefinger, which, had he lifted them to his nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff: but I could easily account for the cause of this single gesture, when I discovered that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dexterous Mr. Clippit, the candle-snuffer.

You would laugh to see how strangely the parts of a play are cast. They played Cato: and their Marcia was such an old woman, that when Juba came on with his ——— "Hail! charming maid!" ——— the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was surprized to hear an eager lover talk of rushing into his mistress's arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and desiring (in the tragedy rapture) to "hug her thus, and thus, for ever;" though he always took care to stand at a most ceremonious distance. But I was afterwards very much diverted at the cause of this extraordinary respect, when I was told that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occasioned such a disagreeable stench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arms length. The entertainment was Lethe; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, supplied its place by gabbling in his native Welsh.

The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the property of our company, are as extraordinary as the performers. Othello raves about a checked handkerchief; the ghost in Hamlet stalks in a postilion's leathern-jacket for a coat of mail; and Cupid enters with a fiddle-case slung over his shoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the house, for lending them a pestle and mortar to serve as the bell in Venice Preserved: and a barber-surgeon has the same privilege, for furnishing them with basons of blood to besmear the daggers in Macbeth. Macbeth himself carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon; and, as the breaking of glasses would be very expensive, he dashes down a pewter pint-pot at the fight of Banquo's ghost.

A fray happened here the other night, which was no small diversion to the audi-

ence. It seems there had been a great contest between two of those mimic heroes, which was the fittest to play Richard the Third. One of them was reckoned to have the better person, as he was very roundshouldered, and one of his legs was shorter than the other; but his antagonist carried the part, because he started best in the tent scene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both rushed in upon the stage at once; and, bawling out together, "Now "are our brows bound with victorious "wreaths," they both went through the whole speech without stopping.

Connoisseur.

§ 73. *Players often mistake one Effect for another.*

The French have distinguished the artifices made use of on the stage to deceive the audience, by the expression of *Jeu de Theatre*, which we may translate, "the juggle of the theatre." When these little arts are exercised merely to assist nature, and set her off to the best advantage, none can be so critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by these means is lifted into rant, and comedy distorted into buffoonery, though the deceit may succeed with the multitude, men of sense will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, resembles in some sort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon stilts, and expressed the manners of their characters by the grotesque figures of their masks.

Connoisseur.

§ 74. *True Pleasure defined.*

We are affected with delightful sensations, when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their chearful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness. *Seed's Sermons.*

§ 75. *How Politeness is manifested.*

To correct such gross vices as lead us to commit a real injury to others, is the part of morals, and the object of the most ordinary education. Where that is not attended to, in some degree, no human society can subsist. But in order to render conversation and the intercourse of minds more easy and agreeable, good-manners have been invented, and have carried the matter somewhat farther. Wherever nature has given the mind a propensity to any vice, or to any passion disagreeable to others, refined breeding has taught men to throw the bias on the opposite side, and to preserve, in all their behaviour, the appearance of sentiments contrary to those which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and selfish, and apt to assume the preference above others, a polite man is taught to behave with deference towards those with whom he converses, and to yield up the superiority to them in all the common incidents of society. In like manner, wherever a person's situation may naturally beget any disagreeable suspicion in him, 'tis the part of good-manners to prevent it, by a studied display of sentiments directly contrary to those of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus old men know their infirmities, and naturally dread contempt from youth: hence, well-educated youth redouble their instances of respect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection: hence, in all polite countries, they receive the highest civilities, and are entitled to the first place in every company. A man is lord in his own family, and his guests are, in a manner, subject to his authority: hence, he is always the lowest person in the company; attentive to the wants of every one; and giving himself all the trouble, in order to please, which may not betray too visible an affectation, or impose too much constraint on his guests. Gallantry is nothing but an instance of the same generous and refined attention. As nature has given man the superiority above woman, by endowing him with greater strength both of mind and body, 'tis his part to alleviate that superiority, as much as possible, by the generosity of his behaviour, and by a studied deference and complaisance

plaisance for all her inclinations and opinions. Barbarous nations display this superiority, by reducing their females to the most abject slavery; by confining them, by beating them, by selling them, by killing them. But the male sex, among a polite people, discover their authority in a more generous, though not a less evident, manner; by civility, by respect, by complaisance, and in a word, by gallantry. In good company, you need not ask, who is master of the feast? The man who sits in the lowest place, and who is always industrious in helping every one, is most certainly the person. We must either condemn all such instances of generosity, as foppish and affected, or admit of gallantry among the rest. The ancient Moscovites wedded their wives with a whip instead of a wedding-ring. The same people, in their own houses, took always the precedency above foreigners, even foreign ambassadors. These two instances of their generosity and politeness are much of a piece. *Hume's Essays.*

§ 76. *The Business and Qualifications of a Poet described.*

"Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first: or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art: that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

"I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors: I could never describe what I had not seen: I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he, who knows most, will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recal the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

" But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same: he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; contemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

" His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must by incessant practice familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony."

Johnson's Rasselas.

§ 77. *Remarks on some of the best Poets, both ancient and modern.*

'Tis manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others, in the production of great men, and all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry, amongst the Greeks; that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That in such an age, 'tis possible some great genius may arise to equal any of the ancients, abating only for the language; for great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in heroic poetry. In tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both these kinds.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country: but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau, whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable; for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interests of factions and parties, and relating only the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now, if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to the excellencies of Homer or Virgil; I must farther add, that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eyes; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affection; that among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught; his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventurers without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action: he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story

is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides, is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature. Virgil and Homer have not one of them: and those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and from Spenser to Flecno, that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso; he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worst, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique. The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action; he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them the justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines through the whole poem, and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English. *Dryden.*

§ 78. *Remarks on some of the best English dramatic Poets.*

Shakspeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches; his serious, swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of Poets,

Quantùm lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better treated in Shakspeare; and, however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge

judge of players, that Ben Jonſon, while he lived, ſubmitted all his writings to his cenſure, and, 'tis thought, uſed his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verſes he writ to him, and therefore I need ſpeak no farther of it. The firſt play which brought Fletcher and him in eſteem was their Philaſter; for before that, they had written two or three very unſucceſsfully: and the like is reported of Ben Jonſon, before he writ Every Man in his Humour. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakſpeare's, eſpecially thoſe which were made before Beaumont's death; and they underſtood and imitated the converſation of gentlemen much better, whoſe wild debaucheries, and quickneſs of repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. That humour which Ben Jonſon derived from particular perſons, they made it not their buſineſs to deſcribe: they repreſented all the paſſions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the Engliſh language in them arrived to its higheſt perfection: what words have been taken in ſince, are rather ſuperfluous than neceſſary. Their plays are now the moſt pleaſant and frequent entertainments of the ſtage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakſpeare's or Jonſon's: the reaſon is, becauſe there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more ſerious plays, which ſuits generally with all men's humour. Shakſpeare's language is likewiſe a little obſolete, and Ben Jonſon's wit comes ſhort of theirs.

As for Jonſon, to whoſe character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himſelf (for his laſt plays were but his dotages), I think him the moſt learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a moſt ſevere judge of himſelf as well as others. One cannot ſay he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour alſo in ſome meaſure, we had before him; but ſomething of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his ſtrength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You ſeldom find him making love in any of his ſcenes, or endeavouring to move the paſſions; his genius was too ſullen and ſaturnine to do it gracefully, eſpecially when he knew he came after thoſe who had performed both to ſuch an height. Humour was his proper ſphere, and in that he delighted moſt to repreſent mechanic people. He was deeply converſant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is not a poet or hiſtorian among the Roman authors of thoſe times, whom he has not tranſlated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies ſo openly, that one may ſee he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the ſpoils of thoſe writers he ſo repreſents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and cuſtoms, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had ſeen leſs of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weav'd it too cloſely and laborioufly in his ſerious plays: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he tranſlated as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed the idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare with him Shakſpeare, I muſt acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakſpeare the greater wit. Shakſpeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets, Jonſon was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakſpeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the moſt correct plays, ſo, in the precepts which he has laid down in his diſcoveries, we have as many and as profitable rules for perfecting the ſtage as any wherewith the French can furniſh us.

Dryden's Eſſays.

§ 79. *The Origin and Right of excluſive Property explained.*

There is nothing which ſo generally ſtrikes the imagination and engages the affections of mankind, as the right of property; or that ſole and deſpotic dominion which one man claims and exerciſes over the external things of the world, in a total excluſion of the right of any other individual in the univerſe. And yet there are very few that will give themſelves the trouble to conſider the original and foundation of this right. Pleaſed as we are with the poſſeſſion, we ſeem afraid to look back to the means by which it was acquired, as if fearful of ſome defect in our title; or at beſt we reſt ſatisfied with the deciſion of the laws in our favour, without examining the reaſon or authority upon which thoſe laws have been built. We think it enough that our title is derived by the grant of the former proprietor, by deſcent from our anceſtors, or by the laſt will and teſtament of

of the dying owner; nor caring to reflect that (accurately and ſtrictly ſpeaking) there is no foundation in nature or in natural law, why a ſet of words upon parchment ſhould convey the dominion of land; why the ſon ſhould have a right to exclude his fellow-creatures from a determinate ſpot of ground, becauſe his father had done ſo before him; or why the occupier of a particular field or of a jewel, when lying on his death-bed, and no longer able to maintain poſſeſſion, ſhould be entitled to tell the reſt of the world, which of them ſhould enjoy it after him. Theſe enquiries, it muſt be owned, would be uſeleſs and even troubleſome in common life. It is well if the maſs of mankind will obey the laws when made, without ſcrutinizing too nicely into the reaſons of making them. But, when law is to be conſidered not only as matter of practice, but alſo as a rational ſcience, it cannot be improper or uſeleſs to examine more deeply the rudiments and grounds of theſe poſitive conſtitutions of ſociety.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man, "dominion over all the earth; and over the fiſh of the ſea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth *." This is the only true and ſolid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy metaphyſical notions may have been ſtarted by fanciful writers upon this ſubject. The earth therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, excluſive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And, while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public ſtock to his own uſe ſuch things as his immediate neceſſities required.

Theſe general notions of property were then ſufficient to anſwer all the purpoſes of human life; and might perhaps ſtill have anſwered them, had it been poſſible for mankind to have remained in a ſtate of primæval ſimplicity: as may be collected from the manners of many American nations when firſt diſcovered by the Europeans; and from the ancient method of living among the firſt Europeans themſelves, if we may credit either the memorials of them preſerved in the golden age of the poets, or the uniform accounts given by hiſtorians of thoſe times wherein *erant omnia communia et indiviſa omnibus, veluti unum cunctis patrimonium eſſet* †. Not that this communion of goods ſeems ever to have been applicable, even in the earlieſt ages, to aught but the ſubſtance of the thing; nor could be extended to the uſe of it. For, by the law of nature and reaſon, he who firſt began to uſe it acquired therein a kind of tranſient property that laſted ſo long as he was uſing it, and no longer ‡: or, to ſpeak with greater preciſion, the right of poſſeſſion continued for the ſame time only that the act of poſſeſſion laſted. Thus the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular: yet whoever was in the occupation of any determinate ſpot of it, for reſt, for ſhade, or the like, acquired for the time a ſort of ownerſhip, from which it would have been unjuſt, and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but the inſtant that he quitted the uſe or occupation of it, another might ſeize it without injuſtice. Thus alſo a vine or other tree might be ſaid to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet any private individual might gain the ſole property of the fruit, which he had gathered for his own repaſt. A doctrine well illuſtrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theatre, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken is for the time his his own ‖.

But when mankind increaſed in number, craft, and ambition, it became neceſſary to entertain conceptions of more permanent dominion: and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate uſe only, but the very ſubſtance of the thing to be uſed. Otherwiſe innumerable tumults muſt have ariſen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and diſturbed, while a variety of perſons were ſtriving who ſhould get the firſt occupation of the ſame thing, or diſputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life alſo grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were deviſed to render it more eaſy, commodious, and agreeable; as, habitations for ſhelter and ſafety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, ſo long

* Gen. i. 28.

† Juſtin. l. 43. c. 1. ‡ Barbeyr. Puff. l. 4. c. 4.

‖ Quemadmodum theatrum, cum commune, ſit recte, tamen dici poteſt, ejus eſſe eum locum quem quiſque occupavit. De Fin. l. 3. c. 20.

as he had only an usufructuary property in them, which was to ceafe the inftant that he quitted poffeffion;—if, as foon as he walked out of his tent, or pulled off his garment, the next ftranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one, and to wear the other. In the cafe of habitations, in particular, it was natural to obferve, that even the brute creation, to whom every thing elfe was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, efpecially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nefts, and the beafts of the field had caverns, the invafion of which they eftcemed a very flagrant injuftice, and would facrifice their lives to preferve them. Hence a property was foon eftablifhed in every man's houfe and homeftall; which feem to have been originally mere temporary huts or moveable cabins, fuited to the defign of Providence for more fpeedily peopling the earth, and fuited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extenfive property in the foil or ground was eftablifhed. And there can be no doubt, but that moveables of every kind became fooner appropriated than the permanent fubftantial foil; partly becaufe they were more fufceptible of a long occupance, which might be continued for months together without any fenfible interruption, and at length by ufage ripen into an eftablifhed right; but principally becaufe few of them could be fit for ufe, till improved and meliorated by the bodily labour of the occupant: which bodily labour, beftowed upon any fubject which before lay in common to all men, is univerfally allowed to give the faireft and moft reafonable title to an exclufive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early conficleration. Such as were not contented with the fpontaneous product of the earth, fought for a more folid refreftment in the flefh of beafts which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent difappointments, incident to that method of provifion, induced them to gather together fuch animals as were of a more tame and fequacious nature; and to eftablifh a permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to fuftain themfelves in a lefs precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flefh of the young. The fupport of thefe their cattle made the article of water alfo a very important point. And therefore the book of Genefis (the moft venerable monument of antiquity, conficlered merely with a view to hiftory) will furnifh us with frequent inftances of violent contentions concerning wells; the exclufive property of which appears to have been eftablifhed in the firft digger or occupant, even in fuch places where the ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus we find Abraham, who was but a fojourner, afferting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for his fecurity, "becaufe he had digged that well*." And Ifaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father's property; and, after much contention with the Philiftines, was fuffered to enjoy it in peace†.

All this while the foil and paflure of the earth remained ftill in common as before, and open to every occupant: except perhaps in the neighbourhood of towns, where the neceffity of a fole and exclufive property in lands (for the fake of agriculture) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwife, when the multitude of men and cattle had confumed every convenience on one fpot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to feize upon and occupy fuch other lands as would more eafily fupply their neceffities. This practice is ftill retained among the wild and uncultivated nations that have never been formed into civil ftates, like the Tartars and others in the Eaft; where the climate itfelf, and the boundlefs extent of their territory, confpire to retain them ftill in the fame favage ftate of vagrant liberty, which was univerfal in the earlieft ages, and which Tacitus informs us continued among the Germans till the decline of the Roman empire‡. We have alfo a ftriking example of the fame kind in the hiftory of Abraham and his nephew Lot‖. When their joint fubftance became fo great, that paflure and other conveniencies grew fcarce, the natural confequence was, that a ftrife arofe between their fervants; fo that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention Abraham thus endeavoured to compofe; "Let there be no ftrife, I pray thee, between thee and me. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyfelf, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then will I go to the

* Gen. xxi. 30. † Gen. xxvi. 15, 18, &c.

‡ Colunt difcreti et diverfi; ut fons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit. De mor. Germ. 16.

‖ Gen. xiii.

left."

left." This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either to occupy whatever ground he pleased, that was not pre-occupied by other tribes. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east, and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

Upon the same principle was founded the right of migration, or sending colonies to find out new habitations, when the mother-country was over-charged with inhabitants; which was practised as well by the Phœnicians and Greeks, as the Germans, Scythians, and other northern people. And so long as it was confined to the stocking and cultivation of desart uninhabited countries, it kept strictly within the limits of the law of nature. But how far the seizing on countries already peopled, and driving out or massacring the innocent and defenceless natives, merely because they differed from their invaders in language, in religion, in customs, in government, or in colour; how far such a conduct was consonant to nature, to reason, or to christianity, deserved well to be considered by those who have rendered their names immortal by thus civilizing mankind.

As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous produce destroyed, without any provision for a future supply or succession. It therefore became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged, the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connexion and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil, than had hitherto been received and adopted. It was clear that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities, without the assistance of tillage: but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art, and labour? Had not therefore a separate property in lands, as moveables, been vested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey; which, according to some philosophers, is the genuine state of nature. Whereas now (so graciously has Providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together) the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its rational faculties, as well as of exerting its natural. Necessity begat property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants; states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labour, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

The only question remaining is, How this property became actually vested; or what it is that gave a man an exclusive right to retain in a permanent manner that specific land, which before belonged generally to every body, but particularly to nobody? And, as we before observed that occupancy gave the right to the temporary use of the soil, so it is agreed upon all hands, that occupancy gave also the original right to the permanent property in the substance of the earth itself; which excludes every one else but the owner from the use of it. There is indeed some difference among the writers on natural law, concerning the reason why occupancy should convey this right, and invest one with this absolute property: Grotius and Puffendorf insisting, that this right of occupancy is founded upon a tacit and implied assent of all mankind, that the first occupant should become the owner; and Barbeyrac, Titius, Mr. Locke, and others, holding, that there is no such implied assent, neither is it necessary that there should be; for that the very act of occupancy, alone, being a degree of bodily labour, is, from a principle of natural justice, without any consent or compact, sufficient of itself to gain a title. A dispute that favours too much of nice and scholastic refinement! However, both sides agree in this, that occupancy is the thing by which the title was in fact originally gained; every man seizing to his own continued use such spots of ground as he found most agreeable to his own convenience, provided he found them unoccupied by any one else.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

§ 80. *Retire-*

§ 80. *Retirement of no Uſe to ſome.*

To lead the life I propoſe with ſatisfaction and profit, renouncing the pleaſures and buſineſs of the world, and breaking the habits of both, is not ſufficient; the ſupine creature whoſe underſtanding is ſuperficially employed, through life, about a few general notions, and is never bent to a cloſe and ſteady purſuit of truth, may renounce the pleaſures and buſineſs of the world, for even in the buſineſs of the world we ſee ſuch creatures often employed, and may break the habits; nay he may retire and drone away life in ſolitude like a monk, or like him over the door of whoſe houſe, as if his houſe had been his tomb, ſomebody writ, "Here lies ſuch an one:" but no ſuch man will be able to make the true uſe of retirement. The employment of his mind, that would have been agreeable and eaſy if he had accuſtomed himſelf to it early, will be unpleaſant and impracticable late: ſuch men loſe their intellectual powers for want of exerting them, and, having trifled away youth, are reduced to the neceſſity of trifling away age. It fares with the mind juſt as it does with the body. He who was born with a texture of brain as ſtrong as that of Newton, may become unable to perform the common rules of arithmetic; juſt as he who has the ſame elaſticity in his muſcles, the ſame ſuppleneſs in his joints, and all his nerves and ſinews as well-braced as Jacob Hall, may become a fat unwieldy ſluggard. Yet further; the implicit creature, who has thought it all his life needleſs, or unlawful, to examine the principles of facts that he took originally on truſt, will be as little able as the other to improve his ſolitude to any good purpoſe: unleſs we call it a good purpoſe, for that ſometimes happens, to confirm and exalt his prejudices, ſo that he may live and die in one continued delirium. The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life: and as ſome muſt trifle away age becauſe they trifled away youth, others muſt labour on in a maze of error, becauſe they have wandered there too long to find their way out.

Bolingbroke.

§ 81. *Conſequences of the Revolution of* 1688.

Few men at that time looked forward enough to foreſee the neceſſary conſequences of the new conſtitution of the revenue that was ſoon afterwards formed, nor of the method of funding that immediately took place; which, abſurd as they are, have continued ever ſince, till it is become ſcarce poſſible to alter them. Few people, I ſay, foreſaw how the creation of funds, and the multiplication of taxes, would encreaſe yearly the power of the crown, and bring our liberties, by a natural and neceſſary progreſſion, into more real, though leſs apparent danger, than they were in before the Revolution. The exceſſive ill huſbandry practiſed from the very beginning of King William's reign, and which laid the foundations of all we feel and all we fear, was not the effect of ignorance, miſtake, or what we call chance, but of deſign and ſcheme in thoſe who had the ſway at that time. I am not ſo uncharitable, however, as to believe, that they intended to bring upon their country all the miſchiefs that we, who came after them, experience and apprehend. No; they ſaw the meaſures they took ſingly, and unrelatively, or relatively alone to ſome immediate object. The notion of attaching men to the new government, by tempting them to embark their fortunes on the ſame bottom, was a reaſon of ſtate to ſome: the notion of creating a new, that is, a monied intereſt, in oppoſition to the landed intereſt, or as a balance to it, and of acquiring a ſuperior influence in the city of London, at leaſt, by eſtabliſhment of great corporations, was a reaſon of party to others: and I make no doubt that the opportunity of amaſſing immenſe eſtates by the managements of funds, by trafficking in paper, and by all the arts of jobbing, was a reaſon of private intereſt to thoſe who ſupported and improved this ſcheme of iniquity, if not to thoſe who deviſed it. They looked no farther. Nay, we who came after them, and have long taſted the bitter fruits of the corruption they planted, were far from taking ſuch an alarm at our diſtreſs, and our danger, as they deſerved; till the moſt remote and fatal effect of cauſes, laid by the laſt generation, was very near becoming an object of experience in this. *Ibid.*

§ 82. *Defence of Riddles: in a Letter to a Lady.*

It is with wonderful ſatisfaction I find you are grown ſuch an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleaſure in the ancient and ingenious ſtudy of making and ſolving riddles. It is a ſcience, undoubtedly, of moſt neceſſary acquirement, and deſerves to make a part in the meditation of both ſexes. Thoſe of yours may by this means very innocently indulge their uſual

usual curiosity of discovering and disclosing a secret; whilst such amongst ours who have a turn for deep speculations, and are fond of puzzling themselves and others, may exercise their faculties this way with much private satisfaction, and without the least disturbance to the public. It is an art indeed which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the universities, as it affords the easiest and shortest method of conveying some of the most useful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper substitute in the room of those dry systems which are at present in vogue in those places of education. For as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful advantage in every branch of learning, by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and consequently preserving it from that grand source of error, the being deceived by false connections. In short, Timoclea, this your favourite science contains the sum of all human policy; and as there is no passing through the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves; who would not choose to be master of the enigmatical art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside craft and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent disguise? It was the maxim of a very wise prince, that "he who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign:" and I desire you would receive it as mine, that "he who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live."

But besides the general usefulness of this art, it will have a further recommendation to all true admirers of antiquity, as being practised by the most considerable personages of early times. It is almost three thousand years ago since Samson proposed his famous riddle so well known; though the advocates for ancient learning must forgive me, if in this article I attribute the superiority to the moderns; for if we may judge of the skill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable specimen of it, the geniuses of those early ages were by no means equal to those which our times have produced. But as a friend of mine has lately finished, and intends very shortly to publish, a most learned work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleasure you will receive by perusing this curious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered, to the immortal glory of this art, that the wisest man, as well as the greatest prince that ever lived, is said to have amused himself and a neighbouring monarch in trying the strength of each other's talents in this way; several riddles, it seems, having passed between Solomon and Hiram, upon condition that he who failed in the solution should incur a certain penalty. It is recorded likewise of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himself, that he had a taste of this sort; and we are told by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for not being able to discover a riddle which was proposed to him by some fishermen at a certain island called Jo.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

§ 83. *The true Use of the Senses perverted by Fashion.*

Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing; and the reason of its remaining so much a mystery, is our own want of simplicity in manners. By our present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to disguise, distort, and alter our sentiments until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation; our perception is abused, and our senses are perverted; our minds lose their nature, force, and flavour; the imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and sickly bloom; the genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, that extends its branches on every side, buds, blossoms, and bears delicious fruit, resembles a lopped and stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade or shelter, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, and producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As well might a man distinguish objects through the medium of a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green-sickness prefer a biscuit to a cinder.

It has often been alledged, that the passions can never be wholly deposed, and that by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers; but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay sometimes

times totally extinguiſhed and deſtroyed, by mutual oppoſition, diſſipation, and acquired inſenſibility. How often at our theatre has the tear of ſympathy and burſt of laughter been repreſſed by a malignant ſpecies of pride, refuſing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing ſociety with the audience! I have ſeen a young creature, poſſeſſed of the moſt delicate complexion, and exhibiting features that indicate ſenſibility, ſit without the leaſt emotion, and behold the moſt tender and pathetic ſcenes of Otway repreſented with all the energy of action; ſo happy had ſhe been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature. She had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more aukward, than to betray a ſenſe of ſhame or ſympathy; ſhe ſeemed to think that a conſent of paſſion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that ſhe herſelf ought to be the only object of approbation. But ſhe did not conſider that ſuch approbation is ſeldom acquired by diſdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart. For my own ſhare, I never fail to take a ſurvey of the female part of an audience, at every intereſting incident of the drama. When I perceive the tear ſtealing down a lady's cheek, and the ſudden ſigh eſcape from her breaſt, I am attracted toward her by an irreſiſtible emotion of tenderneſs and eſteem; her eyes ſhine with enchanting luſtre, through the pearly moiſture that ſurrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her ſnowy boſom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her diſcernment. On the contrary, when I ſee a fine woman's face unaltered by the diſtreſs of the ſcene, with which I myſelf am affected, I reſent her indifference as an inſult on my own underſtanding; I ſuppoſe her heart to be ſavage, her diſpoſition unſocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput, ſed cerebrum non habet!*

Yet this inſenſibility is not perhaps owing to any original defect. Nature may have ſtretched the ſtring, though it has long ceaſed to vibrate. It may have been diſplaced and diſtracted by the firſt violence offered to the native machine; it may have loſt its tone through long diſuſe; or be ſo twiſted and overſtrained as to produce an effect very different from that which was primarily intended. If ſo little regard is paid to nature when ſhe knocks ſo powerfully at the breaſt, ſhe muſt be altogether neglected and deſpiſed in her calmer mood of ſerene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but ſimplicity, propriety, and innocence. A clear, blue ſky, ſpangled with ſtars, will prove a homely and inſipid object to eyes accuſtomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding, and glitter; they will be turned with loathing and diſguſt from the green mantle of the ſpring, ſo gorgeouſly adorned with buds and foliage, flowers, and bloſſoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligee, ſtriped and interſected with abrupt unfriendly tints that fetter the maſſes of light, and diſtract the viſion; and cut and pinked into the moſt fantaſtic forms; and flounced and furbelowed, patched and fringed with all the littleneſs of art, unknown to elegance. Thoſe ears that are offended by the ſweetly wild notes of the thruſh, the black-bird, and the nightingale, the diſtant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the ſoft ſighing of reeds and oſiers, the magic murmur of lapſing ſtreams; will be regaled and raviſhed by the extravagant and alarming notes of a ſqueaking fiddle, extracted by a muſician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and mackarel.

The ſenſe of ſmelling that delights in the ſcent of excrementitious animal juices, ſuch as muſk, civet, and urinous ſalts, will loath the fragrancy of new-mown hay, the hawthorn's bloom, the ſweet-briar, the honeyſuckle, and the roſe; and the organs that are gratified with the taſte of ſickly veal which has been bled into the palſy, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropſical pig, the abortion of pigeons and of poultry, 'ſparagus gorged with the crude unwholeſome juice of dung, peaſe without ſubſtance, peaches without taſte, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauſeate the native, genuine, and ſalutary taſte of Welſh beef, Banſtead mutton, Hampſhire pork, and barn-door fowls; whoſe juices are concocted by a natural digeſtion, and whoſe fleſh is conſolidated by free air and exerciſe.

In ſuch a total perverſion of the ſenſes, the ideas muſt be miſrepreſented, the powers of the imagination diſordered, and the judgment of conſequence unſound. The diſeaſe is attended with a falſe appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not ſatisfy. It muſt have ſauces compounded of the moſt heterogeneous traſh. The ſoul ſeems to ſink

into a kind of sleepy idiotism, or childish vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten, and glance, and dance before the eye; and, like an infant kept awake and inspirited by the sound of a rattle, it must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle that may be termed the legerdemain of genius. This being the case, it cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish, the charms of natural and moral beauty or decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the chearful resignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay the very crimson glow of health and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition. *Smollett.*

§ 84. *Simplicity a principal Beauty in Writing.*

If we examine the writers whose compositions have stood the test of ages, and obtained that highest honour, the concurrent approbation of distant times and nations, we shall find that the character of simplicity is the unvarying circumstance, which alone hath been able to gain this universal homage from mankind. Among the Greeks, whose writers in general are of the simple kind, the divinest poet, the most commanding orator, the finest historian, and deepest philosopher, are, above the rest, conspicuously eminent in this great quality. The Roman writers rise towards perfection according to that measure of true simplicity which they mingle in their works. Indeed, they are all inferior to the Greek models. But who will deny, that Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Livy, Terence, Tully, are at once the simplest and best of Roman writers? unless we add the noble Annalist, who appeared in after-times; who, notwithstanding the political turn of his genius, which sometimes interferes, is admirable in this great quality; and by it, far superior to his contemporaries. It is this one circumstance that hath raised the venerable Dante, the father of modern poetry, above the succeeding poets of his country, who could never long maintain the local and temporary honours bestowed upon them; but have fallen under that just neglect, which time will ever decree to those who desert a just simplicity for the florid colourings of style, contrasted phrases, affected conceits, the mere trappings of composition, and Gothic minutiæ. It is this hath given to Boileau the most lasting wreath in France, and to Shakspeare and Milton in England; especially to the last, whose writings are more unmixed in this respect, and who had formed himself entirely on the simple model of the best Greek writers and the sacred scriptures. As it appears from these instances, that simplicity is the only universal characteristic of just writing; so the superior eminence of the sacred scriptures in this prime quality hath been generally acknowledged. One of the greatest critics in antiquity, himself conspicuous in the sublime and simple manner, hath borne this testimony to the writings of Moses and St. Paul; and by parity of reason we must conclude, that had he been conversant with the other sacred writers, his taste and candour would have allowed them the same encomium. *Brown's Essay.*

§ 85. *Simplicity conspicuous in the Scriptures.*

It hath been often observed, even by writers of no mean rank, that the "scriptures suffer in their credit by the disadvantage of a literal version, while other ancient writings enjoy the advantage of a free and embellished translation." But in reality these gentlemen's concern is ill placed and groundless. For the truth is, "That most other writings are indeed impaired by a literal translation; whereas, giving only a due regard to the idioms of different languages, the sacred writings, when literally translated, are then in their full perfection."

Now this is an internal proof, that in all other writings there is a mixture of local, relative, exterior ornament; which is often lost in the transfusion from one language to another. But the internal beauties, which depend not on the particular construction of tongues, no change of tongue can destroy. Hence the Bible composition preserves its native beauty and strength alike in every language, by the sole energy of unadorned phrase, natural images, weight of sentiment, and great simplicity.

It is in this respect like a rich vein of gold, which, under the severest trials of heat, cold, and moisture, retains its original

weight and splendor, without either loss or alloy; while baser metals are corrupted by earth, air, water, fire, and assimilated to the various elements through which they pass.

This circumstance then may be justly regarded as sufficient to vindicate the composition of the sacred Scriptures; as it is at once their chief excellence, and greatest security. It is their excellence, as it renders them intelligible and useful to all; it is their security, as it prevents their being disguised by the false and capricious ornaments of vain and weak translators.

We may safely appeal to experience and fact for the confirmation of these remarks on the superior simplicity, utility, and excellence of the style of the holy Scripture. Is there any book in the world so perfectly adapted to all capacities? that contains such sublime and exalted precepts, conveyed in such an artless and intelligible strain? that can be read with such pleasure and advantage by the lettered sage and the unlettered peasant? *Brown's Essay.*

§ 86. *Simplicity should be preferred to Refinement in Writing.*

Fine writing, according to Mr. Addison, consists of sentiments which are natural, without being obvious. There cannot be a juster, and more concise definition of fine writing.

Sentiments which are merely natural, affect not the mind with any pleasure, and seem not worthy to engage our attention. The pleasantries of a waterman, the observations of a peasant, the ribaldry of a porter or hackney coachman; all these are natural and disagreeable. What an insipid comedy should we make of the chit-chat of the tea-table, copied faithfully and at full length? Nothing can please persons of taste, but nature drawn with all her graces and ornaments, *la belle nature*; or if we copy low-life, the strokes must be strong and remarkable, and must convey a lively image to the mind. The absurd naïveté of Sancho Pança is represented in such inimitable colours by Cervantes, that it entertains as much as the picture of the most magnanimous hero or softest lover.

The case is the same with orators, philosophers, critics, or any author, who speaks in his own person, without introducing other speakers or actors. If his language be not elegant, his observations uncommon, his sense strong and masculine, he will in vain boast his nature and simplicity. He may be correct; but he never will be agreeable. 'Tis the unhappiness of such authors, that they are never blamed nor censured. The good fortune of a book, and that of a man, are not the same. The secret deceiving path of life, which Horace talks of, *fallentis semita vitæ*, may be the happiest lot of the one; but is the greatest misfortune that the other can possibly fall into.

On the other hand, productions which are merely surprising, without being natural, can never give any lasting entertainment to the mind. To draw chimeras is not, properly speaking, to copy or imitate. The justness of the representation is lost, and the mind is displeased to find a picture, which bears no resemblance to any original. Nor are such excessive refinements more agreeable in the epistolary or philosophic style than in the epic or tragic. Too much ornament is a fault in every kind of production. Uncommon expressions, strong flashes of wit, pointed similies, and epigrammatic turns, especially when laid too thick, are a disfigurement rather than any embellishment of discourse. As the eye, in surveying a Gothic building, is distracted by the multiplicity of ornaments, and loses the whole by its minute attention to the parts; so the mind, in perusing a work overstocked with wit, is fatigued and disgusted with the constant endeavour to shine and surprize. This is the case where a writer overabounds in wit, even though that wit should be just and agreeable. But it commonly happens to such writers, that they seek for their favourite ornaments, even where the subject affords them not; and by that means have twenty insipid conceits for one thought that is really beautiful.

There is no subject in critical learning more copious than this of the just mixture of simplicity and refinement in writing; and therefore, not to wander in too large a field, I shall confine myself to a few general observations on that head.

First, I observe, 'That though excesses of both kinds are to be avoided, and though a proper medium ought to be studied in all productions; yet this medium lies not in a point, but admits of a very considerable latitude.' Consider the wide distance, in this respect, between Mr. Pope and Lucretius. These seem to lie in the two greatest extremes of refinement and simplicity, which a poet can indulge himself in, without being guilty of any blameable excess. All this interval may be filled with poets, who may differ from each other, but may be equally admirable, each in his peculiar style and

and manner. Corneille and Congreve, who carry their wit and refinement somewhat farther than Mr. Pope (if poets of so different a kind can be compared together) and Sophocles and Terence, who are more simple than Lucretius, seem to have gone out of that medium, wherein the most perfect productions are to be found, and are guilty of some excess in these opposite characters. Of all the great poets, Virgil and Racine, in my opinion, lie nearest the center, and are the farthest removed from both the extremities.

My second observation on this head is, 'That it is very difficult, if not impossible, to explain, by words, wherein the just medium betwixt the excesses of simplicity and refinement consists, or to give any rule, by which we can know precisely the bounds betwixt the fault and the beauty.' A critic may not only discourse very judiciously on this head, without instructing his readers, but even without understanding the matter perfectly himself. There is not in the world a finer piece of criticism than Fontenelle's Dissertation on Pastorals; wherein, by a number of reflections and philosophical reasonings, he endeavours to fix the just medium which is suitable to that species of writing. But let any one read the pastorals of that author, and he will be convinced, that this judicious critic, notwithstanding his fine reasonings, had a false taste, and fixed the point of perfection much nearer the extreme of refinement than pastoral poetry will admit of. The sentiments of his shepherds are better suited to the toilets of Paris, than to the forests of Arcadia. But this it is impossible to discover from his critical reasonings. He blames all excessive painting and ornament as much as Virgil could have done, had he wrote a dissertation on this species of poetry. However different the tastes of men may be, their general discourses on these subjects are commonly the same. No criticism can be very instructive, which descends not to particulars, and is not full of examples and illustrations. 'Tis allowed on all hands, that beauty, as well as virtue, lies always in a medium; but where this medium is placed is the great question, and can never be sufficiently explained by general reasonings.

I shall deliver it as a third observation on this subject, 'That we ought to be more on our guard against the excess of refinement than that of simplicity; and that because the former excess is both less beautiful and more dangerous than the latter.'

It is a certain rule, that wit and passion are entirely inconsistent. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible all its faculties can operate at once: and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason, a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions, where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity, above that of refinement.

We may also observe, that those compositions, which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprizing in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression, and harmony of numbers, with which it is cloathed. If the merit of the composition lies in a point of wit, it may strike at first: but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once: but Parnel, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant every thing, because he assumes nothing, and whose purity and nature make a durable, though not a violent, impression upon us.

But refinement, as it is the less beautiful, so it is the more dangerous extreme, and what we are the aptest to fall into. Simplicity passes for dullness, when it is not accompanied with great elegance and propriety. On the contrary, there is something surprizing in a blaze of wit and conceit. Ordinary readers are mightily struck with it, and falsely imagine it to be the most difficult, as well as the most excellent way of

writing. Seneca abounds with agreeable faults, fays Quinctilian, *abundat dulcibus vitiis*; and for that reafon is the more dangerous, and the more apt to pervert the taſte of the young and inconſiderate.

I ſhall add, that the exceſs of refinement is now more to be guarded againſt than ever; becauſe it is the extreme, which men are the moſt apt to fall into, after learning has made great progreſs, and after eminent writers have appeared in every ſpecies of compoſition. The endeavour to pleaſe by novelty, leads men wide of ſimplicity and nature, and fills their writings with affectation and conceit. It was thus the age of Claudius and Nero became ſo much inferior to that of Auguſtus in taſte and genius: and perhaps there are, at preſent, ſome ſymptoms of a like degeneracy of taſte, in France as well as in England. *Hume.*

§ 87. *An Eſſay on Suicide.*

The laſt ſeſſions deprived us of the only ſurviving member of a ſociety, which (during its ſhort exiſtence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-fire club of tremendous memory. This ſociety was compoſed of a few broken gameſters and deſperate young rakes, who threw the ſmall remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common ſtock, and thence aſſumed the name of the Laſt Guinea Club. A ſhort life and a merry one, was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances ſhould be exhauſted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by ſnapping up a rich heireſs or a dowager; while the reſt, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very reſolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the piſtol. The laſt that remained of this ſociety had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his piſtol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was juſt going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himſelf that he could employ it to better purpoſe upon Hounſlow-heath. This brave man, however, had but a very ſhort reſpite, and was obliged to ſuffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way, by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps conſider thoſe gentlemen, who boldly ſtake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the ſame view with theſe deſperadoes; and they may even go ſo far as to regard the polite and honourable aſſembly at White's as a kind of Laſt Guinea Club. Nothing, they will ſay, is ſo fluctuating as the property of a gameſter, who (when luck runs againſt him) throws away whole acres at every caſt of the dice, and whoſe houſes are as unſure a poſſeſſion, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to their laſt guinea at this genteel gaming-houſe; but the moſt inveterate enemies to White's muſt allow, that it is but now and then that a gameſter of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and diſpatches himſelf, when the odds are againſt him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it muſt be confeſſed, that ſuicide begins to prevail ſo generally, that it is the moſt gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes chooſe to ſignalize themſelves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon proweſs. From the days of Plato down to theſe, a ſuicide has always been compared to a ſoldier on guard deſerting his poſt: but I ſhould rather conſider a ſet of theſe deſperate men, who ruſh on certain death, as a body of troops ſent out on the forlorn hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmoſt reſolution: ſome blow their brains out with a piſtol; ſome expire, like Socrates, by poiſon; ſome fall, like Cato, on the point of their own ſwords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The moſt exalted geniuſes I ever remember to have heard of were a party of reduced gameſters, who bravely reſolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his uſual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himſelf, and coolly queſtioned them, which they thought the eaſieſt and genteeleſt method of going out of the world: for there is as much difference between a mean perſon and a man of quality in their manner of deſtroying themſelves, as in their manner of living. The poor ſneaking wretch, ſtarving in a garret, tucks himſelf up in his liſt garters; a ſecond, croſt in love, drowns himſelf like a blind puppy in Roſamond's pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of faſhion almoſt always dies by a piſtol; and even the cobler of any ſpirit goes off by a doſe or two extraordinary of gin.

But this falſe notion of courage, however

ever noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. From reading the public prints, a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has sat on the body of some miserable suicide, and brought in their verdict lunacy; but it is very well known, that the enquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, the deliberate self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of lunatics by purchase, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A pennyless poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the church-yard; but self-murder by a pistol qualifies the polite owner for a sudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues in Westminster-Abbey. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against suicides. This shocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation: though history informs us, that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed by the exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like mark of ignominy on our male suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But, that the suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains laid (as it were) in state for some days; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden:

The slayer of himself too saw I there:
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide ope he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his sullen soul away.

The common murderer has his skeleton preserv'd at Surgeon's-Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural self-murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air cannot be denied; but we are not such mere barometers as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men dispatch themselves by dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the north pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men into difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away

his eſtate in bawdy-houſes, I conclude him deſtroyed by rottenneſs and filthy diſeaſes.

Another principal cauſe of the frequency of ſuicide is the noble ſpirit of free-thinking, which has diffuſed itſelf among all ranks of people. The libertine of faſhion has too refined a taſte to trouble himſelf at all about a ſoul or an hereafter; but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his Bible, and labours to perſuade himſelf out of his religion. For this purpoſe he attends conſtantly at the diſputant ſocieties, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predeſtination, till at length he is convinced that man is at liberty to do as he pleaſes, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himſelf that he was inevitably deſtined to be tied up in his own garters. The courage of theſe heroes proceeds from the ſame principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or thoſe of Jack Ketch: the ſuicide of whatever rank looks death in the face without ſhrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an eaſy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the pſalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and ſwings like a gentleman. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 88. *An Enumeration of Superſtitions obſerved in the Country.*

You muſt know, Mr. Town, that I am juſt returned from a viſit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional ſuperſtitions, which are moſt religiouſly preſerved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their ſagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the miſtreſs of the houſe very buſily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horſeſhoe to the threſhold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard againſt the ſpiteful deſigns of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a miſchief, becauſe one of my young couſins laid two ſtraws acroſs, to ſee if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady aſſured me, that ſhe had ſeveral times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herſelf; and to be ſure ſhe was ſaying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Beſides, the old woman had very often aſked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was ſharp, becauſe ſhe ſhould not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the ſame as are mentioned with infinite humour by the Spectator: and to confirm them, they aſſured me, that the eldeſt miſs, when ſhe was little, uſed to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch (whom the devil had carried off in an high wind) and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thouſand apologies for not putting me in the beſt room in the houſe; which (ſhe ſaid) had never been lain in ſince the death of an old waſherwoman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money ſomewhere, and could not reſt till ſhe had told ſomebody; and my couſin aſſured me, that ſhe might have had it all to herſelf; for the ſpirit came one night to her bed-ſide, and wanted to tell her, but ſhe had not courage to ſpeak to it. I learned alſo, that they had a footman once, who hanged himſelf for love; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parſon to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled moſt terribly; which was a ſure ſign, that ſomebody belonging to them would die. The youngeſt miſs declared, that ſhe had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognoſtic. They told me, that, juſt before uncle died, Towzer howled ſo for ſeveral nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly as if there had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who ſat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the ſtairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this diſcourſe, I overheard one of my couſins whiſper the other, that ſhe was afraid their mamma would not live long; for ſhe ſmelt an ugly ſmell, like a dead carcaſe. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearſe had ſtopt at their door in its way to church: and the eldeſt miſs, when ſhe was but thirteen, ſaw her own brother's ghoſt (who was gone to the Weſt Indies) walking in the garden; and to be ſure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ſhip, the very ſame day, and hour of the day, that miſs ſaw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no leſs prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haſte to examine whether it was a purſe or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived,

arrived, becauſe they had ſeen a ſtranger on the grate. The youngeſt miſs will let nobody uſe the poker but herſelf; becauſe, when ſhe ſtirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a ſign ſhe will have a briſk huſband: and ſhe is no leſs ſure of a good one, becauſe ſhe generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle leſs oracular than the fire: for the 'ſquire of the pariſh came one night to pay them a viſit, when the tallow winding-ſheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck ſoon after in a fox-chaſe. My aunt one night obſerved with great pleaſure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her ſon in London. We knew when a ſpirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor couſin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when ſhe ſnuffed it out, and could not blow it in again; though her ſiſter did it at a whiff, and conſequently triumphed in her ſuperior virtue.

We had no occaſion for an almanack or the weather-glaſs, to let us know whether it would rain or ſhine. One evening I propoſed to ride out with my couſins the next day to ſee a gentleman's houſe in the neighbourhood; but my aunt aſſured us it would be wet, ſhe knew very well, from the ſhooting of her corn. Beſides, there was a great ſpider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to ſing; which were both of them as certain fore-runners of rain. But the moſt to be depended on in theſe caſes is a tabby cat, which uſually lies baſking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard froſt; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly enſue. They wondered what ſtranger they ſhould ſee; becauſe puſs waſhed her face over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her eldeſt daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for ſhe obſerved that poor Tab had ſneezed ſeveral times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my couſins: for which ſhe had like to have been deſtroyed, as the whole family began to think ſhe was no other than a witch.

It is impoſſible to tell you the ſeveral tokens by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the ſalt, or laying knives acroſs, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a ſtrange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my couſins tell the cook-maid, that ſhe boiled away all her ſweethearts, becauſe ſhe had let her diſh-water boil over. The ſame young lady one morning came down to breakfaſt with her cap the wrong ſide out; which the mother obſerving, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear ſhe ſhould turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognoſtics which the old lady and her daughters uſed to collect from almoſt every part of the body. A white ſpeck upon the nails made them as ſure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The elder ſiſter is to have one huſband more than the youngeſt, becauſe ſhe has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by ſnapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to ſet down every circumſtance, which I obſerved of this ſort, during my ſtay with them: I ſhall therefore conclude my letter with the ſeveral remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family: for, as I was a relation, you know, they had leſs reſerve.

If the head itches, it is a ſign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ache, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches, you will ſee a ſtranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh: but left or right is good at night. If your noſe itches, you will ſhake hands with or kiſs a fool, drink a glaſs of wine, run againſt a cuckold's door, or miſs them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your ſtomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when graſs grows there. If your ſide itches, ſomebody is wiſhing for you. If your gartering-place itches, you will go to a ſtrange place. If your foot itches, you will tread upon ſtrange ground. Laſtly, if you ſhiver, ſomebody is walking over your grave. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 89. *Swearing an indelicate as well as a wicked Practice.*

As there are ſome vices, which the vulgar have preſumed to copy from the great; ſo there are others, which the great have condeſcended to borrow from the vulgar. Among theſe, I cannot but ſet down the ſhocking practice of curſing and ſwearing;

a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and prophaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should chuse to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman; but it is accounted no disgrace to him to use the same coarse expressions of cursing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *By-gad* or a *Gad dem-me*, minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station devotes himself piecemeal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body: nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the gentleman-swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humorist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourses to be taken down in short-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprised at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's *polite conversation*; though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curses in present use at Arthur's, or at any other polite assembly: by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned the choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legislature has indeed provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station: but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect; while the genteeler sort of swearers pour forth the same execrations at the hazard-table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment: since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapt into the stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loth to be taken at his word; and, while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would therefore be advisable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar cursing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof: One evening, as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy dean took occasion to tell a story in his turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *devil*, and *damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming

becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases, whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these substitutes for thought and expression. "Bottle and glass" might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the "knave of clubs," or the "curse of Scotland;" or he might with some propriety retain the old execration of "the deuce take it." The beau should be allowed to swear by his "gracious self," which is the god of his idolatry; and the common expletives should consist only of "upon my word, and upon my honour;" which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning. *Connoisseur.*

§ 90. *Sympathy a Source of the Sublime.*

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects, which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such-like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common, in enquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 91. *Effects of Sympathy in the Distresses of others.*

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure, of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject matter be what it will; and as our Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others.

others. If this paſſion was ſimply painful, we ſhould ſhun, with the greateſt care, all perſons and places that could excite ſuch a paſſion; as ſome, who are ſo far gone in indolence as not to endure any ſtrong impreſſion, actually do. But the caſe is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no ſpectacle we ſo eagerly purſue, as that of ſome uncommon and grievous calamity; ſo that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in hiſtory, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no ſmall uneaſineſs. The delight we have in ſuch things, hinders us from ſhunning ſcenes of miſery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourſelves in relieving thoſe who ſuffer; and all this antecedent to any reaſoning, by an inſtinct that works us to its own purpoſes, without our concurrence.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 92. *Tears not unworthy of an Hero.*

If tears are arguments of cowardice, what ſhall I ſay of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles paſs for timorous becauſe he wept, and wept on leſs occaſions than Eneas? Herein Virgil muſt be granted to have excelled his maſter. For once both heroes are deſcribed lamenting their loſt loves: Briſeis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creuſa was loſt for ever to her huſband. But Achilles went roaring along the ſalt ſea-ſhore, and like a booby was complaining to his mother, when he ſhould have revenged his injury by his arms. Eneas took a nobler courſe; for, having ſecured his father and ſon, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if ſhe had been above ground.

And here your lordſhip may obſerve the addreſs of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this paſſage was related with all theſe tender circumſtances. Eneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been ſo affectionate a huſband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thouſand ſecret beauties, though I have not leiſure to remark them.

Segrais, on this ſubject of a hero ſhedding tears, obſerves, that hiſtorians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæſar is likewiſe praiſed, when, out of the ſame noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we obſerve more cloſely, we ſhall find that the tears of Eneas were always on a laudable occaſion. Thus he weeps out of compaſſion and tenderneſs of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who ſacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the reſt, which I omit. Yet even for theſe tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Eneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin's hero, always raining. One of theſe cenſors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the firſt book, he not only weeps but trembles at an approaching ſtorm:

Extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas, &c.

But to this I have anſwered formerly, that his fear was not for himſelf, but his people. And what can give a ſovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempeſt, and he wept; he was promiſed Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accompliſhment of that promiſe. All this in the beginning of a ſtorm; therefore he ſhewed the more early piety, and the quicker ſenſe of compaſſion. Thus much I have urged elſewhere in the defence of Virgil; and ſince I have been informed by Mr. Moyl, a young gentleman whom I can never ſufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accurſed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had juſt occaſion for that fear, both in relation to himſelf and to his ſubjects. *Dryden.*

§ 93. *Terror a Source of the Sublime.*

No paſſion ſo effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reaſoning as fear; for fear being an apprehenſion of pain or death, it operates in a manner that reſembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to ſight, is ſublime too, whether this cauſe of terror be endued with greatneſs of dimenſions or not; for it is impoſſible to look on any thing as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals, who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raiſing ideas of the ſublime, becauſe they are conſidered as objects of terror: as ſerpents and poiſonous animals of almoſt all kinds. Even to things of great dimenſions, if we annex any adventitious idea of terror, they become without compariſon greater. An even plain

of

of a vaſt extent on land, is certainly no mean idea; the proſpect of ſuch a plain may be as extenſive as a proſpect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with any thing ſo great as the ocean itſelf? This is owing to ſeveral cauſes, but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no ſmall terror. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 94. *Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry.*

To raiſe, and afterwards to calm the paſſions; to purge the ſoul from pride, by the examples of human miſeries which befal the greateſt; in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compaſſion, are the greateſt effects of tragedy. Great, I muſt confeſs, if they were altogether as laſting as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? are radical diſeaſes ſo ſuddenly removed? A mountebank may promiſe ſuch a cure, but a ſkilful phyſician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not ſo much in haſte; it works leiſurely; the changes which it makes are ſlow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I ſaid, are too violent to be laſting. If it be anſwered, that for this reaſon tragedies are often to be ſeen, and the doſe to be repeated; this is tacitly to confeſs, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are obſerved to relieve oftener than to cure; for 'tis the nature of ſpirits to make ſwift impreſſions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their ſubſtance and their weight. It is one reaſon of Ariſtotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, becauſe it turns in a ſhorter compaſs; the whole action being circumſcribed within the ſpace of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a muſhroom is to be preferred before a peach, becauſe it ſhoots up in the compaſs of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in leſs ſpace than a large machine, becauſe the bulk is not ſo great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, becauſe ſhe makes her revolution in leſs than thirty days; and he in little leſs than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their ſeveral magnitudes; and, conſequently, the quickneſs or ſlowneſs of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or leſs perfection. And beſides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice puniſhed; and thoſe more amply treated, than the narrowneſs of the drama can admit? The ſhining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his conſtancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteriſtical virtue his poet gives him, raiſes firſt our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as, for example, the choler and obſtinate deſire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is inſtructive: and beſides, we are informed in the very propoſition of the Iliad, that this anger was pernicious: that it brought a thouſand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is propoſed to imitation, not his pride and diſobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the ſelling his body to his father: we abhor thoſe actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only ſhews them, like rocks or quickſands, to be ſhunned.

By this example the critics have concluded, that it is not neceſſary the manners of the hero ſhould be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is ſet before us, 'tis more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Eneas of Virgil: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and ſtatuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to expreſs. Theſe are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with thoſe warts and moles, and hard features, by thoſe who repreſent him on the ſtage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has ſo deſcribed him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the ſtage with all thoſe imperfections; therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the caſe, it muſt be acknowledged, that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the paſſions. The paſſions, as I have ſaid, are violent; and acute diſtempers require medicines of a ſtrong and ſpeedy operation. Ill habits of the mind and chronical diſeaſes are to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are ſometimes neceſſary,

neceſſary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exerciſe, have the greateſt part. The matter being thus ſtated, it will appear that both ſorts of poetry are of uſe for their proper ends. The ſtage is active, the epic poem works at greater leiſure, yet is active too, when need requires: for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the diſtemper, and gives a healthful habit. The ſun enlightens and chears us, diſpels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is ſowed, increaſes, is ripened, and reaped for uſe, in proceſs of time, and its proper ſeaſon. I proceed from the greatneſs of the action to the dignity of the actors; I mean, to the perſons employed in both poems. There likewiſe tragedy will be ſeen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of leſs dignity, becauſe it has not of its own. A ſubject, 'tis true, may lend to his ſovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, becauſe he wants, and the ſubject ſupplies. And ſuppoſe the perſons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention; becauſe it was firſt, and Homer the common father of the ſtage. I know not of any one advantage which Tragedy can boaſt above heroic poetry, but that it is repreſented to the view, as well as read; and inſtructs in the cloſet, as well as on the theatre. This is an unconteſted excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to ſay, without partiality, that herein the actors ſhare the poet's praiſe. Your lordſhip knows ſome modern tragedies which are beautiful on the ſtage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon, the ſtationer, complains they are ſeldom aſked for in his ſhop. The poet who flouriſhed in the ſcene, is damned in the *ruelle*; nay more, he is not eſteemed a good poet, by thoſe who ſee and hear his extravagances with delight. They are a ſort of ſtately fuſtian and lofty childiſhneſs. Nothing but nature can give a ſincere pleaſure: where that is not imitated, 'tis groteſque painting; the fine woman ends in a fiſh's tail. *Dryden.*

§ 95. *Hiſtory of Tranſlations.*

Among the ſtudies which have exerciſed the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more ſucceſsfully cultivated than the art of tranſlation; by which the impediments which bar the way to ſcience are, in ſome meaſure, removed, and the multiplicity of languages becomes leſs incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing the ancients have left us models which all ſucceeding ages have laboured to imitate; but tranſlation may juſtly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the firſt ages of the world inſtruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be tranſlated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the tranſmiſſion of events more eaſy and certain, literature did not flouriſh in more than one country at once; for diſtant nations had little commerce with each other, and thoſe few whom curioſity ſent abroad in queſt of improvement, delivered their acquiſitions in their own manner, deſirous perhaps to be conſidered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The Greeks for a time travelled into Egypt, but they tranſlated no books from the Egyptian language; and when the Macedonians had overthrown the empire of Perſia, the countries that became ſubject to the Grecian dominion ſtudied only the Grecian literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, ſunk in oblivion; Greece conſidered herſelf as the miſtreſs, if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was ſuppoſed to be known, and, except the ſacred writings of the Old Teſtament, I know not that the library of Alexandria adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confeſſed themſelves the ſcholars of the Greeks, and do not appear to have expected, what has ſince happened, that the ignorance of ſucceeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man who in Rome aſpired to the praiſe of literature, thought it neceſſary to learn Greek, and had no need of verſions when they could ſtudy the originals. Tranſlation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatic poems could be underſtood by the people in no language but their own, and the Romans were ſometimes entertained with the tragedies of Euripides and the comedies of Menander. Other works were ſometimes attempted; in an old ſcholiaſt there is mention of a Latin Iliad, and we have not wholly loſt Tully's verſion of the poem of Aratus; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to tranſlate

late for exercise or amusement than for fame.

The Arabs were the first nation who felt the ardour of translation: when they had subdued the eastern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiser than themselves, and made haste to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They discovered that many might grow wise by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with speed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haste to lay hold on medicine and philosophy, and turned their chief authors into Arabic. Whether they attempted the poets is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was short, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to those of necessity.

The study of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the irruption of the northern nations, who subverted the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not strange, that such confusion should suspend literary attention: those who lost, and those who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter, and immediate miseries to redress, and had little leisure, amidst the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the distresses of forced migration, or the tumults of unsettled conquest, to enquire after speculative truth, to enjoy the amusement of imaginary adventures, to know the history of former ages, or study the events of any other lives. But no sooner had this chaos of dominion sunk into order, than learning began again to flourish in the calm of peace. When life and possessions were secure, convenience and enjoyment were soon sought, learning was found the highest gratification of the mind, and translation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At last, by a concurrence of many causes, the European world was roused from its lethargy; those arts which had been long obscurely studied in the gloom of monasteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epidemical emulation spread from south to north, and curiosity and translation found their way to Britain.

He that reviews the progress of English literature, will find that translation was very early cultivated among us, but that some principles, either wholly erroneous, or too far extended, hindered our success from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally considered as the father of our poetry, has left a version of Boetius on the Comforts of Philosophy, the book which seems to have been the favourite of middle ages, which had been translated into Saxon by king Alfred, and illustrated with a copious comment ascribed to Aquinas. It may be supposed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to an author of so much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a version strictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to prose, that the constraint of versification might not obstruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us typography about the year 1490. The first book printed in English was a translation. Caxton was both the translator and printer of the Destruccion of Troye, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was considered as the best account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater use or value, still continued to be read in Caxton's English to the beginning of the present century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but translations from the French, in which the original is so scrupulously followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; though the words are English, the phrase is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of translation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberty was necessary to elegance, and that elegance was necessary to general reception; some essays were then made upon the Italian poets, which deserve the praise and gratitude of posterity.

But the old practice was not suddenly forsaken; Holland filled the nation with literal translation, and, what is yet more strange, the same exactness was obstinately practised in the versions of the poets. This absurd labour of construing into rhyme was countenanced by Jonson, in his version of Horace; and, whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonson found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themselves to the

toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a ſcholar and a critic.

Feltham appears to conſider it as the eſtabliſhed law of poetical tranſlation, that the lines ſhould be neither more nor fewer than thoſe of the original; and ſo long had this prejudice prevailed, that Denham praiſes Fanſhaw's verſion of Guarini as the example of a "new and noble way," as the firſt attempt to break the boundaries of cuſtom, and aſſert the natural freedom of the muſe.

In the general emulation of wit and genius which the feſtivity of the Reſtoration produced, the poets ſhook off their conſtraint, and conſidered tranſlation as no longer confined to ſervile cloſeneſs. But reformation is ſeldom the work of pure virtue or unaſſiſted reaſon. Tranſlation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at leaſt learning equal to their genius, and, being often more able to explain the ſentiments or illuſtrate the alluſions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and transfuſe their ſpirit, were perhaps willing ſometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profuſion of literature, and therefore tranſlated literally, that their fidelity might ſhelter their inſipidity or harſhneſs. The wits of Charles's time had ſeldom more than ſlight and ſuperficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination; they therefore tranſlated always with freedom, ſometimes with licentiouſneſs, and perhaps expected that their readers ſhould accept ſprightlineſs for knowledge, and conſider ignorance and miſtake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to ſtop at difficulties, and too elevated to deſcend to minuteneſs.

Thus was tranſlation made more eaſy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if eaſe and pleaſure have found their advocates. The paraphraſtic liberties have been almoſt univerſally admitted; and Sherbourn, whoſe learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuſe to paſs ſlightly over obſcurities, is the only writer who, in later times, has attempted to juſtify or revive the ancient ſeverity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be obſerved. Dryden ſaw very early that cloſeneſs beſt preſerved an author's ſenſe, and that freedom beſt exhibited his ſpirit; he therefore will deſerve the higheſt praiſe who can give a repreſentation at once faithful and pleaſing, who can convey the ſame thoughts with the ſame graces, and who, when he tranſlates, changes nothing but the language. *Idler.*

§ 96. *What Talents are requiſite to form a good Tranſlator.*

After all, a tranſlator is to make his author appear as charming as poſſibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himſelf. Tranſlation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double ſort of likeneſs, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itſelf perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all theſe graceful, by the poſture, the ſhadowings, and chiefly by the ſpirit which animates the whole. I cannot without ſome indignation look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much leſs can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and ſome others, whoſe beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, ſo abuſed, as I may ſay, to their faces, by a boteching interpreter. What Engliſh readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend thoſe authors, and confeſs we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take thoſe to be the ſame poets whom our Ogilbys have tranſlated? But I dare aſſure them, that a good poet is no more like himſelf in a dull tranſlation, than a carcaſe would be to his living body. There are many who underſtand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the Engliſh are known to few: 'tis impoſſible even for a good wit to underſtand and practiſe them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digeſting of thoſe few good authors we have amongſt us; the knowledge of men and manners; the freedom of habitudes and converſation with the beſt of company of both ſexes; and, in ſhort, without wearing off the ruſt which he contracted, while he was laying in a ſtock of learning. Thus difficult it is to underſtand the purity of Engliſh, and critically to diſcern not only good writers from bad, and a proper ſtyle from a corrupt, but alſo to diſtinguiſh that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all theſe requiſites, or the greateſt part of them, moſt of our ingenious young men take up ſome cry'd-up Engliſh poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him.

him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all those are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely) that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were alike. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators, I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar and in that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to encrease the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalæphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalæphas; and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a great part of his character; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself: for where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most honorous of any translation of the Æneid: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his

his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, obſerved of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiouſneſs of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his buſineſs to reach the conciſeneſs of Demoſthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being ſo very ſparing of his words, and leaving ſo much to be imagined by the reader, can never be tranſlated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter his character; and to tranſlate him line for line is impoſſible, becauſe the Latin is naturally a more ſuccinct language than either the Italian, Spaniſh, French, or even than the Engliſh, which, by reaſon of its monoſyllables, is far the moſt compendious of them. Virgil is much the cloſeſt of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the Engliſh heroic.

Dryden.

§ 97. *The Nature of Wit in Writing.*

The compoſition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in poetry, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to uſe a ſchool-diſtinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble ſpaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it ſprings the quarry it hunted after; or, without a metaphor, which ſearches over all the memory for the ſpecies or ideas of thoſe things which it deſigns to repreſent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy reſult of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or hiſtorical poem; I judge it chiefly to conſiſt in the delightful imagination of perſons, actions, paſſions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or ſting of an epigram, nor the ſeeming contradiction of a poor antitheſis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the jingle of a more poor paranomaſia; neither is it ſo much the morality of a grave ſentence, affected by Lucan, but more ſparingly uſed by Virgil; but it is ſome lively and apt deſcription, dreſſed in ſuch colours of ſpeech that it ſets before your eyes the abſent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the firſt happineſs of a poet's imagination, is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the ſecond is fancy, or the variation, dreſſing, or moulding of that thought, as the judgment repreſents it, proper to the ſubject; the third is elocution, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, ſo found and varied in apt, ſignificant, and ſounding words: the quickneſs of the imagination is ſeen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and accuracy in the expreſſion. For the firſt of theſe, Ovid is famous amongſt the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary paſſions, or extremely diſcompoſed by one. His words therefore are the leaſt part of his care; for he pictures nature in diſorder, with which the ſtudy and choice of words is inconſiſtent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or diſcourſe, and conſequently of the drama, where all that is ſaid is to be ſuppoſed the effect of ſudden thought; which though it excludes not the quickneſs of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent alluſions, or uſe of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that ſhews remoteneſs of thought or labour in the writer. On the other ſide, Virgil ſpeaks not ſo often to us in the perſon of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almoſt all things as from himſelf, and thereby gains more liberty than the other to expreſs his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confeſs as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he deſcribes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her paſſions, yet he muſt yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I muſt acknowledge, that if I ſee not more of their ſouls than I ſee of Dido's, at leaſt I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched thoſe tender ſtrokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when actions or perſons are to be deſcribed, when any ſuch image is to be ſet before us, how bold, how maſterly are the ſtrokes of Virgil! We ſee the objects he preſents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but ſo we ſee them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them ſo beautiful in themſelves. We ſee the ſoul of the poet, like that univerſal one of which he ſpeaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

——Totamque infuſa per artus
Mens agitat molem, & magno ſe corpore miſcet.

We behold him embelliſhing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her ſon Æneas,

——lumenque

——————lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his tempeſt, his funeral ſports, his combats of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgics, which I eſteem the divineſt part of all his writings, the plague, the country, the battle of the bulls, the labour of the bees, and thoſe many other excellent images of nature, moſt of which are neither great in themſelves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he deſcribes them are ſo excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was ſaid by Ovid, *Materiam ſuperabat opus:* the very ſound of his words has often ſomewhat that is connatural to the ſubject; and while we read him, we ſit, as in a play, beholding the ſcenes of what he repreſents. To perform this, he made frequent uſe of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to ſome other ſignification: and this is it which Horace means in his epiſtle to the Piſos:

Dixeris egregiè notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum——————
Dryden.

§ 98. *Examples that Words may affect without raiſing Images.*

I find it very hard to perſuade ſeveral that their paſſions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary courſe of converſation we are ſufficiently underſtood without raiſing any images of the things concerning which we ſpeak. It ſeems to be an odd ſubject of diſpute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this at firſt view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But ſtrange as it may appear, we are often at a loſs to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon ſome ſubjects. It even requires ſome attention to be thoroughly ſatisfied on this head. Since I wrote theſe papers I found two very ſtriking inſtances of the poſſibility there is that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they repreſent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and inſtruction. The firſt inſtance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men bleſſed with the moſt perfect ſight can deſcribe viſual objects with more ſpirit and juſtneſs than this blind man; which cannot poſſibly be owing to his having a clearer conception of the things he deſcribes than is common to other perſons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which he has written to the works of this poet, reaſons very ingeniouſly, and I imagine for the moſt part very rightly, upon the cauſe of this extraordinary phænomenon: but I cannot altogether agree with him, that ſome improprieties in language and thought which occur in theſe poems have ariſen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of viſual objects, ſince ſuch improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of an higher claſs than Mr. Blacklock, and who, notwithſtanding, poſſeſſed the faculty of ſeeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtleſs as much affected by his own deſcriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this ſtrong enthuſiaſm by things of which he neither has, nor can poſſibly have any idea, further than that of a bare ſound; and why may not thoſe who read his works be affected in the ſame manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things deſcribed? The ſecond inſtance is of Mr. Saunderſon, profeſſor of mathematics in the univerſity of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philoſophy, in aſtronomy, and whatever ſciences depend upon mathematical ſkill. What was the moſt extraordinary, and the moſt to my purpoſe, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours; and this man taught others the theory of thoſe ideas which they had, and which he himſelf undoubtedly had not. But the truth is, that the words red, blue, green, anſwered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themſelves; for the ideas of greater or leſſer degrees of refrangibility being applied to theſe words, and the blind man being inſtructed in what other reſpects they were found to agree or to diſagree, it was as eaſy for him to reaſon upon the words, as if he had been fully maſter of the ideas. Indeed it muſt be owned he could make no new diſcoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common diſcourſe. When I wrote this laſt ſentence, and uſed the words *every day* and *common diſcourſe*, I had no images in my mind of any ſucceſſion of time; nor of men in conference with each other: nor do I imagine that the reader will have any ſuch ideas on reading it. Neither when I ſpoke of red, blue, and green, as well as of refrangibility, had I theſe ſeveral

colours, or the rays of light paſſing into a different medium, and there diverted from their courſe, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind poſſeſſes a faculty of raiſing ſuch images at pleaſure; but then an act of the will is neceſſary to this; and in ordinary converſation or reading it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I ſay, "I ſhall go to Italy next ſummer," I am well underſtood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the ſpeaker paſſing by land or by water, or both; ſometimes on horſeback, ſometimes in a carriage; with all the particulars of the journey. Still leſs has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I propoſed to go; or of the greenneſs of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different ſeaſon, which are the ideas for which the word *ſummer* is ſubſtituted; but leaſt of all has he any image from the word *next*; for this word ſtands for the idea of many ſummers, with the excluſion of all but one: and ſurely the man who ſays *next ſummer*, has no images of ſuch a ſucceſſion, and ſuch an excluſion. In ſhort, it is not only thoſe ideas which are commonly called abſtract, and of which no image at all can be found, but even of particular real beings, that we converſe without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our own minds. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 99. *The real Characteriſtics of the Whig and Tory Parties.*

When we compare the parties of Whig and Tory to thoſe of Roundhead and Cavalier, the moſt obvious difference which appears betwixt them, conſiſts in the principles of paſſive obedience and indefeaſible right, which were but little heard of among the Cavaliers, but became the univerſal doctrine, and were eſteemed the true characteriſtic of a Tory. Were theſe principles puſhed into their moſt obvious conſequences, they imply a formal renunciation of all our liberties, and an avowal of abſolute monarchy; ſince nothing can be a greater abſurdity than a limited power which muſt be reſiſted, even when it exceeds its limitations. But as the moſt rational principles are often but a weak counterpoiſe to paſſion, 'tis no wonder that theſe abſurd principles, ſufficient, according to a celebrated author, to ſhock the common ſenſe of a Hottentot or Samoiede, were found too weak for that effect. The Tories, as men, were enemies to oppreſſion; and alſo, as Engliſhmen, they were enemies to deſpotic power. Their zeal for liberty was, perhaps, leſs fervent than that of their antagoniſts, but was ſufficient to make them forget all their general principles, when they ſaw themſelves openly threatened with a ſubverſion of the ancient government. From theſe ſentiments aroſe the Revolution; an event of mighty conſequence, and the firmeſt foundation of Britiſh liberty. The conduct of the Tories, during that event and after it, will afford us a true inſight into the nature of that party.

In the firſt place, they appear to have had the ſentiments of a True Briton in them in their affection to liberty, and in their determined reſolution not to ſacrifice it to any abſtract principles whatſoever, or to any imaginary rights of princes. This part of their character might juſtly have been doubted of before the Revolution, from the obvious tendency of their avowed principles, and from their almoſt unbounded compliances with a court, which made little ſecret of its arbitrary deſigns. The Revolution ſhewed them to have been in this reſpect nothing but a genuine court party, ſuch as might be expected in a Britiſh government; that is, lovers of liberty, but greater lovers of monarchy. It muſt, however, be confeſt, that they carried their monarchical principles farther, even in practice, but more ſo in theory, than was, in any degree, conſiſtent with a limited government.

Secondly, Neither their principles nor affections concurred, entirely or heartily, with the ſettlement made at the Revolution, or with that which has ſince taken place. This part of their character may ſeem contradictory to the former, ſince any other ſettlement, in thoſe circumſtances of the nation, muſt probably have been dangerous, if not fatal to liberty. But the heart of man is made to reconcile contradictions; and this contradiction is not greater than that betwixt paſſive obedience, and the reſiſtance employed at the Revolution. A Tory, therefore, ſince the Revolution, may be defined in a few words to be a lover of monarchy, though without abandoning liberty, and a partizan of the family of Stuart; as a Whig may be defined to be a lover of liberty, though without renouncing monarchy; and a friend to the ſettlement in the proteſtant line. *Hume's Eſſays.*

§ 100. *Painting diſagreeable in Women.*

A lady's face, like the coat in the Tale of a Tub,

a Tub, if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you deſtroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my firſt coming to town, I was much ſurpriſed at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At preſent there is no diſtinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric; yet at the ſame time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the ſame lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tueſday; turn pale on Wedneſday; come round to the olive hue again on Thurſday; and in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfaſhionable people, whom no body knows; the reſt ſtill continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a myſtery that I could not unriddle, till on being introduced to ſome ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair-one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kiſſes were given (as is obſerved in the epigram) like thoſe of Pyramus, through a wall. I then diſcovered, that this ſurpriſing youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet ſays) "God had given them one face, and they had made themſelves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a ſalute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while ſuch faſhions prevail, they ſhall ſtill remain in Yorkſhire. There, I think, they are pretty ſafe; for this unnatural faſhion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not ſtand againſt the rays of the ſun, and would inevitably melt away in a country-dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greateſt enemies to their own beauty, and ſeem to have a deſign againſt their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipſed in a black velvet maſk; at another it was blotted with patches; and at preſent it is cruſted over with plaiſter of Paris. In thoſe battered belles who ſtill aim at conqueſt, this practice is in ſome ſort excuſable; but it is ſurely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good ſet of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed ſo common is this faſhion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I conſider them as ſo many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudſon's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often ſeems almoſt to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by conſidering the texture and hue of the ſkin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engroſſed by the wood and canvaſs. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 101. *Advantages of well-directed Satire pointed out.*

A ſatiriſt of true genius, who is warmed by a generous indignation of vice, and whoſe cenſures are conducted by candour and truth, merits the applauſe of every friend to virtue. He may be conſidered as a ſort of ſupplement to the legiſlative authority of his country; as aſſiſting the unavoidable defects of all legal inſtitutions for regulating of manners, and ſtriking terror even where the divine prohibitions themſelves are held in contempt. The ſtrongeſt defence, perhaps, againſt the inroads of vice, among the more cultivated part of our ſpecies, is well-directed ridicule: they who fear nothing elſe dread to be marked out to the contempt and indignation of the world. There is no ſucceeding in the ſecret purpoſes of diſhoneſty, without preſerving ſome ſort of credit among mankind; as there cannot exiſt a more impotent creature than a knave convict. To expoſe, therefore, the falſe pretenſions of counterfeit virtue, is to diſarm it at once of all power of miſchief, and to perform a public ſervice of the moſt advantageous kind, in which any man can employ his time and his talents. The voice, indeed, of an honeſt ſatiriſt is not only beneficial to the world, as giving an alarm againſt the deſigns of an enemy ſo dangerous to all ſocial intercourſe; but as proving likewiſe the moſt efficacious preventive to others, of aſſuming the ſame character of diſtinguiſhed infamy. Few are ſo totally vitiated, as to have abandoned all ſentiments of ſhame; and when every other principle of integrity is ſurrendered, we generally find the conflict is ſtill maintained in this laſt poſt of retreating virtue. In this view, therefore, it ſhould ſeem, the function of a ſatiriſt may be juſtified, notwithſtanding it ſhould be true (what an excellent moraliſt has aſſerted) that his chaſtiſements rather exaſ-

perate than reclaim those on whom they fall. Perhaps no human penalties are of any moral advantage to the criminal himself: and the principal benefit that seems to be derived from civil punishments of any kind, is their restraining influence upon the conduct of others.

It is not every man, however, that is qualified to manage this formidable bow. The arrows of satire, when they are pointed by virtue, as well as wit, recoil upon the hand that directs them, and wound none but him from whom they proceed. Accordingly, Horace rests the whole success of writings of this sort upon the poet's being *integer ipse*; free himself from those immoral stains which he points out in others. There cannot, indeed, be a more odious, nor at the same time a more contemptible character, than that of a vicious satirist:

Quis cœlum terris non miſceat & mare cœlo,
Si fur diſpliceat Verri, homicida Miloni?
Juv.

The most favourable light in which a censor of this species could possibly be viewed, would be that of a public executioner, who inflicts the punishment on others, which he has already merited himself. But the truth of it is, he is not qualified even for so wretched an office; and there is nothing to be dreaded from the satirist of known dishonesty, but his applause.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

§ 102. *Juvenal and Horace compared as Satirists.*

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt these poets upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Juvenal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine; but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned. To such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already formed their judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice: and though all who are my readers will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; or if they be admitted, 'tis but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved hence, that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited: so that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, *Bonum quo communius eo melius.* Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art. And this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age: *Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant.* He would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one set of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent. *Omne vafer vitium videnti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the com-

commendation that Perſius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means thoſe little vices which we call follies, the defects of human underſtanding, or at moſt the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly paſſions and exorbitant deſires. But on the word *omne*, which is univerſal, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmoſt receſſes of nature; found out the imperfections even of the moſt wiſe and grave, as well as of the common people; diſcovering even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addreſſes the firſt ſatire, his hunting after buſineſs, and following the court; as well as in the perſecutor Criſpinus, his impertinence and importunity. 'Tis true, he expoſes Criſpinus openly as a common nuiſance; but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Perſius are confined to noblemen; and the ſtoick philoſophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are oppoſed to thoſe vices againſt which he declaims; but Horace laughs to ſhame all follies, and inſinuates virtue rather by familiar examples than by the ſeverity of precepts.

This laſt conſideration ſeems to incline the balance on the ſide of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleaſure. But, after all, I muſt confeſs that the delight which Horace gives me is but languiſhing. Be pleaſed ſtill to underſtand, that I ſpeak of my own taſte only: he may raviſh other men; but I am too ſtupid and inſenſible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himſelf, and, as Scaliger ſays, only ſhews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good-manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint; and his ſalt, if I may dare to ſay ſo, almoſt inſipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and maſculine wit: he gives me as much pleaſure as I can bear: he fully ſatisfies my expectation: he treats his ſubject home: his ſpleen is raiſed, and he raiſes mine: I have the pleaſure of concernment in all he ſays: he drives his reader along with him: and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly ſtop with him. If he went another ſtage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progreſs, and turn the delight into fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a ſign the ſubject is exhauſted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be juſtly found in him, 'tis that he is ſometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; ſays more than he needs, like my friend the Plain Dealer, but never more than pleaſes. Add to this, that his thoughts are as juſt as thoſe of Horace, and much more elevated. His expreſſions are ſonorous and more noble, his verſe more numerous, and his words are ſuitable to his thoughts, ſublime and lofty. All theſe contribute to the pleaſure of the reader; and the greater the ſoul of him who reads, his tranſports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuoſity than Horace, but as ſecurely; and the ſwiftneſs adds more lively agitation to the ſpirits.

Dryden.

§ 103. *Delicate Satire not eaſily hit off.*

How eaſy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! but how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without uſing any of thoſe opprobrious terms! To ſpare the groſſneſs of the names, and to do the thing yet more ſeverely, is to draw a full face, and to make the noſe and cheeks ſtand out, and yet not to employ any depth of ſhadowing. This is the myſtery of that noble trade, which yet no maſter can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the ſcholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineneſs of raillery is offenſive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occaſion of an offence may poſſibly be given, but he cannot take it, if it be granted, that in effect this way does more miſchief; that a man is ſecretly wounded; and though he be not ſenſible himſelf, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is ſtill a vaſt difference betwixt the ſlovenly butchering of a man, and the fineneſs of a ſtroke that ſeparates the head from the body, and leaves it ſtanding in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife ſaid of her ſervant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging: but to make a malefactor die ſweetly, was only belonging to her huſband. I wiſh I could apply it to myſelf, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Abſalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: 'tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to reſent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have ſuffered for it juſtly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dexterouſly. I

avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myſelf to the repreſenting of blind ſides, and little extravagancies, to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It ſucceeded as I wiſhed; the jeſt went round, and he was out in his turn who began the frolic. *Dryden.*

§ 104. *The Works of Art defective in entertaining the Imagination.*

If we conſider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we ſhall find the laſt very defective, in compariſon of the former; for though they may ſometimes appear as beautiful or ſtrange, they can have nothing in them of that vaſtneſs and immenſity, which afford ſo great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never ſhew herſelf ſo auguſt and magnificent in the deſign. There is ſomething more bold and maſterly in the rough careleſs ſtrokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embelliſhments of art. The beauties of the moſt ſtately garden or palace lie in a narrow compaſs, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires ſomething elſe to gratify her; but, in the wide fields of nature, the ſight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain ſtint or number. For this reaſon we always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greateſt perfection, and furniſhes out all thoſe ſcenes that are moſt apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes. Hor.

Hic ſecura quies et neſcia fallere vita.
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni.
Virg.

But though there are ſeveral of theſe wild ſcenes that are more delightful than any artificial ſhows; yet we find the works of nature ſtill more pleaſant, the more they reſemble thoſe of art: for in this caſe our pleaſure riſes from a double principle; from the agreeableneſs of the objects to the eye, and from their ſimilitude to other objects: we are pleaſed as well with comparing their beauties, as with ſurveying them, and can repreſent them to our minds either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a proſpect which is well laid out, and diverſified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in thoſe accidental landſkips of trees, clouds, and cities, that are ſometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath ſuch a variety or regularity as may ſeem the effects of deſign, in what we call the works of chance.

Advantage from their Similarity to thoſe of Nature.

If the products of nature riſe in value, according as they more or leſs reſemble thoſe of art, we may be ſure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their reſemblance to ſuch as are natural; becauſe here the ſimilitude is not only pleaſant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettieſt landſkip I ever ſaw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which ſtood oppoſite on one ſide to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might diſcover the waves and fluctuations of the water in ſtrong and proper colours, with the picture of a ſhip entering at one end, and ſailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green ſhadow of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, the herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I muſt confeſs, the novelty of ſuch a ſight may be one occaſion of its pleaſantneſs to the imagination, but certainly the chief reaſon is its near reſemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it repreſents.

We have before obſerved, that there is generally in nature ſomething more grand and auguſt, than what we meet with in the curioſities of art. When, therefore, we ſee this imitated in any meaſure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleaſure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our Engliſh gardens are not ſo entertaining to the fancy as thoſe in France and Italy, where we ſee a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and foreſt, which repreſent every where an artificial rudeneſs, much more charming than that neatneſs and elegance which we meet with in thoſe of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill conſequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private perſons, to alienate ſo much ground from paſturage and the plow in many parts of a country that is ſo well peopled

peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole eſtate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleaſure of the owner? A marſh overgrown with willows, or a mountain ſhaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleaſant proſpect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by ſome ſmall additions of art, and the ſeveral rows of hedges ſet off by trees and flowers that the ſoil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landſkip of his own poſſeſſions. *Spectator.*

§ 105. *On the Progreſs of the Arts.*

The natural progreſs of the works of men is from rudeneſs to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The firſt labour is enforced by neceſſity. The ſavage finds himſelf incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he ſhelters himſelf in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the ſun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chaſe, or the convenience of paſturage, leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himſelf, by planting ſtakes at proper diſtances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of ſkill and induſtry produces a houſe, cloſed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and diſpoſed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement ſucceeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a leſs, 'till eaſe in time is advanced to pleaſure.

The mind, ſet free from the importunities of natural want, gains leiſure to go in ſearch of ſuperfluous gratifications, and adds to the uſes of habitation the delights of proſpect. Then begins the reign of ſymmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reaſon than that the eye may not be offended.

The paſſage is very ſhort from elegance to luxury. Ionic and Corinthian columns are ſoon ſucceeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which ſhew rather the wealth than the taſte of the poſſeſſor. *Idler.*

§ 106. *The Study of Aſtronomy peculiarly delightful.*

In fair weather, when my heart is cheared, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature, I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midſt of an ample theatre, in which the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the fruits alſo and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions or their aſpects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the fable hemiſphere ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

When I conſider things in this light, methinks it is a ſort of impiety to have no attention to the courſe of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpoſe to entertain our faculties, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the ſame kind (I hope it was not impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet to ſit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial ſtructure, and thoſe admirable ſcenes whereby the paſſions of a philoſopher are gratefully agitated, and his ſoul affected with the ſweet emotions of joy and ſurprize!

How many fox-hunters and rural ſquires are to be found all over Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the earth; and that there are ſeveral other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," ſays ſome illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being is to know it, to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by theſe reflections to obtain juſt ſentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarraſſed with vulgar cares, leiſurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and things on earth, and obſerves

the laws by which they are governed, hath ſecured to himſelf an eaſy and convenient ſeat, where he beholds with pleaſure all that paſſes on the ſtage of nature, while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at puſh-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yields a proſpect which annihilates all human grandeur. *Tatler.*

§ 107. *The planetary and terreſtrial Worlds comparatively conſidered.*

To us, who dwell on its ſurface, the earth is by far the moſt extenſive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is alſo clothed with verdure, diſtinguiſhed by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a ſpectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aſpect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a ſpot. To beings who ſtill dwell at greater diſtances it entirely diſappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening ſtar; as in one part of the orbit ſhe rides foremoſt in the proceſſion of night, in the other uſhers in and anticipates the dawn; is a planetary world, which with the four others, that ſo wonderfully vary their myſtic dance, are in themſelves dark bodies, and ſhine only by reflection; have fields, and ſeas, and ſkies of their own, are furniſhed with all accommodations for animal ſubſiſtence, and are ſuppoſed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitations, are dependent on that grand diſpenſer of divine munificence, the ſun; receive their light from the diſtribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The ſun which ſeems to perform its daily ſtages through the ſky, is in this reſpect fixed and immoveable; 'tis the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more ſpacious orbs, wheel their ſtated courſes. The ſun, though ſeemingly ſmaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which ſo many lofty mountains riſe, and ſuch vaſt oceans roll. A line extending from ſide to ſide through the centre of that reſplendent orb, would meaſure more than eight hundred thouſand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its ſolid contents to be eſtimated, the account would overwhelm our underſtanding, and be almoſt beyond the power of language to expreſs. Are we ſtartled at theſe reports of philoſophy? Are we ready to cry out in a tranſport of ſurprize, "How mighty is the Being who kindled ſuch a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age ſuch an enormous maſs of flame!" let us attend our philoſophic guides, and we ſhall be brought acquainted with ſpeculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This ſun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the univerſe; every ſtar, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vaſt globe, like the ſun in ſize and in glory; no leſs ſpacious, no leſs luminous, than the radiant ſource of the day: ſo that every ſtar is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent ſyſtem; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are loſt to our ſight in unmeaſurable wilds of ether. That the ſtars appear like ſo many diminutive and ſcarce diſtinguiſhable points, is owing to their immenſe and inconceivable diſtance. Immenſe and inconceivable indeed it is, ſince a ball, ſhot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, muſt travel at this impetuous rate almoſt ſeven hundred thouſand years, before it could reach the neareſt of theſe twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vaſt expanſe, I learn my own extreme meanneſs, I would alſo diſcover the abject littleneſs of all terreſtrial things. What is the earth, with all her oſtentatious ſcenes, compared with this aſtoniſhing grand furniture of the ſkies? What, but a dim ſpeck, hardly perceivable in the map of the univerſe? It is obſerved by a very judicious writer, that if the ſun himſelf, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguiſhed, and all the hoſt of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be miſſed by an eye that can take in the whole compaſs of nature, any more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. The bulk of which they conſiſt, and the ſpace which they occupy, is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, that their loſs would leave ſcarce a blank in the immenſity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole ſyſtem, be ſo very diminutive, wha

what is a kingdom or a county? What are a few lordſhips, or the ſo much admired patrimonies of thoſe who are ſtiled wealthy? When I meaſure them with my own little pittance, they ſwell into proud and bloated dimenſions: but when I take the univerſe for my ſtandard, how ſcanty is their ſize, how contemptible their figure! they ſhrink into pompous nothings. *Spectator.*

§ 108. *The Character of Toby Bumper.*

It is one of the greateſt advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous ſpirit, and cultivates a liberal diſpoſition. We do not wonder that a lad who has never been ſent to ſchool, and whoſe faculties have been ſuffered to ruſt at the hall-houſe, ſhould form too cloſe an intimacy with his beſt friends, the groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to ſee a boy well educated cheriſh this ill-placed pride, of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A perſon of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being diſtinguiſhed by the title of 'the gentleman,' while he is unwilling to aſſociate with men of faſhion, leſt they ſhould be his ſuperiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, leſt they ſhould excel him in abilities. Sometimes indeed it happens that a perſon of genius and learning will ſtoop to receive the incenſe of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-houſe and cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel, in the very fact of reading his verſes to the good old mother, and a circle of her daughters.

There are ſome few, who have been led into low company, merely from an affectation of humour, and, from a deſire of ſeeing the droller ſcenes of life, have deſcended to aſſociate with the meaneſt of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys. The moſt ſtriking inſtance I know of this low paſſion for drollery, is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himſelf; and is now become almoſt as low a character, as any of thoſe whom he has choſen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in a morning, ſmoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black-puddings at Bartholomew-fair, for the humour of the thing. He has alſo ſtudied, and practiſes, all the plebeian arts and exerciſes, under the beſt maſters; and has diſgraced himſelf with every unpolite accompliſhment. He has had many a ſet-to with Buckhorſe; and has now and then the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himſelf. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother whip: at the noble game of priſon-bars, he is a match even for the natives of Eſſex and Cheſhire; and he is frequently engaged at the Artillery-ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket; and is himſelf eſteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amuſements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn; and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceaſed friend ſo far, as to get himſelf knocked down in endeavouring to reſcue the body from the ſurgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the art and manners of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his converſation with their emphatic oaths and expreſſive dialect, which recommends him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the Choice Spirits at Comus's court, or at the meeting of the *Sons of ſound Senſe and Satisfaction.* He is alſo particularly famous for ſinging thoſe cant ſongs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of ſharpers and pickpockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by ſcrewing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. Theſe and other like accompliſhments frequently promote him to the chair in theſe facetious ſocieties.

Toby has indulged the ſame notions of humour even in his amours; and is well-known to every ſtreet-walker from Cheapſide to Charing-croſs. This has given ſeveral ſhocks to his conſtitution, and often involved him in unlucky ſcrapes. He has been frequently bruiſed, beaten, and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping and Fleet-ditch; and was once ſoundly drubbed by a ſoldier for engaging with his trull. The laſt time I ſaw him he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight ſkirmiſh, about a miſtreſs, in a night-cellar. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 109. *Cauſes of national Characters.*

The vulgar are very apt to carry all national characters to extremes; and having once eſtabliſhed it as a principle, that any people are knaviſh, or cowardly, or ignorant, they will admit of no exception, but comprehend every individual under the ſame character. Men of ſenſe condemn theſe

these undistinguishing judgments; though at the same time they allow, that each nation has a peculiar set of manners, and that some particular qualities are more frequently to be met with among one people than among their neighbours. The common people in Switzerland have surely more probity than those of the same rank in Ireland; and every prudent man will, from that circumstance alone, make a difference in the trust which he reposes in each. We have reason to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain. An Englishman will naturally be thought to have more wit than a Dane, though Tycho Brahe was a native of Denmark.

Different reasons are assigned for these national characters, while some account for them from moral, and others from physical causes. By moral causes I mean all circumstances which are fitted to work on the mind, as motives or reasons, and which render a peculiar set of manners habitual to us. Of this kind are the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live, the situation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and such like circumstances. By physical causes, I mean these qualities of the air and climate, which are supposed to work insensibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body, and giving a particular complexion; which, though reflection and reason may sometimes overcome, yet will it prevail among the generality of mankind, and have an influence on their manners.

That the character of a nation will very much depend on moral causes, must be evident to the most superficial observer; since a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, and the manners of individuals are frequently determined by these causes. As poverty and hard labour debase the minds of the common people, and render them unfit for any science and ingenious profession, so where any government becomes very oppressive to all its subjects, it must have a proportional effect on their temper and genius, and must banish all the liberal arts from amongst them.

The same principle of moral causes fixes the characters of different professions, and alters even the disposition which the particular members receive from the hand of nature. A soldier and a priest are different characters in all nations and all ages, and this difference is founded on circumstances, whose operation is external and unalterable.

The uncertainty of their life makes soldiers lavish and generous, as well as brave; their idleness, as well as the large societies which they form in camps or garrisons, inclines them to pleasure and gallantry; by their frequent change of company they acquire good breeding and an openness of behaviour; being employed only against a public and open enemy, they become candid, honest, and undesigning: and as they use more the labour of the body than the mind, they are commonly thoughtless and ignorant.

'Tis a trite but not altogether a false maxim, that priests of all religions are the same; and though the character of the profession will not in every instance prevail over the personal character, yet is it sure always to predominate with the greater number. For as chymists observe, that spirits when raised to a certain height are all the same, from whatever materials they be extracted; so these men being elevated above humanity, acquire an uniform character, which is entirely their own, and which is in my opinion, generally speaking, not the most amiable that is to be met with in human society: it is in most points opposite to that of a soldier, as is the way of life from which it is derived.

Hume's Essays.

§ 110. *Chastity an additional Ornament to Beauty.*

There is no charm in the female sex, that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by both painters and statuaries under female shapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is Modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

Spectator.

§ 111. *Chastity a valuable Virtue in a Man.*

But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits, is what makes them honourable; but in this case, the very attempt is become very

very ridiculous: but in ſpite of all the raillery of the world, truth is ſtill truth, and will have beauties inſeparable from it. I ſhould, upon this occaſion, bring examples of heroic chaſtity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modiſh part of the town, who go no farther, at beſt, than the mere abſence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiſe-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus reported to his majeſty the charms and beauty of Panthea; and ended his panegyric by telling him, that ſince he was at leiſure, he would carry him to viſit her. But that prince, who is a very great man to this day, anſwered the pimp, becauſe he was a man of quality, without roughneſs, and ſaid, with a ſmile, "If I ſhould viſit her upon your introduction, now I have leiſure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed." But when I caſt about all the inſtances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one ſo generous, ſo honeſt, and ſo noble, as that of Joſeph in holy writ. When his maſter had truſted him ſo unreſervedly (to ſpeak it in the emphatical manner of the ſcripture) "He knew not aught he had, ſave the bread which he did eat," he was ſo unhappy as to appear irreſiſtibly beautiful to his miſtreſs; but when this ſhameleſs woman proceeds to ſolicit him, how gallant is his anſwer! "Behold my maſter wotteth not what is with me in the houſe, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in the houſe than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, becauſe thou art his wife." The ſame argument, which a baſe mind would have made to itſelf for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greateſt motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falſhood of the diſappointed woman naturally aroſe on that occaſion, and there is but a ſhort ſtep from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth ſerious conſideration in both ſexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to aſk themſelves whether they would change lightneſs of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled ſlumbers, and gentle diſpoſitions, for a conſtant pruriency which ſhuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with inſenſibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their ſpecies.

A looſe behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is ſerious, flowing from ſome degree of this petulancy, is obſervable in the generality of the youth of both ſexes in this age. It is the one common face of moſt public meetings, and breaks in upon the ſobriety, I will not ſay ſeverity, that we ought to exerciſe in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of thoſe in the ſame inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my proteſt, that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propoſe, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only anſwer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occaſion, when a young fellow, juſt come from the play of Cleomenes, told him, in raillery againſt the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady, I ſhould not have paſſed my time like your Spartan: "That may be," anſwered the bard with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero." *Guardian.*

§ 112. *The Characters of Gameſters.*

The whole tribe of gameſters may be ranked under two diviſions: Every man who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a ſharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a perſon of great fortune and weak intellects,

"Who will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
"As aſſes are." SHAKSPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but becauſe it is the faſhion; and if whiſt or hazard are propoſed, he will no more refuſe to make one at the table, than among a ſet of hard drinkers he would object drinking his glaſs in turn, becauſe he is not dry.

There are ſome few inſtances of men of ſenſe, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has ſeized them, that they have ſacrificed every thing to it, and have ſeemed wedded to ſeven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of ſenſe thus infatuated. He makes himſelf and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to

to join with the very ſcoundrels that deſtroyed him, and live upon the ſpoil of others, whom he can draw into the ſame follies that proved ſo fatal to himſelf.

Here we may take a ſurvey of the character of a ſharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be ſtartled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a ſharper; but a gameſter, who makes a decent figure in the world, muſt be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great luſtre, were they not eclipſed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common buſineſs of his profeſſion, he muſt be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a ſtoical calmneſs of temper, and a conſtant preſence of mind. He muſt ſmile at the loſs of thouſands; and is not to be diſcompoſed, though ruin ſtares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he muſt not want politeneſs and affability; he muſt be ſubmiſſive, but not ſervile; he muſt be maſter of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a ſeeming openneſs of behaviour.

Theſe muſt be the chief accompliſhments of our hero: but leſt I ſhould be accuſed of giving too favourable a likeneſs of him, now we have ſeen his outſide, let us take a view of his heart. There we ſhall find avarice the main ſpring that moves the whole machine. Every gameſter is eaten up with avarice; and when this paſſion is in full force, it is more ſtrongly predominant than any other. It conquers even luſt; and conquers it more effectually than age. At ſixty we look at a fine woman with pleaſure; but when cards and dice have engroſſed our attention, women and all their charms are ſlighted at five-and-twenty. A thorough gameſter renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no miſtreſs of his heart except the queen of trumps. His inſatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocriſy; ſo that all thoſe ſpecious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, muſt be directed in a gameſter towards the deſtruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts ſerve only to inſtruct and aſſiſt him in the moſt dexterous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to loſe thouſands without emotion, muſt often be practiſed againſt the ſtings and reproaches of his conſcience, and his liberal deportment and affected openneſs is a ſpecious veil to recommend and conceal the blackeſt villainy.

It is now neceſſary to take a ſecond ſurvey of his heart; and as we have ſeen its vices, let us conſider its miſeries. The covetous man, who has not ſufficient courage or inclination to encreaſe his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up thouſands by thefts leſs public, or by cheats leſs liable to uncertainty, lives in a ſtate of perpetual ſuſpicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the gameſter are infinitely greater. He is conſtantly to wear a maſk; and like Monſieur St. Croix, *coadjuteur* to that famous *empoiſonneuſe*, Madame Brinvillier, if his maſk falls off, he runs the hazard of being ſuffocated by the ſtench of his own poiſons. I have ſeen ſome examples of this ſort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are ſtill alive; but if they are ſtill alive, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidſt old walls, and paths long ſince unfrequented.

But ſuppoſing that the Sharper's hypocriſy remains undetected, in what a ſtate of mind muſt that man be, whoſe fortune depends upon the inſincerity of his heart, the diſingenuity of his behaviour, and the falſe bias of his dice! What ſenſations muſt he ſuppreſs, when he is obliged to ſmile, although he is provoked; when he muſt look ſerene in the height of deſpair: and when he muſt act the ſtoic, without the conſolation of one virtuous ſentiment, or one moral principle! How unhappy muſt he be, even in that ſituation from which he hopes to reap moſt benefit; I mean amidſt ſtars, garters, and the various herds of nobility! Their lordſhips are not always in a humour for play: they chooſe to laugh; they chooſe to joke; in the mean while our hero muſt patiently await the good hour, and muſt not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but muſt humour every turn and caprice to which that ſet of ſpoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of ſauntering on horſeback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach paſſes through Smallberry-green, is the more eligible, and no leſs honeſt occupation.

The Sharper has alſo frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his deſigns. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever preſent themſelves. The falſe dice cannot be conſtantly produced, nor the packed cards always be placed upon the table. It is then our gameſter is in the greateſt danger.

ger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his ſide, he muſt ſtand the brunt, and perhaps give away his laſt guinea, as coolly he would lend a nobleman a ſhilling.

Our hero is now going off the ſtage, and his cataſtrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, atchieved by his own hand, and with his own piſtol. An inqueſt is bribed, he is buried at midnight—and forgotten before ſun-riſe.

Theſe two portraits of a Sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to ſhew different likeneſſes in the ſame man, put me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiſcard. At firſt ſight he was exhibited in a full-bottomed wig, a hat and feather, embroideréd cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court dreſs of thoſe days; but by pulling a ſtring the folds of the paper were ſhifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiſcard appeared to be a devil. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 113. *The* TATLER*'s Advice to his Siſter Jenny; a good Leſſon for young Ladies.*

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for ſome days, my ſiſter Jenny ſent me word ſhe would come and dine with me, and therefore deſired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleaſed to ſee her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I ſaw ſhe had a great deal to ſay to me, and eaſily diſcovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that ſhe had abundance of ſatisfaction in her heart, which ſhe longed to communicate. However, I was reſolved to let her break into her diſcourſe her own way, and reduced her to a thouſand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her huſband. But finding I was reſolved not to name him, ſhe began of her own accord: "My huſband," ſays ſhe, "gives his humble ſervice to you;" to which I only anſwered, "I hope he is well;" and without waiting for a reply, fell into other ſubjects. She at laſt was out of all patience, and ſaid, with a ſmile and manner that I thought had more beauty and ſpirit than I had ever obſerved before in her; "I did not think, brother, you had been ſo ill-natured. You have ſeen ever ſince I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my huſband, and you will not be ſo kind as to give me an occaſion." "I did not know," ſaid I, "but it might be a diſagreeable ſubject to you. You do not take me for ſo old-faſhioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the diſcourſe of her huſband. I know nothing is more acceptable than to ſpeak of one who is to be ſo; but to ſpeak of one who is ſo—indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me." She ſhewed a little diſlike to my raillery, and by her bridling up, I perceived ſhe expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Diſtaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleaſed with the change in her humour; and upon talking with her on ſeveral ſubjects, I could not but fancy that I ſaw a great deal of her huſband's way and manner in her remarks, her phraſes, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unſpeakable ſatisfaction, not only becauſe I had found her a huſband from whom ſhe could learn many things that were laudable, but alſo becauſe I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible ſign that ſhe entirely loved him. This is an obſervation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural flyneſs of her ſex hindered her from telling me the greatneſs of her own paſſion, but I eaſily collected it from the repreſentation ſhe gave me of his. "I have every thing in Tranquillus," ſays ſhe, "that I can wiſh for and enjoy in him (what indeed you told me were to be met with in a good huſband) the fondneſs of a lover, the tenderneſs of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend." It tranſported me to ſee her eyes ſwimming in tears of affection when ſhe ſpoke. "And is there not, dear ſiſter," ſaid I, "more pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a man, than in all the little impertinences of balls, aſſemblies, and equipage, which it coſt me ſo much pains to make you contemn?" She anſwered ſmiling, "Tranquillus has made me a ſincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midſt of all my ſatisfactions: I am afraid, you muſt know, that I ſhall not always make the ſame amiable appearance in his eyes, that I do at preſent. You know, brother Bickerſtaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer, and if you have any one ſecret in your art to make your ſiſter always beautiful, I ſhould be happier than if I were miſtreſs of all the worlds you have ſhewn me in a ſtarry night." "Jenny, ſaid I, "without having recourſe to magic, I ſhall give you one plain

plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus;—Endeavour to please, and you must please. Be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for this secret, and you may take my word, you will never want it: an inviolable fidelity, good-humour, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible." *Tatler.*

§ 114. *Curiosity.*

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same or at least a sister passion to it,—seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh enquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no ways bad,—but as others are—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse;—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracks of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is sincere,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners—to look into ourselves, and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting-out,—without care,—without compass, —be not cast away for ever;—and may he not be said to escape well—if he returns to his country only as naked as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son—a scholar.—

If wisdom could speak no other language but Greek or Latin—you do well—or if mathematics will make a gentleman,—or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done—but the upshot will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of address, if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,—and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:—a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the tour of Europe with success.

—That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck;—for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken Swiss valet-de-chambre——some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, "if God permit,"—much knowledge will not accrue;—some profit at least,—he will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the best inns,—instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himself. Look at our governor! I beseech you:—see, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.—

—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge, and his use.

But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

Let me observe, in the first place,—that company which is really good is very rare—and very shy: but you have surmounted this difficulty, and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them, which courtesy strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions,—but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connections and discourse with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or study.

Con-

Converſation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without ſome ſtock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you, —the trade drops at once; and this is the reaſon,—however it may be boaſted to the contrary, why travellers have ſo little (eſpecially good) converſation with natives,—owing to their ſuſpicion,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the converſation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their viſits.

The pain on theſe occaſions is uſually reciprocal; the conſequence of which is, that the diſappointed youth ſeeks an eaſier ſociety; and as bad company is always ready,—and ever laying in wait—the career is ſoon finiſhed; and the poor prodigal returns the ſame object of pity, with the prodigal in the goſpel.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 115. *Controverſy ſeldom decently conducted.*

'Tis no uncommon circumſtance in controverſy, for the parties to engage in all the fury of diſputation, without preciſely inſtructing their readers, or truly knowing themſelves, the particulars about which they differ. Hence that fruitleſs parade of argument, and thoſe oppoſite pretences to demonſtration, with which moſt debates, on every ſubject, have been infeſted. Would the contending parties firſt be ſure of their own meaning, and then communicate their ſenſe to others in plain terms and ſimplicity of heart, the face of controverſy would ſoon be changed, and real knowledge, inſtead of imaginary conqueſt, would be the noble reward of literary toil.

Brown's Eſſays.

§ 116. *How to pleaſe in Converſation.*

None of the deſires dictated by vanity is more general, or leſs blameable, than that of being diſtinguiſhed for the arts of converſation. Other accompliſhments may be poſſeſſed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwiſe than in an hermitage without hourly pleaſure or vexation, from the fondneſs or neglect of thoſe about him, the faculty of giving pleaſure is of continual uſe. Few are more frequently envied than thoſe who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whoſe entrance is conſidered as a promiſe of felicity, and whoſe departure is lamented, like the receſs of the ſun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy or inſpires gaiety.

It is apparent that to excellence in this valuable art, ſome peculiar qualifications are neceſſary; for every man's experience will inform him, that the pleaſure which men are able to give in converſation holds no ſtated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of thoſe who never conſider them as of the leaſt importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love thoſe whom we could not eſteem, and been perſuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion whom we know to be too ignorant for a counſellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

He that would pleaſe muſt rarely aim at ſuch excellence as depreſſes his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by fallies of imagination, ſprightlineſs of remark, or quickneſs of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a diſtortion of face without gladneſs of heart.

For this reaſon no ſtile of converſation is more extenſively acceptable than the narrative. He who has ſtored his memory with ſlight anecdotes, private incidents, and perſonal peculiarities, ſeldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almoſt every man liſtens with eagerneſs to extemporary hiſtory; for almoſt every man has ſome real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character, ſome deſire to advance or oppoſe a riſing name. Vanity often co-operates with curioſity. He that is a hearer in one place qualifies himſelf to become a ſpeaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a ſeries of argument, or tranſport the volatile ſpirit of wit without evaporation, yet he thinks himſelf able to treaſure up the various incidents of a ſtory, and pleaſes his hopes with the information which he ſhall give to ſome inferior ſociety.

Narratives are for the moſt part heard without envy, becauſe they are not ſuppoſed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance ſo very little difficulty, that every one concludes himſelf equal to the taſk.

Rambler.

§ 117. *The various Faults in Converſation and Behaviour pointed out.*

I ſhall not attempt to lay down any particular

ticular rules for converſation, but rather point out ſuch faults in diſcourſe and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amuſing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for converſation, where we might expect to find it in the greateſt perfection, among perſons of faſhion: there it is almoſt annihilated by univerſal card-playing; inſomuch that I have heard it given as a reaſon, why it is impoſſible for our preſent writers to ſucceed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality ſcarce ever meet but to game. All their diſcourſe turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no leſs a maxim with the votaries of whiſt than with thoſe of Bacchus, that talking ſpoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himſelf as agreeable to ſociety as he can: but it often happens, that thoſe, who moſt aim at ſhining in converſation, over-ſhoot their mark. Though a man ſucceeds, he ſhould not (as is frequently the caſe) engroſs the whole talk to himſelf; for that deſtroys the very eſſence of converſation, which is talking together. We ſhould try to keep up converſation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than ſeize it all to ourſelves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We ſhould likewiſe be cautious to adapt the matter of our diſcourſe to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the laſt new furbelow to a meeting of country juſtices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole converſation, than certain peculiarities, eaſily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and diſcarded. In order to diſplay theſe abſurdities in a truer light, it is my preſent purpoſe to enumerate ſuch of them, as are moſt commonly to be met with; and firſt to take notice of thoſe buffoons in ſociety, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. Theſe accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or geſture: they aſſent with a ſhrug, and contradict with a twiſting of the neck: are angry by a wry mouth, and pleaſed in a caper of a minuet-ſtep. They may be conſidered as ſpeaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the poſture-maſter. Theſe ſhould be condemned to converſe only in dumb-ſhew with their own perſons in the looking-glaſs; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who ſo prettily ſet off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-ſçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With theſe we may likewiſe rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are conſtantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or geſture of their acquaintance: though they are ſuch wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can diſcover any likeneſs.

Next to thoſe, whoſe elocution is abſorbed in action, and who converſe chiefly with their arms and legs, we may conſider the profeſſed Speakers. And firſt, the emphatical; who ſqueeze, and preſs, and ram down every ſyllable with exceſſive vehemence and energy. Theſe orators are remarkable for their diſtinct elocution and force of expreſſion: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the ſignificant conjunctive *and*; which they ſeem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no leſs pain, into the ears of their auditors. Theſe ſhould be ſuffered only to ſyringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing-trumpet: though I muſt confeſs, that I am equally offended with the Whiſperers or Low Speakers, who ſeem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up ſo cloſe to you, that they may be ſaid to meaſure noſes with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a ſtinking breath. I would have theſe oracular gentry obliged to talk at a diſtance through a ſpeaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whiſpering-gallery. The Wits, who will not condeſcend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whiſtlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to theſe tinkling cymbals I would alſo add the ſounding braſs, the Bawler, who enquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whoſe pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "ſoft parts of converſation," and ſweetly "prattling out of faſhion," make very pretty muſic from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarſe features, mere nonſenſe is as harſh and diſſonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have ſpoken of in a former paper; but the Half-ſwearers, who ſplit, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fiſh*, and *demme*; the Gothic humbuggers, and thoſe who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fiſh, and an unaccountable *muſkin*, ſhould never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the peſts

peſts of converſation; nor dwell particularly on the Senſibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the moſt trivial points, and ſpeak in ſentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraſeologiſts, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other*; and laſtly, the Silent Men, who ſeem afraid of opening their mouths, leſt they ſhould catch cold, and literally obſerve the precept of the goſpel, by letting their converſation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

The rational intercourſe kept up by converſation, is one of our principal diſtinctions from brutes. We ſhould therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and conſider the organs of ſpeech as the inſtruments of underſtanding: we ſhould be very careful not to uſe them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmoſt to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to leſſen the value of ſuch an ineſtimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by ſome philoſophers, that even birds and beaſts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly underſtand one another by the ſounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themſelves, like different nations. Thus it may be ſuppoſed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any ſignor or ſignora, for an Italian air; that the boars of Weſtphalia gruntle as expreſſively through the noſe as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may conſider thoſe, whoſe tongues hardly ſeem to be under the influence of reaſon, and do not keep up the proper converſation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for inſtance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and growlers may be juſtly compared to hogs: Snarlers are curs, that continually ſhew their teeth, but never bite; and the ſpitfire paſſionate are a ſort of wild cats, that will not bear ſtroking, but will purr when they are pleaſed. Complainers are ſcreech-owls; and ſtory-tellers, always repeating the ſame dull note, are cuckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than aſſes: Critics in general are venomous ſerpents, that delight in hiſſing; and ſome of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 118. *A Citizen's Country Houſe deſcribed.*

Sir,

I remember to have ſeen a little French novel giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excurſion into the country. He imagines himſelf about to undertake a long voyage to ſome ſtrange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city as the moſt diſtant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is ſet on ſhore, he is amazed to ſee the people ſpeak the ſame language, wear the ſame dreſs, and uſe the ſame cuſtoms with himſelf. He, who had ſpent all his life within the ſight of Pont Neuf, looked upon every one that lived out of Paris as a foreigner; and though the utmoſt extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much ſurprized, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the Terra Incognita.

In your late paper on the amuſements of Sunday, you have ſet forth in what manner our citizens paſs that day, which moſt of them devote to the country; but I wiſh you had been more particular in your deſcriptions of thoſe elegant rural manſions, which at once ſhew the opulence and the taſte of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

I went laſt Sunday, in compliance with a moſt preſſing invitation from a friend, to ſpend the whole day with him at one of theſe little ſcats, which he had fitted out for his retirement once a week from buſineſs. It is pleaſantly ſituated about three miles from London, on the ſide of a public road, from which it is ſeparated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge, conſiſting of two narrow planks, leading to the houſe. From the lower part of the houſe there is no proſpect; but from the garrets, indeed, one may ſee two men hanging in chains on Kennington-common, with a diſtant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of ſmoke. I ſet out in the morning with my friend's book keeper, who was my guide. When I came to the houſe, I found my friend in a black velvet cap ſitting at the door ſmoking: he welcomed me into the country; and after having made me obſerve the turnpike on my left, and the Golden Sheaf on my right, he conducted me into his houſe, where I was received by his lady, who made a thouſand apologies for being catched in ſuch a diſhabille.

The hall (for ſo I was taught to call it) had its white wall almoſt hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one ſide was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Manſion Houſe, with ſeveral leſſer views of the public buildings and halls: on the other, was the Death of the Stag, finely coloured by Mr. Overton: cloſe by the parlour door there hung a pair of ſtag's horns; over which there was laid acroſs a red roccelo, and an amber-headed cane. Over the chimney-piece was my friend's picture, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed perriwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a ſnuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waiſtcoat trimmed with gold, one hand ſtuck in the boſom of his ſhirt, and the other holding out a letter with this ſuperſcription: "To Mr. ——, common-council-man of Farringdon-ward without." My eyes were then directed to another figure in a ſcarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been ſheriff and knighted in the reign of king James the Firſt Madam herſelf filled up a pannel on the oppoſite ſide, in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs, ſmelling to a noſegay, and ſtroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to ſee what he has pleaſed to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each ſide with lilies and coxcombs, ſupported by ſome old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he bade me take notice of a little ſquare building ſurrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taſte had turned into a temple, by erecting ſome battlements and ſpires of painted wood on the front of it: but concluded with a hint, that I might retire to it upon occaſion.

As the riches of a country are viſible in the number of its inhabitants, and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to ſay that the preſent ſtate of England is very flouriſhing and proſperous; and if our taſte for building encreaſes with our opulence, for the next century, we ſhall be able to boaſt of finer country-ſeats belonging to our ſhopkeepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the moſt pompous deſcriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-ſeats belonging to Pliny, Hortenſius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were Patricians of great rank and fortune: there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chineſe-bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler, or a Roman paſtry-cook? Or could any of their ſhoe-makers or taylors boaſt a villa with his tin caſcades, paper ſtatues, and Gothic root-houſes? Upon the above principles we may expect, that poſterity will perhaps ſee a cheeſe-monger's *apiarium* at Brentford, a poulterer's *theriotrophium* at Chiſwick, and an *ornithon* in a fiſhmonger's garden at Putney.

Connoiſſeur.

§ 119. *Humorous Scene between* DENNIS *the Critic (ſatirically repreſented by* SWIFT *as mad) and the Doctor.*

Scene DENNIS's *Garret.*

DENNIS, DOCTOR, NURSE, LINTOT *the Bookſeller, and another Author.*

DENNIS. [*Looking wiſe, and bringing out his Words ſlowly and formally.*]

Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as it did with your predeceſſor, the famous Hippocrates, whom the miſtaken citizens of Abdera ſent for, in this very manner, to cure the philoſopher Democritus. He returned full of admiration at the wiſdom of the perſon whom he had ſuppoſed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus that Ariſtotle himſelf, and all the great ancients, ſpent their days and nights wrapped up in criticiſm, and beſet all round with their own writings. As for me, be aſſured, I have no diſeaſe beſides a ſwelling in my legs, of which I ſay nothing, ſince your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this ſwelling?

Dennis. By criticiſm.

Doctor. By criticiſm! that's a diſtemper I have never heard nor read of.

Dennis. Death, Sir! a diſtemper! it is no diſtemper; but a noble art. I have ſat fourteen hours a day at it: and are you a doctor, and don't know that there's a communication between the brain and the legs?

Doctor. What made you ſit ſo many hours, Sir?

Dennis. Cato, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I ſpeak of your diſtemper. What gave you this tumour?

Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato *.

Nurſe. For God's ſake, Doctor, name not this evil ſpirit; it is the whole cauſe of his madneſs. Alas! poor maſter will have his fits again. [*Almoſt crying.*

* He publiſhed Remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

Lintot. Fits! with a pox! a man may well have fits and ſwelled legs, that ſits writing fourteen hours in a day. The Remarks, the Remarks, have brought all his complaints upon him.

Doctor. The Remarks! what are they?

Dennis. Death! have you never read my Remarks? I'll be hang'd if this niggarly bookſeller has advertiſed the book as it ſhould have been.

Lintot. Not advertiſe it, quoth'a! pox! I have laid out pounds after pounds in advertiſing. There has been as much done for the book as could be done for any book in Chriſtendom.

Doctor. We had better not talk of books, Sir, I am afraid they are the fuel that feed his delirium. Mention books no more. ——I deſire a word in private with this gentleman.—I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What regimen have you obſerved ſince he has been under your care? You remember, I ſuppoſe, the paſſage in Celſus, which ſays, "If the patient on the third day have an interval, "ſuſpend the medicaments at night." Let fumigations be uſed to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted ſternutation by hellebore.

Gent. Sir, you miſtake the matter quite.

Doctor. What! an apothecary tell a phyſician he miſtakes! you pretend to diſpute my preſcription! *Pharmacopola componat, Medicus ſolus præſcribat.* Fumigate him, I ſay, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Dennis. Death, Sir, do you take my friend for an apothecary! a man of genius and learning for an apothecary! Know, Sir, that this gentleman profeſſes, like myſelf, the two nobleſt ſciences in the univerſe, criticiſm and poetry. By the immortals, he himſelf is author of three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit, and aſſiſted me in my deſcription of the furies and infernal regions in my Appius.

Lintot. He is an author. You miſtake the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author theſe twenty years, to his bookſeller's knowledge, if to no one's elſe.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination? ſhall poetry fall to the ground? muſt our reputation in foreign countries be quite loſt? O deſtruction! perdition! curſed opera! confounded opera *! as poetry once raiſed critics, ſo, when poetry fails, critics are overturned, and the world is no more.

Doctor. He raves, he raves. He muſt be pinioned, he muſt be ſtrait-waiſtcoated, that he may do no miſchief.

Dennis. O I am ſick! I am ſick to death!

Doctor. That is a good ſymptom, a very good ſymptom. To be ſick to death (ſays the modern theory) is *Symptoma præclarum.* When a patient is ſenſible of his pain he is half-cured. Pray, Sir, of what are you ſick?

Dennis. Of every thing. Of every thing. I am ſick of the ſentiments, of the diction, of the protaſis, of the epitaſis, and the cataſtrophe.—Alas! for the loſt drama! the drama is no more!

Nurſe. If you want a dram, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of gin in a minute. Mr. Lintot has drank the laſt of the noggin.

Dennis. O ſcandalous want! O ſhameful omiſſion! By all the immortals, here is not the ſhadow of a *peripætia!* no change of fortune in the tragedy!

Nurſe. Pray, Sir, don't be uneaſy about change. Give me the ſixpence, and I'll get you change immediately at the gin-ſhop next door.

Doctor. Hold your peace, good woman. His fit increaſes. We muſt call for help. Mr. Lintot, a——hold him, pray. [*Doctor gets behind Lintot.*]

Lintot. Plague on the man! I am afraid he is really mad. And if he be, who the devil will buy the Remarks? I wiſh *(ſcratching his head)* he had been beſh-t, rather than I had meddled with his Remarks.

Doctor. He muſt uſe the cold bath, and be cupped on the head. The ſymptoms ſeem deſperate. Avicen ſays, "If learning be mixed with a brain that is not of "a contexture fit to receive it, the brain "ferments till it be totally exhauſted." We muſt endeavour to eradicate theſe indigeſted ideas out of the pericranium, and to reſtore the patient to a competent knowledge of himſelf.

Dennis. Caitiffs, ſtand off! unhand me, miſcreants! [*The Doctor, the Nurſe, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret-ſtairs all together.*] Is the man, whoſe labours are calculated to bring the town to reaſon, mad? Is the man, who ſettles poetry on the baſis of antiquity, mad? See Longinus in my right hand, and Ariſtotle in my left! [*Calls after*

* He wrote a treatiſe to prove, that the decay of public ſpirit proceeds from the Italian opera.

the Doctor, the Bookseller, and the Nurse, from the top of the stairs.] I am the only man among the moderns. that supports the venerable ancients. And am I to be assassinated? Shall a bookseller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support? [*Goes into his garret, and shuts the door.*]

§ 120. *The two Bees.*

On a fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitably destruction.

§ 121. *Pleasant Scene of Anger, and the Disappointment of it.*

There came into a bookseller's shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air; who, though a person of great parts otherwise, is slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. After he had turned over many volumes, said the seller to him—Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you. Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it: it is certainly lost; and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago. Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both. My friend, replied he, can't thou be so senseless, as not to know, that one volume is as imperfect in my library, as in your shop? Yes, Sir; but it is you have lost the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid. Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man; your book is lost; and learn, by this little loss, to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with. Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me. Friend, you grow warm: I tell you, the book is lost; and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. Sir, there is, in this case, no need of bearing, for you have the book. I say, Sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation betimes to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit; and an impatient spirit is never without woe. Was ever any thing like this!—Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore, let me advise you, be patient: the book is lost, but do not you, for that reason, lose yourself. *Spectator.*

§ 122. *Falstaff's Encomiums on Sack.*

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it—It ascends me into the brain: dries me, there, all the foolish, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, inventive; full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. —The second property of your excellent sherris, is, the warming of the blood; which, before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and, then, the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage—and this valour comes of sherris.

So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it awork; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris.—If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—To forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Shakspeare.

§ 123. *Hotspur reading a Letter.*

"But, for mine own part, my lord, I "could be well contented to be there, in "respect of the love I bear your house." —He could be contented to be there! Why is he not then?—In respect of the love he bears our house! He shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you "undertake is dangerous."—Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety. "The purpose you un-"dertake is dangerous; the friends you "have named, uncertain; the time itself, "unsorted; and your whole plot too light, "for the counterpoise of so great an oppo-"sition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue this is! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself; lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this! an infidel!—Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.—Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night. *Ibid.*

§ 124. *Falstaff's Soliloquy on Honour.*

Owe Heaven a death! 'Tis not due yet; and I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?—Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible then? yea to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it; therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere 'scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. *Shakspeare.*

§ 125. *The perfect Speaker.*

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded, by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed: not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work: all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass —the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice.—The universal cry is——Let us march against Philip —let

—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die!

§ 126. *Distempers of the Mind cured.*

Sir,

Being bred to the study of physic, and having observed, with sorrow and regret, that whatever success the faculty may meet with in bodily distempers, they are generally baffled by distempers of the mind, I have made the latter the chief subject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profession, I have had a tolerable share of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of some extraordinary cures I have performed will furnish me with opportunies of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myself, but as an act of justice to the public, to insert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buskin, taylor, was horribly infected with the itch of stage-playing, to the grievous discomfiture of his wife, and the great detriment of nine small children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theatres to admit him for a single night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly distinguished himself; when, having secured a seat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *sinciput* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever since betaken himself quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of so choleric a temper, and so extremely apt to think himself affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the nose, and administered the proper application behind; and he is now so good-humoured, that he will take the grossest affront imaginable without shewing the least resentment.

The reverend Mr. Puff, a methodist preacher, was so extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himself into a consumption. By my interest with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reasonable income; and he now behaves himself like a regular divine of the established church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Mrs. Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that she was with child. I advised her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a husband; and she has never been troubled with any *fancies* of that kind since.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a solitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low-spirited in an easterly wind. I nailed his weather-cock to a westerly point; and at present, whichsoever way the wind blows, he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Esq; was so strongly possessed by the spirit of witticism, that he would not condescend to open his lips for any thing less than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been so deplorably dull, that he has often been silent a whole week together. I took him into my own house: instead of laughing at his jests, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better: from thinking without speaking, he began to speak without thinking; at present never says a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewise cured a lady of a longing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunstable larks; and could send you many other remarkable instances of the efficacy of my prescriptions; but these are sufficient for a specimen.

I am, &c. *Bonnel Thornton.*

§ 127. *Character of a Choice Spirit.*

Sir,

That a tradesman has no business with humour, unless perhaps in the way of his dealing; or with writing, unless in his shop-book, is a truth, which I believe nobody will dispute with me. I am so unfortunate however as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a grocer, is in danger of absolute ruin by his ambition of being a wit; and having forsaken his counter for Comus's Court, and dignified himself with the appellation of a Choice Spirit, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Instead of distributing his shop-bills as he ought, he wastes a dozen in a morning, by scribbling shreds of his nonsense upon the back of them; and a few days since affronted an alderman, his best customer, by sending him a pound of prunes wrapt up in a ballad he had just written, called, The Citizen outwitted, or a Bob for the Manfion-House.

He is likewise a regular frequenter of the play-houses, and, being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, is at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their respective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a watchman, within a mile

mile of Covent-garden, but has had his head or his lantern broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turned into his ſhop this morning, and had no ſooner ſet my foot upon the threſhold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himſelf into an attitude, as he calls it, and aſked me, in the words of ſome play that I remember to have ſeen formerly, "Whether "I was a ſpirit of health, or a goblin "damn'd?" I told him he was an undutiful young dog for daring to accoſt his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bid him ſpeak like a Chriſtian, and a reaſonable perſon. Inſtead of being ſenſible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fiſt, and pitched it upon his head again, ſaid I was a dry old fellow, and ſhould certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me: at the ſame time he thruſt a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and, as a farther inducement, aſſured me that Mr. Twiſter himſelf would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and ſo prodigiouſly droll, that though he had heard him ſing the ſame ſongs, and repeat the ſame ſtories, a thouſand times, he could ſtill attend to him with as much pleaſure as at firſt. I caſt my eye over the liſt, and can recollect the following items:

"*To all true Lovers of Fun and Jocularity.*

"Mr. Twiſter will this evening take off "a cat, worried by two bull-dogs; ditto, "making love in a gutter; the knife-"grinder and his wheel; High-Dutch "ſquabble; and a hog in a ſlaughter-"houſe."

I aſſured him, that ſo far from having any reliſh for theſe deteſtable noiſes, the more they reſembled the originals the leſs I ſhould like them; and, if I could ever be fool enough to go, ſhould at leaſt be wiſe enough to ſtop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taſte, by the elevation of his eye-brows and a ſignificant ſhrug of his ſhoulders, he thruſt his fore-finger againſt the inſide of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noiſe which very much reſembled the drawing of a cork: I found, that by this ſignal he meant to aſk me, if I choſe a whet? I gave my conſent by a ſulky kind of nod, and walked into the back-room, as much aſhamed of my nephew, as he ought to have been of himſelf. While he was gone to fetch a pint of mountain from the other ſide of the ſtreet, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment conſiſted, and have ſelected theſe, as the moſt material, from among them:

On one of the ſconces by the chimney, a ſmart grizzle bob-wig, well oiled and powdered, feather-topt, and bag-fronted.

On the oppoſite ſconce, a ſcratch.

On the window-ſeat, a Nankin waiſt-coat, bound with ſilver twiſt, without ſkirts or pockets, ſtained with red wine, and pretty much ſhrunk.

Item, A pair of buck-ſkin breeches, in one pocket a cat-call, in the other the mouth of a quart-bottle, chipt and ground into a ſmooth ring, very fit to be uſed as a ſpying-glaſs by thoſe who never want one.

Item, A red pluſh frock lapelled with ditto, one pocket ſtuffed with orange-peel, and the other with ſquare bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a ſhower.

In the corner, a walking-ſtaff, not portable.

Item, A ſmall ſwitch.

On the head of the bureau, a letter-caſe, containing a play-bill, and a quack-bill; a copy of verſes, being an encomium upon Mr. Twiſter; another of four lines, which he calls a diſtich; and a third, very much blotted and ſcratched, and yet not finiſhed, entitled, An Extempore Epigram.

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I ſat down before the fire, to deviſe, if poſſible, ſome expedient to reclaim him; when, on a ſudden, a ſound like the braying of an aſs, at my elbow, alarmed me to ſuch a degree, that I ſtarted from my ſeat in an inſtant, and, to my further aſtoniſhment, beheld my nephew, almoſt black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole force of his lungs in imitating that reſpectable animal: I was ſo exaſperated at this freſh inſtance of his folly, that I told him haſtily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I would never ſee his face again, till he ſhould think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himſelf and his family. He followed me to the door without making any reply; and, having advanced into the middle of the ſtreet, fell to clapping his ſides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmoſt vehemence; and continued his triumphant ejaculations till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodgings, I immediately

diately resolved to send you an account of his absurdities; and shall take this opportunity to inform him, that as he is bleſt with such a variety of useful talents, and so completely accomplished as a Choice Spirit, I shall not do him the injury to consider him as a tradesman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any assistance in his business. I am, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 128. *A Citizen's Family setting out for Brighthelmstone.*

Sir,

That there are many disorders peculiar to the present age, which were entirely unknown to our forefathers, will (I believe) be agreed by all physicians, especially as they find an increase of their fees from them. For instance, in the language of the advertisement, "Never were nervous disorders "more frequent:" we can hardly meet with a lady who is not *na-a-arvous* to the last degree, though our mothers and grandmothers scarce ever heard the word *Nerves:* the gentlemen too are *affected* in the same manner; and even in the country, this disorder has spread like the small-pox, and infected whole villages. I have known a farmer toss off a glass of brandy in a morning to prevent his hand shaking, while his wife has been obliged to have recourse to the same cordial with her tea, because it otherwise would make her low-spirited. But there is an epidemical disorder (that was formerly quite unknown, and even now wants a name) which seizes whole families here in town at this season of the year. As I cannot define it, I shall not pretend to describe or account for it: but one would imagine, that the people were all bit by a mad dog, as the same remedy is thought necessary. In a word, of whatever nature the complaint may be, it is imagined that nothing will remove it, but spending the summer months in some dirty fishing-town by the sea-shore; and the water is judged to be most efficacious, where there is the greatest resort of afflicted persons.

I called upon a friend the other morning, in the city, pretty early, about business, when I was surprized to see a coach and four at the door, which the 'prentice and bookkeeper were loading with trunks, portmanteaus, baskets, and band-boxes. The frontglass was screened by two round paper hatcases hung up before it; against one door was placed a guitar-case; and a red sattin cardinal, lined and edged with fur, was pinned against the other; while the extremities of an enormous hoop-petticoat rested upon each window. These preparations were undoubtedly for a journey; and when I came in, I found the family were equipped accordingly. The lady-mother was dressed in a joseph of scarlet duffil, buttoned down from the breast to the feet, with a black silk bonnet, tied down to her head with a white handkerchief: little miss (about sixteen years of age) had a blue camblet jacket, cuffed and lapelled with pink sattin, with a narrow edging of silver lace, a black beaver hat, covered on the outside with white shag, and cocked behind, with a silver button and loop, and a blue feather. The old gentleman had very little particular in his dress, as he wore his usual pompadour-coloured coat with gilt buttons; only he had added to it a scarlet cloth waistcoat, with a broad tarnished gold lace, which was made when he was chosen of the common council. Upon my entrance, I naturally asked them if they were going into the country; to which the old lady replied in the affirmative, at the same time assuring me, that she was sorry to take Mr. —— from his business, but she was obliged to it on account of her health. "Health!" says the old gentleman, "I don't understand your whim-"whams, not I: here has it cost me the "lord knows what in doctors stuff already, "without your being a pin the better for "it; and now you must lug me and all the "family to Brighthelmstone." "Why, "my dear," said the lady, "you know "Dr. —— tells me, there is nothing "will do my spirits so much good as bath-"ing in the sea." "The sea!" said the old gentleman; "why then could not you "have taken lodgings at Gravesend, where "I might have easily come in the evening, "and gone back time enough for 'Change "in the morning?" The good lady told him that he had no taste, that people of the best fashion went to Brighthelmstone, and that it was high time their girl should see a little of the world. To this miss assented, by declaring, that indeed she had been no where but to the play, and the castle-concert, since she had left the boarding-school. Both the females then asked me an hundred questions, such as, whether the sea looked green, and how much bigger it was than the Thames,—till the maid gave them notice that every thing was put up. Accordingly, I saw them into the coach; and the old lady did not forget to take the pug-dog with her, who, she declared, should go every morning into the sea, as she had been told it was good for the mange.

I can-

I cannot but agree with my city friend, that lodgings at Gravesend would answer all the common purposes of a jaunt to Brighthelmstone; for, though one pretence for visiting these places is, *going into the country*, people in fact do not leave town, but rather carry London with them. Their way of living is exactly the same as here, and their amusements not very different. They suffer themselves to be mewed up in a little dirty lodging, with not half so good a prospect, or so good an air, as in the high road at Islington or Knightsbridge. Their mornings are drauled away, with perhaps a saunter upon the beach, which commands the delightful view of half a dozen boys, and as many fishing-smacks; and if it was not for a lounge at the coffee-house, or the bookseller's, they would be at a loss how to fill up the vacant hours till dinner. The evenings would hang no less heavy on their hands, but for the ingenious contrivance of the assembly-room; where, instead of enjoying the cool temperature of the open air, they choose to swelter in a crowd, and be almost suffocated with their own breaths. Add to this the refreshing summer diversion of jigging it to the delightful music of country scrapers,—to say nothing of the calmer and less sudorific exercise of the card-table. But what is most ridiculous, is the attention paid to dress in these public retirements, where a gentleman or a lady is expected to appear as gay as at court, or at Ranelagh: consequently, as soon as you arrive at them, you have bills civilly thrust into your hands, acquainting you, that there is such an one, a milliner, and such an one, an hair-dresser, *from London*.

I am a sincere well wisher to your paper, &c.

ANTHONY FRESHWATER.

B. Thornton.

§ 129. *Character of a mighty good Kind of Man.*

Sir,

I have always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise, may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his "Dear Sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with "Dear Sir," and ends with, "I am, good Sir, your "ever sincere and affectionate friend, and "most obedient humble servant." You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "Yes," or a "True, Sir," or "You "observe very right, Sir," for every word that is said; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent with "What "you say is very just," to an opposite sentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be East, West, North, or South, South East and by East, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil, and so well-bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fire-side. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts, by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose.

purpose. This of course recommends him to mamma's esteem; and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of these good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a "How "do you do, my dear Sir?" though, I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently, crying, "Yes," together, and "Very true," "You are very right, my dear Sir;" and at last, having exhausted their favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his schoolfellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quantity in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates, or the hall at mealtimes, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts; and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad through him to know what passed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned, by the college, to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even placid turn of mind has recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

We may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise intitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man will make the attornies supply him with special pleadings or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his slow genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the medical college in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones, whimsical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has; yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond; but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shews it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's cloathing; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly

tainly to be reckoned unprofitable ſervants; and I would recommend, that this harmleſs, inoffenſive, inſipid, mighty good kind of man ſhould be married to a character of a very different ſtamp, the mighty good ſort of woman—an account of whom I ſhall give you in a day or two.

I am your humble ſervant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 130. *Character of a mighty good Sort of Woman.*

I ſuppoſe the female part of my readers are very impatient to ſee the character of a mighty good ſort of woman; and doubtleſs every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what ſort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good ſort of woman is civil without good-breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wiſhes to be thought every thing ſhe is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing ſhe really is. If you will take her word, ſhe deteſts ſcandal from her heart: yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a ſignificant ſhrug of her ſhoulders, and ſhake of her head, ſhe confeſſes, "It is too true, and the whole town "ſays the ſame thing." She is the moſt compaſſionate creature living, and is ever *pitying* one perſon, and *ſorry* for another. She is a great dealer in *buts*, and *ifs*, and half ſentences, and does more miſchief with a *may be*, and *I'll ſay no more*, than ſhe could do by ſpeaking out. She confirms the truth of any ſtory more by her fears and doubts, than if ſhe had given proof poſitive; though ſhe always concludes with a "Let "us hope otherwiſe."

One principal buſineſs of a mighty good ſort of woman is the regulation of families; and ſhe extends a viſitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which ſhe is ſure to foment and increaſe by pretending to ſettle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to ſide with one againſt the other. She has a moſt penetrating and diſcerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their ſecrets, that ſhe may reveal them. If a man happens to ſtay out too late in the evening, ſhe is ſure to rate him handſomely the next time ſhe ſees him, and takes ſpecial care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad huſband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, ſhe will keep the poor huſband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has alſo the entire diſpoſal of the children in her own hands, and can diſinherit them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a ſtate of celibacy, juſt as ſhe pleaſes: ſhe fixes the lad's pocket-money at ſchool, and allowance at the univerſity; and has ſent many an untoward boy to ſea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refuſal depends ſolely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a profeſſed rake, another a fly ſinner; and ſhe frequently tells the girl, "'Tis "time enough to marry yet," till at laſt there is nobody will have her. But the moſt favourite occupation of a mighty good ſort of woman is, the ſuperintendance of the ſervants: ſhe proteſts, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are ſluts, and good-for-nothing huſſies. In her own family ſhe takes care to ſeparate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the houſe; theſe are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roofting-place in the kitchen, or is ſtuffed into the turn-up ſeat in the paſſage, cloſe to the ſtreet-door. She riſes at five in the ſummer, and at daylight in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the maſters and miſtreſſes, wherever ſhe ſees, or rather imagines, this to be practiſed. She has cauſed many a man-ſervant to loſe his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for *dreſſing at the men*, as ſhe calls it, looking out at the window, or ſtanding at the ſtreet-door, in a ſummer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-ſiſters, all mighty good ſort of women, who, to prevent any ill conſequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the riſk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother, or a male couſin, be ſuffered to viſit them.

A diſtinguiſhing mark of a mighty good ſort of woman is, her extraordinary pretenſions to religion: ſhe never miſſes church twice a-day, in order to take note of thoſe who are abſent; and ſhe is always lamenting the decay of piety in theſe days. With ſome of them, the good Dr. Whitefield, or

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the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths: and they look upon the whole bench of biſhops to be very Jews in compariſon of theſe ſaints. The mighty good ſort of woman is alſo very charitable in outward appearance; for, though ſhe would not relieve a family in the utmoſt diſtreſs, ſhe deals out her halfpence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and ſhe is eternally ſoliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though ſhe herſelf will not give ſix pence to any one of them. An univerſal benevolence is another characteriſtic of a mighty good ſort of woman, which renders her (as ſtrange as it may ſeem) of a moſt unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, ſhe bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradeſman has diſobliged her, the honeſteſt man in all the world becomes the moſt arrant rogue; and ſhe cannot reſt till ſhe has perſuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herſelf. Every one is with her "The beſt creature in the univerſe," while they are intimate; but upon any ſlight difference——"Oh—ſhe "was vaſtly miſtaken in the perſons;—ſhe "thought them good ſort of bodies—— "but—ſhe has done with them;—other "people will find them out as well as her- "ſelf:——that's all the harm ſhe wiſhes "them."——

As the mighty good ſort of women differ from each other, according to their age and ſituation in life, I ſhall endeavour to point out their ſeveral marks, by which we may diſtinguiſh them. And firſt, for the moſt common character:—If ſhe happens to be of that neutral ſex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal geſture, and the ſee-ſaw motion of her head in converſation. Though a moſt rigid Proteſtant, her religion ſavours very much of the Roman Catholic, as ſhe holds that almoſt every one muſt be damned except herſelf. But the leaven that runs moſtly through her whole compoſition, is a deteſtation of that odious creature, man, whom ſhe affects to loath as much as ſome people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation ſhe cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it muſt be ſuppoſed, that ſhe can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the mighty good ſort of body is young and unmarried, beſides the uſual tokens, you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her ſiſters, ſnapping her father, and over-ruling her mother, though it is ten to one ſhe is the favourite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a mighty diſcreet kind of body; and as ſhe affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls, her ſiſters, are not married before her, which ſhe would look upon as the greateſt mortification that could happen to her. Among the mighty good ſort of women in wedlock, we muſt not reckon the tame domeſtic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her houſe, and be obliging to her huſband. On the contrary, ſhe is negligent of her home-affairs, and ſtudies to recommend herſelf more abroad than in her own houſe. If ſhe pays a regular round of viſits, if ſhe behaves decently at the card-table, if ſhe is ready to come into any party of pleaſure, if ſhe pays no regard to her huſband, and puts her children out to nurſe, ſhe is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but ſhe is——a mighty good ſort of woman.

As I diſpoſed of the mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I ſhould find out a proper match alſo for the mighty good ſort of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if ſhe is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character ſhe loves beſt at her heart:—or, if ſhe is mighty young, mighty handſome, mighty rich, as well as a mighty good ſort of woman, I will marry her myſelf, as I am unfortunately a batchelor.

Your very humble ſervant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 131. *On the affected Strangeneſs of ſome Men of Quality.*

Sir,

As you are a mighty good kind of man, and ſeem willing to ſet your preſs to any ſubject whereby the vices or follies of your countrymen may be corrected or amended, I beg leave to offer you the following remarks on the extraordinary, yet common, behaviour of ſome part of our nobility towards their ſometimes intimate, though inferior acquaintance.

It is no leſs common than extraordinary, to meet a nobleman in London, who ſtares you full in the face, and ſeems quite a ſtranger to it; with whom you have ſpent the preceding ſummer at Harwich or Brighthelmſtone; with whom you have often dined; who has often ſingled you out, and taken you under his arm to accompany him with a *tête à tête* walk; who has accoſted you, all the ſummer, by your ſurname, but, in the winter, does not remember either your name, or any feature in your face.

I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the pain ſuch right honourable behaviour, at firſt meeting, gives to a man of ſenſibility and

ſentiment,

ſentiment, nor the contempt he muſt conceive for ſuch ennobled beings. Another claſs of theſe right honourable intimates are indeed ſo far condeſcending, as to ſubmit to own you a little, if it be in a corner of the ſtreet; or even in the Park, if it be at a diſtance from any real good company. Their porters will even let you into their houſes, if my lord has no company; and they themſelves will receive you very civilly, but will ſhun you a few hours after, at court, as a pick-pocket (though you be a man of good ſenſe, good family, and good character) for having no other blemiſh than that your modeſty or diffidence perhaps has occaſioned your being a long time in the army, without attaining the rank of a general, or at the law, without being called within the bar. I could recite many inſtances of this kind of polite high-breeding, that every man of little ſtation, who has been a quality broker, has often experienced; but I ſhall wave that, and conclude by ſhewing you, how certainly to avoid ſuch contempt, and even decoy his lordſhip out of his walk to take notice of you, who would not have known you had you continued in his.

The method is this: ſuppoſe we ſee my lord coming towards Spring-garden, under Marlborough garden-walk; inſtead of meeting him, approach ſo near only, that you are certain, from the convexity of his eye (for they are all very near-ſighted) that he ſees you, and that he is certain you ſee and know him. This done, walk deliberately to the other ſide of the Mall, and, my life for it, his lordſhip either trots over to you, or calls you, by your ſurname, to him. His pride is alarmed; he cannot conceive the reaſon, why one, he has all along conſidered would be proud of the leaſt mark of his countenance, ſhould avoid taking an even chance for ſo great an honour as a bow or a nod.—But I would not be underſtood, that his lordſhip is not much offended at you, though he make you a viſit the next day, and never did before, in order to drop you for ever after, leſt you ſhould him. This is not conjecture, but what I have often put in practice with ſucceſs, if any ſucceſs it is to be ſo noticed; and as a further proof of it, I do aſſure you, I had once the honour of being ſometimes known to, and by, ſeveral lords, and loſt all their friendſhip, becauſe I would not let them know me at one time very intimately, at another, not at all—for which loſs I do not at all find myſelf the worſe.

I am your humble ſervant,

B. Thornton.

§ 132. *On the Arrogance of younger Brothers of Quality.*

Sir,

Though it is commonly ſaid, that pride and contempt for inferiors are ſtrongly implanted in the breaſts of our nobility, it muſt be allowed, that their politeneſs and good-breeding render it, in general, imperceptible; and, as one may well ſay,

He that has pride, not ſhewing that he's proud,
Let me not know it, he's not proud at all,

one may alſo affirm, with truth, of the Britiſh nobility, that he who has no pride at all cannot ſhew leſs than they do. They treat the meaneſt ſubject with the greateſt affability, and take pains to make every perſon they converſe with forget the diſtance that there is between him and them.

As the younger brothers, and other near relations of the nobility, have the ſame education, and the ſame examples ever before their eyes, one might expect to ſee in them the ſame affable behaviour, the ſame politeneſs. But, ſtrange as it is, nothing is more different than the behaviour of my lord, and my lord's brother. The latter you generally ſee proud, inſolent, and overbearing, as if he poſſeſſed all the wealth and hónour of the family. One might imagine from his behaviour, that the pride of the family, like the eſtates in ſome boroughs, always deſcended to the younger brother. I have known one of theſe young noblemen, with no other fortune than this younger brother's inheritance, above marrying a rich merchant's daughter, becauſe he would not diſgrace himſelf with a plebeian alliance; and rather chooſe to give his hand to a lady Betty, or a lady Charlotte, with nothing but her title for her portion.

I know a younger brother in a noble family, who, twelve years ago, was ſo regardleſs of his birth, as to deſire my lord his father to ſend him to a merchant's counting-houſe for his education; but, though he has now one of the beſt houſes of buſineſs of any in Leghorn, and is already able to buy his father's eſtate, his brothers and ſiſters will not acknowledge him as a relation, and do not ſcruple to deny his being their brother, at the expence of their lady-mother's reputation.

It always raiſes my mirth to hear with what contempt theſe younger brothers of quality ſpeak of perſons in the three learned profeſſions, even thoſe at the top of each. The bench of biſhops are never diſtinguiſhed by them with any higher appellation, than —thoſe parſons: and when they ſpeak of the

the judges, and thoſe who hold the firſt places in the courts of juſtice, to a gentleman at the bar, they ſay—your lawyers: and the doctors Heberden, Addington, and Aſkew, are, in their genteel dialect, called —theſe phyſical people. Trade is ſuch a diſgrace, that there is no difference with them between the higheſt and loweſt that are concerned in it; they rank the greateſt merchants among common tradeſmen, as they can ſee no difference between a counting-houſe and a chandler's ſhop. They think the run of their father's or their brother's kitchen a more genteel means of ſubſiſtence than what is afforded by any calling or occupation whatſoever, except the army or the navy; as if nobody was deſerving enough of the honour to cut a Frenchman's throat, but perſons of the firſt rank and diſtinction.

As I live ſo far from the polite end of the town as Bedford-row, I undergo much decent raillery on that account, whenever I have the honour of a viſit from one of theſe younger brothers of quality: he wonders who makes my wigs, my cloaths, and my liveries: he praiſes the furniture of my houſe, and allows my equipage to be handſome; but declares he diſcovers more of expence than taſte in either: he can diſcover that Hallet is not my upholſterer, and that my chariot was not made by Butler: in ſhort, I find he thinks one might as well compare the Banquetting-houſe at Whitehall with the Manſion-houſe for elegance, as to look for that in Bedford-row, which can only be found about St. James's. He will not touch any thing at my table but a piece of mutton: he is ſo cloyed with made diſhes, that a plain joint is a rarity: my claret too, though it comes from Meſſ. Brown and Whitefoord, and no otherwiſe differs from my lord's than in being bought for ready money, is put by for my port. Though he politely hobs or nobs with my wife, he does it as if I had married my cook; and ſhe is further mortified with ſeeing her carpet treated with as little ceremony as if it was an oil-cloth. If, after dinner, one of her damaſk chairs has the honour of his lordly breech, another is indulged with the favour of raiſing his leg. To any gentleman who drinks to this man of faſhion, he is his moſt obedient humble ſervant, without bending his body, or looking to ſee who does him this honour. If any perſon, even under the degree of a knight, ſpeaks to him, he will condeſcend to ſay Yes or No; but he is as likely as Sir Francis Wronghead to ſay the one when he ſhould ſay the other. If I preſume to talk about any change in the miniſtry before him, he diſcovers great ſurpriſe at my ignorance, and wonders that we, at this end of the town, ſhould differ ſo much from the people about Groſvenor-ſquare. We are abſolutely, according to him, as little alike as if we were not of the ſame ſpecies; and I find, it is as much impoſſible for us to know what paſſes at court, as if we lived at Rotherhithe or Wapping. I have very frequent opportunities of contemplating the different treatment I receive from him and his elder brother. My lord, from whom I have received many favours, behaves to me as if he was the perſon obliged; while his lordſhip's brother, who has conferred no favour on me but borrowing my money, which he never intends to pay, behaves as if he was the creditor, and the debt was a forlorn one.

The inſolence which is ſo much complained of among noblemen's ſervants, is not difficult to account for: ignorance, idleneſs, high-living, and a conſciouſneſs of the dignity of the noble perſon they ſerve, added to the example of my lord's brother, whom they find no leſs dependent in the family than themſelves, will naturally make them arrogant and proud. But this conduct in the younger brother muſt for ever remain unaccountable. I have been endeavouring to ſolve this phenomenon to myſelf, ever ſince the following occurrence happened to me.

When I came to ſettle in town, about five-and-twenty years ago, I was ſtrongly recommended to a noble peer, who promiſed to aſſiſt me. On my arrival, I waited upon his lordſhip, and was told by the porter, with an air of great indifference, that he was not at home; and I was very near receiving the door in my face, when I was going to acquaint this civil perſon, that I had a letter in my pocket for his lord: upon my producing it, he ſaid I might leave it; and immediately ſnatched it from me. I called again the next day, and found, to my great ſurpriſe, a ſomewhat better reception from my friend the porter, who immediately, as I heard afterwards, by order from his lord, introduced me into the library. When I entered, I ſaw a gentleman in an armed chair reading a pamphlet, whom, as I did not know him, I took for my lord himſelf, eſpecially as he did not riſe from his chair, or ſo much as offer to look towards me, on my entering, I immediately addreſſed myſelf to him with—"My lord"—but was inſtantly told by him, without taking his eyes from the pamphlet, that his brother was dreſſing: he read on, and left me to contemplate the ſituation I was in, that if I had been treated with ſo much

much contempt from the porter and my lord's brother, what muſt I expect from my noble patron? While I was thus reflecting, in comes a gentleman, running up to me, and, taking me cordially by the hand, ſaid, he was heartily glad to ſee me. I was greatly diſtreſſed to know how to behave. I could not imagine this to be his lordſhip who was ſo affable and courteous, and I could not ſuppoſe it was any body who meant to inſult me. My anxiety was removed by his pulling out the letter I had left, and ſaying, "He was very happy that "it was in his power to comply with the "contents of it;" at the ſame time introducing me to his brother, as a gentleman he was happy to know. This younger brother aroſe from his chair with great indifference; and, taking me coolly by the hand, ſaid, "He ſhould be proud of ſo valuable an acquaintance;" and, reſuming his ſeat, proceeded to finiſh his pamphlet. Upon taking leave, my lord renewed his former declaration; but his brother was too intent on his reading to obſerve the bow made to him by the valuable acquaintance he a few minutes before profeſſed himſelf ſo proud of.

I am not ignorant, however, that there are many younger brothers to peers, who acknowledge, with much concern, the truth of what has been ſaid, and are ready to allow, that, in too many families of diſtinction, the younger brother is not the finer gentleman.

I am your humble ſervant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 133. *Perſons of Quality proved to be Traders.*

I always reflect with pleaſure, that ſtrong as the fondneſs of imitating the French has been among people of faſhion, they have not yet introduced among us their contempt for trade. A French marquis, who has nothing to boaſt of but his high birth, would ſcorn to take a merchant's daughter by the hand in wedlock, though her father ſhould be as rich as the Buffy of the Eaſt Indies; as if a Frenchman was only to be valued, like a black-pudding, for the goodneſs of his blood; while our nobility not only go into the city for a wife, but ſend their younger ſons to a merchant's counting-houſe for education. But, I confeſs, I never conſidered, till very lately, how far they have, from time to time departed from this French folly in their eſteem for trade; and I find, that the greateſt part of our nobility may be properly deemed merchants, if not traders, and even ſhopkeepers.

In the firſt place, we may conſider many of our nobility in the ſame light as Beaver or Henſon, or any other keepers of repoſitories. The breeding of running-horſes is become a favourite traffic among them; and we know how very largely perſons of the firſt faſhion deal this way, and what great addition they make to their yearly income by winning plates and matches, and then ſelling the horſe for a prodigious ſum. What advantages muſt accrue to them, if they have a mare of blood to breed from! But what a treaſure have they if they are poſſeſſed of the ſtallion in faſhion! I can therefore ſee no difference between this occupation of my lord and that of any Yorkſhire dealer whatſoever: and if his lordſhip is not always ſo ſucceſsful in his trade as the jockey of the North, it is not becauſe he does not equally hold it fair to cheat his own brother in horſe-fleſh. If a duke rides his own horſes on the courſe, he does not, in my judgment, differ from any other jockey on the turf; and I think it the ſame thing, whether a man gets money by keeping a ſtallion, or whether he gets it by keeping a bull or a boar for the pariſh.

We know of many perſons of quality whoſe paſſion for trade has made them dealers in fighting-cocks; and I heard one declare to me lately, that there was no truſting to ſervants in that buſineſs; that he ſhould make nothing of it, if he did not look after the cocks himſelf; and that, for a month before he is to fight a match, he always takes care of and feeds them himſelf; and for that purpoſe (ſtrange as it may ſeem) he lies in a little room cloſe by them every night. I cannot but admire this induſtry, which can make my noble friend quit his lady's bed, while tradeſmen of a lower rank neglect their buſineſs for the charms of a kept miſtreſs. But it muſt be allowed, that theſe dealers in live fowl are to be conſidered as poulterers, as well as thoſe who ſell the deer of their park are to be ranked among the butchers in Clare-market; though the latter endeavour artfully to avoid this, by ſelling their veniſon to paſtry-cooks and fiſhmongers.

What ſhall we ſay of thoſe who ſend veniſon, hares, pheaſants, partridges, and all other game, to their poulterer and fiſhmonger in London, to receive an equivalent in poultry and fiſh in winter, when they are in town?—Though theſe ſportſmen do not truck their commodities for money, they are nothing leſs than higlers and huckſters, dealers and chapmen, in the proper ſenſe of the words; for an exchange was never denied to be a ſale, though it is affirmed to be no robbery.

I come

I come now to the consideration of those who deal in a much larger and more extensive way, and are properly stiled merchants, while those already mentioned are little more than traders in the retailing business: what immense sums are received by those electioneering merchants, whose fortunes and influence in many counties and boroughs enable them to procure a seat in parliament for any that will pay for it! How profitable has nursing the estates of extravagant persons of distinction proved to many a right honourable friend! I do not mean from his shewing himself a true steward, but from the weight and interest he has got by it at a general election. What Jew deals larger than many of our nobility in the stocks and in lottery tickets? And, perhaps, one should not find more bulls and bears at Jonathan's than at Arthur's. If you cannot, at this last place, insure your house from fire, or a ship from the danger of the seas, or the French, you may get largely underwrit on lives, and insure your own against that of your mother or grandmother for any sum whatsoever. There are those who deal as greatly in this practice of putting one life against another as any underwriter in the city of London: and, indeed, the end of insuring is less answered by the latter than the former; for the prudent citizen will not set his name to any policy, where the person to be insured is not in perfect health; while the merchants at St. James's, who insure by means of bets instead of policies, will pay you any sum whatsoever, if a man dies that is run through the body, shot through the head, or has tumbled off his chair in an apoplexy; for as there are persons who will lay on either side, he who wants to insure need only choose that which answers his purpose. And as to the dealings of these merchants of fashion in annuities upon lives, we often hear that one sells his whole estate, for his life, to another; and there is no other form of conveyance used between the buyer and seller, than by shuffling a pack of cards, or throwing a pair of dice: but I cannot look upon this sort of traffic in any other light than that, when a condemned felon sells his own body to a surgeon to be anatomised.

After all, there is no branch of trade that is usually extended so far, and has such a variety in i, as gaming; whether we consider it as carried on by cards, dice, horse-racing, pitting, betting, &c. &c. &c. These merchants deal in very various commodities, and do not seem to be very anxious in general about any difference in value, when they are striking a bargain: for, though some expect ready money for ready money when they play, as they would blood for blood in a duel, many, very many, part with their ready money to those who deal upon trust, nay oftentimes to those who are known to be incapable of paying. Sometimes I have seen a gentleman bet his gold with a lady who has earrings, bracelets, and other diamonds to answer her stake: but I have much oftener seen a lady play against a roll of guineas, with nothing but her virtue to part with to preserve her honour if she lost. The markets, in which the multiplicity of business of this kind is transacted, are very many, and are chiefly appropriated to that end and no other, such as routs, assemblies, Arthur's, Newmarket, and the courses in every county. Where these merchants trade in ready money only, or in bank-notes, I consider them as bankers of quality; where, in ready money against trust, and notes of hand of persons that are but little able to pay, they must be broken merchants: and whoever plays with money against a lady's jewels, should, in my mind, hang out the Three Blue Balls in a private alley; and the lady who stakes her virtue for gold, should take the house of a late venerable matron in the Piazza, to carry on her trade in that place.

But it is with pleasure I see our merchants of quality neglecting several branches of trade that have been carried on with success, and in which great fortunes have been raised in former times by some of their ancestors. What immense sums have, we know, been got by some great men in the smuggling trade! And we have heard of large profits being made by the sale of commissions in the army and navy; by procuring places and pensions; and vast sums received for quartering a lord's sister, nephew, or natural son on any one who holds a profitable post under the government. Smuggling, surely, should be left to our good friends on the shores of Kent and Sussex; and I think, he who sells commissions in the navy or army, the free-gifts of the prince, should suffer like a deserter, or be keel-hauled to death under a first-rate man of war; and he who, like a Turkish vizier, levies contributions on those who hold posts and places under his master, should, like him, be squeezed in his turn, till the sponge is dry, and then bow-stringed for the good of the people.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 134.

§ 134. *On Pedantry.*

Sir,

To display the leaſt ſymptom of learning, or to ſeem to know more than your footman, is become an offence againſt the rules of politeneſs, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very ſound of a Roman or a Grecian name, or a hard name, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to diſconcert the temper of a dozen counteſſes, and to ſtrike a whole aſſembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This ſqueamiſhneſs of theirs is owing to their averſion to pedantry, which they underſtand to be a ſort of muſtineſs, that can only be contracted in a recluſe and a ſtudious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a ſtrong attachment to a particular ſubject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerneſs to introduce that ſubject upon all occaſions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it, without either wit or diſcretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itſelf may boaſt of producing as arrant pedants as were ever ſent forth from a college.

I know a woman of faſhion, who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who obſerves, from morning to noon, that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night, that it ſpits, that it miſles, that it is ſet in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other diſcourſe, is as inſipid a companion, and juſt as pedantic, as he who quotes Ariſtole over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman, of my acquaintance, is a conſtant attendant upon parliamentary buſineſs, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the ſpeeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his elocution, that ſerves him inſtead of an emphaſis. By thoſe means he has acquired the reputation of having a deal to ſay for himſelf; but as it conſiſts entirely of what others have ſaid for themſelves before him, and if he ſhould be deaf during the ſeſſions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I muſt needs ſet him down for a pedant.

But the moſt troubleſome, as well as moſt dangerous character of this ſort, that I am ſo unhappy as to be connected with, is a ſtripling, who ſpends his whole life in a fencing-ſchool. This athletic young pedant is, indeed, a moſt formidable creature; his whole converſation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce*; if you meet him in the ſtreet, he ſalutes you in the gymnaſtic manner, throws himſelf back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your ſtomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midſt of a diſcourſe upon politics, he ſtarts from the table on a ſudden, and ſplits himſelf into a monſtrous lounge againſt the wainſcot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, inſiſts upon teaching you his murthering thruſt, and if, in the courſe of his inſtructions, he puſhes out an eye or a fore-tooth, he tells you, that you *flapp'd your point*, or *dropp'd your wriſt*, and imputes all the miſchief to the aukwardneſs of his pupil.

The muſical pedant, who, inſtead of attending to the diſcourſe, diverts himſelf with humming an air, or, if he ſpeaks, expreſſes himſelf in the language of the orcheſtra; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge, but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of ſilks and flounces; and the coffee-houſe pedant, whoſe whole erudition lies within the margin of a newſpaper, are nuiſances ſo extremely common, that it is almoſt unneceſſary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they ſhelter themſelves under the faſhionableneſs of their foible, and, with all the properties of the character, generally eſcape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deſerve our cenſure more than the mereſt book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is uſually confined to his ſtudy, and having but little pleaſure in converſing with men of the world, does not often intrude himſelf into their company: theſe unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where; they have nothing to do, but to run about and be troubleſome, and are univerſally the bane of agreeable converſation. I am, Sir, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 135. *A Sunday in the Country.*

Sir, Aug. 8, 1761.

As life is ſo ſhort, you will agree with me, that we cannot afford to loſe any of that precious time, every moment of which ſhould be employed in ſuch gratifications as are ſuitable to our ſtations and diſpoſitions. For this reaſon, we cannot but lament, that the year ſhould be curtailed of almoſt a ſeventh part, and that, out of three hundred and ſixty-five days, fifty-two of them ſhould be allotted, with reſpect to many per-

ſons, to dullneſs and inſipidity. You will eaſily conceive that, by what I have ſaid, I allude to that enemy to all mirth and gaiety, Sunday, whoſe impertinent intruſion puts a check on our amuſements, and caſts a gloom over our cheerful thoughts. Perſons, indeed, of high faſhion regard it no more than the other part of the week, and would no more be reſtrained from their pleaſures on this day, than they would keep faſt on a faſt-day; but others, who have the ſame taſte and ſpirit, though leſs fortunes, are conſtrained, in order to ſave appearances, to debar themſelves of every amuſement, except that of going to church, which they can only enjoy in common with the vulgar. The vulgar, it is true, have the happy privilege of converting this holy-day into a day of extraordinary feſtivity; and the mechanic is allowed to get drunk on this day, if on no other, becauſe he has nothing elſe to do. It is true, that the citizen on this day gets looſe from his counter, to which he had been faſtened all the reſt of the week, like a bad ſhilling, and riots in the luxuries of Iſlington or Mile-end. But what ſhall be ſaid of thoſe, who have no buſineſs to follow, but the bent of their inclinations? on whoſe hands, indeed, all the days of their life would hang as heavy as Sundays, if they were not enlivened by the dear variety of amuſements and diverſions. How can a woman of any ſpirit paſs her time on this diſmal day, when the play-houſes, and Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, are ſhut, and no places of public meeting are open, but the churches? I talk not of thoſe in higher life, who are ſo much above the world, that they are out of the reach of its cenſures; I mean thoſe who are confined in a narrower ſphere, ſo as to be obliged to pay ſome regard to reputation. But if people in town have reaſon to complain of this weekly bar put upon their pleaſures, how unhappy muſt they be, who are immured in the old manſion-houſe in the country, and cloiſtered up (as it were) in a nunnery? This is my hard caſe: my aunt, who is a woman of the laſt age, took me down with her this ſummer to her houſe in Northamptonſhire; nor ſhall I be releaſed from my priſon, till the time of the coronation, which will be as joyful to me, as the act of grace to an inſolvent debtor. My time, however, is ſpent agreeably enough, as far as any thing can be agreeable in the country, as we live in a good neighbourhood, ſee a good deal of company, pay a good many viſits, and near enough to Aſtrop-Wells for me to play at cards at all the public breakfaſtings, and to dance at the aſſemblies. But, as I told you, my aunt is an old-faſhioned lady, and has got queer notions of I know not what. I dread nothing ſo much as the coming round of Sunday, which is ſure to prove, to me at leaſt, a day of penance and mortification. In the morning we are dragged, in the old family coach, to the pariſh-church, not a ſtone's throw off the houſe, for grandeur-ſake; and, though I dreſs me ever ſo gay, the ignorant bumkins take no more notice of me, than they do of my aunt, who is muffled up to the chin. At dinner we never ſee a creature but the parſon, who never fails coming for his cuſtomary fee of roaſt-beef and plumb-pudding; in the afternoon the ſame dull work of church-going is repeated; and the evening is as melancholy as it is to a criminal, who is to be executed the next morning. When I firſt came down, I propoſed playing a game at whiſt, and invited the doctor to make a fourth; but my aunt looked upon the very mention of it as an abomination. I thought there could be no harm in a little innocent muſic; and therefore, one morning, while ſhe was getting ready for church, I began to tune my guitar, the ſound of which quickly brought her down ſtairs, and ſhe vowed ſhe would break it all to pieces, if I was ſo wicked as to touch it; though I offered to compromiſe the matter with her, by playing nothing but pſalm-tunes to pleaſe her. I hate reading any thing, but eſpecially good books, as my aunt calls them, which are dull at any time, but much duller on a Sunday; yet my aunt wonders I will not employ myſelf, when I have nothing to do, in reading Nelſon on the Feaſts and Faſts, or a chapter in the Bible. You muſt know, that the day I write this is Sunday; and it happens to be ſo very rainy, that my aunt is afraid to venture her ſelf in the damp church, for fear of encreaſing her rheumatiſm; ſhe has therefore put on her ſpectacles, ordered the great family-bible into the hall, and is going to read prayers herſelf to the ſervants. I excuſed myſelf from being preſent, by pretending an head-ach, and ſtole into my cloſet, in order to divert myſelf in writing to you. How I ſhall be able to go through the reſt of the day, I know not; as the rain, I believe, will not ſuffer us to ſtir out, and we ſhall ſit moping and yawning at one another, and looking ſtupidly at the rain ou of the Gothic window in the little parlour, like the clean and unclean beaſts in Noah's ark. It is ſaid, that the gloomy weather in Novem-

November induces Engliſhmen commonly to make away with themſelves; and, indeed, conſidering the weather, and all together, I believe I ſhall be tempted to drown myſelf at once in the pond before the door, or fairly tuck myſelf up in my own garters.

I am your very humble ſervant,

DOROTHY THURSDAY.

B. Thornton.

§ 136. *On the Militia.*

Sir, Aug. 9, 1761.

The weather here in England is as unſettled and variable as the tempers of the people; nor can you judge, from the appearance of the ſky, whether it will rain or hold up for a moment together, any more than you can tell by the face of a man, whether he will lour in a frown, or clear up in a ſmile. An unexpected ſhower has obliged me to turn into the firſt inn; and I think I may e'en as well paſs my time in writing for your paper, eſpecially as I have nothing elſe to do, having examined all the prints in the room, read over all the rhymes, and admired all the *Dear Miſſes* and *Charming Miſſes* on the window-panes.

As I had the honour to pay my ſhilling at the ordinary in this town, with ſome of the officers of the militia, I am enabled to ſend you a few thoughts on that ſubject. With reſpect to the common men, it will be ſufficient to obſerve, that in many military practices, no body of regulars can poſſibly exceed them. Their proweſs in marauding is unqueſtionable; as they are ſure to take priſoners, whatever ſtragglers they meet with on their march, ſuch as geeſe, turkies, chickens, &c. and have been often known to make a perfect deſert of a farmer's yard. By the bye, it is poſſibly on this account, that a turkey bears ſo great an antipathy to the colour of red. Theſe fellows are, indeed, ſo intrepid, that they will attack any convoy of proviſions that falls in their way; and my landlord aſſures me, that as ſoon as they come into a town, they immediately lay cloſe ſiege to the pantry and kitchen, which they commonly take by ſtorm, and never give any quarter; as alſo, that they are excellent miners, in working their way into the cellar.

I little imagined that I ſhould have met with my old univerſity acquaintance, *Jack Five Bar* in this part of the country, as I could not but think we had been at leaſt two hundred miles aſunder. Indeed I did not know him at his firſt accoſting me, as he approached ſlowly to me, with a diſtantly familiar air, and a ſliding bow forward, and a "Sir, your moſt humble ſervant," inſtead of ſpringing upon me like a grey-hound, and clapping me on the ſhoulder like a bailiff, ſqueezing my four fingers in his rough palm, like a nut-cracker, and then whirling my arm to and fro, like the handle of a great pump, with a blunt "How doſt do?—I am "glad to ſee thee"—and an hearty *Damme* at the beginning and end of it. Jack, you muſt know, by being a militia captain, is become a fine gentleman; ſo fine a one indeed, that he affects to deſpiſe what he never knew, and aſked me, if I had not, as well as himſelf, forgot all my *Greek*.

It is true, that my friend Jack (I beg his honour's pardon, I ſhould ſay captain) has had the advantage of an Oxford education; and therefore it is not wonderful, that he has been worked, kneaded, moulded, fine-drawn, and poliſhed into a better kind of pipe-makers clay than the clods of which ſome of his brother officers were compoſed. Yet theſe, I found, had in ſome meaſure caſt their ſlough, and put on the martial gentility with the dreſs: ſuch are the ſurpriſing effects of a red coat, that it immediately dubs a man a gentleman; as, for inſtance, every private man in his majeſty's foot-guards is dignified with the title of gentleman-ſoldier.

To the honour of the militia be it ſpoken, their officers have made noble advances in the military arts, and are become as great proficients in them as any of the regulars; I mean thoſe arts particularly, which will render them an ornament to their country, in the time of peace. Firſt then, with reſpect to dreſs and politeneſs of behaviour. The red coat, the cockade, the ſhoulder-knot, and the ſword, have metamorphoſed our plain country 'ſquires into as arrant beaus as any on the parade. The ſhort jerkin, ſtriped waiſtcoat, leather-breeches, and livery of the hunt, are exchanged for an elegant laced uniform; the bob-wig has ſprouted to a queue; the boots are caſt off for ſilk-ſtockings and turned pumps; and the long whip has given place to a gold-hilted ſword, with a flaming ſword-knot. They have reconciled themſelves to ruffles, and can make a bow, and come into a room with a good grace. With theſe accompliſhments, our bumkins have been enabled to ſhine at country aſſemblies; though it muſt be confeſſed, that theſe grown gentlemen ſtand ſomewhat in need of Mr. Duke's inſtructions. Some of them have alſo carried their politeneſs ſo far as to

decide a point of honour with their ſwords; and at the laſt town I paſſed through, I was told, there had been a duel between a militia officer and the ſurgeon of the place, when the former being pricked in the ſword-arm, his antagoniſt directly pulled out his ſalve-box, and kindly dreſſed the wound upon the field of battle.

Another neceſſary qualification of a ſoldier is, curſing and ſwearing; in which exerciſe, I aſſure you, our militia gentry are very expert. It is true, they had had ſome practice in it before they left their native fields, but were not diſciplined in diſcharging their oaths with right military grace. A common fellow may ſwear indeed like a trooper, as any one may let off a gun, or puſh with a ſword; but to do it with a good air, is to be learned only in a camp. This practice, I ſuppoſe, was introduced among our regiments, and tolerated by the chaplains, that it might familiarize them to the moſt ſhocking circumſtances: for, after they have intrepidly damned one another's eyes, limbs, blood, bodies, ſouls, and even their own, they muſt certainly be fearleſs of any harm that can happen to them.

Drinking is another abſolute requiſite in the character of a good officer; and in this our militia are not at all deficient. Indeed they are kept to ſuch conſtant duty in this exerciſe, that they cannot fail of being very expert at it. No veterans in the ſervice can charge their glaſſes in better order, or diſcharge them more regularly at the word of command. By the way, this is the only duty that is expected from the chaplain; and he is commonly as ready to perform it as any of the corps.

Intrigue is as eſſential to a ſoldier as his regimentals; you will therefore imagine the militia do not fall ſhort of the regulars in this military accompliſhment. Every woman is regarded by them as lawful plunder; ſome they beſiege by ſecret ſap and undermining, and ſome they take by aſſault. It has been frequently a practice in the moſt civilized armies, whenever they ſtorm a town, not only to cut the throats of the men, but to raviſh the women; and it is from this example, I ſuppoſe, that our officers think it an indiſpenſable branch of their duty, to debauch the wives and liſters of the inhabitants, wherever they are quartered; or perhaps, conſidering the great loſs of men we have ſuſtained by ſea and land, they are deſirous of filling up the chaſm, and providing recruits for a future war.

The laſt circumſtance which I ſhall mention, as highly neceſſary in an officer, is the ſpirit of gaming. The militia-officer was undoubtedly poſſeſſed of this ſpirit in ſome degree before, and would back his own horſes on the turf, or his own cocks in a main, or bye-battle; but he never thought of riſking his whole patrimony on a ſingle card, or the turn of a die. Some of them have ſuffered more by a peaceful ſummer's campaign, than if their eſtates had been overrun, pillaged, and laid waſte by the invader: and what does it ſignify, whether the timber is cut down and deſtroyed by the enemy, or ſold to ſatisfy a debt of honour to a ſharper?

But—the rain is over, and I am glad of it—as I was growing ſerious, contrary to my uſual humour. I have ordered my horſe out—and have ſome miles to ride—ſo no more at preſent from

Your conſtant correſpondent, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 137. *On going to Bath, Tunbridge, and other Watering-places, in the Summer.*

Nunc eſt bibendum. Sadlers-Wells.

It has long been a doubt with me, whether his majeſty loſes more ſubjects in the year by water or by ſpirituous liquors: I mean, I cannot determine within myſelf, whether Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, &c. &c. &c. do leſs harm to the conſtitutions of my fellow-creatures, than brandy, gin, or even Britiſh ſpirits. I own, nothing gives me more ſurpriſe in the practice of the learned in Warwick-lane, than their almoſt unanimouſly concurring in ducking their patients in the ſea, or drenching them with ſalt, ſteel, or ſulphureous water, be their diſtemper what it may. If a man has a dropſy, they will not heſitate to give gallons of this element, as they do not ſcruple to give the ſtrongeſt cordials ſometimes in the moſt violent fever.

Though the faculty ſeem to agree, one and all, that every patient ſhould viſit ſome watering-place or other in the ſummer, I do not find they are ſettled in their opinions, what particular waters ſuit particular diſorders. I have viſited them all for my amuſement; and upon converſing with the invalids in each place, I have found, to my great ſurpriſe, in Bath, Tunbridge, Briſtol, and Brighthelmſtone, many perſons drinking the waters for the gout, bilious cholics, or weak nerves, as if the ſame effects could be produced by ſteel, ſalt, and ſulphur; nay, a gen-

a gentleman of my acquaintance was sent, by different physicians, to different places, though they were all agreed about the nature of his case. I verily believe, if a man would consult every physician in the kingdom, he would visit every sink in the whole island; for there is not a hole or bottom, in any county, that has not its salutary spring; and every spring has its physician to prove, in a long pamphlet of hard words, that those waters are superior to any other, and that any patient, in any disorder whatever, may be sure of relief. In short, we seem to have a second deluge, not by the wickedness, but the folly of the people, and every one is taking as much pains to perish in it, as Noah and his family did to escape it.

The present thirst after this element, which the physicians have created, makes it necessary for them to send their patients to some waters in vogue; but the choice being left to the doctor, he is determined in it by various circumstances: sometimes the patient is sent where the best advice and assistance may be had, in case the distemper should increase; sometimes where the physician of the place is a cousin or a pupil of the physician in town; sometimes where the doctor has an estate in the neighbourhood; and I have more than once known a patient sent to a place, for no other reason, but because the doctor was born within four miles of it.

I cannot easily suggest to myself any reason, why physicians in London are fond of sending their patients to waters at the greatest distance, whilst the country practitioners generally recommend the springs in their neighbourhood. I cannot come into the notion that prevails among many persons, that some of the faculty in London divide the fees with those they recommend in the country, like the lawyers who deal in agency; but I am induced to think that, as they are conscious the waters are out of the case, they hope the exercise and change of air in a long journey will lay the ground-work of that cure, which the temperance and dissipation prescribed by the doctor may possibly perform: on this account, they decline sending their patients to Sadlers-Wells, Powis-Wells, Pancras-Wells, Acton-Wells, Bagnigge-Wells, the Dog and Duck, or Islington-Spa, which are as salutary as those of Bath or Tunbridge for patients who live at a distance, and who can receive no benefit from the wells and spas in their neighbourhood.

Another circumstance confirms me in the opinion, that the waters of any spa do nothing more towards the cure than what is to be had from any pump whatsoever. I never found the inhabitants of the place appear at the springs and wells with the company of foreigners; and I have seen many invalids among them complaining of cholics, asthmas, gouts, &c. as much as the visiters of the place: and if it is said, that many who come to Bath on crutches, go away without them, I have seen, more than once, those very crutches supporting some miserable cripple of the town.

It may be urged, that many cures have been performed at these public places; but whether they are to be attributed to the waters, or the air, exercise, and temperance prescribed by the doctor, will appear from the following story.

An honest country baker having, by his close and anxious application to business in the day-time, and a very constant attendance at the Three Horse-shoes at night, contracted a distemper that is best understood by the names of the Hip or the Horrors, was so very miserable, that he had made two attempts upon his own life; at length, by the persuasion of his friends, he applied to a physician in the neighbourhood for advice; the doctor (I suppose a quack, by the low fee which he demanded) told him, he would cure him in a month, if he would follow his directions; but he expected, in the mean time, a new quartern loaf whenever he should send for it. In return for the first quartern, he sent a box of pills, with directions for the baker to take three at six in the morning fasting, after which to walk four miles; to take the same number at six in the evening, and to walk the like number of miles; to repeat the same number of pills at eight, and to work them off with a pint of ale, without the use of his pipe, and the like number at ten o'clock, going to bed. The baker kept his word with the doctor, and the doctor kept his with the patient; for, at the end of the month, the honest fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high spirits, as when he was a boy. The cheapness of his cure induced the baker to enquire of his doctor, by what wonderful medicine so speedy and perfect a cure had been effected. The doctor, which is another proof of his not being regularly bred, told him, the pills were made of his own loaf, covered with gold-leaf; and added, if he would take the same medicine and follow the same directions, whenever his relapsing into his former course of life

ſhould bring on the like diſorder, he might be ſure of as ſpeedy and effectual a cure.

I ſhould however want gratitude, as well as candour, if I did not acknowledge a very laſting obligation I lie under to Tunbridge waters: my wife and I had lamented, for two or three years, that the very good eſtate which I enjoyed would, probably, after my death, go into another family, for want of an heir in my own. My wife was adviſed to go to Tunbridge, and to drink the waters for eight or nine months: we were very much grieved to part for ſo long a time; but ſuch has been our amazing ſucceſs, that the dear creature returned to me, at the end of half a year, four months gone with child.

B. Thornton.

§ 138. *The faint-hearted Lover.*

Sir,

I do not doubt, but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my caſe, as, without queſtion, every one of them either has been, or is at preſent, as much in love as your humble ſervant. You muſt know, Sir, I am the very Mr. *Faint-heart* deſcribed in the proverb, who *never won fair lady:* for though I have paid my addreſſes to ſeveral of the ſex, I have gone about it in ſo meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be queſtioned, whether I was in earneſt. One of my Dulcineas was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of ſcarlet; another was ſeduced from me by a ſuit of embroidery; and another ſurrendered, at the firſt attack, to the long ſword of an Iriſhman. My preſent ſuit and ſervice is paid to a certain lady, who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection, as I am of offering them. I am only permitted to admire her at a diſtance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger, it puts her all in a ſweat; and, like the ſenſitive plant, ſhe would ſhrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtſhip, I never offered to ſalute her but once; and then ſhe made ſuch a wriggling with her body, ſuch a ſtruggling with her arms, and ſuch a toſſing and a twirling of her head to and fro, that, inſtead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her noſe. I even dared at another time, to take her round the waiſt; but ſhe bounced away from me, and ſcreamed out as if I had actually been going to commit a rape upon her. I alſo once plucked up courage ſufficient to attempt ſqueezing her by the hand, but ſhe reſiſted my attack, by ſo cloſe a clench of her fiſt, that my graſp was preſented with nothing but ſharp-pointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after ſaluted with a violent ſtroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I uſe all my endeavours to keep cloſe at her ſide; but ſhe whiſks away from me, as though I had ſome catching diſtemper about me: if there are but three of us, ſhe eſudes my deſign, by ſkipping ſometimes on one ſide and ſometimes on t'other, as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company, ſhe takes care to be ſheltered from me, by placing herſelf the very midmoſt of the rank. If we ride in a coach together, I am not only debarred from ſitting on the ſame ſide, but I muſt be ſeated on the furthermoſt corner of the ſeat oppoſite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at a diſtance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom cuſtom has directed to be kept aſunder the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, ſhe would ſooner run the riſk of having the contents ſpilt over her, than take the cup and ſaucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a ſyllable that in the leaſt borders upon love, ſhe immediately reddens at it as much as if I had let drop a looſe or indelicate expreſſion; and when I deſire to have a little private converſation with her, ſhe wonders at my impudence, to think that ſhe could truſt herſelf with a man alone. In ſhort, Sir, I begin to deſpair of ever coming to cloſe contact with her: but what is ſtill more provoking, though ſhe keeps me at ſo reſpectful a diſtance, ſhe tamely permits a ſtrapping fellow of the guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my preſence. If you, or any of your readers, can adviſe me what to do in this caſe, it will be a laſting obligation conferred on

Your very humble ſervant,

Timothy Mildman.

B. Thornton.

§ 139. *A circumſtantial Detail of every Particular that paſſed at the Coronation.*

[In a Letter from a Gentleman to his Friend in the Country.]

Dear Sir,

Though I regret leaving you ſo ſoon, eſpecially as the weather has ſince proved ſo fine, that it makes me long to be with you in the country, yet I honeſtly confeſs, that I am heartily glad I came to town as I did. As I have ſeen it, I declare I would not have miſſed

miſſed the ſight upon any conſideration. The friendſhip of Mr. Rolles, who procured me a paſs-ticket, as they call it, enabled me to be preſent both in the Hall and the Abbey; and as to the proceſſion out of doors, I had a fine view of it from a one-pair of ſtairs room, which your neighbour, Sir Edward, had hired, at the ſmall price of one hundred guineas, on purpoſe to oblige his acquaintance. I wiſh you had been with me; but as you have been deprived of a ſight, which probably very few that were preſent will ever ſee again, I will endeavour to deſcribe it to you as minutely as I can, while the circumſtances are freſh in my memory, though my deſcription muſt fall very ſhort of the reality. Firſt, then, conceive to yourſelf the fronts of the houſes, in all the ſtreets that could command the leaſt point of view, lined with ſcaffolding, like ſo many galleries or boxes raiſed one above another to the very roofs. Theſe were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which preſented a pleaſing variety to the eye; and if you conſider the brilliant appearance of the ſpectators who were ſeated in them (many being richly dreſſed) you will eaſily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the ſhow. The mob underneath made a pretty contraſt to the reſt of the company. Add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for ſome time before, the day cleared up, and the ſun ſhone auſpiciouſly, as it were in compliment to the grand feſtival. The platform, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, had a ſhelving roof, which was covered with a kind of ſail-cloth; but near the place where I was, an honeſt Jack Tar climbed up to the top and ſtripped off the covering, which gave us not only a more extenſive view, but let the light in upon every part of the proceſſion. I ſhould tell you, that a rank of foot-ſoldiers was placed on each ſide within the platform; and it was not a little ſurpriſing to ſee the officers familiarly converſing and walking arm and arm with many of them, till we were let into the ſecret that they were gentlemen who had put on the dreſſes of common ſoldiers, for what purpoſe I need not mention. On the outſide were ſtationed, at proper diſtances, ſeveral parties of horſe-guards, whoſe horſes, indeed, ſomewhat incommoded the people, that preſſed inceſſantly upon them, by their prancing and capering; though, luckily, I do not hear of any great miſchief being done. I muſt confeſs, it gave me much pain, to ſee the ſoldiers, both horſe and foot, moſt unmercifully belabouring the heads of the mob with their broad-ſwords, bayonets, and muſquets; but it was not unpleaſant to obſerve ſeveral tipping the horſe-ſoldiers ſlily from time to time (ſome with half-pence, and ſome with ſilver, as they could muſter up the caſh) to let them paſs between the horſes to get nearer the platform; after which theſe unconſcionable gentry drove them back again. As ſoon as it was day-break (for I choſe to go to my place overnight) we were diverted with ſeeing the coaches and chairs of the nobility and gentry paſſing along with much ado; and ſeveral perſons, very richly dreſſed, were obliged to quit their equipages, and be eſcorted by the ſoldiers through the mob to their reſpective places. Several carriages, I am told, received great damage: Mr. Jennings, whom you know, had his chariot broke to pieces; but providentially neither he nor Mrs. Jennings, who were in it, received any hurt.

Their majeſties (to the ſhame of thoſe be it ſpoken who were not ſo punctual) came in their chairs from St. James's through the Park to Weſtminſter about nine o'clock. The king went into a room which they call the Court of Wards, and the queen into that belonging to the gentleman-uſher of the black-rod. The nobility and others, who were to walk in the proceſſion, were muſtered and ranged by the officers of arms in the Court of Requeſts, Painted Chamber, and Houſe of Lords, from whence the cavalcade was conducted into Weſtminſter-Hall. As you know all the avenues and places about the Hall, you will not be at a loſs to underſtand me. My paſs-ticket would have been of no ſervice, if I had not prevailed on one of the guards, by the irreſiſtible argument of half-a-crown, to make way for me through the mob to the Hall-gate, where I got admittance juſt as their majeſties were ſeated at the upper end, under magnificent canopies. Her majeſty's chair was on the left hand of his majeſty; and they were attended by the great chamberlain, lord high conſtable, earl marſhal, and other great officers. Four ſwords, I obſerved, and as many ſpurs, were preſented in form, and then placed upon a table before the king.

There was a neglect, it ſeems, ſomewhere, in not ſending for the dean and prebendaries of Weſtminſter, &c. who, not finding themſelves ſummoned, came of their own accord, preceded by the choriſters, ſingers, &c. among whom was your fa-

vourite, as indeed he is of every one, Mr. Beard. The Hall-gate was now thrown open to admit this leſſer proceſſion from the Abbey, when the biſhop of Rocheſter (that is the dean) and his attendants brought the Bible and the following regalia of the king, *viz.* St. Edward's crown, reſted on a cuſhion of gold cloth, the orb with the croſs, a ſceptre with the dove on the top, another tipt with a croſs, and what they call St. Edward's ſtaff. The queen's regalia were brought at the ſame time, *viz.* her crown, upon a cuſhion, a ſceptre with a croſs, and a rod of ivory with a dove. Theſe were ſeverally laid before their majeſties, and afterwards delivered to the reſpective officers who were to bear them in the proceſſion.

Conſidering the length of the cavalcade, and the numbers that were to walk, it is no wonder that there ſhould be much confuſion in marſhalling the ranks. At laſt, however, every thing was regularly adjuſted, and the proceſſion began to quit the Hall between eleven and twelve. The platform, leading to the weſt door of the Abbey, was covered with blue baize for the train to walk on; but there ſeemed to me a defect in not covering the upright poſts that ſupported the awning, as it is called (for they looked mean and naked) with that or ſome other coloured cloth. As I carry you along, I ſhall wave mentioning the minute particulars of the proceſſion, and only obſerve that the nobility walked two by two. Being willing to ſee the proceſſion paſs along the platform through the ſtreets, I haſtened from the Hall, and by the aſſiſtance of a ſoldier made my way to my former ſtation at the corner of Bridge-ſtreet, where the windows commanded a double view at the turning. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the ſplendor and magnificence of the whole; and words muſt fall ſhort of that innate joy and ſatisfaction which the ſpectators felt and expreſſed, eſpecially as their majeſties paſſed by; on whoſe countenances a dignity ſuited to their ſtation, tempered with the moſt amiable complacency, was ſenſibly impreſſed. It was obſervable, that as their majeſties and the nobility paſſed the corner which commanded a proſpect of Weſtminſter-bridge, they ſtopped ſhort, and turned back to look at the people, whoſe appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which roſe gradually, I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

I had the misfortune not to be able to get to the Abbey time enough to ſee all that paſſed there; nor, indeed, when I got in, could I have ſo diſtinct a view as I could have wiſhed. But our friend Harry Whitaker had the luck to be ſtationed in the firſt row of the gallery behind the ſeats allotted for the nobility, cloſe to the ſquare platform which was erected by the altar, with an aſcent of three ſteps, for their majeſties to be crowned on. You are obliged to him, therefore, for ſeveral particulars which I could not otherwiſe have informed you of. He tells me, as ſoon as their majeſties entered the church, the choir ſtruck up with an anthem; and, after they were ſeated, and the uſual recognition and oblations were made, the litany was chanted by the biſhops of Cheſter and Chicheſter, and the reſponſes made by the whole choir, accompanied by the whole band of muſic. Then the firſt part of the communion ſervice was read; after which a ſermon was preached by the biſhop of Saliſbury, now archbiſhop of York. I was not near enough to hear it, nor, perhaps you will ſay, did I much deſire it; but, by my watch, it laſted only fifteen minutes. This done, Harry ſays he ſaw very diſtinctly his majeſty ſubſcribe the declaration, and take the coronation oath, the ſolemnity of which ſtruck him with an unſpeakable awe and reverence; and he could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the Engliſh enjoy, of binding their kings by the moſt ſacred ties of conſcience and religion. The king was then anointed by his grace of Canterbury on the crown of his head, his breaſt, and the palms of his hands; after which he was preſented with the ſpurs, and girt with the ſword, and was then inveſted with the coronation-robes, the armills, as they are called, and the imperial pall. The orb with the croſs was alſo preſented, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his majeſty's right hand by the archbiſhop, who then delivered the ſceptre with the croſs, and the other with the dove; and being aſſiſted by ſeveral biſhops, he laſtly placed the crown reverently upon his majeſty's head. A profound awful ſilence had reigned till this moment, when, at the very inſtant the crown was let fall on the king's head, a fellow having been placed on the top of the Abbey-dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropt as a ſignal, the Park and Tower guns began to fire, the trumpets ſounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated ſhouts and acclamations of the people. The peers, who before this time had their coronets in their

their hands, now put them on, as the bishops did their caps, and the representatives of the dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats. The knights of the Bath in particular made a most splendid figure, when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers. It is to be observed, that there were no commoners knights of the Garter; consequently, instead of caps and vestments peculiar to their order, they, being all peers, wore the robes and coronets of their respective ranks. I should mention, that the kings of arms also put on coronets.

Silence again assumed her reign, and the shouts ceasing, the archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service; and after he had presented the Bible to his majesty, and solemnly read the benedictions, his majesty kissed the archbishops and bishops one after another as they knelt before him. The *Te Deum* was now performed, and this being ended, his majesty was elevated on a superb throne, which all the peers approached in their order, and did their homages.

The coronation of the queen was performed in nearly the same manner with that of his majesty; the archbishop anointed her with the holy oil on the head and breast, and after he had put the crown upon her head, it was a signal for princess Augusta and the peeresses to put on their coronets. Her majesty then received the sceptre with the cross, and the ivory rod with the dove, and was conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his majesty.

I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to observe their majesties going through the most serious and solemn acts of devotion; but I am told, that the reverent attention which both paid, when (after having made their second oblations) the next ceremony was, their receiving the holy communion, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were. Prayers being over, the king and queen retired into St. Edward's chapel, just behind the altar. You must remember it—it is where the superstition of the Roman Catholics has robbed the tomb of that royal confessor of some of its precious ornaments; here their majesties received each of them a crown of state, as it is called, and a procession was made in the same manner as before, except in some trifling instances, back again to Westminster-hall, all wearing their coronets, caps, &c. You know I have often said, that if one loses an hour in the morning, one may ride after it the whole day without being able to overtake it. This was the case in the present instance; for, to whatever causes it might be owing, the procession most assuredly set off too late: besides, according to what Harry observed, there were such long pauses between some of the ceremonies in the Abbey, as plainly shewed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. However it be, it is impossible to conceive the chagrin and disappointment which the late return of the procession occasioned; it being so late indeed, that the spectators, even in the open air, had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to those who had sat patiently in Westminster-hall, waiting its return for six hours, scarce a glimpse of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till just upon his majesty's entrance. I had flattered myself that a new scene of splendid grandeur would have been presented to us in the return of the procession, from the reflection of the lights, &c. and had therefore posted back to the Hall with all possible expedition: but not even the brilliancy of the ladies jewels, or the greater lustre of their eyes, had the power to render our *darkness visible*; the whole was confusion, irregularity, and disorder.

However, we were afterwards amply recompensed for this partial eclipse by the bright picture which the lighting of the chandeliers presented to us. Your unlucky law-suit has made you too well acquainted with Westminster-hall for me to think of describing it to you; but I assure you the face of it was greatly altered from what it was when you attended to hear the verdict given against you. Instead of the inclosures for the courts of Chancery and King's Bench at the upper end, which were both removed, a platform was raised with several ascents of steps, where their majesties in their chair of state, and the royal family, sat at table. On each side, down the whole length of the Hall, the rest of the company were seated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to represent marble, the deserts, &c. Conceive to yourself, if you can conceive, what I own I am at a loss to describe, so magnificent a building as that of Westminster-hall, lighted up with near three thousand wax-candles in most splendid branches; our crowned heads, and almost the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most brilliant jewels; the

the galleries on every ſide crowded with company for the moſt part elegantly and richly dreſſed: but to conceive it in all its luſtre, I am conſcious that it is abſolutely neceſſary one muſt have been preſent. To proceed in my narration—Their majeſties table was ſerved with three courſes, at the firſt of which Earl Talbot, as ſteward of his majeſty's houſhold, rode up from the Hall-gate, to the ſteps leading to where their majeſties ſat; and on his returning, the ſpectators were preſented with an unexpected fight, in his lordſhip's backing his horſe, that he might keep his face ſtill towards the king. A loud clapping and huzzaing conſequently enſued from the people preſent. The ceremony of the champion, you may remember we laughed at, at its repreſentation laſt winter; but I aſſure you it had a very ſerious effect on thoſe ladies who were near him (though his horſe was very gentle) as he came up, accompanied by Lord Effingham as earl marſhal, and the Duke of Bedford as lord high conſtable, likewiſe on horſeback: it is needleſs to repeat what paſſed on this occaſion. I am told, that the horſe which the champion rode, was the ſame that his late majeſty was mounted on at the glorious and memorable battle of Dettingen. The beaſt, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of white, red, and blue feathers.

You cannot expect that I ſhould give you a bill of fare, or enumerate the number of diſhes that were provided and ſent from the temporary kitchens erected in Cotton-garden for this purpoſe. No leſs than ſixty haunches of veniſon, with a ſurpriſing quantity of all ſorts of game, were laid in for this grand feaſt: but that which chiefly attracted our eyes, was their majeſties deſert, in which the confectioner had laviſhed all his ingenuity in rock-work and emblematical figures. The other deſerts were no leſs admirable for their expreſſive devices. But I muſt not forget to tell you, that when the company came to be ſeated, the poor knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and no table provided for them: an airy apology, however, was ſerved up to them inſtead of a ſubſtantial dinner; but the two junior knights, in order to preſerve their rank of precedency to their ſucceſſors, were placed at the head of the judges table, above all the learned brethren of the coif. The peers were placed on the outermoſt ſide of the tables, and the peereſſes within, neareſt to the walls. You cannot ſuppoſe that there was the greateſt order imaginable obſerved during the dinner, but muſt conclude, that ſome of the company were as eager and impatient to ſatisfy the craving of their appetites, as any of your country 'ſquires at a race or aſſize ordinary.

It was pleaſant to ſee the various ſtratagems made uſe of by the company in the galleries to come in for a ſnack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine; nay, even garters (I will not ſay of a different ſex) were united for the ſame purpoſe. Some had been ſo provident has to bring baſkets with them, which were let down, like the priſoners boxes at Ludgate, or the Gate-houſe, with a *Pray, remember the poor*.

You will think it high time that I ſhould bring this long letter to a concluſion. Let it ſuffice then to acquaint you, that their majeſties returned to St James's a little after ten o'clock at night; but they were pleaſed to give time for the peereſſes to go firſt, that they might not be incommoded by the preſſure of the mob to ſee their majeſties. After the nobility were departed, the illuſtrious *mobility* were (according to cuſtom) admitted into the Hall, which they preſently cleared of all moveables, ſuch as the victuals, cloths, plates, diſhes, &c. and, in ſhort, every thing that could ſtick to their fingers.

I need not tell you, that ſeveral coronation medals, in ſilver, were thrown among the populace at the return of the proceſſion. One of them was pitched into Mrs. Dixon's lap, as ſhe ſat upon a ſcaffold in Palace-yard. Some, it is ſaid, were alſo thrown among the peereſſes in the Abbey juſt after the king was crowned; but they thought it below their dignity to ſtoop to pick them up.

My wife deſires her compliments to you: ſhe was *hugeouſly* pleaſed with the ſight. All friends are well, except that little Nancy Green has got a ſwelled face, by being up all night; and Tom Moffat has his leg laid up on a ſtool, on account of a broken ſhin, which he got by a kick from a trooper's horſe, as a reward for his mobbing it. I ſhall ſay nothing of the illuminations at night: the news-papers muſt have told you of them, and that the Admiralty in particular was remarkably lighted up. I expect to have from you an account of the rejoicings at your little town; and deſire

to

to know whether you was able to get a slice of the ox which was roasted whole on this occasion.

I am, dear Sir, your's most heartily,

JAMES HEMMING.

P. S. The Princess Dowager of Wales, with the younger branches of the royal family, did not walk in the grand procession, but made up a lesser procession of their own; of which you will find a sufficient account in the public prints. They had a box to see the coronation in the Abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themselves adjoining to the Hall.

Since my writing the above, I have been informed for certain, that the sword of state, by some mistake, being left behind at St. James's, the Lord Mayor's sword was carried before the king by the earl of Huntingdon, in its stead; but when the procession came into the Abbey, the sword of state was found placed upon the altar.

Our friend Harry, who was upon the scaffold, at the return of the procession closed in with the rear; at the expence of half-a-guinea was admitted into the Hall; got brim-full of his majesty's claret; and, in the universal plunder, brought off the glass her majesty drank in, which is placed in the beaufait as a valuable curiosity.

B. Thornton.

§ 140. *A Letter from a successful Adventurer in the Lottery.*

Sir,

You will not be at all surprised when I tell you that I have had very ill-luck in the lottery; but you will stare when I further tell you, it is because unluckily I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of misfortune last Saturday night from your Chronicle, when, on looking over the list of prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 2000*l*. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, or stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay: they never care too how extravagant they are on such an occasion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morning; when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me (as usual) for staying out so long, I told her the occasion of it; but instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried—"Pish, ONLY two thousand pounds!" However, she was at last reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the ticket herself, and she was all along sure it would come up a prize, because the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, though I was heartily inclined to it: for my wife kept me awake—by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing which she wanted, and which she would now purchase, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my success spread so soon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or not knew, at church. The consequence was, that I had no less than seven very hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wishing us joy; and the number of these hearty friends was increased to above a dozen by supper time. It is kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's success; they made themselves very merry literally at my expence; and, at parting, told me they would bring some more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occasion.

When they were gone, I made shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturbed by my wife talking in her sleep. Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels; that is, the lottery wheels; she frequently called out that she had got the ten thousand pounds; she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings, and necklaces; and I once heard her mention the word *coach*. In the morning, when I got up, how was I surprised to find my good fortune published to all the world in the news-paper! though I could not but smile (and madam was greatly pleased) at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of *Esquire*, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of the information given in the news-paper, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast than we were complimented with a rat a tatoo from the drums, as if we had been just married: after these had been silenced by the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harrassed the whole day with

with petitions from the hospital boys that drew the ticket, the commissioners clerks that wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, "That my *Honour* would consider them." I should be glad you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they should wait upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth cousin) out 'prentice; another, lately *white-washed*, proposed to me my setting him up again in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her *now* to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chasms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She is also determined to *see a little pleasure*, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her, because the number was her own choosing: and she has further persuaded me (as we have had such good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I shall be a loser by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thousand or ten thousand.

I am your very humble servant,

Jeoffrey Chance.

P. S. I am just going to club—I hope they won't desire me to treat them again.

B. Thornton.

§ 142. *Characters of* Camilla *and* Flora.

Camilla is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens them all: she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light: she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? Every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem, by a natural impulse, to feel her superiority; and yet when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! by this silent unassuming merit she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the tor-

torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noiſe, with which inferior natures in ſuperior ſtations overwhelm the ſlaviſh and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You ſee a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almoſt equally ſtriking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuſe it to the infinity of nature! How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, nature has diſplayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant ſoftneſs of female propriety: in Flora, ſhe charms with a certain artleſs poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrouled, yet blameleſs freedom. Flora has ſomething original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not eaſily defined; to know her and to love her is the ſame thing; but you cannot know her by deſcription. Her perſon is rather touching than majeſtic, her features more expreſſive than regular, and her manner pleaſes rather becauſe it is reſtrained by no rule, than becauſe it is conformable to any that cuſtom has eſtabliſhed. Camilla puts you in mind of the moſt perfect muſic that can be compoſed; Flora, of the wild ſweetneſs, which is ſometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive ſweetneſs of the Loves. Artleſs ſenſibility, wild, native feminine gaiety, and the moſt touching tenderneſs of ſoul, are the ſtrange characteriſtics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art ſeems rather to diminiſh than increaſe, rather to hide than adorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dreſs, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifeſted in Camilla and Flora! yet while ſhe has, in this contrariety, ſhewn the extent of her power to pleaſe, ſhe has alſo proved, that truth and virtue are always the ſame. Generoſity and tenderneſs are the firſt principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never poſſeſſed in a higher degree, than they are poſſeſſed by Flora: ſhe is juſt as attentive to the intereſt of others, as ſhe is negligent of her own; and though ſhe could ſubmit to any misfortune that could befal herſelf, yet ſhe hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the ſtrongeſt ſenſibility with the moſt lively gaiety; and both are expreſſed with the moſt bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inſpires a reverence that keeps you at a reſpectful, yet admiring diſtance, Flora excites the moſt ardent, yet moſt elegant deſire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive ſenſibility of Caliſta: Camilla almoſt elevates you to the ſenſibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliеſt idea of woman. *Greville.*

§ 142. *A Fable by the celebrated Linnæus, tranſlated from the Latin.*

Once upon a time the ſeven wiſe men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was propoſed that every one of them, ſhould mention what he thought the greateſt wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the reſt, propoſed the opinion of ſome of the aſtronomers about the fixed ſtars, which they believed to be ſo many ſuns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were ſtored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with his thought, they agreed to ſupplicate Jupiter, that he would at leaſt permit them to take a journey to the moon, and ſtay there three days, in order to ſee the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter conſented, and ordered them to aſſemble on a high mountain, where there ſhould be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they deſired to ſee. They picked out ſome choſen companions, who might aſſiſt them in deſcribing and painting the objects they ſhould meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon; and being ſtill faint, they refreſhed themſelves with a moſt delicious entertainment, which they reliſhed ſo well, that it overcame their curioſity. This day they only ſaw through the window that delightful ſpot, adorned with the moſt beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the ſun gave an uncommon luſtre, and heard the ſinging of moſt melodious birds till evening came on. The next day they roſe very early in order to begin their obſervations; but ſome very beautiful young ladies of that country coming to make them a viſit, adviſed them firſt to recruit

cruit their ſtrength before they expoſed themſelves to the laborious taſk they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of theſe damſels, prevailed over the reſolution of theſe ſtrangers. A fine concert of muſic is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; ſo that this whole day was ſpent in gallantry, till ſome of the neighbouring inhabitants, growing envious at their mirth, ruſhed in with ſwords. The elder part of the company tried to appeaſe the younger, promiſing the very next day they would bring the rioters to juſtice. This they performed, and the third day the cauſe was heard; and what with accuſations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itſelf the whole day was taken up, on which the term ſet by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon deſcribed, but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green intermixed with flowers, and that the birds ſung among the branches of the trees; but what kind of flowers they ſaw, or what kind of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every were with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the preſent age, we ſhall perceive a very juſt ſimilitude. By theſe three days the fable denotes the three ages of man. Firſt, youth, in which we are too feeble in every reſpect to look into the works of the Creator: all that ſeaſon is given up to idleneſs, luxury, and paſtime. Secondly, manhood, in which men are employed in ſettling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raiſing a family. Thirdly, old age, in which after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-ſuits and proceedings relating to their eſtates. Thus it frequently happens that men never conſider to what end they were deſtined, and why they were brought into the world.

B. Thornton.

§ 143. *Mercy recommended.*

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whoſe arm I would ſooner have taken ſhelter;—nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up ſo kindly within him: my uncle Toby had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:——Go,—ſays he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him moſt cruelly all dinner-time,— and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle Toby, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand.—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape;—go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why ſhould I hurt thee?—This world, ſurely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

*** This is to ſerve for parents and governors inſtead of a whole volume upon the ſubject. *Sterne.*

§ 144. *The Starling.*

——Beſhrew the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind ſits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf and blackened: reduce them to their proper ſize and hue, ſhe overlooks them——'Tis true, ſaid I, correcting the propoſition—the Baſtile is not an evil to be deſpiſed—but ſtrip it of its towers—fill up the foſſe—unbarricade the doors—call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe 'tis ſome tyrant of a diſtemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this ſoliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."——I looked up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the paſſage, I heard the ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I ſaw it was a Starling hung in a little cage——"I can't get out—I can't get out", ſaid the Starling.

I ſtood looking at the bird; and to every perſon who came through the paſſage, it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approached it, with the ſame lamentations of its captivity—"I can't get out", ſaid the Starling—God help thee! ſaid I, but I will let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twiſted and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place were I was attempting his deliverance, and thurſting his head through the trellis, preſſed his breaſt againſt it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! ſaid I, I cannot ſet thee at liberty—"No", ſaid the Starling.—"I can't "get out, I can't get out", ſaid the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the diſſipated ſpirits, to which my reaſon had been a bubble, were ſo ſuddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings upon the Baſtile; and I heavily walked up ſtairs, unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, ſlavery! ſaid I—ſtill thou art a bitter draught! and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, addreſſing myſelf to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worſhip, whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, till Nature herſelf ſhall change—no tint of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron ——with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled!—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the laſt ſtep but one in my aſcent——Grant me but health, thou great Beſtower of it, and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion—and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy Divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them! *Sterne.*

§ 145. *The Captive.*

The bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groupes in it did but diſtract me———

I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh; in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not fanned his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice—his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there—he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down—ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle—He gave a deep ſigh—I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul—I burſt into tears—I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. *Ibid.*

§ 146. *Trim's Explanation of the Fifth Commandment.*

———Pr'thee, Trim, quoth my father,—What doſt thou mean, by "honouring "thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an't pleaſe your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didſt thou do that, Trim? ſaid Yorick.—He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, ſaid Yorick, ſpringing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the beſt commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadſt had a hand in the Talmud itſelf. *Ibid.*

§ 147. *Health.*

O bleſſed health! thou art above all gold and treaſure; 'tis thou who enlargeſt the ſoul,—and openeſt all its powers to receive inſtruction, and to reliſh virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wiſh for! and he that is ſo wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee. *Ibid.*

§ 148. *A Voyage to Lilliput.*

CHAP. I.

The author gives some account of himself and family: his first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life: gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput; is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel college in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year, to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old-Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethern. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West-Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old-Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors: but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Pritchard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South-Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East-Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead, by immoderate labour, and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made shift to get clear of the ship and rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour, while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour, the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam, as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by the wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom: but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within

within my depth; and by this time the ſtorm was much abated. The declivity was ſo ſmall, that I walked near a mile before I got to the ſhore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not diſcover any ſigns of houſes or inhabitants; at leaſt I was in ſo weak a condition, that I did not obſerve them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank, as I left the ſhip, I found myſelf much inclined to ſleep. I lay down on the graſs, which was very ſhort and ſoft, where I ſlept ſounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was juſt day light. I attempted to riſe, but was not able to ſtir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were ſtrongly faſtened on each ſide to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the ſame manner. I likewiſe felt ſeveral ſlender ligatures acroſs my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the ſun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confuſed noiſe about me; but, in the poſture I lay, could ſee nothing, except the ſky. In a little time I felt ſomething alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breaſt, came almoſt up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature, not ſix inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at leaſt forty more of the ſame kind (as I conjectured) following the firſt. I was in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, and roared ſo loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and ſome of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got, by leaping from my ſides upon the ground. However, they ſoon returned, and one of them, who ventured ſo far, as to get a full ſight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes, by way of admiration, cried out, in a ſhrill but diſtinct voice, *hekinah degul:* the others repeated the ſame words ſeveral times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneaſineſs; at length, ſtruggling to get looſe, I had the fortune to break the ſtrings, and wrench out the pegs that faſtened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I diſcovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the ſame time, with a violent pull, which gave me exceſſive pain, I a little looſened the ſtrings that tied down my hair on the left ſide, ſo that I was juſt able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a ſecond time, before I could ſeize them; whereupon there was a great ſhout in a very ſhrill accent, and after it ceaſed, I heard one of them cry aloud, *tolgo phonac*; when, in an inſtant, I felt above an hundred arrows diſcharged on my left hand, which pricked me like ſo many needles; and beſides, they ſhot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I ſuppoſe, fell on my body, (though I felt them not) and ſome on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this ſhower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then ſtriving again to get looſe, they diſcharged another volley larger than the firſt, and ſome of them attempted, with ſpears, to ſtick me in the ſides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the moſt prudent method to lie ſtill, and my deſign was to continue ſo till night, when, my left hand being already looſe, I could eaſily free myſelf: and as for the inhabitants, I had reaſon to believe I might be a match for the greateſt army they could bring againſt me, if they were all of the ſame ſize with him that I ſaw. But fortune diſpoſed otherways of me. When the people obſerved I was quiet, they diſcharged no more arrows: but, by the noiſe I heard, I knew their numbers increaſed: and about four yards from me, over-againſt my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and ſtrings would permit me, I ſaw a ſtage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, ſeemed to be a perſon of quality, made me a long ſpeech, whereof I underſtood not one ſyllable. But I ſhould have mentioned, that before the principal perſon began his oration, he cried out three times, *langro dehul ſan*; (theſe words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me.) Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the ſtrings that faſtened the left ſide of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of obſerving the perſon and geſture of him that was to ſpeak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended

him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear shewing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *burgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, shewing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *bekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *borach mevola*, and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *bekinah degul*. I confess, I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people, who had treated me with so much expence and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature, as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank, from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to shew, that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand, that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds, but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know, that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *burgo* and his train withdrew with much civility and cheerful

ful countenances. Soon after, I heard a general ſhout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *peplom ſelan*, and I felt great numbers of people, on my left ſide, relaxing the cords to ſuch a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to eaſe myſelf, with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great aſtoniſhment of the people, who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left, on that ſide, to avoid the torrent which fell with ſuch noiſe and violence from me. But before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a ſort of ointment, very pleaſant to the ſmell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the ſmart of their arrows. Theſe circumſtances, added to the refreſhment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nouriſhing, diſpoſed me to ſleep. I ſlept about eight hours, as I was afterwards aſſured; and it was no wonder, for the phyſicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a ſleepy potion in the hogſheads of wine.

It ſeems that, upon the firſt moment I was diſcovered ſleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an expreſs; and determined in council, that I ſhould be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night while I ſlept) that plenty of meat and drink ſhould be ſent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This reſolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occaſion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for, ſuppoſing theſe people had endeavoured to kill me with their ſpears and arrows, while I was aſleep, I ſhould certainly have awaked with the firſt ſenſe of ſmart, which might ſo far have rouzed my rage and ſtrength, as to have enabled me to break the ſtrings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make reſiſtance, ſo they could expect no mercy.

Theſe people are moſt excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath ſeveral machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largeſt men of war, whereof ſome are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on theſe engines three or four hundred yards to the ſea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately ſet at work to prepare the greateſt engine they had. It was a frame of wood, raiſed three inches from the ground, about ſeven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The ſhout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it ſeems ſet out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty, was to raiſe and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpoſe, and very ſtrong cords, of the bigneſs of packthread, were faſtened by hooks to my bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the ſtrongeſt men were employed to draw up theſe cords, by many pullies faſtened on the poles, and thus, in leſs than three hours, I was raiſed and ſlung into the engine, and there tied faſt. All this I was told, for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound ſleep, by the force of that ſoporiferous medicine infuſed into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largeſt horſes, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I ſaid, was half a mile diſtant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for, the carriage being ſtopt awhile to adjuſt ſomething that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curioſity to ſee how I looked when I was aſleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very ſoftly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the ſharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left noſtril, which tickled my noſe like a ſtraw, and made me ſneeze violently *: whereupon they ſtole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cauſe of my awaking ſo ſuddenly. We made a

* It has been remarked, that courage in whatever cauſe, though it ſometimes excites indignation, is never the object of contempt; but this appears to be true, only becauſe courage is ſuppoſed to imply ſuperiority: for this *officer in the guards* becomes extremely ridiculous and contemptible by an act of the moſt daring curioſity, which ſets him in compariſon with Gulliver; to whom he was ſo much inferior, that a blaſt of the Man-mountain's noſtrils would have endangered his life; and if heroiſm itſelf is not proof againſt ridicule, thoſe ſurely are Lilliputians in philoſophy, who conſider ridicule as the teſt of truth.

long march the remaining part of the day, and reſted at night, with five hundred guards on each ſide of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to ſhoot me, if I ſhould offer to ſtir. The next morning, at ſun riſe, we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means ſuffer his majeſty to endanger his perſon, by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage ſtopt, there ſtood an ancient temple, eſteemed to be the largeſt in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted ſome years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of thoſe people, looked upon as prophane, and therefore had been applied to common uſe, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I ſhould lodge. The great gate, fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almoſt two wide, through which I could eaſily creep. On each ſide of the gate was a ſmall window, not above ſix inches from the ground: into that on the left ſide the king's ſmith conveyed fourſcore and eleven chains, like thoſe that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almoſt as large, which were locked to my left leg with ſix-and-thirty padlocks. Over-againſt this temple, on the other ſide of the great highway, at twenty feet diſtance, there was a turret at leaſt five feet high. Here the emperor aſcended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not ſee them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thouſand inhabitants came out of town upon the ſame errand; and, in ſpite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thouſand at the ſeveral times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was ſoon iſſued, to forbid it on pain of death. When the workmen found it was impoſſible for me to break looſe, they cut all the ſtrings that bound me; whereupon I roſe up with as melancholy a diſpoſition as ever I had in my life. But the noiſe and aſtoniſhment of the people, at ſeeing me riſe and walk, are not to be expreſſed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a ſemicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAP. II.

The emperor of Lilliput, attended by ſeveral of the nobility, comes to ſee the author in his confinement. The emperor's perſon and habit deſcribed. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild diſpoſition. His pockets are ſearched, and his ſword and piſtols taken from him.

When I found myſelf on my feet, I looked about me, and muſt confeſs I never beheld a more entertaining proſpect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the incloſed fields, which were generally forty feet ſquare, reſembled ſo many beds of flowers. Theſe fields were intermingled with woods of half a *ſtang* *, and the talleſt trees, as I could judge, appeared to be ſeven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted ſcene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for ſome hours extremely preſſed by the neceſſities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almoſt two days ſince I had laſt diſburthened myſelf. I was under great difficulties between urgency and ſhame. The beſt expedient I could think on, was to creep into my houſe, which I accordingly did; and, ſhutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would ſuffer, and diſcharged my body of that uneaſy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of ſo uncleanly an action: for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give ſome allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially conſidered my caſe, and the diſtreſs I was in. From this time my conſtant practice was, as ſoon as I roſe, to perform the buſineſs in the open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning, before company came, that the offenſive matter ſhould be carried off in wheel-barrows by two ſervants appointed for that purpoſe. I would not have dwelt ſo long upon a circumſtance, that perhaps, at firſt ſight, may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it neceſſary to juſtify my character in point of cleanlineſs to the world; which, I am told, ſome of my maligners have been pleaſed, upon this and other occaſions, to call in queſtion.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my houſe, having occaſion for the freſh air. The emperor was al-

* A *ſtang* is a pole or perch; ſixteen feet and a half.

ready

ready descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the limits of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose *; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it, when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were high and low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and *lingua Franca*; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground, by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper, as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the but-ends of their pikes into my reach: I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got, with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders

* The masculine strength of features, which Gulliver could not see, till he laid his face upon the ground, and the awful superiority of stature in a being, whom he held in his hand; the helmet, the plume, and the sword, are a fine reproof of human pride; the objects of which are trifling distinctions, whether of person or rank; the ridiculous parade and ostentation of a pigmy; which derive not only their origin, but their use, from the folly, weakness, and imperfection of ourselves and others.

to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds * of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four doubled, which however kept me but indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed, that those who had already beheld me, should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without licence from court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expence. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred taylors should make me a suit of cloaths after the fashion of the country: that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language: and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt, were to express my desire, that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on, without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pessо desmar lon emposo*; that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said, his majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands: that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country

* Gulliver has observed great exactness in the just proportion and appearances of the objects thu lessened. Orrery.

or paid for at the rate which I would ſet upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them firſt into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my fobs, and another ſecret pocket, which I had no mind ſhould be ſearched, wherein I had ſome little neceſſaries, that were of no conſequence to any but myſelf. In one of my fobs there was a ſilver-watch, and in the other a ſmall quantity of gold in a purſe. Theſe gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they ſaw; and, when they had done, deſired I would ſet them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards tranſlated into Engliſh, and is word for word as follows:

Imprimis, In the right coat-pocket of the great Man-mountain (for ſo I interpret the words *Quinbus Fleſtrin*) after the ſtricteſt ſearch, we found only one great piece of coarſe cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majeſty's chief room of ſtate. In the left pocket we ſaw a huge ſilver cheſt, with a cover of the ſame metal, which we the ſearchers were not able to lift. We deſired it ſhould be opened, and one of us ſtepping into it, found himſelf up to the mid-leg in a ſort of duſt, ſome part whereof flying up to our faces, ſet us both a ſneezing for ſeveral times together. In his right waiſtcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin ſubſtances, folded one over another, about the bigneſs of three men, tied with a ſtrong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almoſt half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a ſort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, reſembling the paliſadoes before your majeſty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with queſtions, becauſe we found it a great difficulty to make him underſtand us. In the large pocket, on the right ſide of his middle cover (ſo I tranſlate the word *ranfulo*, by which they meant my breeches) we ſaw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, faſtened to a ſtrong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one ſide of the pillar were huge pieces of iron ſticking out, cut into ſtrange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the ſame kind. In the ſmaller pocket, on the right ſide were ſeveral round flat pieces of white and red metal of different bulk; ſome of the white, which ſeemed to be ſilver, were ſo large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly ſhaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we ſtood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and ſeemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other, there appeared a white round ſubſtance, about twice the bigneſs of our heads. Within each of theſe was incloſed a prodious plate of ſteel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to ſhew us, becauſe we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their caſes, and told us, that, in his own country, his practice was to ſhave his beard with one of theſe, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets, which we could not enter: theſe he called his fobs; they were two large ſlits cut into the top of his middle cover, but ſqueezed cloſe by the preſſure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great ſilver chain, with a wonderful engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half ſilver, and half of ſome tranſparent metal; for on the tranſparent ſide we ſaw certain ſtrange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers ſtopped by that lucid ſubſtance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an inceſſant noiſe, like that of a water-mill; and we conjecture it is either ſome unknown animal, or the god that he worſhips; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, becauſe he aſſured us (if we underſtood him right, for he expreſſed himſelf very imperfectly) that he ſeldom did any thing without conſulting it. He called it his oracle, and ſaid it pointed out the time for every action of his life *. From the left fob he took out a net almoſt large enough for a fiſherman, but contrived to open and ſhut like a purſe, and ſerved him for the ſame uſe: we found therein ſeveral maſſy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, muſt be of immenſe value.

Having thus, in obedience to your majeſty's commands, diligently ſearched all his pockets, we obſerved a girdle about his waiſt, made of the hide of ſome prodigious animal, from which, on the left ſide, hung a ſword of the length of five men; and on

* Perhaps the author intended to expoſe the probable fallacy of opinions, derived from the relations of travellers, by ſhewing how little truth need to be miſunderſtood, to make falſehood ſpecious.

the right a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

Clefrin Frelock, Marsi Frelock.

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scymiter, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge: but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scymiter, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scymiter to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince*, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded, was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which by the closeness of my pouch happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide) I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scymiter. Hundreds fell down, as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he had stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner I had done my scymiter, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating it; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scymiter, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of my eyes) a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniencies; which being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled, if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAP. III.

The author diverts the emperor and his nobility of both sexes in a very uncommon manner. The diversions of the court of Lilliput described. The author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court,

* He who does not find himself disposed to honour this magnanimity should reflect, that a right to judge of moral and intellectual excellence is with great absurdity and injustice arrogated by him who admires, in a being six feet high, any quantities that he despises, in one whose stature does not exceed six inches.

and

and indeed upon the army, and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand: and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons, who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher, fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen too or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them, who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured, that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidently lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the emperor and empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons, whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third; which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court, who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to

give

give directions accordingly, and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect; and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments, only once a fiery horse that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprizes.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting up on each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore, after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor having ordered that part of his army, which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired that I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however,

however, could not prevent ſome of the younger officers from turning up their eyes, as they paſſed under me: and, to confeſs the truth, my breeches were at that time in ſo ill a condition, that they afforded ſome opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had ſent ſo many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majeſty at length mentioned the matter firſt in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was oppoſed by none, except Skyreſh Bolgolam, who was pleaſed, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried againſt him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That miniſter was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his maſter's confidence, and a perſon well verſed in affairs, but of a moroſe and ſour complexion. However, he was at length perſuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I ſhould be ſet free, and to which I muſt ſwear, ſhould be drawn up by himſelf. Theſe articles were brought to me by Skyreſh Bolgolam in perſon, attended by two under-ſecretaries, and ſeveral perſons of diſtinction. After they were read, I was demanded to ſwear to the performance of them; firſt in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method preſcribed by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But becauſe the reader may be curious to have ſome idea of the ſtyle and manner of expreſſion peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a tranſlation of the whole inſtrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

Golbaſto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, moſt mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the univerſe, whoſe dominions extend five thouſand *blaſtrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the ſons of men; whoſe feet preſs down to the centre, and whoſe head ſtrikes againſt the ſun; at whoſe nod the princes of the earth ſhake their knees; pleaſant as the ſpring, comfortable as the ſummer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His moſt ſublime majeſty propoſeth to the Man-mountain, lately arrived at our celeſtial dominions, the following articles, which by a ſolemn oath he ſhall be obliged to perform.

1ſt. The Man-mountain ſhall not depart from our dominions, without our licence under our great ſeal.

2d. He ſhall not preſume to come into our metropolis, without our expreſs order; at which time the inhabitants ſhall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

3d. The ſaid Man-mountain ſhall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

4th. As he walks the ſaid roads, he ſhall take the utmoſt care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving ſubjects, their horſes or carriages, nor take any of our ſubjects into his hands without their own conſent.

5th. If an expreſs requires extraordinary diſpatch, the Man-mountain ſhall be obliged to carry in his pocket the meſſenger and horſe, a ſix days journey once in every moon, and return the ſaid meſſenger back (if ſorequired) ſafe to our imperial preſence.

6th. He ſhall be our ally againſt our enemies in the iſland of Blefuſcu *, and do his utmoſt to deſtroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

7th. That the ſaid Man-mountain ſhall, at his times of leiſure, be aiding and aſſiſting to our workmen, in helping to raiſe certain great ſtones, towards covering the wall of the principal park and other our royal buildings.

8th. That the ſaid Man-mountain ſhall, in two moons time, deliver in an exact ſurvey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coaſt.

Laſtly, That, upon his ſolemn oath to obſerve all the above articles, the ſaid Man-mountain ſhall have a daily allowance of meat and drink, ſufficient for the ſupport of 1724 of our ſubjects, with free acceſs to our royal perſon, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-firſt moon of our reign.

I ſwore and ſubſcribed to theſe articles with great chearfulneſs and content, although ſome of them were not ſo honour-

* In his deſcription of Lilliput he ſeems to have had England more immediately in view. In his deſcription of Blefuſcu, he ſeems to intend the people and kingdom of France. Orrery.

able

able as I could have wiſhed; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyreſh Bolgolam, the high-admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himſelf in perſon did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments, by proſtrating myſelf at his majeſty's feet, but he commanded me to riſe; and after many gracious expreſſions, which, to avoid the cenſure of vanity, I ſhall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I ſhould prove a uſeful ſervant, and well deſerve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may pleaſe to obſerve, that, in the laſt article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor ſtipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink, ſufficient for the ſupport of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, aſking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number; he told me, that his majeſty's mathematicians having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the ſimiliarity of their bodies, that mine muſt contain at leaſt 1724 of theirs, and conſequently would require as much food as was neceſſary to ſupport that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact œconomy of ſo great a prince.

CHAP. IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, deſcribed, together with the emperor's palace. A converſation between the author and a principal ſecretary concerning the affairs of that empire. The author's offers to ſerve the emperor in his wars.

The firſt requeſt I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to ſee Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor eaſily granted me; but with a ſpecial charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houſes. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my deſign to viſit the town. The wall, which encompaſſed it, is two feet and a half high, and at leaſt eleven inches broad, ſo that a coach and horſes may be driven very ſafely round it; and it is flanked with ſtrong towers at ten feet diſtance. I ſtept over the great weſtern gate, and paſſed very gently, and ſideling, through the two principal ſtreets, only in my ſhort waiſtcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eves of the houſes with the ſkirts of my coat. I walked with the utmoſt circumſpection to avoid treading on any ſtraggler, who might remain in the ſtreets; although the orders were very ſtrict, that all people ſhould keep in their houſes at their own peril. The garret-windows and tops of houſes were ſo crowded with ſpectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not ſeen a more populous place. The city is an exact ſquare, each ſide of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great ſtreets, which run acroſs and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and allies, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I paſſed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thouſand ſouls: the houſes are from three to five ſtories: the ſhops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great ſtreets meet. It is incloſed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet diſtance from the buildings. I had his majeſty's permiſſion to ſtep over this wall; and the ſpace being ſo wide between that and the palace, I could eaſily view it on every ſide. The outward court is a ſquare of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmoſt are the royal apartments, which I was very deſirous to ſee, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one ſquare to another, were but eighteen inches high, and ſeven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at leaſt five feet high, and it was impoſſible for me to ſtride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were ſtrongly built of hewn ſtone, and four inches thick. At the ſame time the emperor had a great deſire that I ſhould ſee the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I ſpent in cutting down, with my knife, ſome of the largeſt trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards diſtant from the city. Of theſe trees I made two ſtools, each about three feet high, and ſtrong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a ſecond time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two ſtools in my hands. When I came to the ſide of the outer court, I ſtood upon one ſtool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently ſet it down on the ſpace, between the firſt and ſecond court, which was eight feet wide. I then ſtept over the building very con-

conveniently from one ſtool to the other, and drew up the firſt after me with a hooked ſtick. By this contrivance I got into the inmoſt court; and, lying down upon my ſide, I applied my face to the windows of the middle ſtories, which were left open on purpoſe, and diſcovered the moſt ſplendid apartments that can be imagined. There I ſaw the empreſs and the young princes in their ſeveral lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majeſty was pleaſed to ſmile very graciouſly upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiſs.

But I ſhall not anticipate the reader with farther deſcriptions of this kind, becauſe I reſerve them for a greater work, which is now almoſt ready for the preſs, containing a general deſcription of this empire, from its firſt erection, through a long ſeries of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion, their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and cuſtoms, with other matters very curious and uſeful; my chief deſign at preſent being only to relate ſuch events and tranſactions, as happened to the public or to myſelf, during a reſidence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldreſal, principal ſecretary of ſtate (as they ſtyle him) for private affairs, came to my houſe attended only by one ſervant. He ordered his coach to wait at a diſtance, and deſired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily conſented to, on account of his quality and perſonal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my ſolicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he choſe rather to let me hold him in my hand during our converſation. He began with compliments on my liberty; ſaid, he might pretend to ſome merit in it: but, however, added, that if it had not been for the preſent ſituation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it ſo ſoon. For, ſaid he, as flouriſhing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invaſion by a moſt potent enemy from abroad. As to the firſt, you are to underſtand, that for above ſeventy moons paſt there have been two ſtruggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slameckſan**, from the high and low heels of their ſhoes, by which they diſtinguiſh themſelves. It is alledged indeed, that the high heels are moſt agreeable to our ancient conſtitution; but, however this be, his majeſty is determined to make uſe only of low heels in the adminiſtration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but obſerve; and particularly, that his majeſty's imperial heels are lower at leaſt by a *drurr* than any of his court (*drurr* is a meaſure about the fourteenth part of an inch.) The animoſities between theſe two parties run ſo high, that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high-heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our ſide. We apprehend his imperial highneſs, the heir to the crown, to have ſome tendency towards the high-heels; at leaſt, we can plainly diſcover, that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midſt of theſe inteſtine diſquiets we are threatened with an invaſion from the iſland of Blefuſcu, which is the other great empire of the univerſe, almoſt as large and powerful as this of his majeſty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and ſtates in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourſelf, our philoſophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the ſtars; becauſe it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a ſhort time, deſtroy all the fruits and cattle of his majeſty's dominions: beſides, our hiſtories of ſix thouſand moons make no mention of any other regions, than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuſcu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a moſt obſtinate war for ſix-and-thirty moons paſt. It began upon the following occaſion: it is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his preſent majeſty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to

* High-church and Low-church, or Whig and Tory. As every accidental difference between man and man in perſon and circumſtances is by this work rendered extremely contemptible; ſo ſpeculative differences are ſhown to be equally ridiculous, when the zeal with which they are oppoſed and defended too much exceeds their importance.

cut

cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor, his father, publiſhed an edict, commanding all his ſubjects, upon great penalties, to break the ſmaller end of their eggs. The people ſo highly reſented this law, that our hiſtories tell us, there have been ſix rebellions raiſed on that account; wherein one emperor loſt his life, and another his crown. Theſe civil commotions were conſtantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuſcu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thouſand perſons have at ſeveral times ſuffered death, rather than ſubmit to break their eggs at the ſmaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been publiſhed upon this controverſy: but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law, of holding employments. During the courſe of theſe troubles, the emperors of Blefuſcu did frequently expoſtulate by their ambaſſadors, accuſing us of making a ſchiſm in religion, by offending againſt a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Luſtrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran.) This however is thought to be a mere ſtrain upon the text; for the words are theſe: "That "all true believers break their eggs at the "convenient end." And which is the convenient end, ſeems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conſcience, or at leaſt in the power of the chief magiſtrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found ſo much credit in the emperor of Blefuſcu's court, and ſo much private aſſiſtance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for ſix-and-thirty moons, with various ſucceſs; during which time we have loſt forty capital ſhips, and a much greater number of ſmaller veſſels, together with thirty thouſand of our beſt ſeamen and ſoldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be ſomewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are juſt preparing to make a deſcent upon us; and his imperial majeſty, placing great confidence in your valour and ſkill, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I deſired the ſecretary to preſent my humble duty to the emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his perſon and ſtate againſt all invaders *.

CHAP. V.

The author, by an extraordinary ſtratagem, prevents an invaſion. A high title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambaſſadors arrive from the emperor of Blefuſcu, and ſue for peace. The empreſs's apartment on fire by an accident; the author inſtrumental in ſaving the reſt of the palace.

The empire of Blefuſcu is an iſland, ſituated to the north-eaſt ſide of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet ſeen it, and upon this notice of an intended invaſion, I avoided appearing on that ſide of the coaſt, for fear of being diſcovered by ſome of the enemy's ſhips, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourſe between the two empires having been ſtrictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all veſſels whatſoever. I communicated to his majeſty a project I formed of ſeizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, our ſcouts aſſured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to ſail with the firſt fair wind. I conſulted the moſt experienced ſeamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plummed; who told me, that in the middle, at high-water, it was ſeventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about ſix feet of European meaſure; and the reſt of it fifty *glumgluffs* at moſt. I walked towards the north-eaſt coaſt, over againſt Blefuſcu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my ſmall perſpective-glaſs, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, conſiſting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of tranſports: I then came back to my houſe, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the ſtrongeſt cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and ſize of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it ſtronger, and for the ſame reaſon I twiſted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-eaſt coaſt, and putting off my coat,

* Gulliver, without examining the ſubject of diſpute, readily engaged to defend the emperor againſt invaſion; becauſe he knew that no ſuch another, for the propagation of truth.

ſhoes,

ſhoes, and ſtockings, walked into the ſea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high-water. I waded with what haſte I could, and ſwam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground; I arrived at the fleet in leſs than half an hour. The enemy was ſo frighted, when they ſaw me, that they leaped out of their ſhips, and ſwam to ſhore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thouſand ſouls: I then took my tackling, and, faſtening a hook to the hole, at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy diſcharged ſeveral thouſand arrows, many of which ſtuck in my hands and face; and, beſides the exceſſive ſmart, gave me much diſturbance in my work. My greateſt apprehenſion was for mine eyes, which I ſhould have infallibly loſt, if I had not ſuddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little neceſſaries, a pair of ſpectacles in a private pocket, which, as I obſerved before, had eſcaped the emperor's ſearchers. Theſe I took out and faſtened as ſtrongly as I could upon my noſe, and thus armed went on boldly with my work, in ſpite of the enemy's arrows, many of which ſtruck againſt the glaſſes of my ſpectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to diſcompoſe them. I had now faſtened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand began to pull; but not a ſhip would ſtir, for they were all too faſt held by their anchors, ſo that the boldeſt part of my enterprize remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ſhips, I reſolutely cut, with my knife, the cables that faſtened the anchors, receiving above two hundred ſhots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and, with great eaſe, drew fifty of the enemy's largeſt men of war after me.

The Blefuſcudians, who had not the leaſt imagination of what I intended, were at firſt confounded with aſtoniſhment. They had ſeen me cut the cables, and thought my deſign was only to let the ſhips run adrift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and ſaw me pulling at the end, they ſet up ſuch a ſcream of grief and deſpair, as it is almoſt impoſſible to deſcribe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I ſtopt awhile to pick out the arrows that ſtuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on ſome of the ſame ointment that was given me at my firſt arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my ſpectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived ſafe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court ſtood on the ſhore expecting the iſſue of this great adventure. They ſaw the ſhips move forward in a large half-moon, but could not diſcern me, who was up to my breaſt in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, becauſe I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in an hoſtile manner: but he was ſoon eaſed of his fears, for the channel growing ſhallower every ſtep I made, I came in a ſhort time within hearing; and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was faſtened, I cried, in a loud voice, "Long live the moſt puiſſant emperor of "Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all poſſible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the ſpot, which is the higheſt title of honour among them.

His majeſty deſired I would take ſome other opportunity of bringing all the reſt of his enemy's ſhips into his ports. And ſo unmeaſurable is the ambition of princes, that he ſeemed to think on nothing leſs than reducing the whole empire of Blefuſcu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy: of deſtroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the ſmaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the ſole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this deſign, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as juſtice: and I plainly proteſted, that I would never be an inſtrument of bringing a free and brave people into ſlavery. And when the matter was debated in council, the wiſeſt part of the miniſtry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was ſo oppoſite to the ſchemes and politics of his imperial majeſty, that he could never forgive me; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that ſome of the wiſeſt appeared, at leaſt by their ſilence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my ſecret enemies, could not forbear ſome expreſſions, which by a ſide-wind reflected on me. And from this time

time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices, by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom, in the emperor, their master's name, and desired me to shew them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the readers with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend, before I returned to my own country: accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner: but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got, by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire, to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could any thing but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court making their way through the crowd, intreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little

little good. I might eaſily have ſtifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haſte, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The caſe ſeemed wholly deſperate and deplorable, and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if by a preſence of mind unuſual to me, I had not ſuddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drank plentifully of a moſt delicious wine, called *glimigrim* (the Blefuſcudians call it *flunec*, but ours is eſteemed the better ſort) which is very diuretic. By the luckieſt chance in the world I had not diſcharged myſelf of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in ſuch a quantity, and applied ſo well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguiſhed, and the reſt of that noble pile, which had coſt ſo many ages in erecting, preſerved from deſtruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my houſe, without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; becauſe, although I had done a very eminent piece of ſervice, yet I could not tell how his majeſty might reſent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any perſon, of what quality ſoever, to make water within the the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a meſſage from his majeſty, that he would give orders to the grand juſticiary for paſſing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately aſſured, that the empreſs, conceiving the greateſt abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the moſt diſtant ſide of the court, firmly reſolved that thoſe buildings ſhould never be repaired for her uſe; and, in the preſence of her chief confidents, could not forbear vowing revenge.

CHAP. VI.

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and cuſtoms; the manner of educating their children. The author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

Although I intend to leave the deſcription of this empire to a particular treatiſe, yet in the mean time I am content to gratify the curious reader with ſome general ideas. As the common ſize of the natives is ſomewhat under ſix inches high, ſo there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for inſtance, the talleſt horſes and oxen are between four and five inches in heighth, the ſheep an inch and a half, more or leſs; their geeſe about the bigneſs of a ſparrow, and ſo the ſeveral gradations downwards, till you come to the ſmalleſt, which, to my ſight, were almoſt inviſible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they ſee with great exactneſs, but at no great diſtance. And, to ſhew the ſharpneſs of their ſight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleaſed with obſerving a cook pulling a lark, which was not ſo large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an inviſible needle with inviſible ſilk. Their talleſt trees are about ſeven feet high: I mean ſome of thoſe in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but juſt reach with my fiſt clenched. The other vegetables are in the ſame proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I ſhall ſay but little, at preſent, of their learning, which for many ages hath flouriſhed, in all its branches, among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither, from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chineſe; but aſlant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, becauſe they hold an opinion that, in eleven thouſand moons, they are all to riſe again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upſide down, and, by this means, they ſhall, at their reſurrection, be found ready ſtanding on their feet. The learned among them confeſs the abſurdity of this doctrine, but the practice ſtill continues in compliance to the vulgar.

There are ſome laws and cuſtoms in this empire very peculiar; and, if they were not ſo directly contrary to thoſe of my own dear country, I ſhould be tempted to ſay a little in their juſtification. It is only to be wiſhed they were as well executed. The firſt I ſhall mention, relates to informers. All crimes againſt the ſtate are puniſhed here with the utmoſt ſeverity; but, if the perſon accuſed maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuſer is immediately put to an ignominious death: and, out of his goods or lands, the innocent perſon is quadruply recompenſed for the loſs of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardſhips of his impriſonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence. Or, if

that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor alſo confers on him ſome public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence thro' the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore ſeldom fail to puniſh it with death; for they alledge, that care and vigilance, with a very common underſtanding, may preſerve a man's goods from thieves, but honeſty has no fence againſt ſuperior cunning; and ſince it is neceſſary that there ſhould be a perpetual intercourſe of buying and ſelling, and dealing upon credit; where fraud is permitted, and connived at, or hath no law to puniſh it, the honeſt dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal, who had wronged his maſter of a great ſum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majeſty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of truſt; the emperor thought it monſtrous in me to offer, as a defence, the greateſt aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to ſay in return, farther than the common anſwer, that different nations had different cuſtoms; for, I confeſs, I was heartily aſhamed *.

Although we uſually call reward and puniſhment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never obſerve this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring ſufficient proof, that he hath ſtrictly obſerved the laws of his country for ſeventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable ſum of money, out of a fund appropriated for that uſe: he likewiſe acquires the title of Snilpall, or Legal, which is added to his name, but doth not deſcend to his poſterity. And theſe people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them, that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of juſtice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with ſix eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each ſide one, to ſignify circumſpection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a ſword ſheathed in her left, to ſhew ſhe is more diſpoſed to reward than puniſh.

In chuſing perſons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, ſince government is neceſſary to mankind, they believe that the common ſize of human underſtandings is fitted to ſome ſtation or other, and that providence never intended to make the management of public affairs to be a myſtery comprehended only by a few perſons of ſublime genius, of which there ſeldom are three born in an age: but they ſuppoſe truth, juſtice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, aſſiſted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the ſervice of his country, except where a courſe of ſtudy is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was ſo far from being ſupplied by ſuperior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into ſuch dangerous hands as thoſe perſons, ſo qualified; and at leaſt, that the miſtakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous diſpoſition, would never be of ſuch fatal conſequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man, whoſe inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the diſbelief of a divine providence renders a man incapable of holding any public ſtation; for, ſince kings avowed themſelves to be the deputies of providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more abſurd than for a prince to employ ſuch men as diſown the authority under which he acteth.

In relating theſe and the following laws, I would only be underſtood to mean the original inſtitutions, and not the moſt ſcandalous corruptions, into which theſe people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments, by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and diſtinction, by leaping over ſticks, and creeping under them, the reader is to obſerve, that they were firſt introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the preſent height by the gradual encreaſe of party and faction.

Ingratitude is, among them, a capital crime, as we read it to have been in ſome other countries: for they reaſon thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, muſt needs be a common enemy to the reſt of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore ſuch a man is not fit to live.

Their notions, relating to the duties of

* An act of parliament hath been ſince paſſed, by which ſome breaches of truſt have been made capital.

parents

parents and children, differ extremely from ours. For, ſince the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the ſpecies, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together like other animals, by the motives of concupiſcence; and that their tenderneſs towards their young, proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reaſon they will never allow, that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, conſidering the miſeries of human life, was neither a benefit in itſelf, nor intended ſo by his parents, whoſe thoughts, in their love-encounters, were otherwiſe employed. Upon theſe, and the like reaſonings, their opinion is, that parents are the laſt of all others to be truſted with the education of their own children: and therefore they have, in every town, public nurſeries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to ſend their infants of both ſexes to be reared, and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are ſuppoſed to have ſome rudiments of docility. Theſe ſchools are of ſeveral kinds, ſuited to different qualities, and to both ſexes. They have certain profeſſors, well ſkilled in preparing children for ſuch a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities, as well as inclination. I ſhall firſt ſay ſomething of the male nurſeries, and then of the female.

The nurſeries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned profeſſors, and their ſeveral deputies. The cloaths and food of the children are plain and ſimple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, juſtice, courage, modeſty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in ſome buſineſs, except in the times of eating and ſleeping, which are very ſhort, and two hours for diverſions, conſiſting of bodily exerciſes. They are dreſſed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dreſs themſelves, although their quality be ever ſo great, and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the moſt menial offices. They are never ſuffered to converſe with ſervants, but go together in ſmaller or greater numbers to take their diverſions, and always in the preſence of a profeſſor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid thoſe early bad impreſſions of folly and vice, to which our children are ſubject. Their parents are ſuffered to ſee them only twice a year; the viſit is to laſt but an hour; they are allowed to kiſs the child at meeting and parting; but a profeſſor, who always ſtands by on thoſe occaſions, will not ſuffer them to whiſper, or uſe any fondling expreſſion, or bring any preſents of toys, ſweetmeats, and the like.

The penſion from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurſeries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts are managed proportionably after the ſame manner, only thoſe deſigned for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas thoſe of perſons of quality continue in their exerciſes till fifteen, which anſwers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually leſſened for the laſt three years.

In the female nurſeries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dreſſed by orderly ſervants of their own ſex; but always in the preſence of a profeſſor or deputy, till they come to dreſs themſelves, which is at five years old. And if it be found, that theſe nurſes ever preſume to entertain the girls with frightful or fooliſh ſtories, or the common follies practiſed by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, impriſoned for a year, and baniſhed for life to the moſt deſolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much aſhamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and deſpiſe all perſonal ornaments beyond decency and cleanlineſs: neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of ſex, only that the exerciſes of the females were not altogether ſo robuſt; and that ſome rules were given them relating to domeſtic life, and a ſmaller compaſs of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that, among people of quality, a wife ſhould be always a reaſonable and agreeable companion, becauſe ſhe cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which, among them, is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home with great expreſſions of gratitude to the profeſſors, and ſeldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurſeries of females of the meaner ſort, the children are inſtructed in all kinds of works proper for their ſex, and their ſeveral degrees: thoſe intended for apprentices, are diſmiſſed at ſeven years old, the reſt are kept to eleven.

The meaner families, who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return, to the steward of the nursery, a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expences by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burthen of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry, and the most exact justice

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals: for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair, convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which however they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay upon the ground, one standing on my neck, and another at my middleg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for, by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground, before them, for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred taylors were employed in the same manner to make me cloaths; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my cloaths were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies of England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; an hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors, slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bits of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our conntry we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkies I usually eat at a mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours Of their smaller fowl, I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he was pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over-against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices with his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the morosenes of his nature. He represented to the emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under

der nine *per cent.* below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle) and upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor, to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him, that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court-scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants around, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for, if there were six horses, the postilion always unharnessed four) and place them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and, when I was engaged with one set, the coachman would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make their best of it) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own, though I then had the honour to be a *nardac*, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows, that he is only a *glumglum*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident, not proper to mention, made the treasurer shew his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was indeed too much governed by that favourite.

CHAP. VII.

The author, being informed of a design to accuse him of high treason, maketh his escape to Blefuscu. His reception there.

Before I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue, which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to court, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance: the chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket; and, giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and enquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me.

You are to know, said he, that several committees of council have been lately called in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam *(galbet,* or high-admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival: his original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, bywhich his glory, as admiral, is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you for treason, and other capital crimes.

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt: when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:

Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I venture my head for your service.

Articles of impeachment against Quinbus Flestrin, *the Man-mountain.*

Article I.

Whereas by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason: notwithstanding the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traiterously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, *&c.* against the duty, *&c.*

Article II.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province to be governed by a vice-roy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the *big-endian exiles,* but likewise all the people of that empire, who would not immediately forsake the *big-endian* heresy; he the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people *.

Article III.

That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu to sue for peace in his majesty's court: he the said Flestrin did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in open war against his said majesty.

Article IV.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he hath received only verbal licence from his imperial majesty; and under colour of the said licence doth safely and traiterously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.

There are some other articles, but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

In the several debates upon this impeachment it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire to your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you: but his majesty resolving, if possible to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

Upon this incident Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opi-

* A lawyer thinks himself honest if he does the best he can for his client, and a statesman, if he promotes the interest of his country; but the dean here inculcates an higher notion of right and wrong, and obligations to a larger community.

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nion, which he accordingly did: and therein juſtified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that ſtill there was room for mercy, the moſt commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majeſty was ſo juſtly celebrated. He ſaid, the friendſhip between you and him was ſo well known to the world, that perhaps the moſt honourable board might think him partial: however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his ſentiments. That if his majeſty, in conſideration of your ſervices, and purſuant to his own merciful diſpoſition, would pleaſe to ſpare your life, and only give order to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that, by this expedient juſtice might, in ſome meaſure, be ſatisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of thoſe, who have the honour to be his counſellors. That the loſs of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily ſtrength, by which you might ſtill be uſeful to his majeſty: that blindneſs is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greateſt difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be ſufficient for you to ſee by the eyes of the miniſters, ſince the greateſt princes do no more.

This propoſal was received with the utmoſt diſapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral could not preſerve his temper; but, riſing up in fury, ſaid, he wondered how the ſecretary durſt preſume to give his opinion for preſerving the life of a traitor: that the ſervices you had performed, were, by all true reaſons of ſtate, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who was able to extinguiſh the fire by diſcharge of urine in her majeſty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror) might, at another time, raiſe an inundation, by the ſame means, to drown the whole palace; and the ſame ſtrength, which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might ſerve, upon the firſt diſcontent to carry them back: that he had good reaſons to think you were a Bigendian in your heart; and as treaſon begins in the heart, before it appears in overt acts, ſo he accuſed you as a traitor on that account, and therefore, inſiſted you ſhould be put to death.

The treaſurer was of the ſame opinion: he ſhewed to what ſtreights his majeſty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would ſoon grow inſupportable: that the ſecretary's expedient of putting out your eyes, was ſo far from being a remedy againſt this evil, that it would probably increaſe it, as is manifeſt from the common practice of blinding ſome kind of fowl, after which they fed the faſter, and grew ſooner fat: that his ſacred majeſty and the council, who are your judges, were, in their own conſciences, fully convinced of your guilt, which was a ſufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the ſtrict letter of the law*.

But his imperial majeſty, fully determined againſt capital puniſhment, was graciouſly pleaſed to ſay, that, ſince the council thought the loſs of your eyes too eaſy a cenſure, ſome other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend, the ſecretary, humbly deſiring to be heard again, in anſwer to what the treaſurer had objected, concerning the great charge his majeſty was at in maintaining you, ſaid, that his excellency, who had the ſole diſpoſal of the emperor's revenue, might eaſily provide againſt that evil, by gradually leſſening your eſtabliſhment; by which, for want of ſufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and loſe your appetite, and conſume in a few months; neither would the ſtench of your carcaſe be then ſo dangerous, when it ſhould become more than half diminiſhed; and immediately upon your death, five or ſix thouſand of his majeſty's ſubjects might, in two or three days, cut your fleſh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in diſtant parts, to prevent infection, leaving the ſkeleton as a monument of admiration to poſterity.

Thus, by the great friendſhip of the ſecretary the whole affair was compromiſed. It was ſtrictly enjoined, that the project of ſtarving you by degrees ſhould be kept a ſecret, but the ſentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none diſſenting except Bolgolam, the admiral, who, being a creature of the empreſs's, was perpetually inſtigated by her majeſty to inſiſt upon your death, ſhe having borne perpe-

* There is ſomething ſo odious in whatever is wrong, that even thoſe, whom it does not ſubject to puniſhment, endeavour to colour it with an appearance of right; but the attempt is always unſucceſsful, and only betrays a conciouſneſs of deformity, by ſhewing a deſire to hide it. Thus the Lilliputian court pretended a right to diſpenſe with the ſtrict letter of the law, to put Gulliver to death, though by the ſtrict letter of the law only he could be convicted of a crime; the intention of the ſtatute not being to ſuffer the palace rather to be burnt, than piſſed upon.

tual malice againſt you on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguiſh the fire in her apartment.

In three days, your friend the ſecretary will be directed to come to your houſe, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to ſignify the great lenity and favour of his majeſty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loſs of your eyes, which his majeſty doth not queſtion you will gratefully and humbly ſubmit to; and twenty of his majeſty's ſurgeons will attend in order to ſee the operation well performed, by diſcharging very ſharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

I leave to your prudence what meaſures you will take; and, to avoid ſuſpicion, I muſt immediately return in as private a manner as I came.

His lordſhip did ſo, and I remained alone under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a cuſtom introduced by this prince and his miniſtry (very different, as I have been aſſured, from the practices of former times) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's reſentment, or the malice of a favourite; the emperor always made a ſpeech to his whole council, expreſſing his great lenity and tenderneſs, as qualities known and confeſſed by all the world. This ſpeech was immediately publiſhed through the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people ſo much as thoſe encomiums on his majeſty's mercy; becauſe it was obſerved, that, the more theſe praiſes were enlarged and inſiſted on, the more inhuman was the puniſhment, and the ſufferer the more innocent. Yet as to myſelf, I muſt confeſs, having never been deſigned for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was ſo ill a judge of things, that I could not diſcover the lenity and favour of this ſentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneouſly) rather to be rigourous than gentle. I ſometimes thought of ſtanding my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts alledged in the ſeveral articles, yet I hoped they would admit of ſome extenuation. But having in my life peruſed many ſtate-trials, which I ever obſerved to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durſt not rely on ſo dangerous a deciſion, in ſo critical a juncture, and againſt ſuch powerful enemies. Once I was ſtrongly bent upon reſiſtance, for, while I had liberty, the whole ſtrength of that empire could hardly ſubdue me, and I might eaſily with ſtones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I ſoon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I had received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I ſo ſoon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to perſuade myſelf, that his majeſty's preſent ſeverities acquitted me of all paſt obligations.

At laſt I fixed upon a reſolution, for which it is probable I may incur ſome cenſure, and not unjuſtly; for I confeſs I owe the preſerving mine eyes, and conſequently my liberty, to my own great raſhneſs, and want of experience; becauſe, if I had then known the nature of princes and miniſters, which I have ſince obſerved in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals leſs obnoxious than myſelf, I ſhould, with great alacrity and readineſs, have ſubmitted to ſo eaſy a puniſhment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majeſty's licence to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuſcu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapſed, to ſend a letter to my friend the ſecretary, ſignifying my reſolution of ſetting out that morning for Blefuſcu, purſuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an anſwer, I went to that ſide of the iſland where our fleet lay. I ſeized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and lifting up the anchors, I ſtript myſelf, put my cloaths (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the veſſel, and drawing it after me, between wading and ſwimming arrived at the royal port of Blefuſcu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the ſame name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and deſired them to ſignify my arrival to one of the ſecretaries, and let him know, I there waited his majeſty's command. I had an anſwer in about an hour, that his majeſty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horſes; the empreſs and ladies from their coaches; and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiſs his majeſty's and the empreſs's hand. I told his majeſty that I was come according to my promiſe, and with the licence of the emperor my maſter, to have the honour of ſeeing ſo mighty a monarch, and to offer him any ſervice in my power conſiſtent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my diſ-

grace,

grace, becauſe I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might ſuppoſe myſelf wholly ignorant of any ſuch deſign; neither could I reaſonably conceive that the emperor would diſcover the ſecret, while I was out of his power; wherein however it ſoon appeared I was deceived.

I ſhall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was ſuitable to the generoſity of ſo great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a houſe and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapt up in my coverlet.

CHAP. VIII.

The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuſcu; and, after ſome difficulties, returns ſafe to his native country.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curioſity to the north-eaſt coaſt of the iſland, I obſerved about half a league off, in the ſea, ſomewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my ſhoes and ſtockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by the force of the tide: and then plainly ſaw it to be a real boat, which I ſuppoſed might, by ſome tempeſt, have been driven from a ſhip: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and deſired his imperial majeſty to lend me twenty of the talleſt veſſels he had left after the loſs of his fleet, and three thouſand ſeamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet ſailed round, while I went back the ſhorteſt way to the coaſt, where I firſt diſcovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it ſtill nearer. The ſeamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twiſted to a ſufficient ſtrength. When the ſhips came up, I ſtript myſelf, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to ſwim till I got up to it. The ſeamen threw me the end of the cord, which I faſtened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war: but I found all my labour to little purpoſe; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this neceſſity, I was forced to ſwim behind, and puſh the boat forwards as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced ſo far, that I could juſt hold up my chin and feel the ground. I reſted two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another ſhove, and ſo on till the ſea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the moſt laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were ſtowed in one of the ſhips, and faſtened them firſt to the boat, and then to nine of the veſſels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the ſeamen towed, and I ſhoved, till we arrived within forty yards of the ſhore, and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the aſſiſtance of two thouſand men, with ropes and engines, I made ſhift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I ſhall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under by the help of certain paddles, which coſt me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuſcu, where a mighty concourſe of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the ſight of ſo prodigious a veſſel. I told the emperor, that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to ſome place, from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his majeſty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart, which, after ſome kind expoſtulations, he was pleaſed to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any expreſs relating to me from our emperor, to the court of Blefuſcu. But I was afterwards given privately to underſtand, that his imperial majeſty, never imagining I had the leaſt notice of his deſigns, believed I was gone to Blefuſcu in performance of my promiſe, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at laſt in pain at my long abſence; and, after conſulting with the treaſurer and the reſt of that cabal, a perſon of quality was diſpatched with the copy of the articles againſt me. This envoy had inſtructions to repreſent to the monarch of Blefuſcu, the great lenity of his maſter, who was content to puniſh me no farther than with the loſs of mine eyes; that I had fled from juſtice, and, if I did not return in two hours, I ſhould be deprived of my title of *narnac*, and declared a traitor. The envoy further added, that, in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his maſter expected, that his brother of Blefuſcu would give orders to have me ſent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be puniſhed as a traitor.

The emperor of Blefuſcu, having taken three days to conſult, returned an anſwer, conſiſting of many civilities and excuſes. He ſaid, that, as for ſending me bound, his brother knew it was impoſſible; that although

though I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That however both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, that since fortune whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen fold of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress, and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of an hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the 24th day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and as I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east, I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening,

ing, September 26; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchant-man returning from Japan by the north and south-seas; the captain Mr. John Biddle, of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south, there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whether I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then shewed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by shewing my cattle to many persons of quality, and others: and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return, I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money, and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a-year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be deferred to the second part of my travels. *Swift.*

§ 149. *A Voyage to Brobdingnag.*

CHAP. I.

A great storm described, the long-boat sent to fetch water, the author goes with it to discover the country. He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's house. His reception, with several accidents that happened there. A description of the inhabitants.

Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water, but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Streights of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December, to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together,

ther, during which time we were driven a little to the eaſt of the Molucca iſlands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an obſervation he took the ſecond of May, at which time the wind ceaſed, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of thoſe ſeas, bid us all prepare againſt a ſtorm, which accordingly happened the day following: for a ſouthern wind, called the ſouthern monſoon, began to ſet in.

Finding it was like to overblow, we took in our ſprit-ſail, and ſtood by to hand the fore-ſail; but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all faſt, and handed the mizen. The ſhip lay very broad off, ſo we thought it better ſpooning before the ſea, than trying or hulling. We reeft the fore-ſail and ſet him, and hawled aft the fore-ſheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ſhip wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-hawl; but the ſail was ſplit, and we hawled down the yard, and got the ſail into the ſhip, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce ſtorm; the ſea broke ſtrange and dangerous. We hawled off upon the lanniard of the whip-ſtaff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our top-maſt, but let all ſtand, becauſe ſhe ſcudded before the ſea very well, and we knew that, the top-maſt being aloft, the ſhip was the wholeſomer, and made better way through the ſea, ſeeing we had ſea-room. When the ſtorm was over, we ſet fore-ſail and main-ſail, and brought the ſhip to. Then we ſet the mizen, main-top-ſail, and the fore top-ſail. Our courſe was eaſt-north-eaſt, the wind was at ſouth-weſt. We got the ſtarboard tacks aboard, we caſt off our weather-braces and lifts; we ſet in the lee-braces, and hawled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hawled them tight, and belayed them, and hawled over the mizen-tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as ſhe would lie.

During this ſtorm, which was followed by a ſtrong wind weſt-ſouth-weſt, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the eaſt, ſo that the oldeſt ſailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our proviſions held out well, our ſhip was ſtaunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmoſt diſtreſs for water. We thought it beſt to hold on the ſame courſe, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-weſt parts of Great Tartary, and into the frozen ſea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-maſt diſcovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great iſland or continent (for we knew not whether) on the ſouth ſide whereof was a ſmall neck of land jutting out into the ſea, and a creek too ſhallow to hold a ſhip of above one hundred tons. We caſt anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain ſent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with veſſels for water, if any could be found. I deſired his leave to go with them, that I might ſee the country, and make what diſcoveries I could. When we came to land, we ſaw no river or ſpring, nor any ſign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the ſhore to find out ſome freſh water near the ſea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other ſide, where I obſerved the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and ſeeing nothing to entertain my curioſity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the ſea being full in my view, I ſaw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ſhip. I was going to halloo after them, although it had been to little purpoſe, when I obſerved a huge creature walking after them in the ſea, as faſt as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious ſtrides: but our men had the ſtart of him half a league, and the ſea thereabouts being full of ſharp pointed rocks, the monſter was not able to over-take the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durſt not ſtay to ſee the iſſue of the adventure; but ran as faſt as I could the way I firſt went, and then climbed up a ſteep hill, which gave me ſome proſpect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which firſt ſurpriſed me was the length of the graſs, which, in thoſe grounds that ſeemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for ſo I took it to be, though it ſerved to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for ſome time, but could ſee little on either ſide, it being now near harveſt, and the corn riſing at leaſt forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at leaſt one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees ſo lofty, that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a ſtile to paſs from this field into the next. It had four ſteps, and a ſtone to croſs over when you came to the uppermoſt. It was impoſſible for me to climb this ſtile, becauſe every ſtep was ſix feet high, and the upper

ſtone

ſtone above twenty. I was endeavouring to find ſome gap in the hedge, when I diſcovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the ſtile, of the ſame ſize with him whom I ſaw in the ſea purſuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary ſpire-ſteeple, and took about ten yards at every ſtride, as near as I could gueſs. I was ſtruck with the utmoſt fear and aſtoniſhment, and ran to hide myſelf in the corn, from whence I ſaw him at the top of the ſtile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a ſpeaking trumpet; but the noiſe was ſo high in the air, that at firſt I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon ſeven monſters, like himſelf, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeneſs of ſix ſcythes. Theſe people were not ſo well clad as the firſt, whoſe ſervants or labourers they ſeemed to be: for, upon ſome words he ſpoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a diſtance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the ſtalks of the corn were ſometimes not above a foot diſtant, ſo that I could hardly ſqueeze my body betwixt them. However I made a ſhift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impoſſible for me to advance a ſtep: for the ſtalks were ſo interwoven that I could not creep thorough, and the beards of the fallen ears ſo ſtrong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my fleſh. At the ſame time I heard the reapers not above an hundred yards behind me. Being quite diſpirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and deſpair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wiſhed I might there end my days; I bemoaned my deſolate widow, and fatherleſs children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulneſs in attempting a ſecond voyage, againſt the advice of my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whoſe inhabitants looked upon me as the greateſt prodigy that ever appeared in the world: where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform thoſe other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while poſterity ſhall hardly believe them, although atteſted by millions. I reflected what a mortification it muſt prove to me to appear as inconſiderable in this nation, as one ſingle Lilliputian would among us. But this I conceived was to be the leaſt of my misfortunes: for, as human creatures are obſerved to be more ſavage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morſel in the mouth of the firſt among theſe enormous barbarians, that ſhould happen to ſeize me? Undoubtedly philoſophers are in the right when they tell us, that nothing is great or little otherwiſe than by compariſon. It might have pleaſed fortune to have let the Lilliputians find ſome nation, where the people were as diminutive with reſpect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally over-matched in ſome diſtant part of the world, whereof we have yet no diſcovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with theſe reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next ſtep I ſhould be ſquaſhed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I ſcreamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod ſhort, and looking round about under him for ſome time, at laſt eſpied me as I lay on the ground. He conſidered me awhile, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a ſmall dangerous animal in ſuch a manner that it ſhall not be able either to ſcratch or to bite him, as I myſelf have ſometimes done with a weaſel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle, between his fore finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my ſhape more perfectly. I gueſſed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me ſo much preſence of mind, that I reſolved not to ſtruggle in the leaſt, as he held me in the air above ſixty feet from the ground, although he grievouſly pinched my ſides, for fear I ſhould ſlip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raiſe mine eyes towards the ſun, and place my hands together in a ſupplicating poſture, and to ſpeak ſome words in an humble melancholy tone, ſuitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would daſh me againſt the ground, as we uſually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to deſtroy*. But my good ſtar would have it, that he appeared pleaſed with

* Our inattention to the felicity of ſenſitive beings, merely becauſe they are ſmall, is here forcibly reproved; many have wantonly cruſhed an inſect, who would ſhudder at cutting the throat of a dog: but

with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me: he then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all set down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another, but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered, as loud as I could, in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head, for farther security, and in this manner carried me home to his house There he called his wife, and shewed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and, by degrees, grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother: when they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbling some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cyder, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side; but as I was walking on the table, being in

but it should always be remembered, that the least of these

"In mortal sufferance feels a pang as great
"As when a giant dies."

great

great ſurprize all the time, as the indulgent reader will eaſily conceive and excuſe, I happened to ſtumble againſt a cruſt, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and obſerving the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners) and, waving it over my head, made three huzzas to ſhew I had got no miſchief by my fall. But advancing forwards toward my maſter (as I ſhall henceforth call him) his youngeſt ſon, who ſat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me ſo high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father ſnatched me from him, and at the ſame time gave him ſuch a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horſe to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a ſpite, and well remembering how miſchievous all children among us naturally are to ſparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my maſter to underſtand, as well as I could, that I deſired his ſon to be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his ſeat again; whereupon I went to him, and kiſſed his hand, which my maſter took, and made him ſtroke me gently with it.

In the midſt of dinner, my miſtreſs's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noiſe behind me, like that of a dozen ſtocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who ſeemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her miſtreſs was feeding and ſtroking her. The fierceneſs of this creature's countenance altogether diſcompoſed me, though I ſtood at the further end of the table, above fifty feet off, and although my miſtreſs held her faſt, for fear ſhe might give a ſpring, and ſeize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the leaſt notice of me, when my maſter placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience, in travelling, that flying or diſcovering fear before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it purſue or attack you; ſo I reſolved, in this dangerous juncture, to ſhew no manner of concern. I walked, with intrepidity, five or ſix times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon ſhe drew herſelf back, as if ſhe were more afraid of me. I had leſs apprehenſion concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is uſual in farmers houſes; one of which was a maſtiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound ſomewhat taller than the maſtiff, but not ſo large.

When dinner was almoſt done, the nurſe came in with a child, of a year old, in her arms, who immediately ſpied me, and began a ſquall, that you might have heard from London-bridge to Chelſea, after the uſual oratory of infants, to get me for a play-thing. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who preſently ſeized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared ſo loud, that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop; and I ſhould infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurſe, to quiet her babe, made uſe of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow veſſel, filled with great ſtones, and faſtened, by a cable, to the child's waiſt: but all in vain, ſo that ſhe was forced to apply the laſt remedy, by giving it ſuck. I muſt confeſs, no object ever diſguſted me ſo much, as the ſight of her monſtrous breaſt, which I cannot tell what to compare with, ſo as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, ſhape, and colour. It ſtood prominent ſix feet, and could not be leſs than ſixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigneſs of my head, and the hue, both of that and the dug, ſo varied with ſpots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauſeous; for I had a near ſight of her, ſhe ſitting down, the more conveniently to give ſuck, and I ſtanding on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair ſkins of our Engliſh ladies, who appear ſo beautiful to us, only becauſe they are of our own ſize, and their defects not to be ſeen, but through a magnifying-glaſs, where we find, by experiment, that the ſmootheſt and whiteſt ſkins look rough and coarſe, and ill-coloured.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of thoſe diminutive people appeared to me the faireſt in the world; and talking upon this ſubject with a perſon of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he ſaid that my face appeared much fairer and ſmoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand and brought him cloſe, which he confeſſed was at firſt a very ſhocking ſight. He ſaid he could diſcover great holes in my ſkin; that the ſtumps of my beard were ten times ſtronger than the briſtles of a boar, and my complexion, made up of ſeveral colours, altoge-

ther

ther diſagreeable: although I muſt beg leave to ſay for myſelf, that I am as fair as moſt of my ſex and country, and very little ſunburnt by all my travels. On the other ſide, diſcourſing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he uſed to tell me, one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a noſe, nothing of which I was able to diſtinguiſh. I confeſs this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, leſt the reader might think thoſe vaſt creatures were actually deformed; for I muſt do them juſtice to ſay, they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my maſter's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of ſixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my maſter went out to his labourers, and, as I could diſcover by his voice and geſture, gave his wife a ſtrict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and diſpoſed to ſleep; which my miſtreſs perceiving, ſhe put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarſer than the main-ſail of a man of war.

I ſlept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my ſorrows, when I awaked, and found myſelf alone in a vaſt room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My miſtreſs was gone about her houſehold affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural neceſſities required me to get down: I durſt not preſume to call, and, if I had, it would have been in vain, with ſuch a voice as mine, at ſo great a diſtance, as from the room where I lay, to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under theſe circumſtances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran ſmelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almoſt to my face, whereupon I roſe in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myſelf. Theſe horrible animals had the boldneſs to attack me on both ſides, and one of them held his forefeet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly, before he could do me any miſchief. He fell down at my feet, and the other, ſeeing the fate of his comrade made his eſcape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath, and loſs of ſpirits. Theſe creatures were of the ſize of a large maſtiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce, ſo that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to ſleep, I muſt infallibly have been torn to pieces and devoured. I meaſured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went againſt my ſtomach to drag the carcaſe off the bed, where it lay, ſtill bleeding; I obſerved it had yet ſome life, but, with a ſtrong ſlaſh croſs the neck, I thoroughly diſpatched it.

Soon after, my miſtreſs came into the room, who, ſeeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, ſmiling, and making other ſigns, to ſhew I was not hurt; whereat ſhe was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then ſhe ſet me on a table, where I ſhewed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the ſcabbard. I was preſſed to do more than one thing, which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my miſtreſs underſtand that I deſired to be ſet down on the floor; which, after ſhe had done, my baſhfulneſs would not ſuffer me to expreſs myſelf farther, than by pointing to the door, and bowing ſeveral times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at laſt perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where ſhe ſet me down. I went on one ſide, about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her, not to look or to follow me, I hid myſelf between two leaves of ſorrel, and there diſcharged the neceſſities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuſe me, for dwelling on theſe and the like particulars, which, however inſignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philoſopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my ſole deſign in preſenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly ſtudious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of ſtyle. But the whole ſcene of this voyage made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on my mind, and is ſo deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper, I did not omit one material circumſtance: however, upon a ſtrict review, I blotted out ſeveral paſſages of leſs moment, which were in my firſt copy, for fear of being cenſured, as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often,

often, perhaps not without juſtice, accuſed.

CHAP. II.

A deſcription of the farmer's daughter. The author carried to a market-town, and then to the metropolis. The particulars of his journey.

My miſtreſs had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and ſkilful in dreſſing her baby. Her mother and ſhe contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me againſt night; the cradle was put into a ſmall drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging ſhelf, for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I ſtayed with thoſe people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. This young girl was ſo handy, that, after I had once or twice pulled off my cloaths before her, ſhe was able to dreſs and undreſs me, though I never gave her that trouble, when ſhe would let me do either myſelf. She made me ſeven ſhirts, and ſome other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarſer than ſack-cloth; and theſe ſhe conſtantly waſhed for me with her own hands. She was likewiſe my ſchool-miſtreſs, to teach me the language: when I pointed to any thing, ſhe told me the name of it in her own tongue, ſo that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunceletino*, and the Engliſh *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preſervation in that country: we never parted while I was there: I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurſe; and ſhould be guilty of great ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wiſh it lay in my power to requite as ſhe deſerves, inſtead of being the innocent, but unhappy inſtrument, of her diſgrace, as I have too much reaſon to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my maſter had found a ſtrange animal in the field, about the bigneſs of a *ſplacknuck*, but exactly ſhaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewiſe imitated in all its actions; ſeemed to ſpeak in a little language of its own, had already learned ſeveral words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the fineſt limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my maſter, came on a viſit on purpoſe to enquire into the truth of this ſtory. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked, as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my maſter's gueſt, aſked him, in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome, juſt as my little nurſe had inſtructed me. This man, who was old and dim-ſighted, put on his ſpectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon ſhining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who diſcovered the cauſe of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miſer, and, to my misfortune, he well deſerved it, by the curſed advice he gave my maſter, to ſhew me as a ſight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our houſe. I gueſſed there was ſome miſchief contriving, when I obſerved my maſter and his friend whiſpering long together, ſometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy, that I overheard and underſtood ſome of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurſe, told me the whole matter, which ſhe had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her boſom, and fell a weeping with ſhame and grief. She apprehended ſome miſchief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might ſqueeze me to death, or break one of my limbs, by taking me in their hands. She had alſo obſerved how modeſt I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I ſhould conceive it, to be expoſed for money, as a public ſpectacle, to the meaneſt of the people. She ſaid, her papa and mamma had promiſed that Grildrig ſhould be hers, but now ſhe found they meant to ſerve her as they did laſt year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as ſoon as it was fat, ſold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was leſs concerned than my nurſe. I had a ſtrong hope, which never left me, that I ſhould one day recover my liberty; and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monſter, I conſidered myſelf to be a perfect ſtranger in the country, and that ſuch a misfortune

could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England, since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box, the next day, to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful, as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour. For the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn, which he used to frequent; and after consulting a while with the inn-keeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grultrud* or crier to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacknuck* (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long) and in every part of the body resembling an human creature, could speak several words, and perform an hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table, in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool, close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table, as the girl commanded: she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said they were welcome, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble, filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it, after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learned the art in my youth. I was that day shewn to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those, who had seen me, made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me, except my nurse; and, to prevent danger, benches were set round the table, at such a distance, as to put me out of every body's reach. However, an unlucky schoolboy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise, it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpion: but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice, that he would shew me again the next market-day, and, in the mean time, he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen, from an hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he shewed me at home, although it were only to a single family: so that, for some time, I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their sabbath) although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was like to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and, upon the 17th of August 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distant from our house: my master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made every thing as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was, to shew me in all the

the towns by the way, and to ſtep out of the road for fifty or an hundred miles, to any village, or perſon of quality's houſe, where he might expect cuſtom. We made eaſy journies, of not above ſeven or eight ſcore miles a day: for Glumdalclitch, on purpoſe to ſpare me, complained ſhe was tired with the trotting of the horſe. She often took me out of my box, at my own deſire, to give me air, and ſhew me the country, but always held me faſt by a leading-ſtring. We paſſed over five or ſix rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet ſo ſmall as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was ſhewn in eighteen large towns, beſides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October, we arrived at the metropolis, called, in their language, *Lorbrulgrud*, or *Pride of the Univerſe*. My maſter took a lodging in the principal ſtreet of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put up bills in the uſual form, containing an exact deſcription of my perſon and parts. He hired a large room, between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table ſixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and paliſadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was ſhewn ten times a day, to the wonder and ſatisfaction of all people, I could now ſpeak the language tolerably well, and perfectly underſtood every word that was ſpoken to me. Beſides, I had learned their alphabet, and could make a ſhift to explain a ſentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my inſtructor, while we were at home, and at leiſure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanſon's Atlas; it was a common treatiſe, for the uſe of young girls, giving a ſhort account of their religion; out of this ſhe taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAP. III.

The author ſent for to court. The queen buys him of his maſter the farmer, and preſents him to the king. He diſputes with his majeſty's great ſcholars. An apartment at court provided for the author. He is in high favour with the queen. He ſtands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

The frequent labours I underwent every day, made in a few weeks a very conſiderable change in my health: the more my maſter got by me, the more inſatiable he grew. I had quite loſt my ſtomach, and was almoſt reduced to a ſkeleton. The farmer obſerved it, and, concluding I muſt ſoon die, reſolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reaſoning and reſolving with himſelf, a *ſardral*, or gentleman-uſher, came from court, commanding my maſter to carry me immediately thither for the diverſion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to ſee me, and reported ſtrange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good ſenſe. Her majeſty, and thoſe who attended her, were beyond meaſure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kiſſing her imperial foot; but this gracious princeſs held out her little finger towards me (after I was ſet on a table) which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmoſt reſpect to my lip. She made me ſome general queſtions about my country, and my travels, which I anſwered as diſtinctly, and in as few words as I could. She aſked, whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly anſwered, that I was my maſter's ſlave; but if I were at my own diſpoſal, I ſhould be proud to devote my life to her majeſty's ſervice. She then aſked my maſter, whether he were willing to ſell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thouſand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the ſpot, each piece being about the bigneſs of eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly ſo great a ſum as a thouſand guineas would be in England. I then ſaid to the queen, ſince I was now her majeſty's moſt humble creature and vaſſal, I muſt beg the favour that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with ſo much care and kindneſs, and underſtood to do it ſo well, might be admitted into her ſervice, and continue to be my nurſe and inſtructor. Her majeſty agreed to my petition, and eaſily got the farmer's conſent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herſelf was not able to hide her joy: my late maſter withdrew, bidding me farewel, and ſaying he had left me in a good ſervice; to which I replied not a word, only making him a ſlight bow.

The queen obſerved my coldneſs, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, aſked me the reaſon. I made bold to

tell her majesty, that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made by shewing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led, was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated, under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phœnix of the creation; so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless, for I already found my spirits to revive, by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation; the latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was however surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen, after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a *splacknuck?* for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast, in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutore, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in very few words; and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words, to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed, that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupedes being an over-match for me, and field-mice, with some others too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do *. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate

* By this reasoning the author probably intended to ridicule the pride of those philosophers, who have thought fit to arraign the wisdom of providence, in the creation and government of the world: whose cavils are specious, like those of the Brobdingnagian sages, only in proportion to the ignorance of those to whom they are proposed.

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they concluded unanimously, that I was only *relplum scalcath*, which is interpreted literally *lusus naturæ*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I intreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson*. The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who, by good fortune, was not yet gone out of town: having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber, of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling, was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed, ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt, when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in: the smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that was ever seen among them, but I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might loose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me cloaths, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome, till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same, at which her majesty eat, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toyshop, for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself; and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature. For the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight†. She would

* This satire is levelled against all, who reject those facts, for which they cannot perfectly account, notwithstanding the absurdity of rejecting the testimony by which they are supported.

† Among other dreadful and disgusting images, which custom has rendered familiar, are those which arise from eating animal food: he who has ever turned with abhorrence from the skeleton of a beast, which

would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth, as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set strait upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember, when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which, as I have before observed, is their sabbath) the king and queen, and the royal issue of both sexes dine together, in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times my little chair and table were placed at his left hand before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asked me, whether I was a whig or tory? Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the main-mast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: and yet, says he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating, to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison: so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high) became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antichamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sit-

has been picked whole by birds or vermin, must confess that habit only could have enabled him to endure the sight of the mangled bones and flesh of a dead carcase which every day cover his table; and he who reflects on the number of lives that have been sacrificed to sustain his own, should enquire by what the account has been balanced, and whether his life is become proportionably of more value by the exercise of virtue and piety, by the superior happiness which he has communicated to reasonable beings, and by the glory which his intellect has ascribed to God.

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ing down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large ſilver bowl of cream, and then ran away as faſt as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good ſwimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that inſtant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in ſuch a fright, that ſhe wanted preſence of mind to aſſiſt me. But my little nurſe ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had ſwallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however I received no other damage than the loſs of a ſuit of clothes, which was utterly ſpoiled. The dwarf was ſoundly whipped, and as a farther puniſhment forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever reſtored to favour: for ſoon after, the queen beſtowed him on a lady of high quality, ſo that I ſaw him no more, to my very great ſatisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity ſuch a malicious urchin might have carried his reſentment.

He had before ſerved me a ſcurvy trick, which ſet the queen a laughing, although at the ſame time ſhe was heartily vexed, and would have immediately caſhiered him, if I had not been ſo generous as to intercede. Her majeſty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the diſh erect, as it ſtood before; the dwarf watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the ſide-board, mounted the ſtool that ſhe ſtood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and ſqueezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone, above my waiſt, where I ſtuck for ſome time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes ſeldom get their meat hot, my legs were not ſcalded, only my ſtockings and breeches in a ſad condition. The dwarf, at my intreaty, had no other puniſhment than a ſound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulneſs; and ſhe uſed to aſk me, whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myſelf? The occaſion was this: the kingdom is much peſtered with flies in ſummer; and theſe odious inſects, each of them as big as a Dunſtable lark, hardly gave me any reſt while I ſat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would ſometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathſome excrement or ſpawn behind, which to me was very viſible, though not to the natives of that country, whoſe large optics were not ſo acute as mine in viewing ſmaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my noſe or forehead, where they ſtung me to the quick, ſmelling very offenſively; and I could eaſily trace that viſcous matter, which, our naturaliſts tell us, enables thoſe creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myſelf againſt theſe deteſtable animals, and could not forbear ſtarting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of theſe inſects in his hand, as ſchool boys do amongſt us, and let them out ſuddenly under my noſe, on purpoſe to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had ſet me in my box upon a window, as ſhe uſually did in fair days to give me air (for I durſt not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England) after I had lifted up one of my caſhes, and ſet down at my table to eat a piece of ſweet cake for my breakfaſt, above twenty waſps, allured by the ſmell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bag-pipes. Some of them ſeized my cake, and carried it piece-meal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noiſe, and putting me in the utmoſt terror of their ſtings. However, I had the courage to riſe and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I diſpatched four of them, but the reſt got away, and I preſently ſhut my window. Theſe inſects were as large as partridges; I took out their ſtings, and found them an inch and a half long, and as ſharp as needles. I carefully preſerved them all, and having ſince ſhewn them, with ſome other curioſities, in ſeveral parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Greſham College, and kept the fourth for myſelf.

CHAP. IV.

The country deſcribed. A propoſal for correcting modern maps. The king's palace, and ſome account of the metropolis. The author's way

way of travelling. The chief temple described

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther, when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reacheth about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth. From whence I cannot but conclude that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable by reason of the volcanoes upon their tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom, and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish, for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest, that nature in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes for curiosity they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think indeed the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near an hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious readers, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and above six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs* (which make about fifty-four English miles) and two and a half in breadth, as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended an hundred feet; I paced the diameter and circumference several times bare-foot, and computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but an heap of building about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacles that ever an European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck larger than five woolpacks, and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of an European louse through a microscope, and their snouts with which they rooted like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld,

beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments (which I unluckily left behind me in the ship) although indeed the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Beside the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journies. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order: for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties favour than any merit of my own. In journies, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the cieling, two chairs, and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling-closet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan; and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation to which, during my life, I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height, is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near an hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble, larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide by ten paces as the cupola at St. Paul's: for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain, that I had done them an injury by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the

the moſt ſplendid ſight that could be ever beheld, till I ſaw part of his army in battalia, whereof I ſhall find another occaſion to ſpeak.

CHAP. V.

Several adventures that happened to the author. The execution of a criminal. The author ſhews his ſkill in navigation.

I ſhould have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleneſs had not expoſed me to ſeveral ridiculous and troubleſome accidents: ſome of which I ſhall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my ſmaller box, and would ſometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or ſet me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into thoſe gardens, and my nurſe having ſet me down, he and I being cloſe together, near ſome dwarf apple-trees, I muſt needs ſhew my wit by a ſilly alluſion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, ſhook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them as large as a Briſtol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to ſtoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my deſire, becauſe I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a ſmooth graſs-plat to divert myſelf, while ſhe walked at ſome diſtance with her governeſs. In the mean time there ſuddenly fell ſuch a violent ſhower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it ſtruck to the ground: and when I was down, the hail-ſtones gave me ſuch cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made ſhift to creep on all four, and ſhelter myſelf by laying flat on my face, on the lee-ſide of a border of lemon-thyme, but ſo bruiſed from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, becauſe nature in that country, obſerving the ſame proportion through all her operations, a hail-ſtone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can aſſert upon experience, having been ſo curious to weigh and meaſure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the ſame garden, when my little nurſe believing ſhe had put me in a ſecure place, which I often intreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governeſs, and ſome ladies of her acquaintance. While ſhe was abſent, and out of hearing, a ſmall white ſpaniel, belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the ſcent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran ſtrait to his maſter, wagging his tail, and ſet me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been ſo well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the leaſt hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindneſs for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and aſked me how I did; but I was ſo amazed and out of breath, that I could not ſpeak a word. In a few minutes I came to myſelf, and he carried me ſafe to my little nurſe, who by this time had returned to the place where ſhe left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor anſwer when ſhe called: ſhe ſeverely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was huſhed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myſelf, I thought it would not be for my reputation that ſuch a ſtory ſhould go about.

This accident abſolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to truſt me abroad for the future out of her ſight. I had been long afraid of this reſolution, and therefore concealed from her ſome little unlucky adventures that happened in thoſe times when I was left by myſelf. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a ſtoop at me, and if I had not reſolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick eſpalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a freſh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had caſt up the earth, and coined ſome lye, not worth remembering, to excuſe myſelf for ſpoiling my clothes. I likewiſe broke my right ſhin againſt the ſhell of a ſnail, which I happened to ſtumble over, as I was walking alone, and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I was more pleaſed or mortified to obſerve in thoſe ſolitary walks, that the ſmaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me within a yard's diſtance, looking for

for worms and other food with as much indifference and security, as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to pick my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted; because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention, or intend, to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable, than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex: but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit them) was to see them use me, without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence: for they would strip themselves to the skin, and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust. Their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than pack-threads, to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogsheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I intreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man, who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be one of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something, that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions

ſions to divert me when I was melancholy, aſked me whether I underſtood how to handle a ſail or an oar, and whether a little exerciſe of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I anſwered that I underſtood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be ſurgeon or doctor to the ſhip, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not ſee how this could be done in their country, where the ſmalleſt wherry was equal to a firſt-rate man of war among us, and ſuch a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majeſty ſaid, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner ſhould make it, and ſhe would provide a place for me to ſail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by inſtruction in ten days finiſhed a pleaſure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finiſhed the queen was ſo delighted, that ſhe ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a ciſtern full of water with me in it by way of trial, where I could not manage my two ſculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow ſtale; and two ſervants could eaſily fill it in half an hour. Here I often uſed to row for my own diverſion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themſelves well entertained with my ſkill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my ſail, and then my buſineſs was only to ſteer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans: and, when they were weary, ſome of the pages would blow my ſail forward with their breath, while I ſhewed my art by ſteering ſtarboard or larboard, as I pleaſed. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her cloſet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exerciſe I once met an accident which had like to have coſt me my life: for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governeſs, who attended Glumdalclitch, very officiouſly lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to ſlip through her fingers, and ſhould infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckieſt chance in the world, I had not been ſtopped by a corking-pin that ſtuck in the good gentlewoman's ſtomacher; the head of the pin paſſed between my ſhirt and the waiſtband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the ſervants, whoſe office it was to fill my trough every third day with freſh water, was ſo careleſs to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) ſlip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then ſeeing a reſting place climbed up, and made it lean ſo much on one ſide, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious ſlime. The largeneſs of its features made it appear the moſt deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I deſired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my ſculls, and at laſt forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greateſt danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her cloſet, while ſhe went ſomewhere upon buſineſs, or a viſit. The weather being very warm, the cloſet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I uſually lived, becauſe of its largeneſs and conveniency. As I ſat quietly meditating at my table, I heard ſomething bounce in at the cloſet-window, and ſkip about from one ſide to the other: whereat although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not ſtirring from my ſeat; and then I ſaw this frolicſome animal friſking and leaping up and down, till at laſt he came to my box, which he ſeemed to view with great pleaſure and curioſity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey looking in at every ſide put me in ſuch a fright, that I wanted preſence of mind to conceal myſelf under the bed, as I might eaſily have done. After ſome time ſpent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at laſt eſpied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when ſhe plays with a mouſe, although I often ſhifted place to avoid him, he at length ſeized the lappet of my coat (which being of that country's ſilk, was very thick and ſtrong) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurſe does a child ſhe is going to ſuckle, juſt

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as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe: and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe, that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody was opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to every body but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed; not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eves: but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choaked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat: but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak, and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to enquire after my health, and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know, what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his majesty, that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant) if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous, lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those, who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried, by her governess, to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach, near a small foot-path in a field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling-box, I went out of it to walk.

walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must needs try my activity, by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired, and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court; so that all the mirth, for some days, was at my expence.

CHAP. VI*.

Several contrivances of the author to please the king and queen. He shews his skill in music. The king enquires into the state of England, which the author relates to him. The king's observations thereon.

I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold: for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it, at equal distance, with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife towards the point, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless: neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement, wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity, and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and then to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane-chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to shew them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have had me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths, than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name decyphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch, by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more to shew than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys, that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table, to hear them: but the noise was so great, that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident, that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together, just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was, to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learnt in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a week to teach her: I called it a *spinet*, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended, I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good

* In this chapter he gives an account of the political state of Europe. Orrery.

This is a mistake of the noble commentator, for Gulliver has here given a political account of no country but England: it is however a mistake, to which any comentator would have been liable, who had read little more than the titles or contents of the chapter, into which this work is divided; for the word Europe has in some English, and all the Irish, editions been printed in the title of this chapter, instead of England.

smart

ſmart ſtroke with my fiſt, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpoſe. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round ſticks, about the bigneſs of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with a piece of a mouſe's ſkin, that, by rapping on them, I might neither damage the tops of the keys, nor interrupt the ſound. Before the ſpinet a bench was placed about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran ſideling upon it, that way and this, as faſt as I could, banging the proper keys with my two ſticks, and made a ſhift to play a jig to the great ſatisfaction of both their majeſties: but it was the moſt violent exerciſe I ever underwent, and yet I could not ſtrike above ſixteen keys, nor conſequently play the baſs and treble together, as other artiſts do, which was a great diſadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before obſerved, was a prince of excellent underſtanding, would frequently order that I ſhould be brought in my box, and ſet upon the table in his cloſet; he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and ſit down within three yards diſtance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almoſt to a level with his face. In this manner I had ſeveral converſations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majeſty, that the contempt he diſcovered towards Europe, and the reſt of the world, did not ſeem anſwerable to thoſe excellent qualities of mind that he was maſter of: that reaſon did not extend itſelf with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we obſerved in our country, that the talleſt perſons were uſually leaſt provided with it: that, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more induſtry, art, and ſagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconſiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majeſty ſome ſignal ſervice. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He deſired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I poſſibly could; becauſe, as fond as princes commonly are of their own cuſtoms (for ſo he conjectured of other monarchs by my former diſcourſes) he ſhould be glad to hear of any thing that might deſerve imitation.

Imagine with thyſelf, courteous reader, how often I then wiſhed for the tongue of Demoſthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praiſe of my own dear native country in a ſtyle equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my diſcourſe by informing his majeſty, that our dominions conſiſted of two iſlands, which compoſed three mighty kingdoms under one ſovereign, beſides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our ſoil, and the temperature of our climate. I then ſpoke at large upon the conſtitution of an Engliſh parliament, partly made up of an illuſtrious body called the houſe of peers, perſons of the nobleſt blood, and of the moſt ancient and ample patrimonies. I deſcribed that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being councellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a ſhare in the legiſlature; to be members of the higheſt court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That theſe were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their moſt renowned anceſtors, whoſe honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their poſterity were never once known to degenerate. To theſe were joined ſeveral holy perſons as part of that aſſembly under the title of biſhops, whoſe peculiar buſineſs it is to take care of religion, and of thoſe who inſtruct the people therein. Theſe were ſearched and ſought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wiſeſt councellors, among ſuch of the prieſthood as were moſt deſervedly diſtinguiſhed by the ſanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the ſpiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament conſiſted of an aſſembly called the houſe of commons, who were all principal gentlemen, *freely* picked and culled out by the people themſelves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to repreſent the wiſdom of the whole nation. And that theſe two bodies made up the moſt auguſt aſſembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legiſlature is committed.

I then deſcended to the courts of juſtice, over which the judges, thoſe venerable ſages and interpreters of the law, preſided for determining the diſputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the puniſhment of vice, and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treaſury, the valour and atchievements of our forces

forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular, which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about an hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow subjects in the last resort. Whether they were all so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know, what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to chuse him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expence, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension: because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere: and he desired to know, whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless enquiries and objections, which I think it nor prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said, in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined, by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expence. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive. Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice. Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs. Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure. Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said, he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person. He asked me, who were our creditors, and where we found money

money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, if we were governed, by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets, for small wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats.

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation, drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those, who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that, among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them by the losses they received to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce.

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which, in its original, might have been tolerable, but these are half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

CHAP. VII.

The author's love of his country. He makes a proposal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected. The king's great ignorance in politics. The learning of that country very imperfect and confined. The laws, and military affairs, and parties in the state.

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and most beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers

can poſſibly be, that ſuch an occaſion was given; but this prince happened to be ſo curious and inquiſitive upon every particular, that it could not conſiſt either with gratitude or good manners, to refuſe giving him what ſatisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to ſay in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his queſtions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the ſtrictneſs of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis with ſo much juſtice recommends to a hiſtorian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the moſt advantageous light. This was my ſincere endeavour in thoſe many diſcourſes I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of ſucceſs.

But great allowances ſhould be given to a king, who lives wholly ſecluded from the reſt of the world, and muſt therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and cuſtoms that moſt prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many *prejudices*, and a certain *narrowneſs of thinking*, from which we and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard, indeed, if ſo remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a ſtandard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now ſaid, and further, to ſhew the miſerable effects of a *confined education*, I ſhall here inſert a paſſage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myſelf farther into his majeſty's favour, I told him of an invention diſcovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which the ſmalleſt ſpark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together with a noiſe and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder, rammed into an hollow tube of braſs or iron, according to its bigneſs, would drive a ball of iron or lead with ſuch violence and ſpeed, as nothing was able to ſuſtain its force. That the largeſt balls thus diſcharged would not only deſtroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the ſtrongeſt walls to the ground, ſink down ſhips, with a thouſand men in each, to the bottom of the ſea; and, when linked by a chain together, would cut through maſts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waſte before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and diſcharged them by an engine into ſome city we were beſieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houſes to pieces, burſt and throw ſplinters on every ſide, daſhing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I underſtood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make thoſe tubes, of a ſize proportionable to all other things in his majeſty's kingdom, and the largeſt need not be above an hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the ſtrongeſt town in his dominions in a few hours, or deſtroy the whole metropolis, if ever it ſhould pretend to diſpute his abſolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majeſty, as a ſmall tribute of acknowledgment, in return for ſo many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The king was ſtruck with horror at the deſcription I had given of thoſe terrible engines, and the propoſal I had made. He was amazed, how ſo impotent and groveling an inſect as I (theſe were his expreſſions) could entertain ſuch inhuman ideas, and in ſo familiar a manner as to appear wholly unmoved at all the ſcenes of blood and deſolation, which I had painted as the common effects of thoſe deſtructive machines, whereof he ſaid ſome evil genius, enemy to mankind, muſt have been the firſt contriver. As for himſelf, he proteſted, that although few things delighted him ſo much as new diſcoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather loſe half his kingdom, than be privy to ſuch a ſecret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A ſtrange effect of *narrow principles* and *ſhort views!* that a prince, poſſeſſed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and eſteem; of ſtrong parts, great wiſdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents for government, and almoſt adored by his ſubjects, ſhould, from a *nice unneceſſary ſcruple*, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let ſlip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him abſolute maſter of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I ſay this with the leaſt intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whoſe character I am ſenſible will on this account

count be very much leſſened in the opinion of an Engliſh reader; but I take this defect among them to have riſen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a ſcience, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well, in a diſcourſe one day with the king, when I happened to ſay there were ſeveral thouſand books among us written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our underſtandings. He profeſſed both to abominate and deſpiſe all myſtery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a miniſter. He could not tell what I meant by ſecrets of ſtate, where an enemy, or ſome rival nation, were not in the caſe. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common ſenſe and reaſon, to juſtice and lenity, to the ſpeedy determination of civil and criminal cauſes; with ſome other obvious topics which are not worth conſidering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of graſs, to grow upon a ſpot of ground where only one grew before, would deſerve better of mankind, and do more eſſential ſervice to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective, conſiſting only in morality, hiſtory, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they muſt be allowed to excel. But the laſt of theſe is wholly applied to what may be uſeful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; ſo that among us it would be little eſteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abſtractions, and tranſcendentals, I could never drive the leaſt conception into their heads.

No law of that country muſt exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which conſiſts only of two-and-twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expreſſed in the moſt plain and ſimple terms, wherein thoſe people are not mercurial enough to diſcover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the deciſion of civil cauſes, or proceedings againſt criminals, their precedents are ſo few, that they have little reaſon to boaſt of any extraordinary ſkill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chineſe, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largeſt, doth not amount to above a thouſand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, from whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleaſed. The queen's joiner had contrived, in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine, five and twenty feet high, formed like a ſtanding ladder, the ſteps were each fifty feet long: it was indeed a moveable pair of ſtairs, the loweſt end placed at ten feet diſtance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning againſt the wall; I firſt mounted to the upper ſtep of the ladder, and, turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and ſo walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then deſcending gradually till I came to the bottom: after which, I mounted again, and began the other page in the ſame manner, and ſo turned over the leaf, which I could eaſily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and ſtiff as a paſteboard, and in the largeſt folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their ſtyle is clear, maſculine, and ſmooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unneceſſary words, or uſing various expreſſions. I have peruſed many of their books, eſpecially thoſe in hiſtory and morality. Among the reſt, I was very much diverted with a little old treatiſe, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bedchamber, and belonged to her governeſs, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakneſs of human kind, and is in little eſteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to ſee what an author of that country could ſay upon ſuch a ſubject. This writer went through all the uſual topics of European moraliſts, ſhewing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpleſs an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himſelf from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beaſts; how much he was excelled by one creature in ſtrength, by another in ſpeed, by a third in foreſight, by a fourth in induſtry. He added, that nature was degenerated in theſe latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only ſmall abortive births, in compariſon of thoſe in ancient times. He ſaid it was very reaſonable to think, not only that the ſpecies of men were originally much larger, but alſo that there muſt have been giants in former ages; which, as it is aſſerted by hiſtory and tradition, ſo it hath been confirm-

ed by huge bones and skulls casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of man in our days. He argued, that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning, of a size more large and robust, not so liable to destruction from every little accident of a tile from an house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reasoning the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And, I believe, upon a strict enquiry, those quarrels might be shewn as ill-grounded among us, as they are among that people *.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of an hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse; if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are, indeed, perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen, after the manner of Venice, by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field near the city, of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories: for, in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars, the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, hath been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAP. VIII.

The king and queen make a progress to the frontiers. The author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I had always a strong impulse, that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, that, if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed: but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages like tame canary-birds, and perhaps in time sold about the kingdom to persons of quality for curiosities. I was, indeed, treated with much kindness: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or young puppy. But my deliverance came

* The author's zeal to justify Providence has before been remarked; and these quarrels with nature, or in other words with God, could not have been more forcibly reproved than by shewing, that the complaints upon which they are founded, would be equally specious among beings of such astonishing superiority of stature and strength.

sooner

ſooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common: the whole ſtory and circumſtances of which I ſhall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progreſs to the ſouth coaſt of the kingdom. I was carried, as uſual, in my travelling-box, which, as I have already deſcribed, was a very convenient cloſet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed by ſilken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a ſervant carried me before him on horſeback, as I ſometimes deſired, and would often ſleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my cloſet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot ſquare, to give me air in hot weather as I ſlept; which hole I ſhut at pleaſure with a board, that drew backwards and for wards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to paſs a few days at a palace he hath near Fianſlaſnic, a city within eighteen Engliſh miles of the ſea-ſide. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a ſmall cold, but the poor girl was ſo ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to ſee the ocean, which muſt be the only ſcene of my eſcape, if ever it ſhould happen. I pretended to be worſe than I really was, and deſired leave to take the freſh air of the ſea with a page whom I was very fond of, and who had ſometimes been truſted with me. I ſhall never forget with what unwillingneſs Glumdalclitch conſented, nor the ſtrict charge ſhe gave the page to be careful of me, burſting at the ſame time into a flood of tears, as if ſhe had ſome foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hour's walk from the palace towards the rocks on the ſea-ſhore. I ordered him to ſet me down, and lifting up one of my ſaſhes, caſt many a wiſtful melancholy look towards the ſea. I found myſelf not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy ſhut the window cloſe down to keep out the cold. I ſoon fell aſleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I ſlept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds eggs, having before obſerved him from my window ſearching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myſelf ſuddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was faſtened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raiſed very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious ſpeed. The firſt jolt had like to have ſhaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was eaſy enough. I called out ſeveral times as loud as I could raiſe my voice, but all to no purpoſe. I looked towards my windows, and could ſee nothing but the clouds and ſky. I heard a noiſe juſt over my head like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woeful condition I was in, that ſome eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock like a tortoiſe in a ſhell, and then pick out my body, and devour it: for the ſagacity and ſmell of this bird enabled him to diſcover his quarry at a diſtance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time I obſerved the noiſe and flutter of wings to increaſe very faſt, and my box was toſſed up and down like a ſign in a windy day. I heard ſeveral bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for ſuch I am certain it muſt have been that held the ring of my box in his beak) and then all on a ſudden felt myſelf falling perpendicularly down for above a minute, but with ſuch incredible ſwiftneſs that I almoſt loſt my breath. My fall was ſtopped by a terrible ſquaſh, that ſounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara*; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to riſe ſo high, that I could ſee light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived that I was fallen into the ſea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for ſtrength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now, ſuppoſe that the eagle, which flew away with my box, was purſued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he defended himſelf againſt the reſt, who hoped to ſhare in the prey. The plates of iron faſtened at the bottom of the box (for thoſe were the ſtrongeſt) preſerved the balance while it fell, and hindred it from being bro-

* Niagara is a ſettlement of the French in North America, and the cataract is produced by the fall of a conflux of water (formed of the four vaſt lakes of Canada) from a rocky precipice, the perpendicular height of which is one hundred and thirty-ſeven feet; and it is ſaid to have been heard fifteen leagues.

ken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got, with much difficulty, out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was in at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death; nor could any thing have preserved the windows but the strong lattice-wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it, where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box, which had no window, and into which the servant, who used to carry me on horseback, would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed, and soon after I began to fancy, that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief; although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and, putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no window, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice in the English tongue, If there be any body below, let them speak. I answered, I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged by all that was moving to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time, for there was no more to be done but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin*. Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it

* There are several little incidents which shew the author to have had a deep knowledge of human nature; and I think this is one. Although the principal advantages enumerated by Gulliver in the beginning of this chapter, of mingling again among his countrymen, depended on their being of the same size with himself, yet this is forgotten in his ardour to be delivered; and he is afterwards betrayed into the same absurdity, by his zeal to preserve his furniture.

never

never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own ſtature and ſtrength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes ſawed a paſſage about four feet ſquare, then let down a ſmall ladder, upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ſhip in a very weak condition.

The ſailors were all in amazement, and aſked me a thouſand queſtions, which I had no inclination to anſwer. I was equally confounded at the ſight of ſo many pigmies, for ſuch I took them to be, after having ſo long accuſtomed mine eyes to the monſtrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honeſt worthy Shropſhireman, obſerving I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, adviſing me to take a little reſt, of which I had great need. Before I went to ſleep, I gave him to underſtand that I had ſome valuable furniture in my box, too good to be loſt; a fine hammock, an handſome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my cloſet was hung on all ſides, or rather quilted, with ſilk and cotton; that if he would let one of the crew bring my cloſet into his cabin, I would open it there before him and ſhew him my goods. The captain hearing me utter theſe abſurdities, concluded I was raving; however (I ſuppoſe to pacify me) he promiſed to give order as I deſired, and going upon deck, ſent ſome of his men down into my cloſet, from whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and ſtripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bed-ſtead, being ſcrewed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the ſeamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off ſome of the boards for the uſe of the ſhip, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the ſea, which, by reaſon of many breaches made in the bottom and ſides, ſunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a ſpectator of the havock they made; becauſe I am confident it would have ſenſibly touched me, by bringing former paſſages into my mind, which I had rather forget.

I ſlept ſome hours, but perpetually diſturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had eſcaped. However, upon waking I found myſelf much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered ſupper immediately, thinking I had already faſted too long. He entertained me with great kindneſs, obſerving me not to look wildly, or talk inconſiſtently; and, when we were left alone, deſired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be ſet adrift in that monſtrous wooden cheſt. He ſaid, that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glaſs, he ſpied it at a diſtance, and thought it was a ſail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his courſe, in hopes of buying ſome biſcuit, his own beginning to fall ſhort. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he ſent out his long-boat to diſcover what I was; that his men came back in a fright, ſwearing they had ſeen a ſwimming houſe. That he laughed at their folly, and went himſelf in the boat, ordering his men to take a ſtrong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me ſeveral times, obſerved my windows, and the wire lattices that defended them. That he diſcovered two ſtaples upon one ſide, which was all of boards, without any paſſage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that ſide, and faſtening a cable to one of the ſtaples, ordered them to tow my cheſt (as they called it) towards the ſhip. When it was there, he gave directions to faſten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raiſe up my cheſt with pullies, which all the ſailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He ſaid, they ſaw my ſtick and handkerchief thruſt out of the hole, and concluded that ſome unhappy man muſt be ſhut up in the cavity. I aſked, whether he or the crew had ſeen any prodigious birds in the air about the time he firſt diſcovered me? to which he anſwered, that, diſcourſing this matter with the ſailors while I was aſleep, one of them ſaid, he had obſerved three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the uſual ſize, which I ſuppoſe muſt be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not gueſs the reaſon of my queſtion. I then aſked the captain, how far he reckoned we might be from land? he ſaid, by the beſt computation he could make, we were at leaſt an hundred leagues. I aſſured him that he muſt be miſtaken by almoſt half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropt into the ſea. Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was diſturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and adviſed me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I aſſured him I was well refreſhed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my ſenſes as ever I was in my life. He then grew ſerious, and deſired to aſk me freely, whether I were not troubled in mind by the conſciouſneſs of ſome enormous

ous crime, for which I was punished at the command of some prince by exposing me in that cheft, as great criminals in other countries have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions: for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe a-shore in the first port where we arrived. He added, that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to the sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or cheft, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forceth its way into rational minds, so this honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But, farther to confirm all I had said, I intreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket, (for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet.) I opened it in his own presence, and shewed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from whence I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp stings, like joiners tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring which one day she made me a present of in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I shewed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that, when I returned to England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon in a mistake from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ach, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet: it was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper, and making it public. My answer was, that I thought we were already overstocked with books of travels: that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; that my story could contain little besides common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said, he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud, asking me whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing. I told him, it was what I had been used to for above two years past; and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But, when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the street to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand. I told him I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld. For indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass, after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, that while we were at supper he observed me to look at every thing with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain. I answered it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell; and so I went on, describing the rest of his houshold-stuff and provisions after the same manner. For although

though the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things neceſſary for me, while I was in her ſervice, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I ſaw on every ſide of me, and I winked at my own littleneſs, as people do at their own faults. The captain underſtood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old Engliſh proverb, that he doubted my eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not obſerve my ſtomach ſo good, although I had faſted all day; and, continuing in his mirth, proteſted he would have gladly given an hundred pounds to have ſeen my cloſet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from ſo great a height into the ſea; which would certainly have been a moſt aſtoniſhing object, worthy to have the deſcription of it tranſmitted to future ages: and the compariſon of Phaeton was ſo obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain, having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven north-eaſtward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and of longitude 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we ſailed ſouthward a long time, and, coaſting New-Holland, kept our courſe weſt-ſouth-weſt, and then ſouth-ſouth-weſt, till we doubled the Cape of Good-Hope. Our voyage was very proſperous, but I ſhall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and ſent in his long-boat for proviſions and freſh water, but I never went out of the ſhip till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my eſcape. I offered to leave my goods in ſecurity for payment of my freight; but the captain proteſted he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promiſe he would come to ſee me at my houſe in Rotherhithe. I hired a horſe and guide for five ſhillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, obſerving the littleneſs of the houſes, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myſelf in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them ſtand out of the way, ſo that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own houſe, for which I was forced to enquire, one of the ſervants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a gooſe under a gate) for fear of ſtriking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I ſtooped lower than her knees, thinking ſhe could otherwiſe never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to aſk my bleſſing, but I could not ſee her till ſhe aroſe, having been ſo long uſed to ſtand with my head and eyes erect to above ſixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waiſt. I looked down upon the ſervants, and one or two friends who were in the houſe, as if they had been pigmies, and I a giant. I told my wife ſhe had been too thrifty, for I found ſhe had ſtarved herſelf and her daughter to nothing. In ſhort, I behaved myſelf ſo unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he firſt ſaw me, and concluded I had loſt my wits. This I mention as an inſtance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right underſtanding: but my wife proteſted I ſhould never go to ſea any more; although my evil deſtiny ſo ordered, that ſhe had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the ſecond part of my unfortunate voyages*.

Swift.

§ 150. *Detached Sentences.*

To be ever active in laudable purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things: even virtue itſelf hath its ſtated limits; which not being ſtrictly obſerved, it ceaſes to be virtue.

It is wiſer to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry ſecretly.

No revenge is more heroic than that which torments envy by doing good.

The diſcretion of a man deferreth his

* From the whole of theſe two voyages to Lilliput and Brobdignag ariſes one general remark, which however obvious, has been overlooked by thoſe who conſider them as little more than the ſport of a wanton imagination. When human actions are aſcribed to pigmies and giants, there are few that do not excite either contempt, diſguſt, or horror; to aſcribe them therefore to ſuch beings was perhaps the moſt probable method of engaging the mind to examine them with attention, and judge of them with impartiality, by ſuſpending the faſcination of habit, and exhibiting familiar objects in a new light. The uſe of the fable, then, is not leſs apparent than important and extenſive; and that this uſe was intended by the author, can be doubted only by thoſe who are diſpoſed to affirm, that order and regularity are the effects of chance.

anger,

anger, and it is his glory to paſs over a tranſgreſſion.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is ſpread: there is no real uſe of riches, except in the diſtribution; the reſt is all conceit.

A wiſe man will deſire no more than what he may get juſtly, uſe ſoberly, diſtribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conſcience, will make a man happy in all conditions: he knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the ſoul againſt all gloomy preſages and terrors of mind; and that is, by ſecuring to ourſelves the friendſhip and protection of that Being, who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity.

Philoſophy is then only valuable, when it ſerves for the law of life, and not for the oſtentation of ſcience.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderneſs.

A man may have a thouſand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all: if you have one friend, think yourſelf happy.

When once you profeſs yourſelf a friend, endeavour to be always ſuch: he can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Proſperity gains friends, and adverſity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handſome addreſs and graceful converſation.

Complaiſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Exceſs of ceremony ſhews want of breeding: that civility is beſt, which excludes all ſuperfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime ſo ſhameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himſelf guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we muſt do violence to nature, to ſhake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery than firſt to raiſe a confidence, and then deceive it.

By others faults wiſe men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taſte of proſperity, to whom adverſity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourſelves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wiſdom to hide ignorance, as to diſcover knowledge.

Pitch upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent; and habit will render it the moſt delightful.

Cuſtom is the plague of wiſe men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly juſt is an attribute of the Divine nature; to be ſo to the utmoſt of our abilities is the glory of man.

No man was ever caſt down with the injuries of fortune, unleſs he had before ſuffered himſelf to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breaſt of a wiſe man, but reſts only in the boſom of fools.

None more impatiently ſuffer injuries than thoſe that are moſt forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in paſſing it over he is ſuperior.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindneſs ſhould begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miſer robs himſelf.

We ſhould take a prudent care for the future, but ſo as to enjoy the preſent: it is no part of wiſdom, to be miſerable to-day, becauſe we may happen to be ſo to-morrow.

To mourn without meaſure, is folly; not to mourn at all, inſenſibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and inſtruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wiſe but by his own wiſdom.

He who wants good ſenſe is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of expoſing himſelf.

It is ungenerous to give a man occaſion to bluſh at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleaſing to the eye than the ſight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any muſic ſo agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is moſt current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be inſtructed what we ought to be.

The character of the perſon who commends you, is to be conſidered before you ſet a value on his eſteem. The wiſe man applauds him whom he thinks moſt virtuous; the reſt of the world, him who is moſt wealthy.

The temperate man's pleaſures are durable, becauſe they are regular; and all his life is calm and ſerene, becauſe it is innocent.

A good man will love himſelf too well to loſe, and all his neighbours too well to win, an eſtate by gaming: the love of gaming will corrupt the beſt principles in the world.

An angry man who ſuppreſſes his paſſions, thinks

thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs: nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning as to ears of corn; they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid censure than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings,—Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained: titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities, which are the soul of greatness, are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense and learning upon his heirs as certainly as he can his lands, a noble descent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out: it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls: without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth evil things; for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing: he that contemneth small things, shall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up of his friends; but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends. When a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man slipt, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speaks, they say, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue: well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words when thou giveſt any thing: shall not the dew assuage the heat? so is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men

men are friends for their own occaſions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forſake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou ſhalt drink it with pleaſure.

A friend cannot be known in proſperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adverſity.

Admoniſh thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admoniſh thy friend; it may be he hath not ſaid it; or if he have, that he ſpeak it not again. Admoniſh thy friend; for many times it is a ſlander, and believe not every tale. There is one that ſlippeth in his ſpeech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoſo diſcovereth ſecrets loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the ſorrows of thy mother; how canſt thou recompenſe them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing ſo much worth as a mind well inſtructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling ſuch things as pertain not unto them; but the words of ſuch as have underſtanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wiſe is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a ſweet life.

Be at peace with many; nevertheleſs, have but one counſellor of a thouſand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reaſon go before every enterprize, and counſel before every action.

The latter part of a wiſe man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and falſe opinions he had contracted in the former.

Cenſure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly ſpeaking, live at preſent, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madneſs of many, for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superſtition is the ſpleen of the ſoul.

He who tells a lye is not ſenſible how great a taſk he undertakes; for he muſt be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and diſintereſted people in the world of one religion, but that they ſhould talk together every day.

Men are grateful in the ſame degree that they are reſentful.

Young men are ſubtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all their faults, as that of paſſion all their follies.

Œconomy is no diſgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the ſatisfaction I receive in the proſperity of an honeſt man, I am beſt pleaſed with the confuſion of a raſcal.

What is often termed ſhyneſs, is nothing more than refined ſenſe, and an indifference to common obſervations.

The higher character a perſon ſupports, the more he ſhould regard his minuteſt actions.

Every perſon inſenſibly fixes upon ſome degree of refinement in his diſcourſe, ſome meaſure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wiſe to fix this pretty high, although it occaſions one to talk the leſs.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are ſometimes accuſed of pride, merely becauſe their accuſers would be proud themſelves if they were in their places.

People frequently uſe this expreſſion, I am inclined to think ſo and ſo, not conſidering that they are then ſpeaking the moſt literal of all truths.

Modeſty makes large amends for the pain it gives the perſons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy perſon in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honeſty, ſeems to be chiefly in the motive. The honeſt man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the ſake of character.

A lyar begins with making falſehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itſelf appear like falſehood.

Virtue ſhould be conſidered as a part of taſte; and we ſhould as much avoid deceit, or ſiniſter meanings in diſcourſe, as we would puns, bad language, or falſe grammar.

Deference is the moſt complicate, the moſt indirect, and the moſt elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a ſummer's morning, loſes the chief pleaſure of the day: he that

that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loſs of the ſame kind.

Shining characters are not always the moſt agreeable ones; the mild radiance of an emerald is by no means leſs pleaſing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, diſcovers at the ſame time a bad diſpoſition and a bad taſte.

How is it poſſible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not ſo much as take warning?

Although men are accuſed for not knowing their own weakneſs, yet perhaps as few know their own ſtrength. It is in men as in ſoils, where ſometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine ſenſe, and exalted ſenſe, are not half ſo valuable as common ſenſe. There are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the moſt powerful and excellent things in the world in ſkilful hands; in unſkilful, moſt miſchievous.

A man ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but ſaying in other words, that he is wiſer to-day than he was yeſterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in ſermons or ſerious diſcourſes, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that thoſe are the beſt people, whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers: as we uſually find that to be the ſweeteſt fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microſcope, made ſo very fine and nice, that it diſcovers the atoms, grains, and minuteſt particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or ſeeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the ſame kind as that which they ſhew for a football: whenever it is conteſted for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the diſpute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but ſleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbiſh, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much leſs to remove.

Honour is but a fictious kind of honeſty; a mean but a neceſſary ſubſtitute for it, in ſocieties that have none; it is a ſort of paper-credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the ſterling caſh of true morality and religion.

Perſons of great delicacy ſhould know the certainty of the following truth——There are abundance of caſes which occaſion ſuſpence, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propenſity of human nature, to fancy happineſs in thoſe ſchemes which it does not purſue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boaſt over modern ones, ſeems owing to ſimplicity. Every noble truth and ſentiment was expreſſed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phraſe ſimple, perſpicuous, and incapable of improvement: what then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticiſm, and conceit?

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a God!

If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in braſs; their virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſhed by our virtues.

The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
and the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

§ 151. PROVERBS.

As PROVERBS *are allowed to contain a great deal of Wiſdom forcibly expreſſed, it has been judged proper to add a Collection of Engliſh, Italian, and Spaniſh Proverbs. They will tend to exerciſe the powers of Judgment and Reflection. They may alſo furniſh Subjects for Themes, Letters, &c. at Schools. They are*

are so easily retained in the memory, that they may often occur in an emergency, and serve a young man more effectually than more formal and elegant sentences.

Old English Proverbs.

In every work begin and end with God.

The grace of God is worth a fair.

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.

So much of passion, so much of nothing to the purpose.

It is wit to pick a lock and steal a horse; but it is wisdom to let him alone.

Sorrow is good for nothing but for sin.

Love thy neighbour; yet pull not down thy hedge.

Half an acre is good land.

Chear up, man, God is still where he was.

Of little meddling comes great ease.

Do well, and have well.

He who perishes in a needless danger, is the devil's martyr.

Better spare at the brim, than at the bottom.

He who serves God is the true wise man.

The hasty man never wants woe.

There is God in the almonry.

He who will thrive must rise at five.

He who hath thriven may sleep till seven.

Prayer brings down the first blessing, and praise the second.

He plays best who wins.

He is a proper man who hath proper conditions.

Better half a loaf than no bread.

Beware of *Had-I-wist*.

Frost and fraud have always foul ends.

Good words cost nought.

A good word is as soon said as a bad one.

Little said soon amended.

Fair words butter no parsnips.

That penny is well spent that saves a groat to its master.

Penny in pocket is a good companion.

For all your kindred make much of your friends.

He who hath money in his purse, cannot want an head for his shoulders.

Great cry and little wool, quoth the devil when he shear'd his hogs.

'Tis ill gaping before an oven.

Where the hedge is lowest all men go over.

When sorrow is asleep wake it not.

Up start's a churl that gathered good,
From whence did spring his noble blood.

Provide for the worst, the best will save itself.

A covetous man, like a dog in a wheel, roasts meat for others to eat.

Speak me fair, and think what you will.

Serve God in thy calling; 'tis better than always praying.

A child may have too much of his mother's blessing.

He who gives alms makes the very best use of his money.

A wise man will neither speak, nor do,
Whatever anger would provoke him to.

Heaven once named, all other things are trifles.

The patient man is always at home.

Peace with heaven is the best friendship.

The worst of crosses is never to have had any.

Crosses are ladders that do lead up to heaven.

Honour buys no beef in the market.

Care-not would have.

When it rains pottage you must hold up your dish.

He that would thrive must ask leave of his wife.

A wonder lasts but nine days.

The second meal makes the glutton: and
The second blow, or second ill word, makes the quarrel.

A young serving man an old beggar.

A pennyworth of ease is worth a penny at all times.

As proud comes behind as goes before.

Bachelor's wives and maid's children are well taught.

Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.

Rich men seem happy, great, and wise,
All which the good man only is.

Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.

Love me little, and love me long.

He that buys an house ready wrought,
Hath many a pin and nail for nought.

Fools build houses, and wise men buy them, or live in them.

Opportunity makes the thief.

Out of debt, out of deadly sin.

Pride goes before, and shame follows after.

That groat is ill saved that shames its master.

Quick believers need broad shoulders.

Three may keep counsel, if two be away.

He who weddeth ere he be wise, shall die ere he thrives.

He who most studies his content, wants it most.

God hath often a great share in a little house, and but a little share in a great one.

When prayers are done my lady is ready.

He

He that is warm thinks all are so.

If every man will mend one, we shall all be mended.

Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can.

None is a fool always, every one sometimes.

Think of ease, but work on.

He that lies long in bed his estate feels it.

The child saith nothing but what it heard by the fire-side.

A gentleman, a grey-hound, and a salt-box, look for at the fire-side.

The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.

He who riseth betimes hath something in his head.

Fine dressing is a foul house swept before the doors.

Discontent is a man's worst evil.

He who lives well sees afar off.

Love is not to be found in the market.

My house, my house, though thou art small,
Thou art to me the Escurial.

He who seeks trouble never misseth it.

Never was strumpet fair in a wise man's eye.

He that hath little is the less dirty.

Good counsel breaks no man's head.

Fly the pleasure that will bite to-morrow.

Woe be to the house where there is no chiding.

The greatest step is that out of doors.

Poverty is the mother of health.

Wealth, like rheum, falls on the weakest parts.

If all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese.

Living well is the best revenge we can take on our enemies.

Fair words make me look to my purse.

The shortest answer is doing the thing.

He who would have what he hath not, should do what he doth not.

He who hath horns in his bosom, needs not put them upon his head.

Good and quickly seldom meet.

God is at the end when we think he is farthest off.

He who contemplates hath a day without night.

Time is the rider that breaks youth.

Better suffer a great evil than do a little one.

Talk much, and err much.

The persuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful.

True praise takes root, and spreads.

Happy is the body which is blest with a mind not needing.

Foolish tongues talk by the dozen.

Shew a good man his error, and he turns it into a virtue; a bad man doubles his fault.

When either side grows warm in arguing, the wisest man gives over first.

Wise men with pity do behold
Fools worship mules that carry gold.

In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.

A wise man cares not much for what he cannot have.

Pardon others but not thyself.

If a good man thrives, all thrive with him.

Old praise dies unless you feed it.

That which two will, takes effect.

He only is bright who shines by himself.

Prosperity lets go the bridle.

Take care to be what thou would'st seem.

Great businesses turn on a little pin.

He that will not have peace, God gives him war.

None is so wise but the fool overtakes him.

That is the best gown that goes most up and down the house.

Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.

The first dish pleaseth all.

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thy actions serve the turn.

He who fears death lives not.

He who preaches gives alms.

He who pitieth another thinks on himself.

Night is the mother of counsels.

He who once hits will be ever shooting.

He that cockers his child provides for his enemy.

The faulty stands always on his guard.

He that is thrown would ever wrestle.

Good swimmers are drowned at last.

Courtesy on one side only, lasts not long.

Wine counsels seldom prosper.

Set good against evil.

He goes not out of his way who goes to a good inn.

It is an ill air where we gain nothing.

Every one hath a fool in his sleeve.

Too much taking heed is sometimes loss.

'Tis easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

The wife is the key of the house.

The life of man is a winter way.

The least foolish is accounted wise.

Life is half spent before we know what it is to live.

Wine is a turn-coat; first a friend, then an enemy.

Wine ever pays for his lodging.

Time

Time undermines us all.

Converſation makes a man what he is.

The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.

The great put the little on the hook.

Lawyers houſes are built on the heads of fools.

Among good men two ſuffice.

The beſt bred have the beſt portion.

To live peaceably with all breeds good blood.

He who hath the charge of ſouls tranſports them not in bundles.

Pains to get, care to keep, fear to loſe.

When a lackey comes to hell, the devil locks the gates.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

He who will make a door of gold, muſt knock in a nail every day.

If the brain ſows not corn, it plants thiſtles.

A woman conceals what ſhe knows not.

Some evils are cured by contempt.

God deals his wrath by weight, but without weight his mercy.

Follow not truth too near at the heels, leſt it daſh out your teeth.

Say to pleaſure, gentle Eve, I will have none of your apple.

Marry your daughters betimes, leſt they marry themſelves.

Every man's cenſure is uſually firſt moulded in his own nature.

Suſpicion is the virtue of a coward.

Stay a while, that we may make an end the ſooner.

Let us ride fair and ſoftly that we may get home the ſooner.

Debtors are lyars.

Knowledge (or cunning) is no burthen.

Dearths foreſeen come not.

A penny ſpared is twice got.

Penſion never enriched young man.

If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.

If the mother had never been in the oven, ſhe would not have looked for her daughter there.

The body is ſooner well dreſſed than the ſoul.

Every one is a maſter, and a ſervant.

No profit to honour, no honour to virtue or religion.

Every ſin brings its puniſhment along with it.

The devil divides the world between atheiſm and ſuperſtition.

Good huſbandry is good divinity.

Be reaſonable and you will be happy.

It is better to pleaſe a fool than to anger him.

A fool, if he ſaith he will have a crab, he will not have an apple.

Take heed you find not what you do not ſeek.

The highway is never about.

He lives long enough who hath lived well.

Metal is dangerous in a blind horſe.

Winter never rots in the ſky.

God help the rich, the poor can beg.

He that ſpeaks me fair, and loves me not, I will ſpeak him fair and truſt him not.

He who preaches war is the devil's chaplain.

The trueſt wealth is contentment with a little.

A man's beſt fortune, or his worſt, is a wife.

Marry in haſte, and repent at leiſure.

Sir John Barley-Corn is the ſtrongeſt knight.

Like blood, like good, and like age,

Make the happieſt marriage.

Every aſs thinks himſelf worthy to ſtand with the king's horſes.

A good beginning makes a good ending.

One ounce of diſcretion, or of wiſdom, is worth two pound of wit.

The devil is good, or kind, when he is pleaſed.

A fair face is half a portion.

To forget a wrong is the beſt revenge.

Manners make the man.

Man doth what he can, God doth what he pleaſes.

Gold goes in at any gate except that of heaven.

Knaves and fools divide the world.

No great loſs but may bring ſome little profit.

When poverty comes in at the door, love leaps out at the window.

That ſuit is beſt that beſt fits me.

If I had revenged every wrong,

I had not worn my ſkirts ſo long.

Self-love is a mote in every man's eye.

That which is well done is twice done.

Uſe ſoft words and hard arguments.

There is no coward to an ill conſcience.

He who makes other men afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memories.

Riches are but the baggage of virtue.

He who defers his charities till his death, is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

A wiſe man hath more ballaſt than ſail.

Great men's promiſes, courtier's oaths, and dead men's ſhoes, a man may look for, but not truſt to.

Be wise on this side heaven.

The devil tempts others, an idle man tempts the devil.

Good looks buy nothing in the market.

He who will be his own master often hath a fool for his scholar.

That man is well bought who costs you but a compliment.

The greatest king must at last go to bed with a shovel or spade.

He only truly lives who lives in peace.

If wise men never erred, it would go hard with the fool.

Great virtue seldom descends.

One wife (in marriage) and two happy.

Almsgiving never made any man poor, nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

Fear of hell is the true valour of a Christian.

For ill do well, then fear not hell.

The best thing in this world is to live above it.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.

A thousand pounds and a bottle of hay, Will be all one at Doomsday.

One pair of heels is sometimes worth two pair of hands.

It is good sleeping in a whole skin.

Enough is as good as a feast.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.

All is well that ends well.

Ever drink, ever dry.

He who hath an ill name is half-hanged.

Harm watch, harm catch.

A friend's frown is better than a fool's smile.

The easiest work and way is, To beware.

If the best man's faults were written in his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

A man may be great by chance; but never wise, or good, without taking pains for it.

Success makes a fool seem wise.

All worldly joys go less

To that one joy of doing kindnesses.

What fools say, doth not much trouble wise men.

Money is a good servant, but an ill master.

Pleasure gives law to fools, God to the wise.

He lives indeed who lives not to himself alone.

Good to begin well, better to end well.

There would be no ill language if it were not ill taken.

Industry is fortune's right-hand, and frugality is her left.

We shall lie all alike in our graves.

When flatterers meet, the devil goes to dinner.

It is a small family that hath neither a thief nor an harlot in it.

To give and to keep there is need of wit.

A man never surfeits of too much honesty.

Honour and ease are seldom bedfellows.

Those husbands are in heaven whose wives do not chide.

He can want nothing who hath God for his friend.

Young men's knocks old men feel.

He who is poor when he is married, shall be rich when he is buried.

Of all tame beasts, I hate sluts.

Giving much to the poor, doth increase a man's store.

That is my good that doth me good.

An idle brain is the devil's shop.

God send us somewhat of our own, when rich men go to dinner.

Let your purse still be your master.

Young men think old men fools; but old men know that young men are fools.

Wit once bought, is worth twice taught.

A wise head makes a close mouth.

All foolish fancies are bought much too dear.

Women's and children's wishes are the aim and happiness of the more weak men.

Ignorance is better than pride with greater knowledge.

The charitable man gives out at the door, and God puts in at the window.

Every man is a fool where he hath not considered or thought.

He who angers others is not himself at ease.

He dies like a beast who hath done no good while he lived.

Heaven is not to be had by men's barely wishing for it.

Patch and long sit, build and soon slit.

One hour's sleep before midnight, is worth two hours sleep after it.

Wranglers never want words.

War is death's feast.

Idle lazy folks have most labour.

Knavery may serve a turn, but honesty is best at the long-run.

A quick landlord makes a careful tenant.

Look ever to the main chance.

Will is the cause of woe.

Welcome is the best chear.

I will keep no more cats than what will catch mice.

Reprove others, but correct thyself.

Once a knave and ever a knave.

Planting of trees is England's old thrift.

It is more painful to do nothing than something.

Any thing for a quiet life.

It is great folly to want when we have it, and when we have it not too.

Fly pleasure, and it will follow thee.

God's Providence is the surest and best inheritance.

That is not good language which all understand not.

Much better lose a jest than a friend.

Ill-will never said well.

He that hath some land must have some labour.

Shew me a lyar, and I will shew you a thief.

We must wink at small faults.

Use legs and have legs.

Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.

Every one should sweep before his own door.

Much coin usually much care.

Good take-heed doth always speed.

He who gets, doth much; but he who keeps, doth more.

A pound of gold is better than an ounce of honour.

We think lawyers to be wise men, and they know us to be fools.

Eaten bread is soon forgotten.

When you see your friend, trust to yourself.

Let my friend tell my tale.

Mention not a rope in the house of one whose father was hanged.

Speak the truth and shame the devil.

God help the fool, quoth Pedly. (*An Ideot.*)

Lend, and lose my money; so play fools.

Early to go to bed, and then early to rise, makes men more holy, more healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Anger dies soon with a wise and good man.

He who will not be counselled, cannot be helped.

God hath provided no remedy for wilful obstinacy.

All vice infatuates, and corrupts the judgment.

He who converses with nobody, knows nothing.

There is no fool like the old fool.

A good wife makes a good husband.

It is much better to be thought a fool than to be a knave.

One fool makes many.

Penny, whence cameſt thou? Penny, whither goeſt thou? and, Penny, when wilt thou come again?

It is worse to be an ill man than to be thought to be one.

A fool comes always short of his reckoning.

A young saint, an old saint; and a young devil, an old devil.

Wit is folly unless a wise man hath the keeping of it.

Knowledge of God and of ourselves is the mother of true devotion, and the perfection of wisdom.

Afflictions are sent us from God for our good.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Every man can tame a shrew but he who hath her.

It is better to die poor than to live poor.

Craft brings nothing home at the last.

Diseases are the interest of pleasure.

All covet, all lose.

Plain dealing is a jewel; but he who useth it will die a beggar.

Honour bought is temporal simony.

Live, and let live, *i. e.* be a kind landlord.

Children are certain cares, but very uncertain comforts.

Giving begets love, lending usually lessens it.

He is the wise, who is the honest man.

Take part with reason against thy own will or humour.

Wit is a fine thing in a wise man's hand.

Speak not of my debts except you mean to pay them.

Words instruct, but examples persuade effectually.

He who lives in hopes dies a fool.

He who gives wisely sells to advantage.

Years know more than books.

Live so as you mean to die.

Go not to hell for company.

All earthly joys are empty bubbles, and make men boys.

Better unborn than untaught.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains: if well, the pains do fade, the joy remains.

Always refuse the advice which passion gives.

Nor say nor do that thing which anger prompts you to.

Bear and forbear is short and good philosophy.

Set out wisely at first; custom will make every virtue more easy and pleasant to you than any vice can be.

The best and noblest conquest is that of a man's own reason over his passions and his follies.

Religion hath true lasting joys; weigh all, and so

If

If any thing have more, or such, let heaven go.
Whatever good thou dost, give God the praise;
Who both the power and will first gave to thee.

§ 152. *Old Italian Proverbs.*

He who serves God hath the best master in the world. Where God is, there is nothing wanting. No man is greater in truth than he is in God's esteem. He hath a good judgment who doth not rely on his own. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. He who converses with nobody, is either a brute or an angel. Go not over the water where you cannot see the bottom. He who lives disorderly one year, doth not enjoy himself for five years after. Friendships are cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat. Speak well of your friend, of your enemy neither well nor ill. The friendship of a great man is a lion at the next door. The money you refuse will never do you good. A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom. I once had, is a poor man. There are a great many asses without long ears. An iron anvil should have a hammer of feathers. He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company. You are in debt, and run in farther; if you are not a lyar yet, you will be one. The best throw upon the dice, is to throw them away. It is horribly dangerous to sleep near the gates of hell. He who thinks to cheat another, cheats himself most. Giving is going a-fishing. Too much prosperity makes most men fools. Dead men open the eyes of the living. No man's head achs while he comforts another. Bold and shameless men are masters of half the world. Every one hath enough to do to govern himself well. He who is an ass, and takes himself to be a stag, when he comes to leap the ditch finds his mistake. Praise doth a wise man good, but a fool harm. No sooner is a law made, but an evasion of it is found out. He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon. Three things cost dear; the careſſes of a dog, the love of a miss, and the invasion of an host. Hunger never fails of a good cook. A man is valued as he makes himself valuable. Three littles make a man rich on a sudden; little wit, little shame, and little honesty. He who hath good health is a rich man, and doth not know it. Give a wise man a hint, and he will do the business well enough. A bad agreement is better than a good law-suit. The best watering is that which comes from heaven. When your neighbour's house is on fire, carry water to your own. Spare diet and no trouble keep a man in good health. He that will have no trouble in this world must not be born in it. The maid is such as she is bred, and tow as it is spun. He that would believe he hath a great many friends, must try but few of them. Love bemires young men, and drowns the old. Once in every ten years every man needs his neighbour. Aristotle saith, When you can have any good thing take it: and Plato saith, If you do not take it, you are a great coxcomb. From an ass you can get nothing but kicks and stench. Either say nothing of the absent, or speak like a friend. One man forewarned (or apprised of a thing) is worth two. He is truly happy who can make others happy too. A fair woman without virtue is like palled wine. Tell a woman she is wondrous fair, and she will soon turn fool. Paint and patches give offence to the husband, hopes to her gallant. He that would be well spoken of himself, must not speak ill of others. He that doth the kindness hath the noblest pleasure of the two. He who doth a kindness to a good man, doth a greater to himself. A man's hat in his hand never did him harm. One cap or hat more or less, and one quire of paper in a year, cost but little, and will make you many friends. He who blames grandees endangers his head, and he who praises them must tell many a lye. A wise man goes not on board without due provision. Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open. He who will stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal. Wise men have their mouth in their heart, fools their heart in their mouth. Shew not to all the bottom either of your purse or of your mind. I heard one say so, is half a lye. Lyes have very short legs. One lye draws ten more after it. Keep company with good men, and you'll increase their number. He is a good man who is good for himself, but he is good indeed who is so for others too. When you meet with a virtuous man, draw his picture. He who keeps good men company may very well bear their charges. He begins to grow bad who takes himself to be a good man. He is far from a good man who strives not to grow better. Keep good men company, and fall not out with the bad. He who throws away his estate with his hands, goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet. It is a bad house that hath not an old man in it. To crow well and scrape ill is the devil's trade. Be ready with your hat, but slow

with your purſe. A burthen which one chuſes is not felt. The dearer ſuch a thing is, the better pennyworth for me. Suppers kill more than the greateſt doctor ever cured. All the wit in the world is not in one head. Let us do what we can and ought, and let God do his pleaſure. It is better to be condemned by the college of phyſicians than by one judge. Skill and aſſurance are an invincible couple. The fool kneels to the diſtaff. Knowledge is worth nothing unleſs we do the good we know. A man is half known when you ſee him, when you hear him ſpeak you know him all out. Write down the advice of him who loves you, though you like it not at preſent. Be ſlow to give advice, ready to do any ſervice. Both anger and haſte hinder good counſel. Give neither counſel nor ſalt till you are aſked for it. The fool never thinks higher than the top of his houſe. A courtier is a ſlave in a golden chain. A little kitchen makes a large houſe. Have money, and you will find kindred enough. He that lends his money hath a double loſs. Of money, wit, and virtue, believe one fourth part of what you hear men ſay. Money is his ſervant who knows how to uſe it as he ſhould, his maſter who doth not. It is better to give one ſhilling than to lend twenty. Wiſe diſtruſt is the parent of ſecurity. Mercy or goodneſs alone makes us like to God. So much only is mine, as I either uſe myſelf or give for God's ſake. He who is about to ſpeak evil of another, let him firſt well conſider himſelf, Speak not of me unleſs you know me well; think of yourſelf ere aught of me you tell. One day of a wiſe man is worth the whole life of a fool. What you give ſhines ſtill, what you eat ſmells ill next day. Aſking coſts no great matter. A woman that loves to be at the window is like a bunch of grapes in the highway. A woman and a glaſs are never out of danger. A woman and a cherry are painted for their own harm. The beſt furniture in the houſe is a virtuous woman. The firſt wife is matrimony, the ſecond company, the third hereſy. A doctor and a clown know more than a doctor alone. Hard upon hard never makes a good wall. The example of good men is viſible philoſophy. One ill example ſpoils many good laws. Every thing may be, except a ditch without a bank. He who throws a ſtone againſt God, it falls upon his own head. He who plays me one trick ſhall not play me a ſecond. Do what you ought, and let what will come on it. By making a fault you may learn to do better. The firſt faults are theirs who commit them, all the following are his who doth not puniſh them. He who would be ill ſerved, let him keep good ſtore of ſervants. To do good ſtill make no delay; for life and time ſlide faſt away. A little time will ſerve to do ill. He who would have trouble in this life, let him get either a ſhip or a wife. He who will take no pains, will never build a houſe three ſtories high. The beſt of the game is, to do one's buſineſs and talk little of it. The Italian is wiſe before he undertakes a thing, the German while he is doing it, and the Frenchman when it is over. In proſperity we need moderation, in adverſity patience. Proſperous men ſacrifice not, i. e. they forget God. Great proſperity and modeſty ſeldom go together. Women, wine, and horſes, are ware men are often deceived in. Give your friend a fig, and your enemy a peach. He who hath no children doth not know what love means. He who ſpins hath one ſhirt, he who ſpins not hath two. He who conſiders the end, reſtrains all evil inclinations. He who hath the longeſt ſword is always thought to be in the right. There lies no appeal from the deciſion of fortune. Lucky men need no counſel. Three things only are well done in haſte; flying from the plague, eſcaping quarrels, and catching fleas. It is better it ſhould be ſaid, Here he ran away, than Here he was ſlain. The ſword from Heaven above falls not down in haſte. The beſt thing in gaming is, that it be but little uſed. Play, women, and wine, make a man laugh till he dies of it. Play or gaming hath the devil at the bottom. The devil goes ſhares in gaming. He who doth not riſe early never does a good day's work. He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing. If young men had wit, and old men ſtrength enough, every thing might be well done. He who will have no judge but himſelf, condemns himſelf. Learning is folly, unleſs a good judgment hath the management of it. Every man loves juſtice at another man's houſe; nobody cares for it at his own. He who keeps company with great men is the laſt at the table, and the firſt at any toil or danger. Every one hath his cricket in his head, and makes it ſing as he pleaſes. In the concluſion, even ſorrows with bread are good. When war begins, hell gates are ſet open. He that hath nothing knows nothing, and he that hath nothing is nobody. He who hath more, hath more care, ſtill deſires more and enjoys leſs. At a dangerous paſſage give the precedency. The ſickneſs of the

the body may prove the health of the soul. Working in your calling is half praying. An ill book is the worst of thieves. The wife hand doth not all which the foolish tongue saith. Let not your tongue say what your head may pay for. The best armour is to keep out of gun-shot. The good woman doth not say, Will you have this? but gives it you. That is a good misfortune which comes alone. He who doth no ill hath nothing to fear. No ill befalls us but what may be for our good. He that would be master of his own must not be bound for another. Eat after your own fashion, clothe yourself as others do. A fat physician, but a lean monk. Make yourself all honey, and the flies will eat you up. Marry a wife, and buy a horse from your neighbour. He is master of the world who despises it; its slave who values it. This world is a cage of fools. He who hath most patience best enjoys the world. If veal (or mutton) could fly, no wild fowl could come near it. He is unhappy who wishes to die; but more so, he who fears it. The more you think of dying, the better you will live. He who oft thinks on death provides for the next life. Nature, time, and patience, are the three great physicians. When the ship is sunk, every man knows how she might have been saved. Poverty is the worst guard for chastity. Affairs, like salt-fish, ought to lie a good while a-soaking. He who knows nothing, is confident in every thing. He who lives as he should, has all that he needs. By doing nothing, men learn to do ill. The best revenge is to prevent the injury. Keep yourself from the occasion, and God will keep you from the sins it leads to. One eye of the master sees more than four eyes of his servant. He who doth the injury never forgives the injured man. Extravagant offers are a kind of denial. Vice is set off with the shadow or resemblance of virtue. The shadow of a lord is a hat or cap for a fool. Large trees give more shade than fruit, True love and honour go always together. He who would please every body in all he doth, troubles himself, and contents nobody. Happy is the man who doth all the good he talks of. That is best or finest which is most fit or seasonable. He is a good orator who prevails with himself. One pair of ears will drain dry an hundred tongues. A great deal of pride, obscures or blemishes a thousand good qualities. He who hath gold hath fear, who hath none hath sorrow. An Arcadian ass, who is laden with gold and eats but straw. The hare catched the lion in a net of gold. Obstinacy is the worst, the most incurable of all sins. Lawyers gowns are lined with the wilfulness of their clients. Idleness is the mother of vice, the step-mother to all virtues. He who is employed is tempted by one devil; he who is idle, by an hundred. An idle man is a bolster for the devil. Idleness buries a man alive. He that makes a good war hath a good peace. He who troubles not himself with other men's business, gets peace and ease thereby. Where peace is, there God is or dwells. The world without peace is the soldier's pay. Arms carry peace along with them. A little in peace and quiet is my heart's wish. He bears with others, and saith nothing, who would live in peace. One father is sufficient to govern an hundred children, and an hundred children are not sufficient to govern one father. The master is the eye of the house. The first service a bad child doth his father is to make him a fool; the next is, to make him mad. A rich country and a bad road. A good lawyer is a bad neighbour. He who pays well is master of every body's purse. Another man's bread costs very dear. Have you bread and wine? sing and be merry. If there is but little bread, keep it in your hand; if but a little wine, drink often; if but a little bed, go to bed early, and clap yourself down in the middle. It is good keeping his cloaths who goes to swim. A man's own opinion is never in the wrong. He who speaks little, needs but half so much brains as another man. He who knows most, commonly speaks least. Few men take his advice who talks a great deal. He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well, and he will hold his peace. Eating little, and speaking little, can never do a man hurt. A civil answer to a rude speech costs not much, and is worth a great deal. Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim. He doth not lose his labour who counts every word he speaks. One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water. Yes, good words to put off your rotten apples. Give every man good words, but keep your purse-strings close. Fine words will not keep a cat from starving. He that hath no patience, hath nothing at all. No patience, no true wisdom. Make one bargain with other men, but make four with yourself. There is no fool to a learned fool. The first degree of folly is to think one's self wise; the next to tell others so; the third to despise all counsel. If wife men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance. One fool in one house is

enough in all conſcience. He is not a thorough wiſe man who cannot play the fool on a juſt occaſion. A wiſe man doth that at the firſt which a fool muſt do at the laſt. Men's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own. Men's ſins and their debts are more than they take them to be. Puniſhment, though lame, overtakes the ſinner at the laſt. He conſiders ill that conſiders not on both ſides. Think much and often, ſpeak little, and write leſs. Conſider well, Who you are, What you do, Whence you came, and Whither you are to go. Keep your thoughts to yourſelf, let your mien be free and open. Drink wine with pears, and water after figs. When the pear is ripe, it muſt fall of courſe. He that parts with what he ought, loſes nothing by the ſhift. Forgive every man's faults except your own. To forgive injuries is a noble and God-like revenge. It is a mark of great proficiency to bear eaſily the failings of other men. Fond love of a man's ſelf ſhews that he doth not know himſelf. That which a man likes well, is half done. He who is uſed to do kindneſſes, always finds them when he ſtands in need. A wiſe lawyer never goes to law himſelf. A ſluggard takes an hundred ſteps becauſe he would not take one in due time. When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain. I will do what I can, and a little leſs, that I may hold out the better. Truſt ſome few, but beware of all men. He who knows but little, preſently outs with it. He that doth not mind ſmall things will never get a great deal. John Do-little was the ſon of Goodwife Spin-little. To know how to be content with a little, is not a morſel for a fool's mouth. That is never to be called little, which a man thinks to be enough. Of two cowards, he hath the better who firſt finds the other out. The worſt pig often gets the beſt pear. The devil turns his back when he finds the door ſhut againſt him. The wiſer man yields to him who is more than his match. He who thinks he can do moſt, is moſt miſtaken. The wiſe diſcourſes of a poor man go for nothing. Poor folks have neither any kindred nor any friends. Good preachers give their hearers fruit, not flowers. Woe to thoſe preachers who liſten not to themſelves. He who quakes for cold, either wants money to buy him cloaths, or wit to put them on. Poverty is a good, hated by all men. He that would have a thing done quickly and well, muſt do it himſelf. He who knows moſt is the leaſt preſuming or confident. It is more noble to make yourſelf great than to be born ſo. The beginning of an amour (or gallantry) is fear, the middle ſin, and the end ſorrow or repentance. The beginning only of a thing is hard, and coſts dear. A fair promiſe catches the fool. He who is bound for another goes in at the wide end of the horn, and muſt come out at the narrow if he can. Promiſing is not with deſign to give, but to pleaſe fools. Give no great credit to a great promiſer. Proſperity is the worſt enemy men uſually have. Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himſelf in them as in a looking-glaſs. A proverb is the child of experience. He that makes no reckoning of a farthing, will not be worth a half-penny. Avoid carefully the firſt ill or miſchief, for that will breed an hundred more. Reaſon governs the wiſe man, and a cudgel the fool. Suffering is the mother of fools, reaſon of wiſe men. If you would be as happy as any king, conſider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you. Our religion and our language we ſuck in with our milk. Love, knavery, and neceſſity, make men good orators. There is no fence againſt what comes from Heaven. Good huſbandry is the firſt ſtep towards riches. A ſtock once gotten, wealth grows up of its own accord. Wealth hides many a great fault. Good ware was never dear, nor a miſs ever worth the money ſhe coſts. The fool's eſtate is the firſt ſpent. Wealth is his that enjoys it, and the world is his who ſcrambles for it. A father with very great wealth, and a ſon with no virtue at all. Little wealth, and little care and trouble. The Roman conquers by ſitting ſtill at home. Between robbing and reſtoring, men commonly get thirty in the hundred. He is learned enough who knows how to live well. The more a man knows, the leſs credulous he is. There is no harm in deſiring to be thought wiſe by others, but a great deal in a man's thinking himſelf to be ſo. Bare wages never made a ſervant rich. Loſing much breeds bad blood. Health without any money is half ſickneſs. When a man is tumbling down, every ſaint lends a hand. He that unſeaſonably plays the wiſe man, is a fool. He that pretends too much to wiſdom is counted a fool. A wiſe man never ſets his heart upon what he cannot have. A lewd bachelor makes a jealous huſband. That crown is well ſpent which ſaves you ten. Love can do much, but ſcorn or diſdain can do more. If you would have a thing kept ſecret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not

have

have a thing known of you, never do it. Whatever you are going to do or say, think well first what may be the consequence of it. They are always selling wit to others who have least of it for themselves. He that gains time gains a great point. Every ditch is full of after-wit. A little wit will serve a fortunate man. The favour of the court is like fair weather in winter. Neither take for a servant him who you must entreat, nor a kinsman, nor a friend, if you would have a good one. A man never loses by doing good offices to others. He that would be well served, must know when to change his servants. Ignorance and prosperity make men bold and confident. He who employs one servant in any business, hath him all there; who employs two, hath half a servant; who three, hath never a one. Either a civil grant or a civil denial. When you have any business with a man give him title enough. The covetous man is the bailiff, not the master, of his own estate. Trouble not your head about the weather, or the government. Like with like looks well, and lasts long. All worldly joy is but a short-lived dream. That is a cursed pleasure that makes a man a fool. The soldier is well paid for doing mischief. A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves. A considering careful man is half a conjurer. A man would not be alone even in paradise. One nap finds out, or draws on another. Have good luck and you may lie in bed. He that will maintain every thing must have his sword always ready drawn. That house is in an ill case where the distaff commands the sword. One sword keeps another in the scabbard. He that speaks ill of other men, burns his own tongue. He that is most liberal where he should be so, is the best husband. He is gainer enough who gives over a vain hope. A mighty hope is a mighty cheat. Hope is a pleasant kind of deceit. A man cannot leave his experience or wisdom to his heirs. Fools learn to live at their own cost, the wise at other men's. He is master of the whole world who hath no value for it. He who saith Woman, saith Wo to man. One enemy is too much for a man in a great post, and a hundred friends are too few. Let us enjoy the present, we shall have trouble enough hereafter. Men toil and take pains in order to live easily at last. He that takes no care of himself, must not expect it from others. Industry makes a gallant man, and breaks ill fortune. Study, like a staff of cotton, beats without noise. Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law are a tempest and hail-storm. If pride were a deadly disease, how many would be now in their graves! He who cannot hold his peace will never live at ease. A fool will be always talking, right or wrong. In silence there is many a good morsel. Pray hold your peace, or you will make me fall asleep. The table, a secret thief, sends its master to the hospital. Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread. Too much fear is an enemy to good deliberation. As soon as ever God hath a church built for him, the devil gets a tabernacle set up for himself. Time is a file that wears, and makes no noise. Nothing is so hard to bear well as prosperity. Patience, time, and money, set every thing to rights. The true art of making gold is to have a good estate, and to spend but little of it. Abate two thirds of all the reports you hear. A fair face, or a fine head, and very little brains in it. He who lives wickedly lives always in fear. A beautiful face is a pleasing traitor. If three know it, all the world will know it too. Many have too much, but nobody hath enough. An honest man hath half as much more brains as he needs, a knave hath not half enough. A wise man changes his mind when there is reason for it. From hearing, comes wisdom; and from speaking, repentance. Old age is an evil desired by all men, and youth an advantage which no young man understands. He that would have a good revenge, let him leave it to God. Would you be revenged on your enemy? live as you ought, and you have done it to purpose. He that will revenge every affront, either falls from a good post or never gets up to it. Truth is an inhabitant of heaven. That which seems probable is the greatest enemy to the truth. A thousand probabilities cannot make one truth. It is no great pains to speak the truth. That is most true which we least care to hear. Truth hath the plague in his house (*i. e.* is carefully avoided). A wise man will not tell such a truth as every one will take for a lye. Long voyages occasion great lyes. The world makes men drunk as much as wine doth. Wine and youth are fire upon fire. Enrich your younger age with virtue's lore. It is virtue's picture which we find in books. Virtue must be our trade and study, not our chance. We shall have a house without a fault in the next world. Tell me what life you lead, and I will tell you how you shall die. He is in a low form who never thinks beyond this short life: Vices are learned without a teacher. Wicked men are dead whilst they live. He is rich who desires

nothing more. To recover a bad man is a double kindneſs or virtue. Who are you for? I am for him whom I get moſt by. He who eats but of one diſh never wants a phyſician. He hath lived to ill purpoſe who cannot hope to live after his death. Live as they did of old; ſpeak as men do now. The mob is a terrible monſter. Hell is very full of good meanings and intentions. He only is well kept whom God keeps. Break the legs of an evil cuſtom. Tyrant cuſtom makes a ſlave of reaſon. Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wiſdom. He who doeth every thing he has a mind to do, doth not what he ſhould do. He who ſays all that he has a mind to ſay, hears what he hath no mind to hear. That city thrives beſt where virtue is moſt eſteemed and rewarded. He cannot go wrong whom virtue guides. The ſword kills many, but wine many more. It is truth which makes the man angry. He who tells all the truth he knows, muſt lie in the ſtreets. Oil and truth will get uppermoſt at the laſt. A probable ſtory is the beſt weapon of calumny. He counts very unſkilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning. Nothing is of any great value but God only. All is good that God ſends us. He that hath children, all his morſels are not his own. Thought is a nimble footman. Many know every thing elſe, but nothing at all of themſelves. We ought not to give the fine flour to the devil, and the bran to God. Six foot of earth make all men of one ſize. He that is born of a hen muſt ſcrape for his living. Afflictions draw men up towards heaven. That which does us good is never too late. Since my houſe muſt be burnt, I will warm myſelf at it. Tell every body your buſineſs, and the devil will do it for you. A man was hanged for ſaying what was true. Do not all that you can do; ſpend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know. A man ſhould learn to ſail with all winds. He is the man indeed who can govern himſelf as he ought. He that would live long, muſt ſometimes change his courſe of life. When children are little they make their parents heads ach; and when they are grown up, they make their hearts ach. To preach well, you muſt firſt practiſe what you teach others. Uſe or practice of a thing is the beſt maſter. A man that hath learning is worth two who have it not. A fool knows his own buſineſs better than a wiſe man doth another's. He who underſtands moſt is other men's maſter. Have a care of—Had I known this before.—Command your ſervant, and do it yourſelf, and you will have leſs trouble. You may know the maſter by his man. He who ſerves the public hath but a ſcurvy maſter. He that would have good offices done to him, muſt do them to others. It is the only true liberty to ſerve our good God. The common ſoldier's blood makes the general a great man. An huge great houſe is an huge great trouble. Never adviſe a man to go to the wars, nor to marry. Go to the war with as many as you can, and with as few to counſel. It is better keeping out of a quarrel than to make it up afterward. Great birth is a very poor diſh on the table. Neither buy any thing of, nor ſell to, your friend. Sickneſs or diſeaſes are viſits from God. Sickneſs is a perſonal citation before our Judge. Beauty and folly do not often part company. Beauty beats a call upon a drum. Teeth placed before the tongue give good advice. A great many pair of ſhoes are worn out before men do all they ſay. A great many words will not fill a purſe. Make a ſlow anſwer to a haſty queſtion. Self-praiſe is the ground of hatred. Speaking evil of one another is the fifth element men are made up of. When a man ſpeaks you fair, look to your purſe. Play not with a man till you hurt him, nor jeſt till you ſhame him. Eating more than you ſhould at once, makes you eat leſs afterward. He makes his grief light who thinks it ſo. He thinks but ill who doth not think twice of a thing. He who goes about a thing himſelf, hath a mind to have it done; who ſends another, cares not whether it be done or no. There is no diſcretion in love, nor counſel in anger. Wiſhes never can fill a ſack. The firſt ſtep a man makes towards being good, is to know he is not ſo already. He who is bad to his relations is worſt to himſelf. It is good to know our friend's failings, but not to publiſh them. A man may ſee his own faults in thoſe which others do. It is the virtue of ſaints to be always going on from one kind and degree of virtue to another. A man may talk like a wiſe man, and yet act like a fool. Every one thinks he hath more than his ſhare of brains. The firſt chapter (or point) of fools is to think they are wiſe men. Diſcretion, or a true judgment of things, is the parent of all virtue. Chaſtity is the chief and moſt charming beauty. Little conſcience and great diligence make a rich man. Never count four except you have them in your bag. Open your door to a fair day, but make yourſelf ready for a foul one. A

little

little too late is too late ſtill. A good man is ever at home wherever he chance to be. Building is a word that men pay dear for. If you would be healthful, clothe yourſelf warm, and eat ſparingly. Rich men are ſlaves condemned to the mines. Many men's eſtates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney. Wealth is more dear to men than their blood or life is. Foul dirty water makes the river great. That great ſaint, intereſt, rules the world alone. Their power and their will are the meaſures princes take of right and wrong. In governing others you muſt do what you can do, not all you would do. A wiſe man will ſtay for a convenient ſeaſon, and will bend a little rather than be torn up by the roots. Ever buy your wit at other men's charges. You muſt let your phlegm ſubdue your choler, if you would not ſpoil your buſineſs. Take not phyſic when you are well, leſt you die to be better. Do not do evil to get good by it, which never yet happened to any. That pleaſure is much too dear which is bought with any pain. To live poor that a man may die rich, is to be the king of fools, or a fool in grain. Good wine makes a bad head and a long ſtory. Be as eaſy as you can in this world, provided you take good care to be happy in the next. Live well and be chearful. A man knows no more to any purpoſe than he practiſes. He that doth moſt at once doth leaſt. He is a wretch whoſe hopes are all below. Thank you, good puſs, ſtarved my cat. No great good comes without looking after it. Gather the roſe, and leave the thorn behind. He who would be rich in one year is hanged at ſix months end. He who hath a mouth will certainly eat. Go early to the market, and as late as ever you can to a battle. The barber learns to ſhave at the beards of fools. He who is lucky (or rich) paſſes for a wiſe man too. He commands enough who is ruled by a wiſe man. He who reveals his ſecret makes himſelf a ſlave. Gaming ſhews what metal a man is made of. How can the cat help it if the maid be a fool? Fools grow up apace without any watering. God ſupplies him with more, who lays out his eſtate well. The printing-preſs is the mother of errors. Let me ſee your man dead, and I will tell you how rich he is. Men live one half of the year with art and deceit, and the other half with deceit and art. Do yourſelf a kindneſs, Sir. [The beggar's phraſe for Give alms.] I was well, would be better; took phyſic, and died. [On a monument.] All row galley-wiſe; every man draws towards himſelf. He who hath money and capers is provided for Lent. A proud man hath vexation or fretting enough. He who buys by the penny keeps his own houſe and other men's too. Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you do. At a good pennyworth pauſe a while. He who doth his own buſineſs doth not foul his fingers. It is good feaſting at other men's houſes. A wiſe man makes a virtue of what he cannot help. Talk but little, and live as you ſhould do.

§ 153. *Old Spaniſh Proverbs.*

He is a rich man who hath God for his friend. He is the beſt ſcholar who hath learned to live well. A handful of mother-wit is worth a buſhel of learning. When all men ſay you are an aſs, it is time to bray. Change of weather finds diſcourſe for fools. A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt. The ſorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair. A wiſe man changes his mind, a fool never will. That day on which you marry you either marr or make yourſelf. God comes to ſee, or look upon us, without a bell. You had better leave your enemy ſomething when you die, than live to beg of your friend. That's a wiſe delay which makes the road ſafe. Cure your ſore eyes only with your elbow. Let us thank God, and be content with what we have. The foot of the owner is the beſt manure for his land. He is my friend who grinds at my mill. Enjoy that little you have while the fool is hunting for more. Saying and doing do not dine together. Money cures all diſeaſes. A life ill-ſpent makes a ſad old age. It is money that makes men lords. We talk, but God doth what he pleaſes. May you have good luck, my ſon, and a little wit will ſerve your turn. Gifts break through ſtone walls. Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirſt. There is no better looking-glaſs than an old true friend. A wall between both beſt preſerves friendſhip. The ſum of all is, to ſerve God well, and to do no ill thing. The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor. Setting down in writing is a laſting memory. Repentance always coſts very dear. Good-breeding and money make our ſons gentlemen. As you uſe your father, ſo your children will uſe you. There is no evil, but ſome good uſe may be made of it. No price is great enough for good counſel. Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good

a good man. There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can ſpeak. Praiſe the man whoſe bread you eat. God keep me from him whom I truſt, from him whom I truſt not I ſhall keep myſelf. Keep out of an haſty man's way for a while, out of a ſullen man's all the days of your life. If you love me, John, your deeds will tell me ſo. I defy all fetters, though they were made of gold. Few die of hunger, a hundred thouſand of ſurfeits Govern yourſelf by reaſon, tho' ſome like it, others do not. If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one. No companion like money. A good wife is the workmanſhip of a good huſband. The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron. The friar who aſks for God's ſake, aſks for himſelf too. God keeps him who takes what care he can of himſelf. Nothing is valuable in this world, except as it tends to the next. Smoke, raining into the houſe, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors. There is no to-morrow for an aſking friend God keep me from ſtill-water, from that which is rough I will keep myſelf. Take your wife's firſt advice, not her ſecond. Tell not what you know, judge not what you ſee, and you will live in quiet. Hear reaſon, or ſhe will make herſelf be heard. Gifts enter every where without a wimble. A great fortune with a wife is a bed full of brambles. One pin for your purſe, and two for your mouth. There was never but one man who never did a fault. He who promiſes runs into debt. He who holds his peace gathers ſtones. Leave your ſon a good reputation and an employment. Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it. God doth the cure, and the phyſician takes the money for it. Thinking is very far from knowing the truth. Fools make great feaſts, and wiſe men eat of them. June, July, Auguſt, and Carthagena, are the four beſt ports of Spain. A gentle calf ſucks her own mother, and four cows more (between two own brothers, two witneſſes, and a notary). The devil brings a modeſt man to the court. He who will have a mule without any fault, muſt keep none. The wolves eat the poor aſs that hath many owners. Viſit your aunt, but not every day in the year. In an hundred years time princes are peaſants, and in an hundred and ten peaſants grow princes. The poor cat is whipped, becauſe our dame will not ſpin. Leave your jeſt whilſt you are moſt pleaſed with it. Whither goeſt thou, grief? Where I am uſed to go. Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the ſtreet. Never truſt a man whom you have injured. The laws go on the king's errands. Parents love indeed, others only talk of it. Three helping one another will do as much as ſix men ſingle. She ſpins well who breeds her children well. You cannot do better for your daughter than to breed her virtuouſly, nor for your ſon than to fit him for an employment. Lock your door, that ſo you may keep your neighbour honeſt. Civil obliging language coſts but little, and doth a great deal of good. One "Take it" is better than two "Thou ſhalt have its." Prayers and provender never hindered any man's journey. There is a fig at Rome for him who gives another advice before he aſks it. He who is not more or better than another, deſerves not more than another. He who hath no wiſdom hath no worth. It is better to be a wife than a rich man. Becauſe I would live quietly in the world, I hear, and ſee, and ſay nothing. Meddle not between two brothers. The dead and the abſent have no friends left them. Who is the true gentleman or nobleman? He whoſe actions make him ſo. Do well to whom you will; do any man harm, and look to yourſelf. Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces. Great poverty is no fault or baſeneſs, but ſome inconvenience. The hard-hearted man gives more than he who has nothing at all. Let us not fall out, to give the devil a dinner. Truths too fine ſpun are ſubtle fooleries. If you would always have money, keep it when you have it. I ſuſpect that ill in others which I know by myſelf. Sly knavery is too hard for honeſt wiſdom. He who reſolves to mend hath God on his ſide. Hell is crowded up with ungrateful wretches. Think of yourſelf, and let me alone. He can never enjoy himſelf one day who fears he may die at night. He who hath done ill once, will do it again. No evil happens to us but what may do us good. If I have broke my leg, who knows but it is beſt for me. The more honour we have, the more we thirſt after it. If you would be Pope, you muſt think of nothing elſe. Make the night night, and the day day, and you will be merry and wiſe. He who eats moſt, eats leaſt. If you would live in health, be old betimes. I will go warm, and let fools laugh on. Chuſe your wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday. Drinking water neither makes a man ſick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. No

pottage

pottage is good without bacon, no ſermon without St. Auguſtin. Have many acquaintance, and but a few friends. A wondrous fair woman is not all her huſband's own. He who marries a widow, will have a dead man's head often thrown in his diſh. Away goes the devil when he finds the door ſhut againſt him. It is great courage to ſuffer, and great wiſdom to hear patiently. Doing what I ought ſecures me againſt all cenſures. I wept when I was born, and every day ſhews why. Experience and wiſdom are the two beſt fortune-tellers. The beſt ſoldier comes from the plough. Wine wears no breeches. The hole in the wall invites the thief. A wiſe man doth not hang his wiſdom on a peg. A man's love and his belief are ſeen by what he does. A covetous man makes a half-penny of a farthing, and a liberal man makes ſix-pence of it. In December keep yourſelf warm and ſleep. He who will revenge every affront, means not to live long. Keep your money, niggard, live miſerably, that your heir may ſquander it away. In war, hunting, and love, you have a thouſand ſorrows for every joy or pleaſure. Honour and profit will not keep both in one ſack. The anger of brothers is the anger of devils. A mule and a woman dô beſt by fair means. A very great beauty is either a fool or proud. Look upon a picture and a battle at a good diſtance. A great deal is ill waſted, and a little would do as well. An eſtate well got is ſpent, and that which is ill got deſtroys its maſter too. That which is bought cheap is the deareſt. It is more trouble to do ill than to do well. The huſband muſt not ſee, and the wife muſt be blind. While the tall maid is ſtooping, the little one hath ſwept the houſe. Neither ſo fair as to kill, nor ſo ugly as to fright a man. May no greater ill befal you than to have many children and but a little bread for them. Let nothing affright you but ſin. I am no river, but can go back when there is reaſon for it. Do not make me kiſs, and you will not make me ſin. Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to fruit. The abſent are always in the fault. A great good was never got with a little pains. Sloth is the key to let in beggary. I left him I knew, for him who was highly praiſed, and I found reaſon to repent it. Do not ſay, I will never drink of this water, however dirty it is. He who trifles away his time, perceives not death, which ſtands upon his ſhoulders. He who ſpits againſt heaven, it falls upon his face. He who ſtumbles, and falls not, mends his pace. He who is ſick of folly recovers late or never. He who hath a mouth of his own ſhould not bid another man blow. He who hath no ill fortune is tired out with good. He who depends wholly upon another's providing for him, hath but an ill breakfaſt, and a worſe ſupper. A chearful look, and forgiveneſs, is the beſt revenge of an affront. The requeſt of a grandee is a kind of force upon a man. I am always for the ſtrongeſt ſide. If folly were pain, we ſhould have great crying out in every houſe. Serve a great man, and you will know what ſorrow is. Make no abſolute promiſes, for nobody will help you to perform them. Every man is a fool in another man's opinion. Wiſdom comes after a long courſe of years. Good fortune comes to him who takes care to get her. They have a fig at Rome for him who refuſes any thing that is given him. One love drives out another. Kings go as far as they are able, not ſo far as they deſire to go. So play fools—I muſt love you, and you love ſomebody elſe. He who thinks what he is to do, muſt think what he ſhould ſay too. A miſchief may happen which will do me (or make me) good. Threatened men eat bread ſtill, i. e. live on. Get but a good name, and you may lie in bed. Truth is the child of God. He who hath an ill cauſe, let him ſell it cheap. A wiſe man never ſays, I did not think of that. Reſpect a good man, that he may reſpect you, and be civil to an ill man, that he may not affront you. A wiſe man only knows when to change his mind. The wife's counſel is not worth much, but he who takes it not is a fool. When two friends have a common purſe, one ſings and the other weeps. I loſt my reputation by ſpeaking ill of others, and being worſe ſpoken of. He who loves you will make you weep, and who hates you may make you laugh. Good deeds live and flouriſh when all other things are at an end. At the end of life La Gloria is ſung. By yielding you make all your friends; but if you will tell all the truth you know, you will have your head broke. Since you know every thing, and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dreamed this morning. Your looking-glaſs will tell you what none of your friends will. The clown was angry, and he paid dear for it. If you are vexed or angry, you will have two troubles inſtead of one. The laſt year was ever better than the preſent. That wound that was never given is beſt cured of any other. Afflictions

teach

teach much, but they are a hard cruel master. Improve rather by other men's errors, than find fault with them. Since you can bear with your own, bear with other men's failings too. Men lay out all their understanding in studying to know one another, and so no man knows himself. The applause of the mob or multitude is but a poor comfort. Truths and roses have thorns about them. He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you. You know not what may happen, is the hope of fools. Sleep makes every man as great and rich as the greatest. Follow, but do not run after good fortune. Anger is the weakness of the understanding. Great posts and offices are like ivy on the wall, which makes it look fine, but ruins it. Make no great haste to be angry; for if there be occasion, you will have time enough for it. Riches, which all applaud, the owner feels the weight or care of. A competency leaves you wholly at your disposal. Riches make men worse in their latter days. He is the only rich man who understands the use of wealth. He is a great fool who squanders rather than doth good with his estate. To heap fresh kindnesses upon ungrateful men, is the wisest, but withal the most cruel revenge. The fool's pleasures cost him very dear. Contempt of a man is the sharpest reproof. Wit without discretion is a sword in the hand of a fool. Other virtues without prudence are a blind beauty. Neither enquire after, nor hear of, nor take notice of, the faults of others when you see them. Years pass not over men's heads for nothing. An halter will sooner come without taking any care about it, than a canonry. If all asses wore packsaddles, what a good trade would the packsadlers have. The usual forms of civility oblige no man. There is no more faithful nor pleasant friend than a good book. He who loves to employ himself well, can never want something to do. A thousand things are well forgot for peace and quietness' sake. A wise man avoids all occasions of being angry. A wise man aims at nothing which is out of his reach. Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason. A good man hath ever good luck. No pleasure is a better pennyworth than that which virtue yields. No old age is agreeable but that of a wise man. A man's wisdom is no where more seen than in his marrying himself. Folly and anger are but two names for the same thing. Fortune knocks once at least at every one's door. The father's virtue is the best inheritance a child can have. No sensual pleasure ever lasted so much as for a whole hour. Riches and virtue do not often keep one another company. Ruling one's anger well, is not so good as preventing it. The most useful learning in the world, is that which teaches us how to die well. The best men come worse out of company than they went into it. The most mixed or allayed joy is that men take in their children. Find money and marriage to rid yourself of an ill daughter. There is no better advice than to look always at the issue of things. Compare your griefs with other men's, and they will seem less. Owe money to be paid at Easter, and Lent will seem short to you. He who only returns home, doth not run away. He can do nothing well who is at enmity with his God. Many avoid others because they see not, and know not, themselves. God is always opening his hand to us. Let us be friends, and put out the devil's eye. It is true there are many very good wives, but they are under ground. Talking very much, and lying, are cousin-germans. With all your learning be sure to know yourself. One error breeds twenty more. I will never jest with my eye nor with my religion. Do what you have to do just now, and leave it not for to-morrow. Ill tongues should have a pair of scissors. Huge long hair, and very little brains. Speak little, hear much, and you will seldom be much out. Give me a virtuous woman, and I will make her a fine woman. He who trusts no body, is never deceived. Drink water like an ox, wine like a king of Spain. I am not sorry that my son loses his money, but that he will have his revenge, and play on still. My mother bid me be confident, but lay no wagers. A good fire is one half of a man's life. Covetousness breaks the sack; *i. e.* loses a great deal. That meat relishes best which costs a man nothing. The ass bears his load, but not an over-load. He who eats his cock alone, must catch his horse so too. He who makes more of you than he used to do, either would cheat you or needs you. He that would avoid the sin, must avoid the occasion of it. Keep yourself from the anger of a great man, from a tumult of the mob, from fools in a narrow way, from a man that is marked, from a widow that hath been thrice married, from wind that comes in at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy.

One

One ounce of mirth is worth more than ten thouſand weight of melancholy. A contented mind is a great gift of God. He that would cheat the devil muſt riſe early in the morning. Every fool is in love with his own bauble. Every ill man will have an ill time. Keep your ſword between you and the ſtrength of a clown. Be ye laſt to go over a deep river. He who hath a handſome wife, or a caſtle on the frontier, or a vineyard near the highway, never wants a quarrel. Never deceive your phyſician, your confeſſor, nor your lawyer. Make a bridge of ſilver for a flying enemy. Never truſt him whom you have wronged. Seek for good, and be ready for evil. What you can do alone by yourſelf, expect not from another. Idleneſs in youth makes way for a painful and miſerable old age. He who pretends to be every body's particular friend is nobody's. Conſider well before you tie that knot you never can undo. Neither praiſe nor diſpraiſe any before you know them. A prodigal ſon ſucceeds a covetous father. He is fool enough himſelf who will bray againſt another aſs. Though old and wife, yet ſtill adviſe. Happy is he that mends of himſelf, without the help of others. A wiſe man knows his own ignorance, a fool thinks he knows every thing. What you eat yourſelf never gains you a friend. Great houſe-keeping makes but a poor will. Fair words and foul deeds deceive wiſe men as well as fools. Eating too well at firſt makes men eat ill afterwards. Let him ſpeak who received, let the giver hold his peace. A houſe built by a man's father, and a vineyard planted by his grandfather. A dapple-grey horſe will die ſooner than tire. No woman is ugly when ſhe is dreſſed. The beſt remedy againſt an evil man, is to keep at a good diſtance from him. A man's folly is ſeen by his ſinging, his playing, and riding full ſpeed. Buying a thing too dear is no bounty. Buy at a fair, and ſell at home. Keep aloof from all quarrels, be neither a witneſs nor party. God doth us more and more good every hour of our lives. An ill blow, or an ill word, is all you will get from a fool. He who lies long in bed his eſtate pays for it. Conſider well of a buſineſs, and diſpatch it quickly. He who hath children, hath neither kindred nor friends. May I have a diſpute with a wiſe man, if with any. He who hath loſt ſhame is loſt to all virtue. Being in love brings no reputation to any man, but vexation to all. Giving to the poor leſſens no man's ſtore. He who is idle is always wanting ſomewhat. Evil comes to us by ells, and goes away by inches. He whoſe houſe is tiled with glaſs muſt not throw ſtones at his neighbours. The man is fire, the woman tow, and the devil comes to blow the coals. He who doth not look forward, finds himſelf behind other men. The love of God prevails for ever, all other things come to nothing. He who is to give an account of himſelf and others, muſt know both himſelf and them. A man's love and his faith appear by his works or deeds. In all contention put a bridle upon your tongue. In a great froſt a nail is worth a horſe. I went a fool to the court, and came back an aſs. Keep money when you are young, that you may have it when you are old. Speak but little, and to the purpoſe, and you will paſs for ſomebody. If you do evil, expect to ſuffer evil. Sell cheap, and you will ſell as much as four others. An ill child is better ſick than well. He who riſes early in the morning hath ſomewhat in his head. The gallows will have its own at laſt. A lye hath no legs. Women, wind, and fortune, are ever changing. Fools and wilful men make the lawyers great. Never ſign a writing till you have read it, nor drink water till you have ſeen it. Neither is any barber dumb, nor any ſongſter very wiſe. Neither give to all, nor contend with fools. Do no ill, and fear no harm. He doth ſomething who ſets his houſe on fire; he ſcares away the rats, and warms himſelf. I ſell nothing on truſt till to-morrow. [Written over the ſhop doors.] The common people pardon no fault in any man. The fidler of the ſame town never plays well at their feaſt. Either rich, or hanged in the attempt. The feaſt is over, but here is the fool ſtill. To divide as brothers uſe to do: that which is mine is all my own, that which is yours I go halves in. There will be no money got by loſing your time. He will ſoon be a loſt man himſelf who keeps ſuch men company. By courteſies dore to the meaneſt men, you get much more than you can loſe. Trouble not yourſelf about news, it will ſoon grow ſtale and you will have it. That which is well ſaid, is ſaid ſoon enough. When the devil goes to his prayers he means to cheat you. When you meet with a fool, pretend buſineſs to get rid of him. Sell him for an aſs at a fair who talks much and knows little. He who buys and ſells doth not feel what he ſpends. He who ploughs his

his land, and breeds cattle, ſpins gold. He who will venture nothing muſt never get on horſeback. He who goes far from home for a wife, either means to cheat or will be cheated. He who ſows his land, truſts in God. He who leaves the great road for a by-path, thinks to ſave ground, and he loſes it. He who ſerves the public obliges nobody. He who keeps his firſt innocency, eſcapes a thouſand ſins. He who abandons his poor kindred, God forſakes him. He who is not handſome at twenty, nor ſtrong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wiſe at fifty, will never be handſome, ſtrong, rich, nor wiſe. He who reſolves on the ſudden, repents at leiſure. He who riſes late loſes his prayers, and provides not well for his houſe. He who peeps through a hole may ſee what will vex him. He who amends his faults puts himſelf under God's protection. He who loves well ſees things at a diſtance. He who hath ſervants hath enemies which he cannot well be without. He who pays his debts begins to make a ſtock. He who gives all before he dies will need a great deal of patience. He who ſaid nothing had the better of it, and had what he deſired. He who ſleeps much gets but little learning. He who ſins like a fool, like a fool goes to hell. If you would have your buſineſs well done, do it yourſelf. It is the wiſe man only who is content with what he hath. Delay is odious, but it makes things more ſure. He is always ſafe who knows himſelf well. A good wife by obeying commands in her turn. Not to have a mind to do well, and to put it off at the preſent, are much the ſame. Italy to be born in, France to live in, and Spain to die in. He loſes the good of his afflictions who is not the better for them. It is great wiſdom to forget all the injuries we may receive. Proſperity is the thing in the world we ought to truſt the leaſt. Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience. Virtue is the beſt patrimony for children to inherit. It is much more painful to live ill than to live well. An hearty good-will never wants time to ſhew itſelf. To have done well obliges us to do ſo ſtill. He hath a great opinion of himſelf who makes no compariſon with others. It is but a little narrow ſoul which earthly things can pleaſe. The reaſon why parents love the younger children beſt, is becauſe they have ſo little hopes that the elder will do well. The deareſt child of all is that which is dead. He who is about to marry, ſhould conſider how it is with his neighbours. There is a much ſhorter cut from virtue to vice, than from vice to virtue. He is the happy man, not whom other men think, but who thinks himſelf to be ſo. Of ſinful pleaſures repentance only remains. He who hath much wants ſtill more, and then more. The leſs a man ſleeps the more he lives. He can never ſpeak well who knows not when to hold his peace. The trueſt content is that which no man can deprive you of. The remembrance of wiſe and good men inſtructs as well as their preſence. It is wiſdom, in a doubtful caſe, rather to take another man's judgment than our own. Wealth betrays the beſt reſolved mind into one vice or other. We are uſually the beſt men when we are worſt in health. Learning procures reſpect to good fortune, and helps out the bad. The maſter makes the houſe to be reſpected, not the houſe the maſter. The ſhort and ſure way to reputation, is to take care to be in truth what we would have others think us to be. A good reputation is a ſecond, or half an eſtate. He is the better man who comes neareſt to the beſt. A wrong judgment of things is the moſt miſchievous thing in the world. The neglect or contempt of riches makes a man more truly great than the poſſeſſion of them. That only is true honour which he gives who deſerves it himſelf. Beauty and chaſtity have always a mortal quarrel between them, Look always upon life, and uſe it as a thing that is lent you. Civil offers are for all men, and good offices for our friends. Nothing in the world is ſtronger than a man but his own paſſions. When a man comes into troubles, money is one of his beſt friends. He only is the great learned man who knows enough to make him live well. An empty purſe and a new houſe finiſhed make a man wiſe, but it is ſomewhat too late.

§ 154. *The Way to Wealth, as clearly ſhewn in the Preface of an old Pennſylvanian Almanack, intitled, "Poor Richard improved," Written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin.*

Courteous Reader,

I have heard, that nothing gives an author ſo great pleaſure, as to find his works reſpectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I muſt have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I ſtopped my horſe, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auc-

tion

tion of merchants goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks, 'Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? how shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?'——Father Abraham stood up, and replied, 'If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; "for a word to the wise is enough," as poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows *:

'Friends,' says he, 'the taxes are indeed very heavy; and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; "God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says.'

I. 'It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service: but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says.—"But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says.—How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that "The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough." Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose: so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," as Poor Richard says.

'So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands," or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. "He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour," as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.—If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, "at the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for "industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them." What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard says; and farther, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day."—If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens: remember, that "The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "Con-

* Dr. Franklin, wishing to collect into one piece all the sayings upon the following subjects, which he had dropped in the course of publishing the Almanacks called Poor Richard, introduces father Abraham for this purpose. Hence it is, that Poor Richard is so often quoted, and that, in the present title, he is said to be improved.—Notwithstanding the stroke of humour in the concluding paragraph of this address, Poor Richard (Saunders) and father Abraham have proved, in America, that they are no common preachers.—And shall we, brother Englishmen, refuse good sense and saving knowledge, because it comes from the other side of the water?

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ſtant dropping wears away ſtones; and by diligence and patience the mouſe ate in two the cable; and little ſtrokes fell great oaks."

'Methinks I hear ſome of you ſay, "Muſt a man afford himſelf no leiſure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard ſays; "Employ thy time well, if thou meaneſt to gain leiſure; and, ſince thou art not ſure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leiſure is time for doing ſomething uſeful; this leiſure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of leiſure and a life of lazineſs are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of ſtock;" whereas induſtry gives comfort, and plenty, and reſpect. "Fly pleaſures, and they will follow you. The diligent ſpinner has a large ſhift; and now I have a ſheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

II. 'But with our induſtry we muſt likewiſe be ſteady, ſettled, and careful, and overſee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not truſt too much to others; for, as Poor Richard ſays,

"I never ſaw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve ſo well as thoſe that ſettled be."

'And again, "Three removes is as bad as a fire:" and again, "Keep thy ſhop, and thy ſhop will keep thee:" and again, "If you would have your buſineſs done, go; if not, ſend." And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himſelf muſt either hold or drive."

'And again, "The eye of the maſter will do more work than both his hands:" and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge:" and again, "Not to overſee workmen, is to leave them your purſe open." Truſting too much to others care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world, men are ſaved, not by faith, but by the want of it:" but a man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful ſervant, and one that you like,—ſerve yourſelf. A little neglect may breed great miſchief; for want of a nail the ſhoe was loſt; for want of a ſhoe the horſe was loſt; and for want of a horſe the rider was loſt," being overtaken and ſlain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horſe-ſhoe nail.

III. 'So much for induſtry, my friends, and attention to one's own buſineſs; but to theſe we muſt add frugality, if we would make our induſtry more certainly ſucceſsful. A man may, if he knows not how to ſave as he gets, "keep his noſe all his life to the grindſtone, and die not worth a groat at laſt. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and,

"Many eſtates are ſpent in the getting,
Since women for tea forſook ſpinning and knitting,
And men for punch forſook hewing and ſplitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of ſaving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, becauſe her out-goes are greater than her in-comes."

'Away, then, with your expenſive follies, and you will not then have ſo much cauſe to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for,

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth ſmall, and the want great."

And farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more coſtly, cloaths a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little expences; "A ſmall leak will ſink a great ſhip," as Poor Richard ſays; and again, "Who dainties love, ſhall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feaſts, and wiſe men eat them." Here you are all got together to this ſale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to ſome of you. You expect they will be ſold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for leſs than they coſt; but, if you have no occaſion for them, they muſt be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard ſays, "Buy what thou haſt no need of, and ere long thou ſhalt ſell thy neceſſaries." And again, "At a great pennyworth pauſe a while:" he means, that perhaps the cheapneſs is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by ſtraitening thee in thy buſineſs, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he ſays, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, "It is fooliſh to lay out money in a purchaſe of repentance;" and yet this folly is practiſed every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the ſake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half ſtarved their families; "Silks and ſattins, ſcarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire," as Poor Richard ſays. Theſe are not the neceſſaries of life; they can ſcarcely be called the conveniences: and yet only becauſe they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By theſe, and other extravagancies,

gancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of thoſe whom they formerly deſpiſed, but who, through induſtry and frugality, have maintained their ſtanding; in which caſe it appears plainly, that "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard ſays. Perhaps they have had a ſmall eſtate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "It is day, and will never be night:" that a little to be ſpent out of ſo much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, ſoon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard ſays; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow ſome; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a ſorrowing," as Poor Richard ſays; and, indeed, ſo does he that lends to ſuch people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther adviſes, and ſays,

"Fond pride of dreſs is ſure a very curſe,
Ere fancy you conſult, conſult your purſe."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more ſaucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you muſt buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick ſays, "It is eaſier to ſuppreſs the firſt deſire, than to ſatisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to ſwell, in order to equal the ox.

"Veſſels large may venture more,
But little boats ſhould keep near ſhore."

It is, however, a folly ſoon puniſhed; for, as Poor Richard ſays, "Pride that dines on vanity, ſups on contempt;—Pride breakfaſted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and ſupped with Infamy." And, after all, of what uſe is this pride of appearance, for which ſo much is riſked, ſo much is ſuffered? It cannot promote health, nor eaſe pain; it makes no increaſe of merit in the perſon, it creates envy, it haſtens misfortune.

'But what madneſs it muſt be to run in debt for theſe ſuperfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this ſale, ſix months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced ſome of us to attend it, becauſe we cannot ſpare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be aſhamed to ſee your creditor; you will be in fear when you ſpeak to him; you will make poor pitiful ſneaking excuſes, and, by degrees, come to loſe your veracity, and ſink into baſe, downright lying; for, "The ſecond vice is lying, the firſt is running in debt," as Poor Richard ſays; and again, to the ſame purpoſe, "Lying rides upon Debt's back:" whereas a free-born Engliſhman ought not to be aſhamed nor afraid to ſee or ſpeak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all ſpirit and virtue. "It is hard for an empty bag to ſtand upright."—What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who ſhould iſſue an edict forbidding you to dreſs like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of impriſonment or ſervitude? Would you not ſay that you were free, have a right to dreſs as you pleaſe, and that ſuch an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and ſuch a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourſelf under that tyranny, when you run in debt for ſuch dreſs! Your creditor has authority, at his pleaſure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by ſelling you for a ſervant, if you ſhould not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard ſays, "Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a ſuperſtitious ſect, great obſervers of ſet days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to ſatisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at firſt ſeemed ſo long, will, as it leſſens, appear extremely ſhort: Time will ſeem to have added wings to his heels as well as his ſhoulders. "Thoſe have a ſhort Lent, who owe money to be paid at Eaſter." At preſent, perhaps, you may think yourſelves in thriving circumſtances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"For age and want ſave while you may,
No morning-ſun laſts a whole day."

'Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expence is conſtant and certain; and "It is eaſier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard ſays: ſo, "Rather go to bed ſupperleſs, than riſe in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the ſtone that will turn all your lead into gold.

And when you have got the philoſopher's ſtone, ſure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. 'This doctrine, my friends, is reaſon and

and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

'And now to conclude, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct." However, remember this, "They that will not be counselled cannot be helped;" and farther, that "If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles," as Poor Richard says.'

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

Richard Saunders.

§ 155. *In Praise of Virtue.*

Virtue is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable: not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends.—But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. To say no more, 'tis the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it!—There is no argument or motive, which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and contemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing; lose this, and all is lost. *Price.*

§ 156. *On Cruelty to inferior Animals.*

Man is that link of the chain of universal existence, by which spiritual and corporeal beings are united: as the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almost infinite, so probably are those of the former his superiors; and as we see that the lives

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and happineſs of thoſe below us are dependant on our wills, we may reaſonably conclude, that our lives and happineſs are equally dependant on the wills of thoſe above us; accountable, like ourſelves, for the uſe of this power, to the Supreme Creator and Governor of all things. Should this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that juſt and impartial Judge! How will man, that ſanguinary tyrant, be able to excuſe himſelf from the charge of thoſe innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending ſubjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father? whoſe mercy is over all his works, and who expects that his authority ſhould be exerciſed not only with tenderneſs and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of juſtice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from theſe benevolent intentions are we daily witneſſes! no ſmall part of mankind derive their chief amuſements from the deaths and ſufferings of inferior animals; a much greater, conſider them only as engines of wood, or iron, uſeful in their ſeveral occupations. The carman drives his horſe, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and ſo long as theſe produce the deſired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them have any ſenſe of feeling. The butcher knocks down the ſtately ox, with no more compaſſion than the blackſmith hammers a horſeſhoe; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the taylor ſticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are ſome few, who, formed in a ſofter mould, view with pity the ſufferings of theſe defenceleſs creatures, there is ſcarce one who entertains the leaſt idea, that juſtice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their ſervices. The ſocial and friendly dog is hanged without remorſe, if, by barking in defence of his maſter's perſon and property, he happens unknowingly to diſturb his reſt: the generous horſe, who has carried his ungrateful maſter for many years with eaſe and ſafety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his ſervice, is by him condemned to end his miſerable days in a duſt-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of ſpirit, the more he is whipped to ſave his ſtupid driver the trouble of whipping ſome other leſs obedient to the laſh. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and uſeleſs feats in a riding-houſe, he is at laſt turned out, and conſigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing thoſe tricks, which he has learned under ſo long and ſevère a diſcipline. The ſluggiſh bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diverſion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: and the majeſtic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to aſſail his diabolical tormentors. Theſe, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injuſtice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without cenſure, and even without obſervation; but we may be aſſured, that they cannot finally paſs away unnoticed and unretaliated.

The laws of ſelf-defence undoubtedly juſtify us in deſtroying thoſe animals who would deſtroy us, who injure our properties, or annoy our perſons; but not even theſe, whenever their ſituation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to ſhoot a bear on an inacceſſible iſland of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whoſe lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meaneſt inſect, without ſufficient reaſon; they all receive it from the ſame benevolent hand as ourſelves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

God has been pleaſed to create numberleſs animals intended for our ſuſtenance; and that they are ſo intended, the agreeable flavour of their fleſh to our palates, and the wholeſome nutriment which it adminiſters to our ſtomachs, are ſufficient proofs: theſe, as they are formed for our uſe, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, becauſe it is given and preſerved to them on that condition; but this ſhould always be performed with all the tenderneſs and compaſſion which ſo diſagreeable an office will permit; and no circumſtances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and eaſy as poſſible. For this, Providence has wiſely and benevolently provided, by forming them in ſuch a manner, that their fleſh becomes rancid and unpalateable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compaſſion, and cautious of their ſuffering, for the ſake of ourſelves: but, if there are any whoſe taſtes are ſo vitiated, and whoſe hearts are ſo hardened, as to delight in ſuch inhuman ſacrifices, and to par-

take of them without remorſe, they ſhould be looked upon as dæmons in human ſhapes, and expect a retaliation of thoſe tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent, for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.

So violent are the paſſions of anger and revenge in the human breaſt, that it is not wonderful that men ſhould perſecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there ſhould exiſt in nature a being who can receive pleaſure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable diſpoſition is in ſome manner inherent in the nature of man; for, as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by temptation, or prompted to it by intereſt, it muſt be derived from his native conſtitution; and is a remarkable confirmation of what revelation ſo frequently inculcates—that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate ſtate; in proof of which we need only obſerve, that the nearer he approaches to a ſtate of nature, the more predominant this diſpoſition appears, and the more violently it operates. We ſee children laughing at the miſeries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power; all ſavages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in executing, the moſt exquiſite tortures; and the common people of all countries are delighted with nothing ſo much as bull-baitings, prize-fightings, executions, and all ſpectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may in ſome degree abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it: the moſt poliſhed are not aſhamed to be pleaſed with ſcenes of little leſs barbarity, and, to the diſgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of ſports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and, with ſhouts of applauſe and triumph, ſee them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceleſs hare, flying for hours in the utmoſt agonies of terror and deſpair, and at laſt, ſinking under fatigue, devoured by their mercileſs purſuers: they ſee with joy the beautiful pheaſant and harmleſs partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps periſhing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of ſome friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for ſafety: they triumph over the unſuſpecting fiſh, whom they have decoyed by an inſidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they ſpare neither labour nor expence to preſerve and propagate theſe innocent animals, for no other end but to multiply the objects of their perſecution.

What name ſhould we beſtow on a ſuperior being, whoſe whole endeavours were employed, and whoſe whole pleaſure conſiſted, in terrifying, enſnaring, tormenting, and deſtroying mankind? whoſe ſuperior faculties were exerted in fomenting animoſities amongſt them, in contriving engines of deſtruction, and inciting them to uſe them in maiming and murdering each other? whoſe power over them was employed in aſſiſting the rapacious, deceiving the ſimple, and oppreſſing the innocent? who, without provocation or advantage, ſhould continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorſe, thus to torment mankind for diverſion, and at the ſame time endeavour with his utmoſt care to preſerve their lives, and to propagate their ſpecies, in order to increaſe the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miſeries he occaſioned? I ſay, what name deteſtable enough could we find for ſuch a being? yet, if we impartially conſider the caſe, and our intermediate ſituation, we muſt acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, juſt ſuch a being is a ſportſman. *Jenyns.*

§ 157. *On the Duties of School Boys, from the pious and judicious* Rollin.

Quinctilian ſays, that he has included almoſt all the duty of ſcholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them, to love thoſe who teach them, as they love the ſciences which they learn of them; and to look upon them as fathers, from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that inſtruction which is in a manner the life of the ſoul. Indeed this ſentiment of affection and reſpect ſuffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their ſtudies, and full of gratitude all the reſt of their lives. It ſeems to me to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

Docility, which conſiſts in ſubmitting to directions, in readily receiving the inſtructions of their maſters, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of ſcholars, as that of maſters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and as it is not ſufficient for a labourer to ſow the

ſeed, unleſs the earth, after having opened its boſom to receive it, in a manner hatches, warms, and moiſtens it; ſo likewiſe the whole fruit of inſtruction depends upon a good correſpondence between the maſters and the ſcholars.

Gratitude for thoſe who have laboured in our education, is the character of an honeſt man, and the mark of a good heart. Who is there among us, ſays Cicero, that has been inſtructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the ſight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, maſters, and the place where he was taught and brought up? Seneca exhorts young men to preſerve always a great reſpect for their maſters, to whoſe care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed ſentiments of honour and probity. Their exactneſs and ſeverity diſpleaſe ſometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe them; but when years have ripened our underſtanding and judgment, we then diſcern that what made us diſlike them, I mean admonitions, reprimands, and a ſevere exactneſs in reſtraining the paſſions of an imprudent and inconſiderate age, is expreſsly the very thing which ſhould make us eſteem and love them. Thus we ſee that Marcus Aurelius, one of the wiſeſt and moſt illuſtrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked the gods for two things eſpecially—for his having had excellent tutors himſelf, and that he had found the like for his children.

Quinctilian, after having noted the different characters of the mind in children, draws, in a few words, the image of what he judged to be a perfect ſcholar; and certainly it is a very amiable one: "For my part," ſays he, "I like a child who is encouraged by commendation, is animated by a ſenſe of glory, and weeps when he is outdone. A noble emulation will always keep him in exerciſe, a reprimand will touch him to the quick, and honour will ſerve inſtead of a ſpur. We need not fear that ſuch a ſcholar will ever give himſelf up to ſullenneſs." Mihi ille detur puer, quem laus excitet, quem gloria juvet, qui virtus fleat. Hic erit alendus ambitu: hunc mordebit objurgatio: hunc honor excitabit: in hoc deſidiam nunquam verebor.

How great a value ſoever Quinctilian ſets upon the talents of the mind, he eſteems thoſe of the heart far beyond them, and looks upon the others as of no value without them. In the ſame chapter from whence I took the preceding words, he declares, he ſhould never have a good opinion of a child, who placed his ſtudy in occaſioning laughter, by mimicking the behaviour, mein, and faults of others; and he preſently gives an admirable reaſon for it: "A child," ſays he, "cannot be truly ingenious, in my opinion, unleſs he be good and virtuous; otherwiſe, I ſhould rather chooſe to have him dull and heavy than of a bad diſpoſition." Non dabit ſpem bonæ indolis, qui hoc imitandi ſtudio petit, ut rideatur. Nam probus quoque imprimis erit ille vere ingenioſus: alioqui non pejus duxerim tardi eſſe ingenii, quam mali.

He diſplays to us all theſe talents in the eldeſt of his two children, whoſe character he draws, and whoſe death he laments in ſo eloquent and pathetic a ſtrain, in the beautiful preface to his ſixth book. I ſhall beg leave to inſert here a ſmall extract of it, which will not be uſeleſs to the boys, as they will find it a model which ſuits well with their age and condition.

After having mentioned his younger ſon, who died at five years old, and deſcribed the graces and beauties of his countenance, the prettineſs of his expreſſions, the vivacity of his underſtanding, which began to ſhine through the veil of childhood; "I had ſtill left me, ſays he, my ſon Quinctilian, in whom I placed all my pleaſure and all my hopes, and comfort enough I might have found in him: for, having now entered into his tenth year, he did not produce only bloſſoms like his younger brother, but fruits already formed, and beyond the power of diſappointment.—I have much experience; but I never ſaw in any child, I do not ſay only ſo many excellent diſpoſitions for the ſciences, nor ſo much taſte, as his maſters know, but ſo much probity, ſweetneſs, good-nature, gentleneſs, and inclination to pleaſe and oblige, as I diſcerned in him.

"Beſides this, he had all the advantages of nature, a charming voice, a pleaſing countenance, and a ſurpriſing facility in pronouncing well the two languages, as if he had been equally born for both of them.

"But all this was no more than hopes. I ſet a greater value upon his admirable virtues, his equality of temper, his reſolution, the courage with which he bore up againſt fear and pain; for, how were his phyſicians aſtoniſhed at his patience under a diſtemper of eight months continuance, when at the point of death he comforted me himſelf, and bade me not to weep for him! and delirious as he ſometimes was at his laſt moments, his tongue ran of nothing elſe but learning and the ſciences: O vain and deceitful hopes!" &c.

Are there many boys amongſt us, of whom we can truly ſay ſo much to their advantage, as Quinctilian ſays here of his ſon? What a ſhame would it be for them, if, born and brought up in a Chriſtian country, they had not even the virtues of Pagan children! I make no ſcruple to repeat them here again—docility, obedience, reſpect for their maſters, or rather a degree of affection, and the ſource of an eternal gratitude; zeal for ſtudy, and a wonderful thirſt after the ſciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice and irregularity; an admirable fund of probity, goodneſs, gentleneſs, civility, and liberality; as alſo patience, courage, and greatneſs of ſoul in the courſe of a long ſickneſs. What then was wanting to all theſe virtues?—That which alone could render them truly worthy the name, and muſt be in a manner the ſoul of them, and conſtitute their whole value, the precious gift of faith and piety; the ſaving knowledge of a Mediator; a ſincere deſire of pleaſing God, and referring all our actions to him.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Introduction to Geography, Astronomy, Chronology, Natural History, &c.

CHAPTER I.

§ 1. *Geography.*

GEOGRAPHY * is a deſcription of the whole earth as far as it is known to us.

Geography differs from coſmography † as a part from the whole, and from chorography ‡, as the whole from a part. Coſmography deſcribes the heavens as well as the earth; geography only the ſuperficies of the terraqueous globe; chorography any particular region, and topography § any particular place, land, territory, town or village.

The deſcription of the terraqueous globe is uſually conſidered as mathematical, phyſical, or political.

§ 2. *The Mathematical deſcription of the Earth.*

The artificial globe properly belongs to this diviſion; it is ſuſpended by the two poles, the one on the north point of the orb is called arctic ||, the other directly oppoſite to it antarctic ¶, and named poles from the greek verb, πολεω to *turn*, becauſe upon them the whole frame of the earth turns round.

On the terraqueous globe are deſcribed eight principal circles, four great, and four leſs.

The great circles are the æquator, horizon, zodiac and meridian, which divide the globe into two equal parts The æquator, commonly called the æquinoctial line, divides the globe into two parts, north and ſouth, at an equal diſtance from each pole. The horizon or determinator ſeparates the viſible from the inviſible part of the globe, and takes the lower hemiſphere away. The zodiac is an oblique circle paſſing through the middle of the æquator. It is divided into twelve parts, which are called ſigns. Theſe ſigns being for the moſt part repreſentations of animals, the name of the circle is taken from the greek word ζωον which ſignifies animal. This circle is divided by another concentric circle called the ecliptic, making an angle with the æquinoctial of 23 degrees 30 minutes, which is the ſun's greateſt declination, in the points of aries and libra.

The meridian paſſing through the two poles divides the terraqueous globe into two equal parts, and takes its name from meridies or medius dies, becauſe when the ſun comes to the meridian of a place it is then mid-day in that place.

The leſſer circles are, the tropics of cancer and capricorn, which touch the ecliptic in the oppoſite points of cancer and capricorn, which are therefore called ſolſtitial points: the arctic and antarctic poles, and theſe four leſſer circles divide the face or ſuperficies of the whole earth into five ſpaces or climates called zones.

The zones are, 1. Torrid, including the ſpace between the two tropics, and is ſo called becauſe of the great and continual heat of the ſun, under whoſe courſe it lies. This zone comprehends Guinea, lower Lybia, Æthiopia, part of Arabia and of the Eaſt Indies, as alſo the Weſt Indies. 2. The temperate zone, which is either ſouth or north, and includes thoſe parts of the globe which are greatly improved on ac-

* From γη *earth.* and γραφω to *deſcribe.* † from κοσμος *the world,* and γραφω. ‡ from χωρος *a region.* || from τοπος *a place.* § from αρκτος *a bear,* becauſe the real north pole in the heavens is diſtinguiſhed by a ſtar in the conſtellation called the little bear. ¶ from αντι *contrary to.*

count of the temperature of the air. 3. The frigid zone, is alſo north or ſouth, and comprehends ſuch lands as are deſert and uncultivated on account of exceſſive cold.

Each circle, as well as the whole globe, is by geometricians divided into three hundred and ſixty parts, called degrees; each degree into ſixty, called ſcruples or minutes, anſwering to ſo many Italian miles: ſo that as four Italian miles make one German mile, fifteen German miles are equal to a degree. This may ſuffice for the mathematical diviſion of the globe, and he that would know more muſt have recourſe to the profeſſors of geometry.

§ 3. *A Phyſical deſcription of the Earth.*

The next deſcription of the earth is called phyſical or natural, according to which the globe is divided into land and water.

Waters are either confined within banks or encompaſs the earth.

Waters which waſh their banks are ſprings, ſtreams, rivers, lakes.

Springs riſe from the earth, and from ſtreams, ſeveral of which meeting together make rivers.

A lake is a collection of waters ſurrounded with land: if no ſtream flows in or out it is called a pool.

Waters encompaſſing the earth are called the ſea or ocean, which is again divided in many different ſeas and gulphs.

The four ſeas or greater parts of the ocean are, 1. The Atlantic, which flows between Africa and America. 2. The Pacific, contained between America and Aſia. 3. The Northern, about the north pole. 4. The South-ſea upon the ſouth coaſt, which is known.

Theſe great ſeas have other names given them from the ſeveral regions and ſhores they waſh. Hence ſo many leſſer ſeas the Atlantic, Gallic, Britiſh, Baltic, Mediterranean, &c.

Whenever the ſea extends itſelf like an arm, within land, having no paſſage, it is called a gulph. The principal of which are, the Arabian, Perſian, Bothnian, Adriatic, &c.

Whenever it flows between two ſhores at no great diſtance from each other, it forms a ſtrait or fretum, a fervendo. The moſt noted ſtraits are thoſe of Gibraltar, the ſound near Copenhagen, the ſtraits of Magellan, and the Helleſpont.

The land is divided into continent, iſlands and peninſulas.

The continent is a large tract of land not ſurrounded by the ocean, though in part waſhed by it.

An iſland is ſeparated from the continent and ſurrounded by the ſea. It is called inſula, from *ſalum* the ſea, becauſe ſurrounded by it.

A peninſula, or cherſoneſus, is almoſt ſurrounded by the ſea, being by ſome ſmall part or neck of land joined to the continent, and therefore called a peninſula from *pene inſula*, as being almoſt an iſland.

An iſthmus is a narrow tract or neck of land which joins a peninſula to the continent or any larger iſland.

The earth with reſpect to its uneven ſurface is divided into mountains, promontories, vallies and plains.

A mountain is that part of the earth which is lifted high above the vallies and plains. Some mountains vomit forth fire, as Ætna in Sicily, Veſuvius in Campania within ſeven miles of Naples, and Hecla in Iceland.

A promontory, *mons prominens*, is a high land ſtretching itſelf out into the ſea.

The moſt remarkable promontory is the cape of Good-Hope at the moſt ſouthern point of Africa.

§ 4. *The Political deſcription of the Earth.*

It is called political, becauſe the earth is divided into various empires, kingdoms and principalities. The moſt general diviſion of the earth, in this reſpect, is into known and unknown parts.

The unknown comprehends the regions near the poles, which are ſuppoſed to be uninhabited on account of exceſſive cold.

The habitable part of the globe is by geographers divided into Europe, Aſia, Africa and America.

§ 5. *Of Europe and its ſeveral Kingdoms.*

Europe, now more famous than any other part of the globe, is bounded on the eaſt by a river of Tartary in Europe called Tanais, or Don, on the ſouth by the Mediterranean ſea, on the north by the northern, and on the weſt by the Atlantic ocean. The figure it makes is like a woman ſitting, whoſe head is Spain, neck and breaſt France, arms Italy and Britain, her belly Germany, and the reſt of her body other regions.

The chief kingdoms in Europe are Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Great Britain, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, Sclavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Boſnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Tartary

Tartary the leſs, Moſcovy, Greece, to which we add ſuch republics as are not inferior to ſome kingdoms, as Venice, the United Provinces of the Netherlands, and the Swiſs Cantons.

§ 6. *Spain,*

Formerly called Iberia, is bounded on the eaſt by the Pyrenæan mountains and part of the Mediterranean ſea; on the weſt by Portugal; on the ſouth by the Mediterranean, and on the north by the bay of Biſcay. The ancient diviſion of Spain was into Bætica, Luſitania and Tarracona: the modern is into various ſtates and kingdoms. The metropolis of Spain is Madrid, ennobled by the reſidence of its kings. The reſt of the moſt famous cities are Barcelona, Cæſar-auguſta or Saragoſſa, Pompeïopolis or Pampeluna, Valentia, Murcia, New Carthage or Carthagena, the beſt harbour in Spain; Granada, which was reckoned one of the largeſt cities in Europe when under ſubjection to the Moors; Seville, formerly Hiſpalis, whence the whole kingdom called Hiſpania or Spain, the greateſt city for commerce in Spain; Corduba a very large city, and the old ſeat of the Saracen kings; Toledo the center of Spain; Valladolid eſteemed one of the neateſt cities in Europe; Compoſtella or St. Jago, to which holy pilgrimages uſed to be made on account of St. James's bones, believed to be preſerved there; and Burgos, the capital of old Caſtile.

The moſt celebrated univerſities are thoſe of Salamanca and Complutum, or Alcala de Henares.

The more noble rivers are the Ebro, Bætis or Guadalquiver, Anas or Guadiana, Tagus, Douro, Mincius, Xucar.

The moſt noted iſlands near Spain are the two Baleares, Majorca and Minorca, Ebuſus or Ivica, and Cadiz.

§ 7. *Portugal,*

Anciently Luſitania, has Spain on the eaſt and the Atlantic ocean on the weſt. It is divided into Portugal, properly ſo called, and Algarve.

Liſbon is the capital of the kingdom, a very great and famous emporium. Setubal, or, as it is commonly called, St. Ubes, is one of its beſt ports, famous for the number of merchants which come there every year from all parts of Europe to buy ſalt.

The univerſities of this kingdom are at Liſbon and Coimbra.

§ 8. *France.*

Gaul was anciently divided into Gallia, Ciſalpina and Tranſalpina, and from the dreſs of the inhabitants, into Togata or thoſe who wore long garments, and *Braccata et Comata*, or who wore breeches and their hair. It has for boundaries, to the eaſt, Germany, Switzerland and Savoy; to the weſt, the Bay of Biſcay; to the north, the Britiſh channel, and to the ſouth, the Mediterranean ſea and Pyrenæan mountains.

It is at this time divided into eighty-three departments, or provinces.

The moſt famous cities are Paris, the capital of the kingdom, a city, which for greatneſs and number of inhabitants, may well be called an epitome of the world. Rouen, a moſt opulent trading city near the Engliſh channel; Rennes and Nantes; Rheims, the ſeat of an archbiſhop, who anoints the kings of France with the holy oil. Dijon, formerly the reſidence of the dukes of Burgundy; Poictiers, next to Paris in ſize; Rochelle, a well fortified city, once the bulwark of the Proteſtants; Bourdeaux, a large city, and one of the moſt noted for trade in France, famous for Roman antiquities and ruins; Tholouſe; Narbonne; Montpelier inhabited by phyſicians; Niſmes, once a Roman colony, and therefore abounding with Roman antiquities and ruins; Marſeilles, a city famous for trade, where the royal galleys are ſtationed; Toulon, the harbour for the kings fleet in the Mediterranean; Gratianopolis or Grenoble, ſo called from the emperor Gratian; Lyons, a large and fine city; Orleans and many more.

The moſt celebrated univerſities are at Paris, the real ſeat of the Muſes; Orleans; Montpelier, famous for the ſtudy of phyſic; Bourdeaux; Thouloufe, &c.

The moſt noted rivers in France are the Rhone, Garonne, Meuſe, Seine, Loire, Saone Marne, Scheld or Eſcaut.

§ 9. *Italy,*

Is ſaid to reſemble a boot; it advances into the Mediterranean ſea, and has France on the weſt and Germany to the north.

It is at this day divided into kingdoms, principalities, republics and ſeveral iſlands.

There is but one kingdom, that of Naples, on the continent of Italy, which formerly was in ſubjection to Spain, but is now governed by a king of its own of Spaniſh extraction. The metropolis of this kingdom is Naples, the ſeat of its kings, and, for magnificence of buildings and number of inhabitants, inferior to few of the moſt famous cities.

Tuſcany,

Tuſcany, Savoy, and Milan, are the principal dukedoms.

Tuſcany, diſtinguiſhed by the name of the grand dutchy, has Florence for its capital, the ſeat of the great dukes, and is reckoned one of the moſt beautiful cities in Europe. All the great dutchy is ſubject to the archduke Ferdinand, ſon of Leopold, the preſent emperor of Germany.

Savoy, which together with Piedmont, is under the dominion of the duke of Savoy; the principal cities are Chambery and Turin, the capitals of Savoy and Piedmont.

The dutchy of Milan, whoſe metropolis is Milan, a city, which, for its extent, ſtrength and number of inhabitants, is very reſpectable. Formerly it was governed by its own dukes, afterwards it was ſubject to the Spaniards, and now it is under the dominion of the emperor of Germany.

The moſt conſiderable republics in Italy are, Venice, Genoa, and Lucca.

The Venetian republic, whoſe chief city is Venice, built on certain iſlands in the Adriatic ſea, has a duke of its own, called the doge, who is elected by the ſenate. The power of this city was once ſo great as to be envied by all Italy; and at this time may in ſome ſort be reckoned amongſt the wonders of the world for the beauty of its buildings, the opulence of its inhabitants and well contrived form of government.

The capital of the Genoeſe republic is Genoa, a city inferior to few others in the world for the magnificence of its edifices. It is therefore called by the Italians, who are wont to give epithets to cities, Genoa the proud, as Venice is by them called rich, Florence fair, and Rome holy, &c.

Lucca is alſo a free city, but within the territories of the emperor. Not far from this place is hewn out in great plenty the moſt valuable marble in all Italy.

The iſlands of greateſt conſequence near Italy are Sicily, Sardinia, Corſica and Malta.

Sicily is ſituated in the Mediterranean ſea, and once was joined to Italy, but afterwards ſeparated by the influx of the Sicilian ſea. If we credit what authors have written, this was formerly called Sicania and Trinacria. The capital of old was Syracuſe, at preſent Palermo. Sicily is famous for the burning mount Ætna, and three promontories, Pachynus, Lilybæum, and Pelorus, whence the iſland was called Triquetra. It is ſeparated from Italy by a narrow ſtrait, which dire and uncertain paſſage is well known by the tremendous names of Scylla and charybdis. Sicily now belongs to the king of Naples.

Sardinia, is the ſecond largeſt iſland in the Mediterranean, formerly, on account of its fertility diſtinguiſhed as a kind nurſe to Rome; but as it is fruitful, it is alſo peſtilential, and the ſoil is more beneficent than the ſky. The chief city is Caralis or Cagliari, which has a noble port. Sardinia now belongs to the duke of Savoy, who takes his title from thence. Corſica is leſs than Sardinia and not ſo fruitful. There have been cruel conteſts between the inhabitants of Piſa and the Genoeſe, and between the Genoeſe and the natives, for the dominion of this iſland, which is now in the poſſeſſion of the French: the metropolis is Baſtia.

Malta, though it lies near Africa is generally reckoned among the iſlands of Italy. It is governed by the knights of the order of St. John, whoſe chief is grand maſter of the order. Valetta is the place where he reſides, and it is extremely well fortified.

The moſt famous univerſities in Italy are thoſe of Bononia and Piſa. The rivers are the Po and the Tiber; the mountains are the Alps, the Apennine, and the burning Veſuvius.

§ 10. *Great Britain.*

Great Britain includes three kingdoms, England, Scotland and Ireland.

England is ſo called from the Angles, a people of Cimbric Cherſoneſus, who, invited over by the Britains to aſſiſt them againſt the Scots and Picts, made themſelves maſters of the whole country, and obliged the old inhabitants to retire to that part which is now called Wales.

England is divided into ſeven provinces, and each province into ſeveral ſhires or counties. The chief city is London, the head and abſtract of the whole kingdom. It is reckoned the largeſt city this day in Europe, and the moſt celebrated emporium in the world, and deſerves the name of a world rather than of a city. The cities next to this for ſize and number of inhabitants are York, Briſtol and Norwich.

Wales, which had long been governed by Britiſh Sovereigns, is now part of the kingdom of England. From this country the eldeſt ſons of the kings of England are called princes of Wales.

The univerſities in England are at Oxford and Cambridge.

The greateſt river is the Thames, which flows through London and empties itſelf into the German ocean.

Scotland is divided into north and ſouth, and the iſlands. The principal city is Edinburgh;

burgh; the univerſities are four, at Edinburgh, Glaſgow, Aberdeen and St. Andrews.

Ireland is divided into four provinces, Ulſter, Leinſter, Connaught, and Munſter. The chief city in this iſland is Dublin.

§ 11. *Denmark,*

Formerly called Dacia, bonnded on the weſt by the German ocean, on the eaſt by the Baltic ſea, on the north by the Sound, and on the ſouth by part of Germany, is diſtributed into ſeveral portions. The whole kingdom is divided into continent and iſlands.

The continent is called the Cimbrian Cherſoneſus, it is a peninſula, joined by the ſouthern parts to Germany; the continent of Cimbria is divided into north and ſouth.

South Cimbria, or the dutchy of Sleſwic, for a long time was ſubject both to the kings of Denmark and the dukes of Sleſwic of the royal houſe of Denmark, but it is now under the ſole dominion of the Daniſh king. Sleſwic, with the caſtle of Gottorp, once the reſidence of the dukes, is the principal city in this dutchy. The other cities are Henſburgh, Haderſleb, &c.

North Cimbria or Jutland is divided into four diſtricts or commanderies; namely, of Ripen, Wiburg, Arhuſen, and Alburg, ſo called from the ſeveral cities under thoſe names.

In Denmark are ſeveral iſlands.

The larger iſlands are thoſe of Zeland and Funen.

Copenhagen is the principal city in Zeland, the capital of Denmark, where the king reſides. The reſt of the cities in this iſland are Helſingore, famous for the reſort of ſhips that paſs through the Baltic, which are here to pay a tax for their paſſage. Near to this place ſtands the moſt magnificent and well fortified tower of Cronenburg, erected by Frederic againſt any invaſions from the Baltic. In the heart of the iſland is Roſchild, once the metropolis of the whole kingdom, now remarkable for the ſepulchres of the kings; the tower of Frederickſburg, ſituated in a moſt delightful country, is the ſummer reſidence of the kings of Denmark.

Funen, which on account of its fertility, may be called the nurſe of Denmark: in the center of the iſland is Odenſee the principal city, Newberg, &c.

The leſſer iſlands are Laland, of which the principal town is Naxkow; Falſter with the city of Nykoping. Langland, Mona, Arroa, Boringia or Bornholm, ſituated in the midſt of the Baltic with a very commodious harbour and ſtation for ſhips.

Denmark is not divided by rivers. The provinces are ſeparated by three ſeas, the leſſer Belt flows between Jutland and Funen; the greater Belt divides Funen from Zeland; beſides the famous ſtrait called the Sound, through which is a paſſage for ſhips from the German ocean into the Baltic.

There is but one univerſity belonging to Denmark and Norway, and that is at Copenhagen.

§ 12. *Norway,*

Uſually called Norrighe and Norghe by the natives, is bounded on the eaſt by Sweden, from which it is ſeparated by a continued chain of mountains, to the ſouth it has the chops of the Baltic *codani ſinus fauces*, the weſtern ſide is bounded by the ocean, and the northern by Finmark. It is a waſte dreary land, but abounds with ports and markets. The whole kingdom is divided into four governments, of Aggerhus, Bergen, Chriſtianſand and Nidroſe. The chief cities are, Chriſtiana; where the vice-roys reſide; Bergen the moſt famous and the greateſt emporium in the kingdom, formerly the ſtaple of the Hanſe-towns; Nidroſe the ancient capital and place of reſidence to the kings of Norway; Chriſtianſand, a new city built by Chriſtian IV.

To Norway belong, 1. Finmarck, which extends as far as the North-Cape. 2. Iceland, ſo called from the ice that is perpetual there: it is alſo noted for mount Hecla, which diſcharges fire. 3. The Zerroen iſlands. 4. Greenland, which whether it is an iſland or joins the continent of America is uncertain. The coaſt of this waſte region is noted for the whale fiſhery.

Amongſt other wonders in this kingdom, is reckoned that dreadful *vorago maris* or gulph, not far diſtant from the ſhore of northern Norway, called Malſtrom, which riſes and falls at certain times as if the ſea drew breath there.

§ 13. *Sweden,*

Is bounded on the ſouth by the gulph of Finland, and by the Baltic; on the eaſt, by Muſcovy; on the north, by Norwegian Lapland; and on the weſt by the mountains of Norway.

The land is rough and horrid, covered with barren rocks or vaſt foreſts, but rich in ores of ſilver, copper and iron; and in a prodigious quantity of fiſh, with which it abounds, is exceeded only by Norway.

It is at this day divided into four regions, namely, into Sweden properly ſo called, Gothland, Nordland and Finland.

The

The chief city in Sweden properly so called, and the capital of the whole kingdom is Stockholm, the place of residence for the king, fortified both by art and nature: it is situated in the marshes, after the manner of Venice, and derives its name from its situation, having its foundation raised upon piles driven into the sea-marshes. The next city to this is Upsal, where there is a famous academy, and where the kings of Sweden are crowned.

Gothland is divided into east, west, and south.

South Gothland or Scania is the most fertile of all the provinces in Sweden, and is divided into Scania, Halland and Bleking. The most noted towns are Malmoge, Lunden, Christianstad, and Christianopolis. This whole region was for a long while matter of contention between the Danes and the Swedes.

Nordland is a waste region, situated to the north, but not to be confounded with Lapland, which is divided into three parts belonging to as many different kingdoms, viz. Denmark, Sweden, and Russia.

Finland lies between the gulph of Finland and the Bothnic, the principal town is Abo.

Ingria and Livonia till of late belonged to Sweden, but now they are separated from it and annexed to the empire of Russia.

The universities in Sweden are at Upsal, Lunden in Scandia, and Abo.

§ 14. *The Low Countries,*

For their splendor may be considered as the eye of Europe, and an abstract of the civilized world; part of Germany bounds this country on the east, the German ocean on the north, France on the south and west. It is divided into Spanish, now Austrian, French and Dutch Netherlands, and contains seventeen provinces, greatly enriched with various merchandize and the most extended commerce.

The names of the provinces are, Flanders, Artois, Haynault, Namur, Luxemburg, Limburg, Brabant, Mechlin, Antwerp, Holland, Zeland, Utretcht, Gelderland, Zutphen, Overyssel, West-Friesland and Groningen.

All these provinces formerly belonged to the dukes of Burgundy, afterwards to the kings of Spain, as their heirs; but the natives finding themselves injuriously treated, and grown weary of Spanish tyranny, took up arms against Philip II. This occasioned a long war, that did not cease for forty years. Part submitted to the Spaniard, part recovered their liberty. Thus the Low Countries were divided: ten provinces yielded to Spain, the other seven established themselves, and constantly and bravely asserted their freedom under the form of a republic. But since that time the French have seized upon several cities and provinces that belonged to their Spanish neighbour; and then the provinces were divided into three parts, and the Netherlands are called Spanish, now Austrian, French, and United.

It would be endless to mention all the fine towns and strong fortresses, which some have reckoned to be more in number than in half the remaining part of Europe. They are all beautiful and rich, particularly Amsterdam, a city of such importance, that it may be put in competition with a kingdom. The Hague, once the seat of the earls of Holland, is now the seat for the council of the United States; as Brussels, formerly the residence of the Spanish vice-roys, is now that of the Imperial governors, for by the treaty of Utrecht the greatest part of the Spanish towns and provinces which had been seized by the French were given up to the emperor.

§ 15. *Germany,*

A very great part of Europe, is terminated to the east by Poland and Hungary; by France, Flanders and Holland to the west; to the south by Switzerland and the Venetian territories; and to the north by the Baltic and German oceans. It is usually divided into Upper and Lower Germany and according to the present constitution of the empire into nine circles, namely, Austrian, Bavarian, Franconian, Suabian, of the upper Rhine, of the Lower Rhine, Westphalian, of Upper Saxony and Lower Saxony.

The Austrian circle comprehends Austria, Stiria, Carinthia, Carniola, and the county of Tyrol; the Bavarian Bavaria, with the Upper Palatinate; the Franconian, Franconia; the Suabian, Suabia, with the dutchy of Wirtemberg; that of the Upper Rhine, contains Alsace, Hesse, Lorrain; that of the Lower Rhine, the archbishopric of Mentz, Triers, Cologne and the Lower Palatinate. The Westphalian, Westphalia, Liege, Cleves, the dutchy of Juliers, East-Friesland; the circle of Upper Saxony contains Lusatia, Misnia, Thuringia, marquisate of Brandenburg, Pomerania: that of Lower Saxony, the dutchy of Brunswick and Lunenburg, Magdeburg, Bremen, and Holstein.

Among the chief cities in Germany are the following. In the circle of Austria, Vienna,

Vienna, the metropolis of Auſtria, in which is the emperor's palace. It is a magnificent and ſplendid city, and in thoſe parts the ſafeſt fortreſs againſt the incurſions of the Turks: it is ſituated on the Danube, and is famous for the many times it has been beſieged by the Turks. 2. Gratz, the capital of Stiria. 3. Inſpruck, the capital of the county of Tyrol. 4. Trent, famous for the council held there in the ſixteenth century.

In the Bavarian circle are the following cities. 1. Munich, the faireſt of all the German cities and the ſeat of the Electors of Bavaria. 2. Ratiſbon, commonly called Regenſburg, remarkable on account of the Imperial diet held there, and remains of antiquity.

In the circle of Franconia are, 1. Wurtzburg, the capital of Franconia. 2. Nuremberg, a magnificent city famed for its trade and opulence. 3. Franckfort upon the Maine, a free city of the empire, and famous for its fairs.

In the Suabian circle. 1. Augſburg, a fair and ſplendid city, free of the empire, particularly noted for the confeſſion of faith propoſed there and thence named the Auguſtan confeſſion. 2. Ulm. 3. Stutgard, the principal city of the dutchy of Wirtemberg.

In the circle of the Upper Rhine is Straſburg, in which city the tower of the cathedral deſerves notice, as being one of the nobleſt ſtructures in all Germany.

In the circle of the Lower Rhine is, 1. Mentz, the ſeat of the archbiſhop and elector of Mentz. 2. Triers, the capital of the archbiſhopric of Triers. 3. Cologne, i. e. *Colonia Agrippina*, ſo called from a colony conducted thither under the auſpices of Agrippina, wife of Claudius. 4. Heildelberg, the ſeat of the electors palatine.

In the circle of Weſtphalia, 1. Munſter, the capital of Weſtphaly, famous for the reign of the anabaptiſts. 2. Aken or Aix la Chapelle, remarkable for the moſt celebrated ſprings of hot water, and for the court and ſepulchre of the emperor Charles the Great. In this place it was long the cuſtom to crown the emperors.

In upper Saxony, 1. Dreſden, the ſeat of the electors of Saxony. 2. Leipſic, reſpectable on account of the manners of the people, the beauty of the buildings, and the fairs held there, which next to thoſe of Franckfort upon the Maine, are the moſt famous in all Germany. 3. Berlin, a moſt agreeable city, the reſidence of the kings of Pruſſia.

In Lower Saxony, 1. Brunſwick. 2. Lunenburg, famous for ſalt ſprings. 3. Bremen, a noble place of trade. 4. Lubec, once a place of great ſtrength and the chief of the Hanſe-towns. 5. Hamburg, the principal city in Holſtein, and moſt celebrated trading town upon the river Elbe.

The chief rivers in Germany are the Danube, Rhine, Ems, Maine, Weſer, Elbe, Oder, Weixel or Viſtula, Moſelle, &c. The Danube or Iſter is the moſt renowned, as it paſſes through many regions, and after it has received about ſixty other ſtreams diſcharges itſelf from ſix mouths into the Euxine ſea.

§ 16. *Bohemia and Hungary.*

Among other regions out of Germany in ſubjection to emperors of the houſe of Auſtria, are the two kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary.

Bohemia is incompaſſed with woods and mountains as with a wall, and takes its name from the Boij, a gallic nation *, it boaſts the moſt famous city of Prague, and formerly comprehended Moravia and Sileſia. Sileſia now belongs chiefly to Pruſſia. The chief town in Sileſia is Breſlau, and in Moravia Olmutz.

Hungary or Pannonia is divided into upper and lower, the one on this ſide, the other croſs the Danube. Preſburg is the capital of the firſt, and Buda, or, as the Germans call it, Ofen of the other. Boſnia and Sclavonia uſed to be conſidered as belonging to Hungary; and Croatia and Dalmatia are parts of Sclavonia.

§ 17. *Switzerland,*

Is ſituated between Germany, France and Italy, and is ſurrounded by the Alps as with a girdle: it was once under ſubjection to the houſe of Auſtria, but growing weary of that yoke, the Switzers ſhook it off, and the chief provinces forming a league, aſſerted their freedom vigorouſly againſt their old maſters and other neighbouring powers, till at length Switzerland was, by the treaty of Weſtphalia, declared a free republic.

The whole body is at this time to be conſidered under three denominations. 1. The republic of Switzerland. 2. Its ſubjects. 3. Its allies.

The republic of Switzerland, commonly called Eydgenoſſenſchaft, is divided into thirteen free communities, which are called Cantons. The chief cities are Bern, the moſt powerful, Zurich, and Baſil the moſt famous univerſity in Switzerland.

* The Boij under Segoveſus are ſaid to have ſettled in this country in the ſixth century before Chriſt. They were driven out by the Marcomanni, who were again expelled by the Sclavonians in the ſixth century after Chriſt. The language of the country-people is a dialect of the Sclavonian.

The

The ſubjects of Switzerland are variouſly divided and too numerous to be inſerted here *.

The allies are the Rhæti or Griſons, the Valleſii or the people of the country of Valais, in the Alps, and the republic of Geneva, whoſe capital Geneva is famous for the doctrine of Calvin, which owed its birth and ſupport to that city.

§ 18. *Poland,*

By the natives Polſka, from the word Pole, which ſignifies a plain. It is bounded on the eaſt by Moſcovy, on the weſt by Sileſia, on the ſouth by Hungary and Wallachia, and on the north by Pruſſia, Livonia, and Courland. It is at this day divided into the kingdom of Poland and the dutchy of Lithuania.

Poland, properly ſo called, is again divided into greater and leſſer.

The moſt remarkable cities in the greater Poland are, Poſnania or Poſen, and Gneſna the moſt ancient of all the cities in Poland, and the firſt place where its princes reſided.

The chief city of leſſer Poland is Cracow, a large city and the metropolis of the whole kingdom. 2. Lublin, where are held the greateſt fairs in all Poland. 3. Warſaw, where the kings now reſide. Formerly, there was a third diviſion of Poland, under the name of Red Ruſſia; but at the late diſmemberment of this kingdom, the whole of this diviſion, with a part of the leſſer Poland, was ſubjected to the Auſtrian dominion; and now forms two provinces, called Lodomeria and Gallicia.

The chief cities in theſe provinces are Leopolis or Lemberg. 2. Caminieck, a city built on a ſteep rock, and therefore ſuppoſed to be impregnable.

The large city of Vilna is the metropolis of Lithuania, a country not much cultivated.

Pruſſia and Courland were ſome time ſince added to the crown of Poland. Pruſſia was divided into two parts, one belonging to Poland, and the other to Brandenburg. But when Auſtria ſeized Red Ruſſia, the houſe of Brandenberg took poſſeſſion of the Poliſh part of Ruſſia. Surrounded by the latter territories is the city of Dantzig, belonging to Poland, and originally a colony of Danes.

Pruſſia of Brandenburg is the granary of the whole country, lately honoured with the title of a kingdom, the capital of which is Koningſberg.

§ 19. *Moſcovy.*

White Ruſſia or Moſcovy comprehends a vaſt tract of land in Europe and Aſia, and is for the greateſt part both uninhabited and unpaſſable from its woods and marſhes. The frozen ſea bounds it on the north, to the eaſt it extends through the greater Tartary almoſt as far as the confines of China. The Baltic ſea cloſes it to the weſt, as does the Euxine to the ſouth, which ſhews what a vaſt ſpace of the globe this country contains.

It takes its name from the river Moſqua, which diſcharges itſelf into the Occa and Volga. This wide empire is divided into eaſt and weſt Tartarian and Moſcovy.

Moſcow is the metropolis of the whole empire, a city of incredible extent, but not beautiful, the houſes for the moſt part being built of wood. The next to this is the new city of Peterſburgh, lately built near the Baltic ſea by Peter the Great, who made it the place of reſidence for the Imperial family, and adorned it with a port fit to receive a very large fleet, a famous univerſity, and very coſtly edifices, ſo that it may deſervedly be accounted one of the moſt ſplendid cities in Europe.

The moſt noted rivers in Moſcovy are the Tanais, or, as it is commonly called, the Don, the Wolga, Oby and Dwina.

§ 20. *Thrace,*

Was the ancient name of a country now called Romania, ſituate on the Thracian Boſphorus. Conſtantinople is the capital of Romania and of the whole Turkiſh empire; this city was formerly called Byzantium, but now the Turks call it Stamboul: it is thought to be the greateſt and moſt populous of all the cities in Europe, and it is the place where the Turkiſh emperors reſide. Adrianople is the ſecond city in Thrace.

The moſt remarkable mountains in Thrace, are Hæmus, Pangæus, Rhodope, Iſmarus. The rivers are the Neſſus, Hebrus, and Bathynus, which the army of Xerxes is reported to have drank dry.

§ 21. *Moeſia,*

Is ſituated beyond Macedonia and Thrace, the Romans called it the granary of Ceres; it is divided into upper called Servia, and lower called Bulgaria.

§ 22. *Tranſylvania,*

Is ſuppoſed to take its name from the vaſt foreſts that ſurround it, and from the ſeven

* See Guthrie's Geography.

cities

cities in it; it is called by the Germans Siebenbürgen; the chief city is Cibinium, or Hermanſtadt. This country is ſubject to the houſe of Auſtria.

Walachia was anciently divided into great and little: the greater is now called Moldavia, the leſſer Walachia. The whole country was formerly known by the name Dacia, inhabited by Scythians. At preſent theſe provinces are ſubject to the Turkiſh empire, who place chriſtian governors over them, under the name of Hoſpodars.

Tartary in Europe, or the leſſer with reſpect to great Tartary, which is in Aſia, is divided into Precopenſis and Crim-Tatary; the firſt lies in the Cherſoneſus Taurica, the latter contains the reſt beyond it. Theſe countries are ſubject to Ruſſia.

§ 23. *Greece,*

Once ſo renowned for ſciences and war, is uſually diſtributed into five principal parts, Epirus, Peloponneſus, Hellas or Greece properly ſo called, Theſſaly and Macedonia. The moſt famous cities of old in all Greece were Athens, Corinth and Lacedæmon. This country is almoſt wholly ſubject to the deſpotiſm of the Turks.

The moſt celebrated rivers are, Acheron, Achelous, Eurotas, Inachus, Aliacmon, Axius, Strymon, Celidnus. The moſt conſpicuous mountains, are the Acroceraunii, Pindus, Stymphalus, Taygetus, Callidromus, Othrys, Oëta, Helicon, Parnaſſus, Cithæron, Hymettus, Olympus, Pelius, Oſſa, and Athos, which was dug through by Xerxes.

The chief of all thoſe iſlands, which lie almoſt without number oppoſite to the Grecian ſhore, is Crete, as it was called by the ancients, now Candia, the name of the metropolis as well as of the iſland. In the midſt of the Aegean ſea are the Cyclades, and round them the Sporades.

§ 24. *Aſia,*

Where the firſt of human kind appeared, and where God himſelf was made manifeſt in the fleſh, is bounded on the north by the Scythian ſea, on the eaſt by the Eaſtern ocean, on the ſouth by the Indian ſea, and on the weſt by the Arabian gulph and by an iſthmus between that and the Mediterranean, hence it is bounded by the Phœnician and Aegean ſeas, the Propontis, Pontus, the lake Mæotis, the rivers Tanais and Oby.

Anciently it was divided into greater and leſſer; by the moderns into five principal parts, namely, into Tartary, China, India, with the adjacent iſlands, the kingdom of the Sophi or Perſians, and the Turkiſh Empire.

Tartary in Aſia, is divided into five principal parts, the firſt of which is called Tartary in the deſart, of which Aſtracan, ſituated on the Wolga, is the chief city. The ſecond is Zagataia, the metropolis of which is Samarcand, made famous by Tamerlane the moſt warlike emperor of the Tartars. The third is the kingdom of Turkeſtan, the country of the ancient Sacæ. The fourth is the empire of the great Cham. The fifth old Tartaria, of which the chief places are Ung and Mongul. It is called Tartaria from the river Tartar, which flowing through the country of Mongul, diſcharges itſelf into the North ſea.

§ 25. *China.*

China for fertility of ſoil and temperature of climate, wealth or importance, ſcarce inferior to any other country, is diſtributed into various provinces or governments. It has two remarkable rivers of Croceum and Kiang, or the ſon of the ſea. To the north is the mountain Ottorocora, and the wall of four hundred German miles built on its border.

The chief of the adjacent iſlands are Corea, Japan aud Formoſa.

§ 26. *India.*

India, ſo fertile in precious ſtones, ſpices, gold and ſilver, is divided by the Ganges, on this ſide is Indoſtan, on the other Mangi, or India beyond the Ganges.

The principal parts into which India is divided are Cambaja, Narſinga, Malabar, Orixa, Bengal, Pegu, Siam, Camboia. The great Mogul, once the moſt powerful of the kings of India, was in poſſeſſion of the northen part of India, which is therefore called the empire of the Mogul; but his power is reduced to nothing, ſince the Acquiſitions of the Engliſh in that country.

The greateſt cities in India are Cambaia or Cairo of India, Goa, Calecut, Calcutta in the province of Bengal, Pegu, Camboia, Delli and Agra. The moſt celebrated rivers, Indus and Ganges, which is ſaid to abound with diamonds and gold-duſt. This river gives its name to the gulph into which it flows, which, however, is moſt commonly known by the name of the gulph or bay of Bengal. The rivers Hydaſpes and Hypaſis fall into its channel, and it divides India into two parts.

§ 27. *Perſia.*

Perſia, was anciently divided as follows, into Gedroſia, Carmania, Drangiana, A

chora-

Hyrcania, Aria, Parthia, Perſis, Suſiana, Aſſyria, Media; it boaſts of having Iſpahan for a metropolis, and the Perſians call it the half of the world. At preſent, Perſia is the prey of various contending factions. The moſt famous cities of old, in Perſia, were Perſepolis, formerly the capital of the Perſian empire, and Ninive in Aſſyria, of which city we read in the holy ſcriptures.

§ 28.

In Aſia the following regions belong to the Turkiſh empire, Albania, Iberia, Colchis, Armenia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Pontus, and Bithynia, Aſia minor or Natolia, Lycia, Pamphylia, Cilicia, Syria, Meſopotamia, Babylonia, Arabia.

Among the iſlands are Cyprus, Rhodes, Leſbus and Cos.

Albania was once famous for the Moloſſus or maſtiff. Iberia for poiſons, Colchis the golden fleece, and the mount Caucaſus. Armenia for mount Antitaurus, and the Tigris and Euphrates, the moſt celebrated rivers in the eaſt, Cappadocia for the city Iconium and the rivers Iris and Thermodon; Galata for the city of Sinope, enobled by the birth of Mithridates, and mount Didymus; Pontus and Bythinia for Chalcedon the metropolis.

Natolia or Aſia minor is divided into Phrygia, Myſia, Lydia, Caria, Æolia, Ionia, and Doris.

The moſt noted cities of old in Natolia, were thoſe of Troy or Ilium in Phrygia, famed for its ſiege and deſtruction by the Greeks; Pergamus in Myſia, famous for the birth of Galen. In Lydia, Sardes, and Philadelphia; in Caria, Laodicea and Priene the country of Bias; in Ionia, Epheſus, famous for the temple of Diana; in Dorus, Halicarnaſſus, the native ſoil both of Herodotus and Dionyſius, called Halicarneſſenſis from the name of his country.

The moſt remarkable rivers in Natolia are the Mæander, with infinite windings and turnings; in Phrygia Hermus; and Pactolus with its golden ſands in Lydia. Of mountains the moſt conſpicuous are Cadmus in Phrygia, which ſeparates it from Lycia; mount Ida in Myſia; Latmus in Caria.

Lycia is famous for the burning mount Chimæra, which gave riſe to the ſtory of the monſter with three bodies. The chief city is Patara, whence one of the names of Apollo was Pataræus.

In Pamphylia is mount Taurus, of prodigious extent, and which divides all Aſia into two parts, that to the north called Aſia on this ſide of Taurus, that to the ſouth Aſia beyond Taurus.

Cilicia, now called Caramania. The city of Tarſus, which was honoured by the birth and ſtudies of St. Paul, and the river Cydnus belong to this country.

Syria is divided into Paleſtine, Phenicia, Antiochia, Comagene, and Cœle-Syria.

Paleſtine, in the Scriptures called Canaan or the holy land and land of promiſe, was anciently divided into Idumæa, Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee. On account of its fertility and great abundance, this country is called in ſcripture a land flowing with milk and honey.

Gaza is one of the firſt cities in Idumæa, it was inhabited by the ſons of Enakim, whoſe gates being pulled down by Samſon were carried by his miraculous ſtrength to a neighbouring mountain near Hebron. Here alſo was Themnas, in which country Samſon ſlew the lion; alſo the deſert of Berſaba, whither Agar, Sarah's ſervant, with her ſon Iſmael fled, being turned out of doors, as did Elias to avoid the menaces of Jeſabel.

Judæa, boaſts Jeruſalem its metropolis, the moſt famous of all cities in the eaſt, burnt and deſtroyed by Titus Veſpaſian. Among other principal cities belonging to the Jews, and ſituated near the coaſt, Aſcalon was very conſiderable for its ſtrength and riches; Azotus or Aſdod, Jamnia, Joppe; but in the inland country ſtood Bethlehem, ſo renowned over all the world for the birth of Chriſt our Saviour; alſo Jericho, or the city of Palms, which Joſhua beſieged. Among the towns and villages was Emmaus, in the way to which Chriſt ſhewed himſelf to two of his diſciples, the ſame day on which he roſe from the dead; alſo Bethphage, Bethany, and Gethſemane.

Jordan was the principal river in Judæa, famous for the baptiſm of Chriſt our Saviour, and other miraculous events, recorded in Scripture. Aſphaltites, called alſo the dead or ſalt ſea, is a lake in Judæa.

Of mountains there were ſome within and others without the walls of Jeruſalem. Moria, on which was built the temple of Solomon, was within; the mount of Olives, with the neighbouring valley of Jehoſaphat, and the brook Kedron, were without the walls: on the weſtern ſide was mount Calvary, called alſo Golgotha, near to which was the garden, with the ſepulchre in which Chriſt was laid.

Samaria was the name of a city and country lying between Judæa and Galilee, which had been beſieged and taken by Salmanaſſar king

king of Assyria. Among other cities were Neapolis, Gamala, and on the coast Apollonia; Bethel and Dan lay between mountains; the tower of Strato or Cæsarea of Palestine shewed itself among the principal towns of Galilee, on the coast, remarkable for the magnificence of its structure which was enlarged by Herod, and for the bondage of St. Paul.

On the lake of Genesareth stood Capernaum, a rich and noble city, which Christ, leaving Nazareth, honoured with his presence, dwelling and performing many miracles there; also Corazin and Bethsaida, the ruin of which cities was foretold by Christ, and Julias, Tiberias, Magdalum, and Tarachæa. Between the lake of Genesareth and the Phænician sea stood Nazareth, where Christ was brought up, also Cana of Galilee, where our Saviour performed the miracle of turning water into wine.

Genesareth was the most famous lake in Galilee, so called from the adjacent country of Genesar, otherwise the sea of Tiberias, from a city on the banks thereof. It was also called the sea of Galilee, because it was for the greatest part inclosed in it. Hermon was famed for its dew, one of the most remarkable hills opposite to which are those of Gilboah, on which Saul king of Israel was slain by the Philistines: between these hills is the valley of Jesreel. Thabor was the hill on which was the transfiguration of Jesus.

Phænicia is divided into Upper Galilee, or Galilee of the Gentiles, and Syro-Phænicia; Tyre and Sidon, were the greatest cities; and Libanon, Antilibanon and Carmel the highest mountains.

Antiochene, was called Tetrapolis on account of the four following towns, Antioch, Apamea, Seleucia, Laodicea; in this country are mount Casius, and the rivers Belus, Lycus, Adones.

In Comagene, the last district in Syria, Samosata was once the capital, noted for the birth of Lucian.

Cœle Syria, or Syria in the bottom, is divided into three remarkable districts, Decapolis, Tetrachias and Palmyra. Damascus, was formerly the capital of this kingdom and of all Syria.

Mesopotamia, of which Seleucia Magna was anciently one of the principal cities, is situated between the Tigris and Euphrates. Not far from Mesopotamia was Babylon the metropolis of Babylonia in Assyria, eminent for the many ancient accounts given of it. The part of Babylonia towards the south, is called Chaldæa.

Arabia is distinguished by the names of Petræa, the desert, and Arabia felix. The first was inhabited by the Nabathœi; the Desert by the Nomades and Scenitæ; the last, which abounds with spices and frankincense, by the Saracens, the Minæi and Sabeans, who had a town called Saba. Of all the mountains in Arabia, of the Desert, the most famous was that of Sinai, distinguished by the delivery of the law of God.

The most remarkable modern cities in that part of Asia already described are, Damascus, Aleppo, Alexandretta, Tripoli of Syria, and Mecca in Arabia-felix, eminent for the birth of Mohammed.

Lesbus, Chius, Samus, and Cos, are the principal islands in the Ægean sea: Cyprus and Rhodes in the Asiatic sea. The first of these islands was anciently dedicated to Venus, the other had a Colossal statue of the sun, which was one of the seven wonders of the world.

§ 29. *Africa.*

The greatest peninsula in the world, being joined to Asia by a narrow isthmus; it has the red sea to the east, the Atlantic to the west, the Mediterranean to the north, and the Æthiopic to the south.

The regions, according to which Africa is at present distinguished, are Ægypt, Barbary, Biledulgerid, Sarra in the Desert, the country of Nigritia, Upper and Lower Æthiopia.

Ægypt is divided into Upper and Lower: it is eminent, for the cities of Alexandria, Thebes of Egypt, Arsinoe, Heliopolis, and Memphis, and near it those stupendous structures of the Pyramids. The metropolis of modern Egypt is Cairo or Alkair.

The most celebrated river of Egypt is the Nile, which at a certain time of the year overflows, and discharges itself at several mouths into the Mediterranean sea.

Barbary comprehends the country of Barca, the eastern half of which was by the ancients called Cyreniaca, the kingdom of Tunis or Africa minor, the country of Tripoli, that of Tremisen, including Numidia, the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, and Dara. Tunis is the capital of the kingdom of that name, Algiers, infamous for its piracies, is the metropolis of Tremisen.

Biledulgerid, anciently Gætulia, or the country of Dates, is bounded on the south by mount Atlas, the highest in all Africa, which old authors have reported to shine with frequent fires in the night, and to re-

found with the songs of Satyrs and Ægipans, and the noise of drums and cymbals.

Sarra or Zaara of the Desert, anciently Lybia interior, consists of immense deserts, with dens and retreats of wild beasts, and reaches from mount Atlas to the river Niger.

The country of Nigritia is washed by the Niger, the noblest river in Africa; and is divided into several districts, the chief of which is Guinea, the coast of which, from the quantity of gold found there, is called the Golden coast.

Æthiopia is divided into Upper, or the kingdom of Abyssinia, and Lower; and the regions of Congo, Monomotapa, Cafraria, Zangibar, Ajan, Nubia, and Troglodytica.

The most noted inhabitants of Africa among the ancients were the Ægyptians, who contended with the Scythians for the antiquity of their nation, and were the inventors of many arts. Besides these were the Nasamones, Psylli, Nomades, Troglodytæ, Garamantes, Mauri, Gætuli, Nubii, Nigritæ, Æthiopes Anthropophagi or Canibals, now called Cafres or Hottentots.

The greatest island near the African coast is that of Madagascar, discovered in 1492; the islands of Cape Verd, Madeira, and the Canaries, with that of St. Thomas and St. Helena in the Ethiopic sea deserve notice.

§ 30. *America.*

Is bounded on the north by the Arctic Lands, on the south by the Straits of Magellan, which separate it from Terra del fuego; on the east by the Atlantic or Western Ocean; on the west by the Pacific or South Sea.

The whole continent of America is divided into north and south, by a narrow isthmus passing between them.

In North America are the following countries.

		Chief Towns.
United States. New England, including the States of	New Hampshire,	Portsmouth.
	Massachusets,	Boston.
	Rhode Island,	Newport.
	Connecticut,	New London.
	New York,	New York.
	New Jersies,	Elizabeth Town.
	Pensylvania,	Philadelphia.
	Delaware,	Newcastle.
	Maryland,	Baltimore.
	Virginia,	Williamsburgh.
	North Carolina,	Edenton.
	South Carolina,	Charlestown.
	Georgia,	Savannah.

Nova Scotia, of which the chief town is Halifax. New Brunswick. Canada, in which the principal town is Quebec. Labrador, or New Britain. Arctic lands, including New Wales and Greenland. New Albion. California. Mexico, or New Spain, of which the chief city is Mexico. New Mexico, or Granada, of which the chief town is Santa Fe. Louisiana, of which the chief city is New Orleans. West and East Florida, with the city of St. Augustin.

Principal rivers in North America, are St. Laurence, and Mississipi.

South America is divided into the following great parts. Terra Firma, with the city of Panama. Peru, in which is Lima. Brasil with St. Salvador. Land of the Amazons. Chili, in which is St. Jago. Paraguay, with the town called Assumption. Magellanic lands.

Principal rivers in South America are the Rio de la Plata, and Amazon.

The chief of the American islands are as follows. Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Bermudas, &c.

§ 31. *Islands in the West Indies.*

Cuba, Hispaniola or St. Domingo, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Lucayos or Bahama Isles; the Antilles or Caribbees, with many others of less note.

§ 32.

To the Divisions already enumerated we must add the following countries and islands in the Southern Hemisphere.

New Guinea, which lies to the east of the Molucca islands in the East Indies. New Britain, a little to the east of New Guinea. New Holland, to the south of the Moluccas. New South Wales, in which are the establishments to which the English convicts have of late years been sent. New Zealand. The New Hebrides. New Caledonia. The Friendly Isles. The Society Isles, of which the principal is Otaheite; and the Marquesas.

The principal islands in the North Pacific ocean, are those to which their immortal discoverer, Captain Cook, gave the name of Sandwich Islands.

CHAP. II.

ASTRONOMY. Jennings.

§ 1. *A general view of the universe.*

The heavenly bodies, which are visible from the earth, are sun, moon, and stars.

The stars are of two sorts. One sort (of which there is by far the greater number) are called fixed stars; because they always appear in the same places, or at the same distance, from one another. The other sort of

of ſtars are called planets, or wandering ſtars; becauſe they are perpetually changing their places and diſtances, both with regard to the fixed ſtars, and one another.

The planets may eaſily be diſtinguiſhed from the fixed ſtars, by their not twinkling, as the fixed ſtars do, excepting thoſe of them which are vertical, or nearly ſo*. And generally the planets are the ſtars which appear ſooneſt in the evening, and are lateſt ere they diſappear in the morning; therefore it is one of the planets that is the morning or evening ſtar.

The fixed ſtars are at ſuch immeaſurable diſtances from the earth, that we know but very little of them. The ſun, moon, and planets, are much nearer to us, and are better known.

The ſun is a great burning globe, or fiery ball, whoſe diameter is computed to be 892,000 miles. It always remains immovable in the vaſt expanſe, except that it is obſerved to turn round its own axis in about twenty-five days and a half.

Many dark ſpots, of various irregular figures, may commonly be ſeen, with teleſcopes, in the ſurface of the ſun; by means of which his rotation on his axis has been diſcovered, and the time of it aſcertained. Theſe ſpots are not very permanent, but ſome of them diſappear again in a few days after their firſt appearance. Others of them have been obſerved to continue during four or five rotations of the ſun's body.

The planets are round opake bodies, which have no light of their own, but reflect the light of the ſun.

The planets, and the earth (which is truly a planet) are continually moving round the ſun in circles, or rather in ellipſes, or ovals, of different bigneſſes, in the following order.

1. ☿ Mercury is neareſt the ſun, and performs his revolution in about three months.

N. B. This planet is always ſo near the ſun that it is ſeldom ſeen.

2. ♀ Venus is next, and revolves in about ſeven months and a half.

3. ⊕ The earth in a year.

4. ♂ Mars in about two years.

5. ♃ Jupiter in about twelve years.

6. ♄ Saturn in about thirty years.

7. The Georgium ſidus, or Georgian planet, in about eighty-three years.

The ſpace of time in which each planet revolves round the ſun, is alſo called that planets year. Thus Saturn's year is equal to about thirty of ours.

Theſe ſeven are the primary planets. Some of them have ſecondary planets, or ſatellites, or moons, moving continually round them. As the moon round the earth. Jupiter has four moons, Saturn has ſeven, and the Georgian planet two.

The planets are of different magnitudes; ſome are bigger than the earth, other are leſs. Mercury is ſeven times leſs than the earth; Venus nearly equal to the earth; Mars ſix times leſs; Jupiter one thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty-eight times bigger; Saturn ſix hundred times bigger; the Georgian planet eighty times bigger; the moon is ſixty times leſs than the earth†.

A machine which repreſents the motions of the planets, is called an orrery. And it will very well anſwer the purpoſe, if it repreſents only the motions of two primary planets, for inſtance, the earth and Venus; and of one ſecondary planet, *viz.* the moon: for as the others move in the ſame manner, a ſufficient notion may be formed by theſe, of the motions of all the reſt.

The proportionable magnitudes, and reſpective

* Which the planets cannot be in our latitude.

† The ſyſtem of the world here deſcribed, is called the Pythagorean or Copernican ſyſtem; as having been anciently taught by the wiſe Samian philoſopher, Pythagoras, and revived, after it had been in a manner loſt, by the famous Poliſh philoſopher, Nicholas Copernicus, who was born at Thorn, in the year 1473.

The moſt famous of the antiquated, and now juſtly exploded ſyſtems, are the Ptolomean and the Tychonian.

The Ptolomean ſyſtem (held long before by Ariſtotle and Hipparchus) was taught by Ptolomy, an Egyptian aſtronomer, who is ſaid to have lived 138 years before Chriſt. He ſuppoſed the earth to be immovably fixed in the center of the univerſe, and the ſeven planets, *viz.* the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn; and, above them all, the firmament of fixed ſtars, to be conſtantly revolving round the earth in twenty-four hours from eaſt to weſt.

The Tychonian ſyſtem was taught by Tycho Brahe, a noble Dane, who was born A. D. 1546. It ſuppoſes the earth to be fixed and immovable, as the Ptolomean ſyſtem does; and that all the ſtars and planets revolve round the earth in twenty-four hours: but it differs from the Ptolomean in that it not only allow a menſtrual motion to the moon round the earth, as the center of its orbit; but it makes the ſun to be the center of the orbits of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, in which they are carried round the ſun in their reſpective years, as the ſun is round the earth in a ſolar year: and all theſe planets, together with the ſun, are ſuppoſed to be whirled round the earth in twenty-four hours.

ſpective diſtances of theſe bodies to one another, are not to be conveniently expreſſed in an Orrery. For ſuppoſe a ball of one inch diameter to repreſent the earth, then the ball that repreſents the ſun ſhould, in true proportion, be very near eight feet diameter, (the ſun being 885,736 times bigger than the earth) and the diſtance of the earth from the ſun ſhould be about 284 yards, which is more than half a quarter of a mile.

§ 2. *Of the earth and its motions.*

The natural earth is nearly a globe, or round ball, whoſe diameter is 7,940 miles*. Its mean diſtance from the ſun is 95,000,000 miles.

Note, The earth being further off from the ſun at one time of the year than another (as will be ſhewn afterwards) by the mean diſtance is meant the medium betwixt the two extremes; or a line drawn from the earth to the ſun, which exceeds the ſhorter diſtance, as much as it falls ſhort of the longer.

The axis of the earth is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, making with it an angle of 66½ degrees, or with a perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, an angle of 23½ degrees.

Note, The plane of the ecliptic is an imaginary plane, paſſing through the center of the ſun, and of the earth.

The earth has a double motion. Firſt, its diurnal motion, round its own axis, in 24 hours. Secondly, its annual motion round the ſun in a year.

Firſt, It has a diurnal motion, which occaſions the perpetual ſucceſſion of days and nights.

One hemiſphere of the earth is always illuminated by the ſun; and the circle of illumination, or the boundary of light and ſhade, is perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic.

When any point on the globe firſt gets into the enlightened hemiſphere, the ſun is juſt riſen to that part; when it get half way, or to its greateſt diſtance from the circle of illumination, it is then noon; and when it leaves the enlightened hemiſphere, it is then ſun-ſet. But ſtill it enjoys ſome light from the ſun, reflected by the atmoſphere, or air, until it is got 18 degrees beyond the circle; which glimmering light is called twilight.

Suppoſe a peach to repreſent the earth, the down on the peach will fitly enough repreſent the atmoſphere; the height of which is computed at about 50 miles: for when the ſun is got 18 degrees below the horizon, his rays will not reach lower than about 50 miles over our heads, and then we find the twilight is gone, and we can ſee the ſmalleſt ſtars that are viſible to the naked eye. So that there does not ſeem to be any air above that height denſe enough to reflect the light of the ſun to us.

N. B. Thoſe parts of the earth that lie at more than 48 degrees latitude, have no perfect night at all, at the ſeaſon of their longeſt days, but twilight only.

As the earth moves round its own axis, from weſt to eaſt, in 24 hours, all the heavenly bodies muſt appear to move round the earth, from eaſt to weſt, in the ſame time.

The rays of the ſun, when he is near the horizon, paſs through a much larger body of air, (by which the force of the light is much weakened,) than when he is near the zenith.

Hence it is that we can look upon the ſun, at his riſing, or ſetting, without hurting our eyes, which we are not able to do when he is at the meridian.

Secondly, The earth has an annual motion round the ſun, which produces the lengthening and ſhortening of days, and different ſeaſons, *viz.* ſpring, ſummer, autumn, and winter.

The earth, in its annual motion, has its axis always in the ſame direction, or parallel to itſelf.

The earth completes its revolution round the ſun in 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes. The odd 5 hours and 49 minutes, being nearly a quarter of a day, occaſion the additional day every fourth year, or leap year. But yet as 4 times 5 hours and 49 minutes wants 44 minutes of a complete na-

This hypotheſis is ſo embarraſſed and perplexed, that but few perſons embraced it. It was afterwards refined upon by Longomontanus, and ſome others; who allowed the diurnal motion of the earth on its own axis, but denied its annual motion round the ſun. This hypotheſis, partly true and partly falſe, is called the Semi-Tychonian ſyſtem. However, the Pythagorean ſyſtem has generally been received by the greateſt mathematicians and philoſophers, ever ſince the revival of it by Copernicus: and it has been at length eſtabliſhed on ſuch a ſolid foundation of mathematical and phyſical demonſtration, by the great Sir Iſaac Newton, as puts it out of all danger of being ever over-thrown by any new contrived ſyſtem, ſo long as the ſun and moon ſhall endure.

* The unevenneſs of the ſurface of the earth, as conſiſting of mountains and valleys, is no material objection againſt its being conſidered as round; ſince the higheſt mountains do not bear near ſo great a proportion to the bulk of the earth, as the little riſings in the coat of an orange bear to the bigneſs of that fruit.

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tural day, or 24 hours, (which defect amounts to about 3 days in 400 years,) this occasions the error of the old style, which is at present 11 days behind the new style, now used in most countries of Europe; and in 400 years more it will be 14.

The earth's annual motion is from west to east; and in the same course does the sun, as seen from the earth, appear to move through the signs of the zodiac.

In whatever sign the earth would appear, if seen from the sun; the sun appears in the opposite sign, as seen from the earth.

The sign which the earth is in, is that which appears upon the meridian at midnight; from whence we can tell what sign the sun is in, though we do not see the stars at the time of his shining.

When the earth enters the sign Libra, the sun appears to enter the sign Aries, which is about the 21st of March. Then the circle of illumination touches both poles: the sun is vertical to the equator, and days and nights are equal all the world over. This is called the vernal equinox.

When the earth enters Scorpio, the sun enters Taurus. The days are then lengthened every where north of the equator, and shortened south of it.

While the sun is, in appearance, travelling through Gemini, the days and nights grow still more unequal.

When he arrives at Cancer, the days are at the longest in the northern hemisphere, and at the shortest in the southern. And the whole northern frigid zone is got within the circle of illumination towards the sun; consequently there is no night there. The reverse is the case in the southern frigid zone. The sun is now vertical to the northern tropic, which, from his entering the sign Cancer at this season, is called the tropic of Cancer. This is the summer solstice.

As the sun proceeds through Leo and Virgo, the days shorten in the northern, and lengthen in the southern hemisphere.

When he arrives at Libra, the days and nights are again every where equal. This is called the autumnal equinox, which falls out about the 23d of September.

When he comes to Capricorn, it is the longest day in the southern, and the shortest in the northern hemisphere. This is the winter solstice. The southern tropic is called the tropic of Capricorn, for the same reason that the northern is called the tropic of Cancer.

As the sun proceeds through Aquarius and Pisces, the days lengthen north of the equator, and shorten south of it; until he arrives at Aries again, when the earth has completed her annual orbit, and days and nights are again every where equal.

The names and order of the twelve signs of the zodiac may be easily recollected, by committing to memory the following lines of Dr. Watts.

The Ram, the Bull, the heavenly Twins,
And next the Crab, the Lion shines,
The Virgin, and the scales:
The Scorpion, Archer, and Sea-goat,
The man that holds the water-pot,
And Fish with glittering tails.

The nearer any place is to the pole, it has the longer days in the summer, and the shorter in the winter. At the pole the longest day is six months.

In all positions of the earth, half the equator is always in the light, and half in darkness; therefore at the equator the days and nights are always equal.

The sun's declination does not alter so fast; or his altitude, as seen from any place on the earth one day at noon, does not differ so much from his altitude the next day at noon, when he is at or near the solstices, as when he is at or near the equinoxes: because the ecliptic, in which the sun appears to move, approaches much nearer to a parallel position to the equator, where it touches the tropics, than where it cuts the equator; and therefore neither does his diurnal arch, or his apparent path over the earth above the horizon, grow so much bigger or less, one day than another; nor, consequently, do the days lengthen, or shorten, so fast about the solsticial, as at the equinoxial seasons.

The sun, standing out of the center of the earth's annual orbit *, makes the summer

* The earth's orbit is in reality an oval, or ellipse, having the sun standing in one focus. The focus's of an ellipse are two points in the longer axis, equally distant from the center, or middle of it; from each of which, if a right line be drawn to any point in the circumference, both those lines together are equal to the longer axis. The longer an ellipse is, in proportion to its breadth, or the more it differs from a circle, it is said to be the more eccentric, and the focus's are the further asunder, and nearer to the ends. The focus of the earth's annual orbit, in which the sun stands, is that which is nearer to that end where the earth is at the winter solstice. That point of the earth's, or of any planet's orbit, wherein it is nearest the sun, is called its perihelion. The opposite point, in which it is furthest off from the sun, is called its aphelion.

to the northern hemiſphere, longer than the winter by eight days: that is, from the vernal equinox to the autumnal, is eight days more, than from the autumnal to the vernal.

The ſun being nearer to the earth in our winter, than in ſummer, makes the winters warmer, and the ſummers cooler, than they are in the ſame latitude ſouth of the equator. Hence alſo the ſun appears bigger to us in winter than in ſummer.

The cauſe of greater heat in ſummer than in winter is, partly, the ſun's being longer above the horizon; and chiefly, his being higher above the horizon; conſequently his rays come to the earth in a direction more perpendicular to its ſurface in the ſummer, than in the winter.

Moreover the ſun being low, and near the horizon in the winter, his beams paſs through a much greater quantity of air in their paſſage to us, by which the force of them is weakened, than when he approaches nearer to our zenith in the ſummer.

The torrid zone, to one part or other of which the ſun is always vertical, is therefore hotteſt.

The frigid zones, though they have the longeſt days, receive the ſun's rays moſt obliquely, and are therefore coldeſt.

The temperate zones, to which the ſun is never quite vertical, nor very oblique, enjoy the more moderate heat.

But yet we do not find the hotteſt ſeaſon of the year to be juſt at the ſummer ſolſtice, when the ſun is longeſt and higheſt above the horizon, but generally a month or two after: which may be thus accounted for. We know that a body once heated by the ſun, does not grow cold again inſtantaneouſly, but gradually: or the heating particles which flow from the ſun, do not fly off again all at once, as ſoon as the ſun is withdrawn; but they fly off, or loſe their force by degrees. Now ſo long as more heat comes from the ſun in the day than is loſt in the night, the heat of the earth and air will be daily increaſing. Suppoſe half the heat of the day ſhould go off in the night, and, for example's ſake, let us ſuppoſe that 100 heating particles come from the ſun in the day, 50 only of which fly off in the night, when, at the time of the ſummer ſolſtice, the night is but half as long as the day. Suppoſe but 90 heating particles come from the ſun the next day; yet 90 + 50=140. Suppoſe but 80 new heating particles come the third day; yet 80 +70 (*i. e.* half the heat of the former day) =150; therefore this day will be ſtill hotter than the laſt. Thus while there are more particles that excite heat received in the day time, than are loſt in the night, the heat of the earth and air will conſtantly grow ſtronger. But, in proceſs of time, as the action of the ſun in heating grows weaker, and the nights grow longer, more heating particles will go off in the night than were received in the day; and then the earth and air will gradually cool again, till after the winter ſolſtice.

The earth does not move uniformly in its orbit, or always with the ſame degree of velocity; but ſwifter when it is nearer the ſun, and ſlower when further off. The medium betwixt the two extremes of its ſwifteſt and ſloweſt motion, is called its mean motion*; that is, ſuch a degree of velocity, which as much exceeds the ſloweſt motion, as it falls ſhort of the ſwifteſt.

The velocity of the mean motion of the earth in its annual orbit, is computed to be at the rate of 15¼ miles in a ſecond of time, 933 in a minute, 56000 in an hour: which is more than 100 times ſwifter than the motion of a cannon ball, which is uſually reckoned about 7 miles in a minute. Any point on the earth's equator moves, by the diurnal rotation, at the rate of about 17 miles in a minute, and 1020 in an hour†.

§ 3. *Of the Moon.*

The moon, which, of all the heavenly bodies next to the ſun, appears biggeſt and brighteſt, becauſe of her nearneſs to the earth, on which ſhe is a conſtant attendant, is an opake globe, which has no light of its own, but only reflects the light of the ſun which ſhines upon it.

That the moon ſhines only with a borrowed light, may be concluded from her various phaſes; for if ſhe were a luminous body, like the ſun, ſhe would always ſhine with a full orb, as the ſun does.

The moon's mean diſtance from the earth is about 240,000 miles. Her diameter is 2175 miles.

One hemiſphere of the moon is always enlightened by the ſun, while the other hemiſphere is in darkneſs.

* As the motion of all the primary planets is ſometimes accelerated, and ſometimes retarded, according to their diſtance from the ſun; and of the ſecondary planets, according to their diſtance from the primary planets, about which they revolve; the terms mean diſtance and mean motion are applicable to all of them.

† The inhabitants under the parallel of London, are carried about 580 miles every hour.

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The moon, beſides her being carried with the earth round the ſun in a year, has a double motion of her own.

1. Round her own axis in a month.

2. Round the earth, in her proper orbit, in the ſame time.

1. The moon's revolution on her own axis, once in a month, certainly appears by her keeping the ſame face always towards the earth.

In the moon the days and nights are each a fortnight long, and always nearly of the ſame length.

2. Of the moon's motion round the earth.

The orbit in which the moon moves round the earth is an ellipſis, having the centre of the earth in one focus. That point of her orbit, wherein ſhe is neareſt the earth, is called her perigeon, or perigee; the oppoſite point, in which ſhe is furtheſt off from the earth, is called her apogeon, or apogee: theſe two points are alſo called her apſides; the one, *viz.* the apogeon, is the higher apſis, the other the lower.

The moon's orbit is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, making with it an angle of about five degrees.

The two points where the moon's orbit coincides with the plane of the ecliptic are called her nodes.

The node by which the moon aſcends above the plane of the ecliptic northward, is called the Dragon's-head, and is marked thus ☊. The oppoſite node, by which ſhe deſcends below the ecliptic ſouthward, is called the Dragon's-tail, and is thus marked ☋.

An imaginary line, carried croſs the moon's orbit, and reaching from node to node, is called the line of the nodes.

The line of the nodes appears continually to move in antecedence, or contrary to the order of the ſigns of the zodiac; and it revolves in nineteen years.

The moon can never appear exactly in the ecliptic more than twice in her period, *viz.* when ſhe is in the nodes.

The moon's diſtance from the plane of the ecliptic is called her latitude; her greateſt latitude is 5 degrees 18 minutes.

As the ſun appears to paſs through the twelve ſigns of the zodiac in a year, ſo does the moon in a month.

When the moon is in that part of her orbit which is neareſt the ſun, ſhe is ſaid to be in conjunction with the ſun. Then the whole of her enlightened hemiſphere is turned from the earth. Then it is new moon.

When ſhe has proceeded through one eighth of her orbit, a little part of her enlightened hemiſphere is turned towards the earth, and ſhe appears horned.

When ſhe has advanced two eighths, ſhe enters on her firſt quarter; then we ſee a half moon. When ſhe has gained three eighths of her orbit, ſhe appears gibbous or humped.

When ſhe has proceeded through half her orbit, the whole enlightened hemiſphere is towards the earth; then ſhe is ſaid to be full, and in oppoſition to the ſun. The ſun and moon are then ſeen in the oppoſite parts of the heaven, one riſing when the other ſets. When ſhe is advanced five eighths, ſhe is again gibbous; but whereas the defect or darkened part was before towards the eaſt, it is now toward the weſt.

When ſhe has reached three quarters of her orbit, ſhe enters on her laſt quarter, and we ſee a half moon again.

At ſeven eighths ſhe appears horned.

When ſhe has completed her revolution, the whole enlightened hemiſphere is again inviſible, and we have another new moon.

N. B. The moon moves in her orbit at the rate of about 2300 miles an hour.

The moon performs a complete revolution in her orbit in the ſpace of 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes, which is called a periodical month; but the earth having in that time advanced through almoſt a whole ſign in its annual courſe, and carried the moon along with it, the moon will not come to the ſame poſition, with reſpect to the ſun and earth, as ſhe was in when ſhe began her circle, until two days afterwards. Thence it follows, that from new moon to new moon, which is called a ſynodical month, or lunation, is 29 days and a half, pretty nearly. Therefore, though in the ſpace of a year the moon performs 13 complete revolutions round the earth, or 13 periodical months and 10 days over; yet there are but 12 complete lunations, or ſynodical months, and 11 days over, in a year.

As the moon, by reflecting the light of the ſun, enlightens the earth in the night, ſo does the earth much more enlighten that hemiſphere of the moon which is turned towards it; for the ſurface of the earth being above fifteen times bigger than that of the moon, probably reflects more than fifteen times as much light as the moon does to the earth. From hence ariſes that dim light which is viſible in the darkened part of the moon, a little before and after the change. The earth appears new and horned, gibbous and full to the moon, juſt as the moon does

to the earth, but fifteen times larger. When it is new moon it is full earth, and vice versâ.

The moon proceeds daily in her orbit about 13 degrees, and loſes about 48 minutes a day, one day with another, in the time of her riſing; but yet ſhe loſes more when ſhe is in one part of her orbit, and leſs in another; which is occaſioned by the moon's path, (which, at preſent, we ſuppoſe to be the ſame as the ecliptic) lying ſometimes more oblique to the horizon than at others. Suppoſe the moon is in the beginning of Aries when ſhe riſes to-day; to-morrow, when the beginning of Aries comes again to the horizon, the moon is got 13 degrees further eaſtward, and therefore does not riſe till ſometime after. Now when the ecliptic is in its moſt perpendicular poſition to the horizon, at the time of the moon's riſing, 13 degrees ſet her at a much greater diſtance below the horizon, than when it is in its moſt oblique poſition; conſequently ſhe will be longer in coming to the horizon in the former caſe, than in the latter. When the beginning of Libra cuts the horizon in the eaſt, the ecliptic is then in its moſt perpendicular poſition to the horizon; but when the firſt point of Aries touches it in the ſame place, it is then in its moſt oblique poſition. Conſequently when the moon is at, or near, the beginning of Aries, at the time of her oppoſition to the ſun, or at full moon (which falls out about the autumnal equinox), there is then the leaſt difference in the time of her riſing from one night to another, after the full, that there is any time of the year. And if the moon be at the ſame time aſcending from ſouth to north latitude, that will reduce her path nearer to a parallel poſition to the horizon, by about 5 degrees, than if ſhe moved in the ecliptic; and ſo make the difference in the time of her riſing to be ſtill leſs.

This full moon is called the harveſt moon; and it is remarkable for its varying ſo little in the time of its riſing for ſeveral nights together, immediately after the full.

If the full moon happens juſt at the equinox, or preſently after it, the ecliptic becomes more perpendicular to the horizon, at the time of the moon's riſing, every day than other for many days after; and ſo long ſhe loſes more and more in the time of her riſing. But if the full moon falls out before the equinox, the ecliptic grows more and more oblique to the horizon at the time of the moon's riſing; and ſhe loſes leſs and leſs in the time of her riſing every day than other, till ſhe arrives at the firſt point of Aries. Now as that week in the ſummer or winter, in which the ſun riſes every day neareſt to the ſame time, does not begin at the ſolſtice, but before it, and has the ſolſticial day in the middle of it; ſo that week in the year, next after a full moon, when ſhe riſes every evening neareſt to the ſame time, muſt begin not with the moon's arriving at the firſt point of Aries, (when the ecliptic is in the moſt oblique poſition of all to the horizon at the time of her riſing,) but two or three days before. Therefore it is, generally, that the full moon in Auguſt, when ſhe comes to her oppoſition in Piſces, has moſt remarkably the property of the harveſt moon. And the next full moon after, *viz.* in September, which has the ſame property of riſing nearly at the ſame time, for ſeveral nights after the full, though not quite ſo remarkably as the former, is, by ſome, called the hunter's moon.

That the ſurface of the moon is very uneven and mountainous, is apparent from the irregularity or unevenneſs of the line which ſeparates the enlightened from the dark part of its diſk, at any time when the moon is not full; which line, when viewed with a teleſcope, appears, as it were, toothed, and cut with innumerable irregular notches. And, beſides, ſeveral ſhining points may be ſeen in the dark part of the moon, quite ſeparated, though not far diſtant from the enlightened part. Theſe are concluded to be the tops of mountains, which are ſooner reached by the ſun's beams than the lower parts, that lie about them. The bright top of one of theſe lunar mountains has been obſerved on the 4th day after the new moon, to be diſtant from the confines of the enlightened ſurface about a 16th part of the moon's diameter; from whence (ſuppoſing the true meaſure of the moon's diameter; to be known) it is eaſy to compute the height of that mountain; which is accordingly computed to be nine miles high, that is, three times higher than the top of any mountain on the earth *.

Some parts of the moon's ſurface, even when ſhe is full, appear of a duſkiſh colour.

* It appears, however, from the obſervations and experiments of Dr. Herſchel, that the height of the lunar mountains has been greatly over-rated. He has proved that the generality of them do not exceed half a mile in their perpendicular elevation. The height of the higheſt which he has meaſured, is not more than a mile and three-quarters.

Theſe

These are supposed, by some, to be seas and lakes. But Mr. Keill asserts (vid. Astron. Lectures, Lect. 10.) "that when they are "looked at with a good telescope, they ap- "pear to consist of an infinity of caverns "and empty pits, whose shadows fall within "them; which can never be in a sea, or "liquid body. These black spots there- "fore cannot possibly be seas: but they "consist of some darker and sad coloured "matter, which does not reflect the light so "strongly as the solid and shining mountains "do."

There seem to be no clouds about the moon; for when there are no clouds in our air, she constantly appears to us with the same lustre.

§ 4. *Of the eclipses of the Sun and Moon.*

An eclipse of the sun is occasioned by the moon's coming betwixt the sun and the earth, and thereby hiding the light of the sun from the earth; which can only happen when the moon is in conjunction with the sun, or at new-moon.

An eclipse of the moon is occasioned by the shadow of the earth falling upon the moon; or by the moon's passing through the shadow of the earth, whereby she is necessarily darkened, and loses the light of the sun. This can only happen when the moon is in opposition to the sun, or at full-moon.

The reason why the sun is not eclipsed every new-moon, and the moon every time she is full, is because of the inclination of the moon's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic; so that an eclipse can never happen, but when the moon is either at or near one of the nodes.

If the moon happens to be exactly in the node at the time of her conjunction, it occasions a central eclipse of the sun, which is commonly total; but sometimes, as when the earth is in its perihelion, and the moon in her apogee, the eclipse will be annular; that is, a luminous circle of the sun will appear round the body of the moon.

If she be near the node, the eclipse may be total, though not central. If she be any where within $12\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of the node, she will hide at least some part of the sun from the earth, and produce a partial eclipse. If she be further from the node than $12\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, there will be no eclipse at all; but the light of the sun will pass to the earth, either under or over the moon, without obstruction.

So if the moon be exactly in the node at the time of her opposition, the eclipse of the moon, by the shadow of the earth, will be central and total. If near the node, total, though not central. If at a greater distance, but within $16\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, the shadow of the earth will fall upon part of the moon, and occasion a partial eclipse. But if at a greater distance than $16\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, there will be no eclipse at all.

The line of the nodes being carried nearly parallel to itself, round the sun in a year, would twice in the year, if produced, pass through the sun; and the new and full moons which happen nearest to such a position of the nodes will, most commonly, produce eclipses. So that there are ordinarily four eclipses in a year, *viz.* two of the sun, and two of the moon; which fall out in pairs, thus, one of each luminary at a fortnight's distance, and another pair, in the same manner, about half a year after.

The shadows which both the earth and the moon cast behind them, which cause the eclipses, are of a conical figure, terminating in a point at a distance from their bodies; which is proved thus:

If the shadow of the earth were a cylinder, or every where of the same width, (which must be the case, if the sun, and the earth were of the same bigness,) or if it grew wider and wider, the further it extended (which would be the case, if the earth were bigger than the sun,) it would run out into infinite space; and sometimes it would involve in it, and eclipse the planets Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium sidus. But, as that never happens, we may reasonably conclude, that the shadow of the earth is a cone, whose point, or vertex, falls short of any of those planets. Besides, it is found that the moon is longer in passing through the earth's shadow, when she is in her perigee, or nearer the earth, than when she is in her apogee, or further off from it; which affords another proof that the shadow of the earth is a cone, which grows less the further it is extended; and consequently this proves too that the sun is bigger than the earth.

If the diameter of the earth's shadow, where it reaches the moon, were not so long as the diameter of the moon, (as would be the case if the moon were bigger, or as big as the earth,) the moon could never be totally eclipsed by it. But since the moon is often totally eclipsed by the shadow of the earth, she must be less than the earth, therefore much less than the sun, and consequently her shadow must be also conical.

The shadow of the moon, where it reaches the earth, is so small, that but a little part of

of the earth can be covered by it at a time; therefore a total eclipse of the sun can last no longer, in one place, than about four minutes. But the diameter of the earth's shadow, where the moon passes through it, is three or four times longer than the diameter of the moon's body; therefore the moon is sometimes totally eclipsed for about three hours together.

Since when the moon is eclipsed, she is really darkened, and loses the light of the sun, from so much of her disk as is involved in the shadow of the earth, a lunar eclipse must appear just the same in all parts of the world, where it is seen. But when the sun appears eclipsed, he, in reality, loses none of his light, only the moon stands in the way of our seeing him, either wholly or in part. And since the moon can hide the sun but from a little part of the earth at one time, a solar eclipse will appear differently in different places. In one place it may be central and total, the moon being just between that place and the sun, or that place being just in the center of the moon's shadow; while the moon hides but part of the sun from other places; and from others, no part of him at all.

A lunar eclipse seen from the moon, is an eclipse of the sun.

If a solar eclipse (which is more properly an eclipse of the earth) can be seen from the moon, it appears only as a dark spot passing over the disk of the earth.

It is observed that the moon, even when she is totally eclipsed, or wholly involved in the shadow of the earth, does not lose all her light, but still appears of a faint dusky red colour; which is owing to the sun's rays being refracted, or bent inwards, in passing through the earth's atmosphere, (just as they are in passing through a burning-glass,) by which means they enter, and, in some measure, enlighten the conical shadow of the earth, where it involves the moon; and it is by that faint light that the moon is still visible, even in the midst of a central eclipse.

Astronomers divide the diameters both of the sun and moon into twelve equal parts, which they call digits, and each digit into minutes, &c. by which they measure the quantity of obscuration, or the bigness of an eclipse.

COROLLARIES.

1. The shadow of the earth, which is visible upon the moon in a lunar eclipse, appearing always circular, is a sensible demonstration of the globular form of the earth.

2. Since the bigness of an eclipse depends on the bigness of the shadow that falls on the eclipsed body, and that on the bigness, and distance of the body which casts the shadow; and as the time of an eclipse depends on the motions of those bodies, it is evident that an eclipse could not be computed before it happened, unless all these were known. But certain it is, that astronomers are able to compute * eclipses beforehand, to almost a minute of time; therefore we must conclude, that their knowledge of these matters is very considerable and certain.

§ 5. *Of the Doctrine of the Tides.*

The surface of the whole globe (as also its internal parts) is every where pressed by gravitation towards its center.

If the globe were all fluid, and some parts of the surface were more pressed than others, the parts that were most pressed would be lowest, or nearest the center; and the parts least pressed would be the highest, or furthest from the center.

Both sun and moon attract the earth with forces which pervade the whole globe; but which are greater or less in the different parts of it, as those parts are nearer to, or further from, those luminaries; and the moon, by reason of her being so much nearer to the earth than the sun, has the greatest influence; and causes the greatest alteration in the figure of the earth or raising the tides.

The effects of the moon's attraction upon the fluids of the globe, to alter their natural spherical figure, must be as follows:

First, Upon the hemisphere towards the moon; where the middle point being nearest the moon, and therefore most attracted by her, (directly contrary to its natural gravitation towards the center) is less pressed by gravitation than any other part of the surface of that hemisphere, and consequently the waters will there rise highest.

Secondly, Upon the hemisphere that is remote from the moon; where the middle point being least attracted by the moon, (by reason of its greatest distance from her) is left behind, while all the other parts, and

* The computation of eclipses requires a great deal more previous mathematical knowledge than the persons, for whose service this treatise is designed, are supposed to be furnished with; therefore I wholly omit it. Those that would acquaint themselves with the method of computing eclipses, both solar and lunar, may see it in Dr. Gregory's or Dr. Keill's astronomy. And they may find good tables for calculating eclipses in Dunthorne's Practical Astronomy of the Moon.

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even the center itself, are more attracted towards her: from whence it will follow, that the surface of the water at the middle of that hemisphere, will be higher, or more remote from the center, than in any other part. The two middle points will therefore be the highest in their respective hemispheres; the one being really more elevated, the other less depressed, by the moon's attraction, than the adjacent parts: so that these two points may now be conceived of as the summits of two opposite mountains of water, or the whole globe may be conceived as now thrown into a spheroidical or oval figure, whose longer axis produced would pass through the moon. And by reason of the earth's rotation, these mountains must be continually shifting their places all round the surface of the globe; from whence there will follow two flood-tides and two ebb-tides in the space of 25 hours; in which time the moon moves from the meridian of any place, to the meridian again.

When the sun and moon are in conjunction or opposition, that is, at new or full moon, the attraction of both these bodies acting upon the earth in the same direction or in the same right line, their force is united to elevate the waters; whereby are produced spring-tides.

When the moon is in her quadratures, her attraction acts in one direction, the sun's in a quite contrary; by which means they correct or counteract one another, the moon rising the waters where the sun depresses them, and vice versâ; which produces neap-tides.

It is evident, that if the two opposite protuberances, or summits of the two mountains of water, were always exactly at the poles of the earth, there would be no rising and falling of the waters by means of the earth's rotation, or no tides at all; but it would constantly be high water at the poles, and low water all round the equator. On the other hand, when these two summits are farthest from the poles, that is, upon the equator, the rise and fall of the waters, by means of the earth's rotation, is then greatest: therefore the nearer they are to the equator, the rise and fall is the greater: and the nearer to the poles, the rise and fall is the less. Consequently when the sun and moon are in conjunction or opposition, in or near the equinoctial, as in March and September, the spring-tides must rise higher, (the summits of the two mountains being then upon the equator) than when they are in conjunction or opposition in the tropics, as in June and December. And the moon being in the tropics at her quadratures in March and September, and in the equinoctial at her quadratures in June and December, the neap-tides will be less vigorous in the former months, and more vigorous in the latter. And, besides, when the moon is in the tropics at her quadratures, the sun is in the equinoctial; therefore the rise and fall of the waters by his influence (counteracting that of the moon) is then greatest, though still less than that of the moon, consequently the neap-tides will then be weakest. But when the moon is in the equinoctial at her quadratures, the sun is in the tropic, whose influence, as counteracting the moon, is then least; therefore the neap-tides will then be strongest. So that the difference betwixt the spring and the neap-tides is much less considerable at the solsticial, than at the equinoctial seasons.

Yet the highest tides of the year are observed to be (cæteris paribus) some time before the vernal, and some time after the autumnal equinox, *viz.* in February and October; which is owing to the sun's being nearer the earth in the winter months, when, consequently, the force of his attraction on the waters is greater, than in the summer months.

It has further been observed, that, in this part of the world, the tides rise higher when the moon is in the northern signs, at the time of her coming to the meridian, above our horizon; and when she is in the southern signs at the time of her coming to the meridian, below the horizon; than when, on the contrary, she is in the southern signs above our horizon, and in the northern signs below it. The reason of which will evidently appear upon the globe, *viz.* That in the two former cases, the moon is nearer to our zenith and nadir, when she is upon our meridian, or at the time of high water, and, consequently, we are then nearer to the summits of the mountains of water, than in the two latter cases.

Though the force by which the tides are raised is continually increasing, from the time of the moon's quadrature to her conjunction or opposition, after which it gradually decreases until the next quadrature; yet the highest spring-tide is not just at the new or full moon, but a day or two after; which may be thus accounted for.

Conceive every tide as raised by a double force, *viz.* some part of the force by which the last tide was raised still remaining, and the force of a new impulse. When both these together amount to more than the whole force

force which raiſed the laſt tide, the preſent tide muſt riſe higher than the laſt did. Suppoſe the remaining force to be always half the whole force of the laſt tide: ſuppoſe the new impulſe, juſt at new or full moon, to be 15, and the whole force, with which that tide is raiſed to be 22. Let the new impulſe of the new tide be but 14, then 14 + 11 (*i. e.* half 22)=25: this tide will therefore riſe higher than the laſt. Let the new impulſe of the next tide be but 13; then 13 + 12½ (*i. e.* half 25)=25½. Conſequently this tide will riſe ſtill higher than the laſt did; though the force of the action of the two luminaries, by which the tides are raiſed, is now conſiderably abated.

For the ſame reaſon, the deadeſt neap-tides will fall out, not preciſely at the moon's quarters, but ſometime after.

§ 6. *Of the inferior and ſuperior Planets.*

The planets are diſtinguiſhed into inferior and ſuperior. Mercury and Venus are called the inferior planets, becauſe they are lower than the earth, in the ſolar ſyſtem, and nearer to the ſun; Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgian planet, are called the ſuperior planets, becauſe they are higher than the earth, and more remote from the ſun.

Mercury revolves about the ſun in 87 days 23 hours, at the mean diſtance of 37,000,000 miles; his diameter is 2600 miles. As this planet is almoſt three times nearer the ſun than the earth is, his light and heat is ſeven times greater than ours *; which degree of heat is ſufficient to make water boil. This planet muſt therefore conſiſt of denſer matter than the earth; and if it be inhabited, it muſt be by other ſort of creatures than any that live here.

An eye in Mercury ſees ſix planets ſuperior to it. Venus and the earth, when they are in oppoſition to the ſun, ſhine upon Mercury with a full orb, and afford a conſiderable light to this planet in the night; but the other planets do not afford him ſo much light as they do to us.

It is not known whether Mercury revolves on his axis, nor what is the inclination of his axis to the plane of his orbit; conſequently the length of his days, and what change of ſeaſons this planet is ſubject to, are both unknown; only the orbit of Mercury, being the moſt excentric of any of the planets, muſt occaſion a conſiderable alteration of his light and heat, in different times of his year.

Mercury's greateſt elongation, or apparent diſtance from the ſun, is about 28 degrees. The inclination of his orbit to the plane of the eclipſe, is 6 degrees, 54 minutes.

There may be other planets betwixt Mercury and the ſun; but if there are, they can never be ſeen by us, becauſe of their nearneſs to the ſun.

Venus, the brighteſt of the primary planets, and neareſt to the earth, is 7906 miles diameter. She revolves on her axis in 23 hours, and in her orbit round the ſun in 224 days, 16 hours, 46 minutes, at the mean diſtance of 69,000,000 miles from the ſun. Her light and heat is more than twice as much as ours. The orbit of Venus being nearer the ſun than the earth's annual orbit, ſhe is much nearer the earth, viz. ſix times nearer, at her inferior conjunction, or when ſhe is betwixt the earth and the ſun, than at her ſuperior conjunction, viz. when the ſun is betwixt the earth and Venus; therefore ſhe appears much larger to us at one time than another.

Her greateſt elongation is about 48 degrees. The inclination of her orbit to the plane of the eclipſe is 3 degrees 24 minutes.

She appears with different phaſes†, viz. horned and full like the moon; and ſometimes, at her inferior conjunction, ſhe appears as a ſpot paſſing over the body of the ſun.

The different phaſes of Venus were firſt diſcovered by the great Italian philoſopher, Galileo, in the beginning of the laſt century: whereby he fulfilled the famous prophecy of Copernicus; who, when it was objected to his hypotheſis, that according to it, Venus ought to undergo the ſame changes and phaſes that the moon does, anſwered,

* The quantity of light and heat which the ſeveral planets receive from the ſun, is reciprocally as the ſquares of their diſtance.

N. B. No regard is here had to atmoſpheres, or other circumſtances that may be peculiar to the ſeveral planets, and which may poſſibly increaſe or diminiſh their light or heat, but merely to their diſtances from the ſun.

† Caſſini, in the year 1686, imagined that he had diſcovered a ſatellite attending Venus. In the year 1740, Mr. Short imagined that he perceived the ſame, at different times, for the ſpace of an hour. But he could never afterwards find it again. In the year 1761, Mr. Montaigne, one of the members of the ſociety at Limoges, thought that he had better ſucceſs, and that he had calculated the periodical time of the ſatellite, which he fixed at 12 days. The evidence, however, for the actual exiſtence of this ſatellite is not yet conſidered to be ſatisfactory.

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that perhaps the aſtronomers in after ages would find, that Venus does really undergo all theſe changes.

The inferior planets, from the time of their ſuperior, to the time of their inferior conjunction, are ſeen more eaſterly than the ſun, and ſet after him. Then they are evening ſtars.

But from the time of their inferior to their ſuperior conjunction, they are ſeen weſtward of the ſun; and conſequently ſet in the evening, and riſe in the morning before him. Then they are morning ſtars.

They are ſeen from the earth to move much ſwifter in their orbits round the ſun, at ſometimes than at others; and their motion at ſometimes appears to be direct, or according to the natural order of the ſigns of the zodiac, as from Aries to Taurus, &c. ſometimes retrograde, or contrary to the order of the ſigns, as from Taurus to Aries, &c. and ſometimes they appear to be ſtationary, or without any motion at all, for ſome days together; all which is occaſioned by the earth and theſe planets moving in concentric orbits, one within another, but with different velocities.

Mars, who looks the moſt red and fiery of any of the planets, revolves on his axis in 24 hours, 40 minutes, at the mean diſtance of 145,000,000 miles from the ſun; his diameter is 4,444 miles. His days and nights are always nearly of the ſame length; becauſe his axis is nearly at right angles to the plane of his orbit. The inclination of his orbit, to the plane of the ecliptic, is 1 degree 52 minutes. His year is almoſt twice as long as ours, (for he performs his revolution about the ſun in 1 year, 321 days, 23 hours) but with little variety of ſeaſons. The quantity of light and heat which this planet receives from the ſun, is not half ſo much as ours. Mars ſeems to have an atmoſphere round him, as the earth has, which is argued from the fixed ſtars appearing obſcure, when they are ſeen juſt by his body.

This planet is five times nearer to us when he is in oppoſition to the ſun, than when he is in conjunction with him; therefore he appears ſo much bigger and brighter at one time than another.

A ſpectator in Mars will hardly ever ſee Mercury; unleſs ſometimes as a ſpot in the diſk of the ſun. To an eye in Mars, Venus will appear about as far from the ſun, as Mercury does to us. And the earth about as far off as Venus appears to us.

Jupiter's mean diſtance from the ſun is 495,000,000 miles. He revolves on his axis in 10 hours; and his days and nights, each of 5 hours, are always nearly of the ſame length, all over his ſurface; becauſe his axis, like that of Mars, is nearly at right angles to the plane of his orbit. The inclination of his orbit, to the plane of the ecliptic, is 1 degree 20 minutes; the diameter of Jupiter is 81,000 miles. His year is equal to almoſt 12 of ours, viz. to 11 years, 314 days, 12 hours, but without any conſiderable change of ſeaſons. The light and heat which this planet receives from the ſun is but one 27th part of what the earth enjoys.

Beſides abundance of ſpots which may be ſeen on Jupiter's ſurface, he appears to be ſurrounded with ſeveral belts, or girdles, which are parallel to his equator, and to one another; and are variable both in reſpect to their breadth, and their relative diſtances. Sometimes they appear wider, ſometimes narrower, ſometimes they are nearer, and ſometimes farther off from one another. Whether theſe ſpots and belts are inherent in the body of the planet; or whether they ſwim, like clouds and vapours, in its atmoſphere, no obſervations yet made are ſufficient to inform us.

This planet has four other primary planets beneath him; but they are all too near the ſun to be ever ſeen in Jupiter by an eye of no ſharper ſight than ours: even Mars, which is furtheſt off from the ſun of all the four, will never be above 18 degrees from him. And conſidering how ſmall a planet Mars is, and how weakly he reflects the ſun's light, he will ſcarcely be ſeen at ſo ſmall a diſtance from the ſun: ſo that Saturn and the Georgian planet are the only primary planets that can be ſeen in Jupiter.

Jupiter has four ſatellites or moons revolving about him, *viz.*

	Revolves in	D : H : M	at the diſtan. of	Miles.
Firſt		1 : 18 : 28		130,000
Second		3 : 13 : 14		364,000
Third		7 : 3 : 43		580,000
Fourth		16 : 16 : 32		1,000,000

His outermoſt moon muſt appear almoſt as large to an inhabitant of Jupiter (ſuppoſing his eyes like ours) as our moon does to us; and if the other ſatellites are not leſs than the outermoſt, they muſt appear much larger. Mr. Huygens conceives them to be not much, if at all, leſs than the earth. In Jupiter they have frequent eclipſes of the ſun, and of their moons; and ſometimes one moon eclipſes another.

All the four ſatellites of Jupiter were firſt diſcovered by Galileo, Jan. 7, 1610.

Saturn's

Saturn's mean distance from the sun, is 908,000,000 miles, his year is equal to near 30 of ours, *viz.* 29 years, 167 days, 22 hours; his diameter is 67,000 miles. The inclination of his orbit, to the plane of the ecliptic, is 2 degrees, 20 minutes. Whether Saturn revolves on his axis is not known: it is certain he enjoys but one 90th part of the light and heat from the sun that we do. An eye in Saturn sees no primary planets but Jupiter, and the Georgian planet.

Saturn has seven satellites moving round him, *viz.*

	Revolves in D : H : M S	at the distance of	Miles.
First	1 : 21 : 19		146,000
Second	2 : 17 : 41		187,000
Third	4 : 13 : 47		263,000
Fourth	15 : 22 : 41		600,000
Fifth	79 : 22 : 4		1,800,000
Sixth	0 : 8 : 53 : 9″		35″,058
Seventh	0 : 22 : 40 : 46″		27″,366

The fourth satellite, which is the largest of them all, was first discovered by the famous Christopher Huygens, in the beginning of the year 1665. The first, second, third, and fifth, were all discovered by Mr. Cassini, betwixt the years 1671 and 1684.

The sixth and seventh satellites owe their discovery to the indefatigable labours of Dr. Herschel. His account of them was first read to the Royal Society, Nov. 12, 1789. Though, in point of situation, they are, very probably, the first and second in the Saturnian system; they are called by him the sixth and seventh, that we may not be liable to mistakes in referring to former observations, or tables, where the other five satellites are mentioned in the old order.

Saturn has a vast solid ring, different from all the other planets, which encompasses his body, as an horizon does a globe; it is about 21,000 miles broad, and as much distant from Saturn's body. The thickness of it is to us almost invisible; perhaps it may be 500 or 1000 miles. This ring casts a vast shadow upon the body of the planet, and it must occasion very strange and different celestial appearances to the Saturnian inhabitants, if any such there be.

Saturn also has been found, by some late observations, particularly those of Dr. Herschel, to be surrounded, like the planet Jupiter, with several belts parallel to his equator, and variable in their appearances.

The mean distance of the Georgian planet from the sun, is 1,800,000,000 miles; his year is equal to about 83 of ours; the inclination of his orbit to the plane of the ecliptic, is 43 min. 35 sec.; his diameter is 34,217 miles. This planet has two satellites moving round him; the first revolves in 8 days, 17 hours, 1 min. 19 sec. at the distance of 33 seconds; the second revolves in 13 days, 11 hours, 5 minutes, 1 second, 5 thirds, at the distance of 44 seconds, 23 thirds.

The Georgian planet was discovered by Dr. Herschel in the year 1781, and so called by him in honour of his Majesty King George III. its satellites were discovered by him in the year 1786.

The light of this planet is of a bluish white colour, and in brilliancy, between that of the moon and Venus.

With telescopes of a small power it can hardly be distinguished from a fixed star of between the 6th and 7th magnitude. In a very fine clear night, when the moon is absent, it may also be seen by the naked eye.

The superior planets, as well as the inferior, are, by turns, morning and evening stars; and they appear direct, stationary, and retrograde.

The proportional distance of all the planets from the sun, may be learned from the following table:

Mercury	—	—	387
Venus	—	—	723
Earth	—	—	1000
Mars	—	—	1523
Jupiter	—	—	5201
Saturn	—	—	9539
Georgian planet	—		19034

As the orbits of all the planets are inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, some more and some less, they all have latitude; that is, they are always at some distance from the plane of the ecliptic, except when they are just in the nodes of their orbits. Their latitude, as it would appear to an eye placed in the sun, is called their heliocentric latitude; as it is seen from the earth it is called their geocentric latitude. Now, though the greatest heliocentric latitude of any planet is but just equal to the inclination of its orbit to the plane of the ecliptic, yet its geocentric latitude may be much greater. For instance, the greatest heliocentric latitude of Venus is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ degrees; but as she is much nearer the earth, at one time than another, she will appear under a greater angle with the plane of the ecliptic; or a line drawn from the observer's eye to Venus, will make a greater angle with the plane of the ecliptic at one time than another, that is, when she is nearer than when she is farther off: and consequently though her heliocentric latitude were exactly the same in both cases,

cases, yet her geocentric latitude would be very different. And thus it is, that Venus has at some times, *viz.* when she is nearest the earth and retrograde, more than 8 degrees latitude; and it is on this account the zodiac is made to extend somewhat above 8 degrees, on each side of the ecliptic, that it may be broad enough to take in the apparent paths of the planets.

COROLLARY.

The superior planets appearing direct, stationary, and retrograde, is a proof of the earth's annual motion round the sun; for if it had no such motion, they never could appear otherwise than direct.

That all the planets, both primary and secondary, may be habitable worlds, is a notion, (however laughed at by the vulgar, yet) not without a reasonable probability. For who that has seen any engine, a windmill for instance, in his own country, and knows the use of it is to grind corn; if he travels into another country, and there sees an engine of the same sort, will not reasonably conclude that it is designed for the same purpose? So when we know that the use of this planet, the earth, is for an habitation of various sorts of animals; and we see other planets at a distance from us, some bigger, and some less than the earth, all of them solid bodies, much of the same shape with the earth; one, at least, encompassed with an atmosphere as the earth is; all moving periodically round the sun; most, if not all, of them revolving on their own axis, just as the earth does; and some of them attended with moons, to enlighten them in the night: is it not highly reasonable to conclude, that they are all designed for the same use that the earth is, and that they are habitable worlds like this in which we live?

What use can we conceive of Jupiter's and Saturn's moons, and those of the Georgian planet, which are not visible to us without the help of telescopes, unless they are to enlighten those planets in the night? And of what use can their light be to those planets, if there be no inhabitants to enjoy the benefit of it? Nay, of how little use are any even of the primary planets to our world? How little is the light which they afford us? And as for any influence upon us and our world, which the astrologers ascribe to them, which they conceit to be different, according to their different aspects *, and by which they pretend to foretel future events; it is most certainly all a groundless and foolish conceit. Whoever considers the vast distance of the planets from us, and that their aspects are according to natural laws, will not easily believe they can have any such influence at all.

§ 7. *Of Comets.*

Comets, or blazing-stars, were anciently supposed to be meteors, or exhalations, set on fire in the highest region of the air; but the modern astronomers have found that they are above the orbit of the moon. Most probably they are a sort of excentrical planets, which move periodically round the sun.

Their orbits are very long ellipses, having the sun in one focus.

The proper motion of comets is not the same in all, but each has its peculiar course. Some go from west to east, others from east to west; some from north to south, others again from south to north, in all planes and directions: so that they are not, as the planets are, contained within the zodiac.

Not many more than twenty comets have yet been observed; at least so as that their paths in the heavens have been traced and described. The time in which they complete their revolution is not yet known, except perhaps of two or three of them.

When the comets descend near to the sun, they become visible, and continue so for some time while they are ascending again from him: but as they remove further off, we lose sight of them by degrees; until at length they run out into far distant regions, where they are quite invisible to us, in by far the greater part of their orbits.

* Aspects of the heavenly bodies, signifying their situation in the zodiac, with respect to one another, or their distance from one another in longitude. The names and characters of the different aspects are,

1. ✶ Sextile, when they are two signs, or 60 degrees from one another.
2. □ Quartile, when they are three signs, or 90 degrees distant.
3. △ Trine, when they are four signs, or 120 degrees distant.
4. ☍ Opposition, when they are six signs, or 180 degrees distant.
5. ☌ Conjunction, when they are in the same sign and degree.

N. B. Two bodies are said to be in conjunction when both are upon the same line of longitude, though they may not be in the same point of the heavens; but several degrees distant from each other in respect of latitude. Thus Mercury and the moon may be in conjunction, when yet they are 12 degrees asunder; that is, when the former has near 7 degrees of latitude on one side of the ecliptic, and the latter above 5 degrees latitude on the other side.

When

When a comet descends near to the sun, it is set on fire; and its tail seems to be nothing else but a long and very thin smoke, or train of vapours streaming from it, which always points to the region opposite to the sun.

The popular division of comets into three kinds, *viz.* cauduti or tailed, barbati or bearded, and criniti or hairy, arises not from any real difference of comets from one another, but from different circumstances of the same comet. For instance,

When a comet is moving towards the sun the train of vapours follows it, like a tail.

When it is moving from the sun, after its perihelion, the luminous vapour marches before it, in the manner of a beard.

When the vapour is projected directly behind the comet from us, it is then hid from our view, excepting that we see a little of it appearing round the comet, like a border of hair. This appearance may be accounted for, partly, from the train of vapours widening as it recedes from the head (as it always does), so that we see a little of the remoter part round the body of the comet; and partly, because the vapour is raised, by the heat of the sun, chiefly from the side or hemisphere which is towards the sun, and is thrown off, by the gravitation, the contrary way. For as in our air, the smoke of a heated body ascends from the earth, towards which the body gravitates; so in the heavens, where all bodies gravitate towards the sun, smoke or vapour must ascend from the sun; therefore the vapour which is raised from that side of a comet which is towards the sun, is turned back again, and thrown the contrary way. Consequently when the comet is opposite to the sun, and the heated side is towards us, the vapour, in returning back, is seen round the edge of the disk of the comet, and helps to form what is vulgarly called the hair.

N. B. The tail or beard of a comet appears longer or shorter, not only as it is really projected to a further or less distance from the head, but as it appears to us making a greater or less angle, with a line drawn from our eye to the comet. When we see it at right angles, or any great angle, it appears long; but if at a small angle it appears short.

Sir Isaac Newton has computed that the great comet, which appeared 1680 and 1681, was heated, by its near approach to the sun, to the degree of near 2000 times the heat of red hot iron.

Bodies that can endure so intense a heat, without being entirely dissipated and destroyed, must needs be very hard and solid; such therefore, no doubt, the comets are.

Helvetius, by measuring the comet that appeared 1665, found its diameter to be three times as long as that of the earth; consequently the body of that comet must be twenty-seven times greater than the earth *.

The comet which appeared 1759, is supposed to be the same that appeared 1682, and before in 1607 and 1531; whose period must therefore be 75 or 76 years; and whose return may be expected 1835 or 1836. Its greatest distance from the sun, to its least, is as 60 to 1: and its greatest light and heat, to its least, as about 3600 to 1.

The comet which appeared 1661, is supposed to be the same that appeared 1532, whose period is therefore about 126 years†. Its greatest distance to its least, is computed to be more than 100 to 1, and its greatest light and heat to its least, more than 10,000 to 1.

The great comet which appeared 1680 and 1681, is supposed to be the same that appeared in the 44th year before the Christian Æra, and again A. D. 531 or 532, again 1106, and lastly 1680; therefore the time of its revolution must be 576 years, and its next appearance may be expected in the year 2256. Its greatest distance to its least, is about 20,000 to 1, and its greatest light and heat to its least, above 400,000,000 to 1.

We know but little, or rather nothing certainly, of the use of comets. They seem, in their present state, to be very unfit for the habitation of animals, because of their intense heat, when they are in one part of their orbit, *viz.* nearest the sun, and their extreme cold in the opposite part. But yet God could, no doubt, make creatures who should should be capable of enduring both these extremes. To imagine that the appearing of a comet is ominous, and that it forebodes some approaching calamity to any part of the earth, is a superstitious conceit, without any foundation in reason; and it seems to be

* Spheres are to one another as the cubes of their diameters.

† From the disappointment which took place in the year 1789, when this period returned, it is most probable that these were different comets, whose periods are not yet ascertained.

‡ The pole star is a star of the second magnitude, in the tip of the tail of the little bear, and is very near the exact north pole of the world.

con-

condemned in ſcripture. *Jerem.* x. 2. *Thus ſaith the Lord, learn not the Way of the Heathen, and be not diſmayed at the Signs of the Heavens; for the Heathen are diſmayed at them.*

§ 8. *Of the fixed Stars.*

That the fixed ſtars are at a very great diſtance from the earth, may be concluded from the north pole of the earth pointing as directly to the pole ſtar *, when the earth is at Aries, as when it is at Libra; though thoſe two points in the earth's orbit are at the diſtance of 190,000 000 miles from each other, which, it ſeems, amounts to no more than an inſenſible point, in reſpect to the diſtance of the fixed ſtars †.

The fixed ſtars being viſible to us at ſuch a vaſt diſtance, makes it highly probable that they are very large bodies.

They are probably alſo at vaſt diſtances from one another, which may be one cauſe of their appearing of ſuch different magnitudes. They ſeem, by the luſtre of their appearance, to emit light like the ſun; and, indeed, if they only reflected light, they could hardly be viſible to us at all at ſo great a diſtance.

Scarce 2000 ſtars can be ſeen by the naked eye; but ten, or, perhaps, twenty times more, may be diſcerned by teleſcopes. The diſcoveries of Dr. Herſchel prove, that their number is conſiderably greater than former aſtronomers have ſuppoſed.

Thus, in the Pleiades, where only ſix ſtars are to be ſeen with the naked eye, Dr. Hook counted 78 with a twelve-foot teleſcope; and with longer teleſcopes he diſcovered a great many more. (See his Micography, p. 241.) And in the conſtellation Orion, where but 62 ſtars can be counted with the naked eye, 2000 have been numbered with the help of teleſcopes.

Can we think that God made theſe vaſt and numerous bodies only to twinkle to us in the night? or is it not a more reaſonable conjecture that the fixed ſtars are all ſuns with planetary worlds moving round them, like our ſun? which, perhaps, is no other than one of the fixed ſtars.

All the fixed ſtars are like the ſun, immoveable in their places, but all of them are not invariable as to the luſtre of their appearance. Some of them appear and diſappear periodically, as that in the neck of the Whale, which is inviſible for eight or nine months in the year; and in the other three or four months of its appearance, it is continually changing its luſtre and brightneſs; which may, perhaps, be owing to the ſtar's being covered with dark ſpots, ſuch as we ſee in the ſun, over the greateſt part of its ſurface. And, ſuppoſing it to have a rotation on its axis, like our ſun, but ſlower; it preſents, at ſome times, its bright part to our view, upon which it becomes viſible; at other times it turns its dark ſide to us, and then we cannot ſee it.

New ſtars have alſo been obſerved to appear, as one in the Swan's breaſt, which was firſt taken notice of by Kepler, in the year 1600. And old ſtars have diſappeared, and become inviſible. For inſtance, one in the Pleiades, which were formerly ſeven ſtars, and are called ſo ſtill, though no more than ſix have been viſible to the naked eye for ſeveral ages paſt. It ſeems the ſeventh was loſt as long ago as Ovid's time, by this verſe in the third book of his Faſti:

Quæ ſeptem dici, ſex tamen eſſe ſolent.

And we are aſſured by the catalogues of the fixed ſtars, which were made by the ancient aſtronomers, and even ſo late as by Tycho, that ſeveral ſtars were obſerved by them, which are now become inviſible. But whether theſe are periodical ſtars, like that in the Whale's neck, only with a ſlower motion; or whether the new ones are new creations; and whether the old ones, that have diſappeared, are burnt out and extinguiſhed; are matters which ſurpaſs the knowledge of the philoſophers of this world.

CHAP. III.

CHRONOLOGY. Jennings.

§ 1. *Of the Diviſions of Time.*

The moſt common diviſions of time are into days, hours, weeks, months and years.

* The Pole ſtar is a ſtar of the ſecond magnitude, in the tip of the tail of the *little Bear*, and is very near the exact North Pole of the world.

† It appears from Dr. Bradley's Obſervations that, at leaſt, the diſtance of the neareſt ſtar from the earth is 400,000 times as great as the diſtance of the ſun. In order to obtain the beſt idea of this vaſt diſtance, it is moſt convenient to compare it with the velocity of ſome moving body, by which it may be meaſured. A cannon ball has been found to move about 7 miles and ¼ in a minute. Sound, according to Derham, 13 miles in a minute. According to the preſent known diſtance of the ſun, (95,000,000) a cannon ball, with the above velocity, would be near 25 years paſſing from the earth to it. Sound would move through that ſpace in near 14 years. Light is found to move through that ſpace in near 8 minutes. Suppoſe, therefore, the diſtance of the ſtar 400,000 times greater than that of the ſun; light would be 6 years in coming to the earth; ſound would be 5,600,000 years: a cannon ball nearly 10000000 years in traverſing that ſpace."

I. Days are either natural or artificial.

A natural day is the space of time which flows while the sun goes from any meridian to the same meridian again; or from any hour one day, to the same hour the next day. These days are always of the same length, very nearly.

An artificial day is from sun-rise to sun-set. These days are of different lengths, at different times of the year, all the world over, except at the equator and the poles.

Different nations have begun the natural day differently.

The Jews began the day from sun-set.

The Babylonians from sun-rising.

The Egyptians from midnight; in which they are followed by most modern nations of Europe.

Only the astronomers begin the day at noon, and count 24 hours till the noon of the next day, and not twice twelve, according to vulgar computation.

II. Hours are also either natural or artificial.

A natural hour is the 24th part of a natural day. The hour is divided into 60 minutes; the minute into 60 seconds, &c.

An artificial hour is the 12th part of the artificial day or night. This was used by some of the ancients.

III. A week is a system of seven days. The first is called Sunday, or Lord's-day; the second, Monday, &c. In Latin they are named after the planets. Sunday is Dies Solis; Monday, Lunæ; Tuesday, Martis; Wednesday, Mercurii; Thursday, Jovis; Friday, Veneris; Saturday, Saturni*.

IV. Months are either astronomical or civil.

The astronomical month is either lunar or solar.

The lunar month is that space of time which the moon takes up in performing its course through the zodiac.

The solar month is that space in which the sun goes through one sign, or 30 degrees of the zodiac.

The civil or kalendar month consists of a certain number of days, according to the laws or customs of different countries. The English, and most other European nations, make 12 months in a year, viz. January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

The number of days in each month is found by the following canon.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February hath Twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have Thirty-one.

V. Years are again either astronomical or civil.

The astronomical year is either solar or lunar.

The solar year is siderial, or tropical.

The siderial year is the space that flows while the sun is passing from any fixed star, to the same again. It consists of 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 14 seconds.

The tropical year is the space that flows while the sun passes from either tropic, or from any point of the ecliptic, to the same again. This is somewhat short of the siderial year, because every point of the ecliptic goes backwards about 50 seconds of a degree in a year, thereby meeting the sun, as it were; which makes the sun return to the

* The ancient Saxons had a great many idols, seven of which were appropriated to the seven days of the week, because of some worship that was paid to each idol on its respective day, viz.

1. The Sun.

2. The Moon.

3. Tuiseo, who had been a man of great renown among the Germans, after whom they called themselves Tuitshen, that is, Tuitshmen; from whence comes the modern name Dutchmen. The third day of the week was especially dedicated to the worship of this idol, which was therefore called Tuisday, or Tuesday.

4. Woden, who had been a famous warrior, and was therefore honoured as the god of battle, in like manner as Mars was among the Romans. He was chiefly worshipped on the fourth day of the week, which was called Wodensday or Wednesday.

5. Thor, the god who was supposed to govern the winds and clouds, and to whom they prayed for seasonable weather, and that especially on the fifth day of the week, called therefore Thorsday or Thursday.

6. Friga, a goddess, reputed the giver of peace and plenty; for which gifts they prayed to her chiefly on the sixth day, which was therefore called Frigedead; from whence comes the name Friday.

Seater, to whom they prayed for protection, freedom and concord; and also for the fruits of the earth. He was worshipped on the seventh day of the week, which therefore received the name Seater-day from this idol; or, as we now write it, Saturday.

The Romans finding, or fancying, some resemblance between the attributes of those Saxon idols, and several of their gods, imagined them to be the same. As Woden they supposed to be Mars; Thor to be Jupiter the thunderer; Friga to be Venus the goddess of love and friendship; and especially because Venus was honoured by them on the same day of the week. Seater they mistook for Saturn, merely because of the like sound as of the name.

Vide *Verstegan's Restitution of decayed Intelligence*, Page 68.

same

ſame point of the ecliptic, about 20 minutes of time before he arrives at the ſame fixed ſtar, where that point of the ecliptic was when the ſun was in it a year ago. The tropical year therefore is ſhorter than the ſiderial year, and conſiſts of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 57 ſeconds.

The lunar year is either wandering or fixed.

The wandering lunar year conſiſts of 12 lunar ſynodical months; which wants 11 days of the ſolar year. This year is uſed by the Turks and other Mahometans; ſo that the beginning of their year is perpetually ſhifting through the ſeveral ſeaſons, and it revolves in 32 years.

The fixed lunar or lunæ-ſolar year conſiſts ſometimes of 12 ſynodical months, ſometimes of 13; as will be ſhewn afterwards.

The civil year is either Julian or Gregorian.

The Julian is ſo called from Julius Cæſar, by whom it was fixed 40 years before Chriſt. It conſiſts of 365 days; only every fourth year, which is called biſſextile, or leap year, conſiſts of 366. The additional day is now put to the end of February, ſo that February has that year 29 days: but in the ancient Roman calendar the ſixth of the calends of March, anſwering to our 24th of February, was that year reckoned twice over; from whence is the name biſſextile.

The Gregorian year is ſo called from Pope Gregory XIII. by whoſe order the calendar was reformed A. D. 1582. It begins at preſent 11 days before the Julian. Every centeſſimal or hundredth year from the birth of Chriſt, as 1500, 1600, 1700, &c. is leap year, according to the Julian account; but according to the Gregorian, it is always a common year, except when the number of centuries can be divided by 4 without a remainder; for then it is leap year. Thus the years 1600 and 2000 are leap years; but the intermediate centeſſimal years are common ones. So that the Gregorian year, or new ſtyle, which is now generally uſed, gets before the Julian, or old ſtyle, 3 days in 400 years.

To know if it be Leap Year.

Leap year is given, when four will divide the cent'ries compleat, or odd years beſide.

EXAMPLE *for* 1791.

1791÷4, remain 3, not Leap Year.

EXAMPLE *for* 1792.

1792÷4, remains 0, Leap Year.

§ 2. *Of Calendars.*

The calendar (in Arabic all-manach, from whence is the Engliſh word almanack) is a table, in which all the days of the year are ſet down ſucceſſively; with holy-days, both eccleſiaſtical and civil, terms, &c. marked in their proper places. This table of days is divided into 52 weeks, of 7 days each, and 1 day over, by means of the firſt ſeven letters of the alphabet A, B, C, D, E, F, G, perpetually recurring throughout the year. A ſtands againſt the 1ſt of January. B againſt the 2d, and ſo on to December the 31ſt, which has A joined to it. The letter which ſtands againſt all the ſundays of the year, is called the dominical or ſunday letter, for that year. If January the 1ſt be ſunday, A is the dominical letter, which ſtands againſt every ſunday throughout the year, except it be leap year; for then the dominical letter changes at the end of February, moving a letter backwards: ſo that G will be the ſunday letter during the remainder of the year; for the dominical letter always ſhifts backwards, as from A to G, from G to F, and from F to E. If E be the dominical letter this year, D will be the next.

To find the Dominical Letter for any Year.

Divide the cent'ries by 4; and twice what does remain

Take from 6; and then add to the number you gain

The odd years and their 4th; which dividing by ſeven,

What is left take from 7, and the letter is given.

EXAMPLE *for* 1791.

17÷4 remains 1

1×2=2

4+91+22=117

117÷7 remain 5

7−5=2=B, the Dominical Letter.

By the dominical letter, you may compute on what day of the week any day of the month will fall throughout the year, by the following canon.

1 2 3 4 5 6

At Dover Dwells George Brown Eſquire,

7 8 9 10 11 12

Good Chriſtopher Finch, And David Frier.

Where the 12 words anſwer to the 12 months; the firſt letter of each word ſtands in the calendar againſt the firſt day of the correſponding month, as A againſt January the 1ſt, D againſt February the 1ſt, &c. Suppoſe B is the dominical letter, I would know on what day of the week June the 24th falls that year. E ſtands againſt June the 1ſt, per canon. Remember that the 1ſt, 8th, 15th, 22d, 29th, is the ſame day of the week in each month. Now if B be Sunday, E is Wedneſday; therefore June the 22d is Wedneſday, and the 24th is Friday.

§ 3. *Of Cycles.*

Cycles, or periods, are ſuch ſpaces of time as revolve into themſelves again; of which ſort the moſt conſiderable are,

The cycle { of the ſun, of the moon, of the Roman indiction.

1. The cycle of the ſun conſiſts of 28 years, which contain all the poſſible combinations of the dominical letters, in reſpect to their ſucceſſive order, as pointing out common years and leap years: ſo that after the expiration of the cycle, the days of the month return in the ſame order to the ſame days of the week, throughout the next cycle. Except that upon every centeſſimal year, which is not a leap year, the letters muſt all be removed one place forward, to make them anſwer to the years of the cycle. For inſtance, if the year 1800 were a leap year, as every centeſſimal year is in the Julian account, the dominical letters would be E D, and C would be the dominical letter of the next year; but as it is a common year in the Gregorian account, D is the dominical letter of 1801, which anſwers to the 18th of the cycle; C to the 19th &c. until the next centeſſimal year.

The dominical letter of each year in this cycle, until the year 1800, appears in the following table.

1	DC	6	D	11	E	16	F	21	G	F	26	G
2	B	7	C	12	D	17	E	D	22	E	27	F
3	A	8	B	13	C	B	18	C	23	D	28	E
4	G	9	A	G	14	A	19	B	24	C		
5	F	E	10	F	15	G	20	A	25	B	A	

2. The cycle of the moon is a period of 19 years, after which the new and full moons return on the ſame days of the months; only 1 hour 28 minutes ſooner: ſo that on whatever days the new and full moons fall this year, they will happen 19 years hence on the ſame days of the months. Except when a centeſſimal common year falls within the cycle, that will remove the new and full moons a day later in the calendar, than otherwiſe they would have fallen; ſo that a new moon which fell, before the centeſſimal year, ſuppoſe on march 10th, will fall 19 years afterwards on March 11th.

The number of the years in this cycle is called the prime, from its uſe inpointing out the firſt day of the moon (Primum Lunæ) and the golden number, as deſerving to be writ in letters of gold.

The golden numbers are thoſe placed in the firſt column of the calendar, betwixt March 21 and April 18th, both incluſive, to denote the days upon which thoſe full moons fall, which happen upon or next after March 21ſt in thoſe years, of which they are reſpectively the golden numbers. The day of ſuch full moon, or the number of days from March 1ſt to that day incluſive, is called the paſchal limit, the next ſunday, after which is Eaſter day. From whence it appears that Eaſter can never fall ſooner than march 22d, nor later than April 25th; becauſe thoſe two days are the earlieſt and lateſt ſundays that can poſſibly fall next after the firſt full moon on or after the 21ſt of March. Theſe numbers ſo placed will mark the day of the paſchal limit, till the year 1900, when they will need ſome alteration as may be ſeen in The Earl of Macclesfield's Remarks upon the Solar and the Lunar Years, in Philoſ. Tranſact. No. 495.

3. The cycle of the Roman indiction is a period of 15 years, which was uſed by the ancient Romans, but for what purpoſe is not now known. It is however uſed by the Popes, who date their acts by the years of the indiction.

The golden number, cycle of the ſun, and indiction are found for any year by this canon.

When 1, 9, 3, to the year have added been,
Divide by nineteen, twenty-eight, fifteen:
By what remains each cycle's year is ſeen *.

EXAMPLE *for* 1791.

1791	1791	1791
1	9	3
19)1792(94	28)1800(64	15)1794(119
171	168	15
2	120	29
76	112	15
6 G. N°.	8 Cy. S.	144
		135
		9 R. I.

Theſe three cycles, multiplied into one another; that is, $28 \times 19 \times 15$, amount to 7980, which is called the Julian period, after which the three foregoing cycles will begin again together. This period had its imaginary beginning 710 years before the creation, and is not yet complete. It is much uſed in chronological tables.

* The reaſon of adding theſe numbers, viz. 1 for the golden number, 9 for the cycle of the ſun, and 3 for the indiction, to the date of the Chriſtian æra, is becauſe ſo many years of the reſpective cycles were elapſed when the Chriſtian æra began. If then you divide the current year of Chriſt, with the addition of the reſpective number, by the whole number of the cycle, the quotient ſhews how many compleat cycles have run out, ſince the beginning of that in which the Chriſtian æra commenced, and the remainder, if any, ſhews the preſent year of the cycle; if there be no remainder, it is the laſt year, which compleats the cycle.

§ 4. *Of*

§ 4. *Of the Epact.*

The Epact * is a number arising from the exceſs of the ſolar year above the lunar, of 12 ſynodical months, which exceſs is 11 days; or the epact of any year expreſſes the number of days from the laſt new moon of the old year, (which was the beginning of the preſent lunar year) to the 1ſt of January. The firſt year of the cycle of the moon the epact is 0, becauſe the lunar year begins with the ſolar. On the ſecond, the lunar year has begun 11 days before the ſolar year, therefore the epact is 11. On the third it has begun twice 11 days before the ſolar year, therefore the epact is 22. On the fourth it begins three times 11 days ſooner than the ſolar year; the epact would therefore be 33, but 30, being an intire ſynodical month, muſt that year be intercalated; or that year muſt be reckoned to conſiſt of 13 ſynodical months, and there remains 3, which is the true epact of the year; and ſo on to the end of the cycle, adding 11 to the epact of the laſt year, and always rejecting 30, gives the epact of the preſent year. Thus to adjuſt the lunar year to the ſolar, through the whole cycle of 19 years, 12 of them muſt conſiſt of 12 ſynodical months each, and 7 of 13, by adding a month of 30 days to every year when the epact would exceed 30, and a month of 29 days to the laſt year of the cycle, which make in all 209 days, i. e. 19×11; ſo that the intercalary or embolimean years in this cycle are 4, 7, 10, 12, 15, 18, 19.

A general Rule to find the Gregorian Epact.

Let the cent'ries by 4 be divided, and then
What remains multiplied by the number 17;
Forty-three times the quotient, and 86 more
Add to that; and dividing by 5 and a ſcore;
From 11 times the prime, ſubſtract the laſt quote,
And rejecting the thirties, gives the epact you ſought.

EXAMPLE *for* 1791.

17÷4 remains 1
1×17=17
43×4+86+17=275
275÷25=11
11×6=66
66—11=55
55÷30 remain 25=Epact.

To find the Epact until the Year 1900.

The prime wanting one multiplied by 11,
And the thirties rejected, the epact is given.

EXAMPLE *for* 1791.

6—1×11=55
55÷30 remain 25=Epact.

A table of the golden numbers and their correſponding epacts until the year 1900.

G. N.	Epac.	G. N.	Ep.	G. N.	Ep.	G. N.	Ep.
1 —	0	6 ---	25	11 ---	20	16 ---	15
2 —	11	7 ---	6	12 ---	1	17 ---	26
3 —	22	8 ---	17	13 ---	12	18 ---	7
4 —	3	9 ---	28	14 ---	23	19 ---	18
5 —	14	10 ---	9	15 ---	4		

Eaſter may be computed from the epact by the two following canons.

To find Eaſter Limit, or the Day of the Paſchal Full Moon, from March the 1ſt inclusive.

Add ſix to the epact, reject 3 times 10,
What's left take from 50, the limit you gain:
Which if 50, one leſs you muſt make it, and even
When 49 too, if prime's more than 11.

EXAMPLE *for* 1791.

25+6=31
30—30=1
50—1=49=Limits.

By the Limit, and Dominical Letter to find Eaſter Day.

If the letter and 4 from the limit you take,
And what's left from next number which ſevens will make;
Adding then to the limit what laſt does remain,
You the days from St. David's to Eaſter obtain.

EXAMPLE *for* 1791.

49—4—2=43
49—43=6
49+6=55=April 24th, Eaſter Day.

The age or change of the moon may be found, pretty nearly, by the following canon, in which the 12 numbers anſwer to the 12 months, beginning with January.

Janus 0, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
8, 8, 10, 10, theſe to the epact fix,
The ſum, bate 30, to the month's day add,
Or take from 30, age or change is had.

EXAMPLE *for* 1791.

25+1+10=36
36—30=6=Moon's Age.
25+1=26
30—26=4=Day of the Change.

To find the Time of the Moon's coming to the South, and of High-Water at London-Bridge.

Four times the moon's age, if by 5 you divide,
Gives the hour of her ſouthing; add 2 for the tide †.

§ 5. *Of Epochas or Æras.*

An epocha or æra is a fixed point of time, at or near to which ſome remarkable event has happened, from whence a ſeries of years is computed; as, from the creation of the world.

* Derived from ἐπαγειν, to add or intercalate.

† The high water does not always anſwer to the ſame ſituation of the moon, but happens ſometimes ſooner, and ſometimes later, than if the moon alone acted on the ſea. This proceeds from the action of the ſun. The different diſtances of the moon from the earth, produce likewiſe a ſenſible variation in the tides.

world, from the deluge, from the birth of Chriſt, &c.

As the conſtitution of epochas is merely arbitrary, and not founded on any aſtronomical conſiderations, different nations have made uſe of different epochas, commonly taken from ſome remarkable occurrence in their reſpective hiſtories. Thus the Romans computed their years from the building of Rome. The Greeks from the firſt inſtitution of the Olympic games, which were celebrated at the beginning of every fifth year. Hence they computed their years by Olympiads, each Olympiad containing four years. The Turks and Arabians, and generally all that profeſs the Mahometan religion, uſe the epocha of the Hegeira, which is computed from the time of Mahomet's flight from Mecca to Medina. The ancient Jews made uſe of various epochas, taken from remarkable occurrences in their hiſtory, as from their Exodus or departure from Egypt, from the building of Solomon's temple, from the Aſſyrian and Babylonian captivities, &c. The modern Jews uſe, principally, the epocha of the creation. The epocha of Chriſt, or A. D. i. e. the year of our Lord commencing from our Saviour's nativity, is now chiefly uſed by Chriſtians, at leaſt throughout Europe; for the Abyſſinian Chriſtians are ſaid to uſe the Dioclefian æra, in all their eccleſiaſtical computations; which is otherwiſe called the æra of the martyrs, becauſe of the great number of Chriſtians that ſuffered martyrdom in the reign of the emperor Dioclefian. The vulgar Chriſtian æra, whoſe author was Dionyſius Exiguus, an Abbot of Rome, in the fifth century, is allowed by the beſt chronologers to begin four years too late, or after the true time of Chriſt's birth: yet long uſe has now ſo eſtabliſhed it, that there is leſs inconvenience in uſing it with that error, than there would be in correcting it. Dionyſius dated his æra from the conception of Chriſt, which he ſuppoſed to be on March 25th, which method obtained in England until the year 1752. But now the firſt of January is reckoned the beginning of the year in all the Britiſh dominions, as well as by moſt other nations of Europe.

Beſides theſe great epochas, as we may call them, it has been uſual to compute by leſſer epochas, commencing with the beginning of the reign of emperors and kings, and expiring at their death. Thus the ancient Romans reckoned by the years of the reign of their emperors; and thus in England the anno regni, which is computed from the beginning of the king's reign, is generally uſed in acts of parliament, and law inſtruments.

CHAP. IV.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Extracts from Mr. PENNANT'*s Britiſh Zoology.*

§ 1. *The* HORSE.

THE breed of horſes in Great Britain is as mixed as that of its inhabitants: the frequent introduction of foreign horſes has given us a variety, that no ſingle country can boaſt of: moſt other kingdoms produce only one kind, while ours, by a judicious mixture of the ſeveral ſpecies, by the happy difference of our ſoils, and by our ſuperior ſkill in management, may triumph over the reſt of Europe, in having brought each quality of this noble animal to the higheſt perfection.

In the annals of Newmarket, may be found inſtances of horſes that have literally out-ſtripped the wind, as the celebrated M. Condamine has lately ſhewn in his remarks on thoſe of Great Britain. Childers is an amazing inſtance of rapidity, his ſpeed having been more than once exerted equal to 82½ feet in a ſecond, or near a mile in a minute: the ſame horſe has alſo run the round courſe at Newmarket (which is about 400 yards leſs than four miles) in ſix minutes and forty ſeconds; in which caſe his fleetneſs is to that of the ſwifteſt Barb, as four to three; the former, according to Doctor Maty's computation, covering at every bound a ſpace of ground equal in length to twenty-three feet royal, the latter only that of eighteen feet and a half royal.

Horſes of this kind derive their origin from Arabia; the ſeat of the pureſt, and moſt generous breed.

The ſpecies uſed in hunting, is a happy combination of the former with others ſuperior in ſtrength, but inferior in point of ſpeed and lineage: an union of both is neceſſary; for the fatigues of the chace muſt be

be ſupported by the ſpirit of the one, as well as by the vigour of the other.

No country can bring a parallel to the ſtrength and ſize of our horſes deſtined for the draught; or to the activity and ſtrength united of thoſe that form our cavalry.

In our capital there are inſtances of ſingle horſes that are able to draw on a plain, for a ſmall ſpace, the weight of three tons; but could with eaſe, and for a continuance, draw half that weight. The pack-horſes of Yorkſhire, employed in conveying the manufactures of that county to the moſt remote parts of the kingdom, uſually carry a burden of 420 pounds; and that indifferently over the higheſt hills of the north, as well as the moſt level roads; but the moſt remarkable proof of the ſtrength of our Britiſh horſes, is to be drawn from that of our mill-horſes: ſome of theſe will carry, at one load, thirteen meaſures, which, at a moderate computation of 70 pounds each, will amount to 910; a weight ſuperior to that which the leſſer ſort of camels will bear: this will appear leſs ſurpriſing, as theſe horſes are, by degrees, accuſtomed to the weight; and the diſtance they travel no greater than to and from the adjacent hamlets.

Our cavalry in the late campaigns (when they had an opportunity) ſhewed over thoſe of our allies, as well as of the French, a great ſuperiority both of ſtrength and activity: the enemy was broken through by the impetuous charge of our ſquadrons; while the German horſes, from their great weight, and inactive make, were unable to ſecond our efforts; though thoſe troops were actuated by the nobleſt ardour.

The preſent cavalry of this iſland only ſupports its ancient glory; it was eminent in the earlieſt times: our ſcythed chariots, and the activity and good diſcipline of our horſes, even ſtruck terror into Cæſar's legions: and the Britons, as ſoon as they became civilized enough to coin, took care to repreſent on their money the animal for which they were ſo celebrated. It is now impoſſible to trace out this ſpecies; for thoſe which exiſt among the *indigenæ* of Great Britain, ſuch as the little horſes of Wales and Cornwall, the hobbies of Ireland, and the ſhelties of Scotland, though admirably well adapted to the uſes of thoſe countries, could never have been equal to the work of war; but probably we had even then a larger and ſtronger breed in the more fertile and luxuriant parts of the iſland. Thoſe we employ for that purpoſe, or for the draught, are an offſpring of the German or Fleminſh breed, meliorated by our ſoil, and a judicious culture.

The Engliſh were ever attentive to an exact culture of theſe animals; and in very early times ſet a high value on their breed. The eſteem that our horſes were held in by foreigners ſo long ago as the reign of Athelſtan, may be collected from a law of that monarch prohibiting their exportation, except they were deſigned as preſents. Theſe muſt have been the native kind, or the prohibition would have been needleſs, for our commerce was at that time too limited to receive improvement from any but the German kind, to which country their own breed could be of no value.

But when our intercourſe with the other parts of Europe was enlarged, we ſoon laid hold of the advantages this gave of improving our breed. Roger de Beleſme, Earl of Shrewſbury, is the firſt that is on record: he introduced the Spaniſh ſtallions into his eſtate in Powiſland, from which that part of Wales was for many ages celebrated for a ſwift and generous race of horſes. Giraldus Cambrenſis, who lived in the reign of Henry the ſecond, takes notice of it; and Michael Drayton, cotemporary with Shakeſpear, ſings their excellence in the ſixth part of his Polyolbion. This kind was probably deſtined to mount our gallant nobility, or courteous knights for feats of chivalry, in the generous conteſts of the tilt-yard. From theſe ſprung, to ſpeak the language of the times, the Flower of Courſers, whoſe elegant form added charms to the rider; and whoſe activity and managed dexterity gained him the palm in that field of gallantry and romantic honour.

Notwithſtanding my former ſuppoſition, races were known in England in very early times. Fitz-Stephen, who wrote in the days of Henry II. mentions the great delight that the citizens of London took in the diverſion. But by his words, it appears not to have been deſigned for the purpoſes of gaming, but merely to have ſprung from a generous emulation of ſhewing a ſuperior ſkill in horſemanſhip.

Races appear to have been in vogue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to ſuch exceſs as to injure the fortunes of the nobility. The famous George Earl of Cumberland is recorded to have waſted more of his eſtate than any of his anceſtors; and chiefly by his extreme love to horſe-races, tiltings, and other expenſive diverſions. It is probable that the parſimo-

nious queen did not approve of it; for races are not among the diversions exhibited at Kenelworth by her favourite Leicester. In the following reign, were places allotted for the sport: Croydon in the South, and Garterly, in Yorkshire, were celebrated courses. Camden also says, that in 1607 there were races near York, and the prize was a little golden bell.

Not that we deny this diversion to be known in these kingdoms in earlier times; we only assert a different mode of it, gentlemen being then their own jockies, and riding their own horses. Lord Herbert of Cherbury enumerates it among the sports that gallant philosopher thought unworthy of a man of honour. "The exercise (says "he) I do not approve of, is running of "horses, there being much cheating in that "kind; neither do I see why a brave man "should delight in a creature whose chief "use is to help him to run away."

The increase of our inhabitants, and the extent of our manufactures, together with the former neglect of internal navigation to convey those manufactures, multiplied the number of our horses: an excess of wealth, before unknown in these islands, increased the luxury of carriages, and added to the necessity of an extraordinary culture of these animals: their high reputation abroad, has also made them a branch of commerce, and proved another cause of their vast increase.

As no kingdom can boast of parallel circumstances, so none can vie with us in the number of these noble quadrupeds; it would be extremely difficult to guess at the exact amount of them, or to form a periodical account of their increase: the number seems very fluctuating: William Fitz-Stephen relates, that in the reign of king Stephen, London alone poured out 20,000 horsemen in the wars of those times: yet we find that in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the whole kingdom could not supply 2000 horses to form our cavalry: and even in the year 1588, when the nation was in the most imminent danger from the Spanish invasion, all the cavalry which the nation could then furnish, amounted only to 3000: to account for this difference we must imagine, that the number of horses which took the field in Stephen's reign was no more than an undisciplined rabble; the few that appeared under the banners of Elizabeth, a corps well formed, and such as might be opposed to so formidable an enemy as was then expected: but such is their present increase, that in the late war, the number employed was 13,575; and such is our improvement in the breed of horses, that most of those which are used in our waggons and carriages of different kinds, might be applied to the same purpose: of these, our capital alone employs near 22,000.

The learned M. de Buffon has almost exhausted the subject of the natural history of the horse, and the other domestic animals; and left very little for after writers to add. We may observe, that this most noble and useful quadruped is endowed with every quality that can make it subservient to the uses of mankind; and those qualities appear in a more exalted, or in a less degree, in proportion to our various necessities.

Undaunted courage, added to a docility half reasoning, is given to some, which fits them for military services. The spirit and emulation so apparent in others, furnish us with that species, which is admirably adapted for the course; or, the more noble and generous pleasure of the chace.

Patience and perseverance appear strongly in that most useful kind destined to bear the burdens we impose on them; or that employed in the slavery of the draught.

Though endowed with vast strength, and great powers, they very rarely exert either to their master's prejudice; but on the contrary, will endure fatigues, even to death, for our benefit. Providence has implanted in them a benevolent disposition, and a fear of the human race, together with a certain consciousness of the services we can render them. Most of the hoofed quadrupeds are domestic, because necessity compels them to seek our protection: wild beasts are provided with feet and claws, adapted to the forming dens and retreats from the inclemency of the weather; but the former, destitute of these advantages, are obliged to run to us for artificial shelter, and harvested provisions: as nature, in these climates, does not throughout the year supply them with necessary food.

But still, many of our tame animals must, by accident, endure the rigour of the season: to prevent which inconvenience, their feet (for the extremities suffer first by cold) are protected by strong hoofs of a horny substance.

The tail too is guarded with long bushy hair that protects it in both extremes of weather; during the summer it serves, by its pliancy and agility, to brush off the swarms of insects which are perpetually attempting either to sting them, or to deposit their eggs in the *rectum*; the same length of hair contributes

tributes to guard them from the cold in winter. But we, by the abſurd and cruel cuſtom of docking, a practice peculiar to our country, deprive theſe animals of both advantages: in the laſt war our cavalry ſuffered ſo much on that account, that we now ſeem ſenſible of the error, and if we may judge from ſome recent orders in reſpect to that branch of the ſervice, it will, for the future, be corrected.

Thus is the horſe provided againſt the two greateſt evils he is ſubject to from the ſeaſons: his natural diſeaſes are few; but our ill uſage, or neglect, or, which is very frequent, our over care of him, bring on a numerous train, which are often fatal. Among the diſtempers he is naturally ſubject to, are the worms, the bots, and the ſtone: the ſpecies of worms that infect him are the *lumbrici*, and *aſcarides*; both theſe reſemble thoſe found in human bodies, only larger: the bots are the *erucæ*, or caterpillars of the *oeſtrus*, or gadfly: theſe are found both in the *rectum*, and in the ſtomach, and when in the latter bring on convulſions, that often terminate in death.

The ſtone is a diſeaſe the horſe is not frequently ſubject to; yet we have ſeen two examples of it; the one in a horſe near High Wycombe, that voided ſixteen *calculi*, each of an inch and a half diameter; the other was of a ſtone taken out of the bladder of a horſe, and depoſited in the cabinet of the late Dr. Mead; weighing eleven ounces. Theſe ſtones are formed of ſeveral cruſts, each very ſmooth and gloſſy; their form triangular; but their edges rounded, as if by colliſion againſt each other.

The all-wiſe creator hath finely limited the ſeveral ſervices of domeſtic animals towards the human race; and ordered that the parts of ſuch, which in their lives have been the moſt uſeful, ſhould after death contribute the leaſt to our benefit. The chief uſe that the *exuviæ* of the horſe can be applied to, is for collars, traces, and other parts of the harneſs; and thus, even after death, he preſerves ſome analogy with his former employ. The hair of the mane is of uſe in making wigs; of the tail in making the bottoms of chairs, floor-cloths, and cords; and to the angler in making lines.

§ 2. *The* Ox.

The climate of Great Britain is above all others productive of the greateſt variety and abundance of wholeſome vegetables, which, to crown our happineſs, are almoſt equally diffuſed through all its parts; this general fertility is owing to thoſe clouded ſkies, which foreigners miſtakenly urge as a reproach on our country; but let us chearfully endure a temporary gloom, which cloaths not only our meadows but our hills with the richeſt verdure. To this we owe the number, variety, and excellence of our cattle, the richneſs of our dairies, and innumerable other advantages. Cæſar (the earlieſt writer who deſcribes this iſland of Great Britain) ſpeaks of the numbers of our cattle, and adds that we neglected tillage, but lived on milk and fleſh. Strabo takes notice of our plenty of milk, but ſays we were ignorant of the art of making cheeſe. Mela informs us, that the wealth of the Britons conſiſted in cattle: and in his account of Ireland, reports that ſuch was the richneſs of the paſtures in that kingdom, that the cattle would even burſt if they were ſuffered to feed in them long at a time.

This preference of paſturage to tillage was delivered down from our Britiſh anceſtors to much later times; and continued equally prevalent during the whole period of our feodal government: the chieftain, whoſe power and ſafety depended on the promptneſs of his vaſſals to execute his commands, found it his intereſt to encourage thoſe employments that favoured that diſpoſition; that vaſſal, who made it his glory to fly at the firſt call to the ſtandard of his chieftain, was ſure to prefer that employ, which might be tranſacted by his family with equal ſucceſs during his abſence. Tillage would require an attendance incompatible with the ſervices he owed the baron, while the former occupation not only gave leiſure for thoſe duties, but furniſhed the hoſpitable board of his lord with ample proviſion, of which the vaſſal was equal partaker. The reliques of the larder of the elder Spencer are evident proofs of the plenty of cattle in his days; for after his winter proviſions may have been ſuppoſed to have been moſtly conſumed, there were found, ſo late as the month of May, in ſalt, the carcaſes of not fewer than 80 beeves, 600 bacons, and 600 muttons. The accounts of the ſeveral great feaſts in after times, afford amazing inſtances of the quantity of cattle that were conſumed in them. This was owing partly to the continued attachment of the people to grazing; partly to the preference that the Engliſh at all times gave to animal food. The quantity of cattle that appear from the lateſt calculation to have been conſumed in our metropolis, is a ſufficient argument of the vaſt

plenty

plenty of these times; particularly when we consider the great advancement of tillage, and the numberless variety of provisions, unknown to past ages, that are now introduced into these kingdoms from all parts of the world.

Our breed of horned cattle has in general been so much improved by a foreign mixture, that it is difficult to point out the original kind of these islands. Those which may be supposed to have been purely British, are far inferior in size to those on the northern part of the European continent: the cattle of the highlands of Scotland are exceeding small, and many of them, males as well as females, are hornless: the Welsh runts are much larger: the black cattle of Cornwall are of the same size with the last. The large species that is now cultivated through most parts of Great Britain are either entirely of foreign extraction, or our own improved by a cross with the foreign kind. The Lincolnshire kind derive their size from the Holstein breed; and the large hornless cattle that are bred in some parts of England come originally from Poland.

About two hundred and fifty years ago there was found in Scotland a wild race of cattle, which were of a pure white colour, and had (if we may credit Boethius) manes like lions. I cannot but give credit to the relation; having seen in the woods of Drumlanrig in North Britain, and in the park belonging to Chillingham castle in Northumberland, herds of cattle probably derived from the savage breed. They have lost their manes; but retain their colour and fierceness: they were of a middle size; long legged; and had black muzzles, and ears: their horns fine, and with a bold and elegant bend. The keeper of those at Chillingham said, that the weight of the ox was 38 stones: of the cow 28: that their hides were more esteemed by the tanners than those of the tame; and they would give six-pence per stone more for them. These cattle were wild as any deer: on being approached would instantly take to flight and galop away at full speed: never mix with the tame species; nor come near the house unless constrained by hunger in very severe weather. When it is necessary to kill any they are always shot: if the keeper only wounds the beast, he must take care to keep behind some tree, or his life would be in danger from the furious attacks of the animal; which will never desist till a period is put to his life.

Frequent mention is made of our savage cattle by historians. One relates that Robert Bruce was (in chasing these animals) preserved from the rage of a wild Bull by the intrepidity of one of his courtiers, from which he and his lineage acquired the name of Turn-Bull. Fitz-Stephen names these animals *(Uri-Sylvestres)* among those that harboured in the great forest that in his time lay adjacent to London. Another enumerates, among the provisions at the great feast of Nevil archbishop of York, six wild Bulls; and Sibbald assures us that in his days a wild and white species was found in the mountains of Scotland, but agreeing in form with the common sort. I believe these to have been the *Bisontes jubati* of Pliny, found then in Germany, and might have been common to the continent and our island: the loss of their savage vigour by confinement might occasion some change in the external appearance, as is frequent with wild animals deprived of liberty; and to that we may ascribe their loss of mane. The Urus of the Hercynian forest, described by Cæsar, book VI. was of this kind, the same which is called by the modern Germans, *Aurochs*, i. e. *Bos sylvestris*.

The ox is the only horned animal in these islands that will apply his strength to the service of mankind. It is now generally allowed, that in many cases oxen are more profitable in the draught than horses; their food, harness, and shoes being cheaper, and should they be lamed or grow old, an old working beast will be as good meat, and fatten as well as a young one.

There is scarce any part of this animal without its use. The blood, fat, marrow, hide, hair, horns, hoofs, milk, cream, butter, cheese, whey, urine, liver, gall, spleen, bones, and dung, have each their particular use in manufactures, commerce, and medicine.

The skin has been of great use in all ages. The ancient Britons, before they knew a better method, built their boats with osiers, and covered them with the hides of bulls, which served for short coasting voyages.

Primum cana salix madefacto vimine parvam
Texitur in Puppim, cæsoque induta juvenco,
Vectoris patiens, tumidum super emicat amnem:
Sic Venetus stagnante Pado, fusoque Britannus
Navigat oceano. Lucan. lib. iv. 131.

The bending willow into barks they twine;
Then line the work with spoils of slaughter'd kine.
Such are the floats Venetian fishers know,
Where in dull marshes stands the settling Po;
On such to neighbouring Gaul, allured by gain,
The bolder Britons cross the swelling main.
Rowe.

vessels

Veſſels of this kind are ſtill in uſe on the Iriſh lakes; and on the Dee and Severn: in Ireland they are called *Curach*, in England *Coracles*, from the Britiſh *Cwrwgl*, a word ſignifying a boat of that ſtructure.

At preſent, the hide, when tanned and curried, ſerves for boots, ſhoes, and numberleſs other conveniences of life.

Vellum is made of calves ſkin, and gold-beaters ſkin is made of a thin vellum, or a finer part of the ox's guts. The hair mixed with lime is a neceſſary article in building. Of the horns are made combs, boxes, handles for knives, and drinking veſſels; and when ſoftened by water, obeying the manufacturer's hand, they are formed into pellucid laminæ for the ſides of lanthorns. Theſe laſt conveniences we owe to our great king Alfred, who firſt invented them to preſerve his candle time meaſurers from the wind; or (as other writers will have it) the tapers that were ſet up before the reliques in the miſerable tattered churches of that time.

In medicine, the horns were employed as alexipharmics or antidotes againſt poiſon, the plague, or the ſmall-pox; they have been dignified with the title of Engliſh bezoar; and are ſaid to have been found to anſwer the end of the oriental kind: the chips of the hoofs, and paring of the raw hides, ſerve to make carpenters glue.

The bones are uſed by mechanics, where ivory is too expenſive; by which the common people are ſerved with many neat conveniences at an eaſy rate. From the tibia and carpus bones is procured an oil much uſed by coach-makers and others in dreſſing and cleaning harneſs, and all trappings belonging to a coach; and the bones calcined afford a fit matter for teſts for the uſe of the refiner in the ſmelting trade.

The blood is uſed as an excellent manure for fruit-trees; and is the baſis of that fine colour, the Pruſian blue.

The fat, tallow, and ſuet, furniſh us with light; and are alſo uſed to precipitate the ſalt that is drawn from briny ſprings. The gall, liver, ſpleen, and urine, have alſo their place in the *materia medica*.

The uſes of butter, cheeſe, cream, and milk, in domeſtic œconomy; and the excellence of the latter, in furniſhing a palatable nutriment for moſt people, whoſe organs of digeſtion are weakened, are too obvious to be inſiſted upon.

§ 3. *The* Sheep.

It does not appear from any of the early writers, that the breed of this animal was cultivated for the ſake of the wool among the Britons; the inhabitants of the inland parts of this iſland either went entirely naked, or were only clothed with ſkins. Thoſe who lived on the ſea-coaſts, and were the moſt civilized, affected the manners of the Gauls, and wore like them a ſort of garments made of coarſe wool, called *Brachæ*. Theſe they probably had from Gaul, there not being the leaſt traces of manufactures among the Britons, in the hiſtories of thoſe times.

On the coins or money of the Britons are ſeen impreſſed the figures of the horſe, the bull, and the hog, the marks of the tributes exacted from them by the conquerors. The Reverend Mr. Pegge was ſo kind as to inform me that he has ſeen on the coins of Cunobelin that of a ſheep. Since that is the caſe, it is probable that our anceſtors were poſſeſſed of the animal, but made no farther uſe of it than to ſtrip off the ſkin, and wrap themſelves in it, and with the wool inmoſt obtain a comfortable protection againſt the cold of the winter ſeaſon.

This neglect of manufacture, may be eaſily accounted for, in an uncivilized nation whoſe wants were few, and thoſe eaſily ſatisfied; but what is more ſurpriſing, when after a long period we had cultivated a breed of ſheep, whoſe fleeces were ſuperior to thoſe of other countries, we ſtill neglected to promote a woollen manufacture at home. That valuable branch of buſineſs lay for a conſiderable time in foreign hands; and we were obliged to import the cloth manufactured from our own materials. There ſeem indeed to have been many unavailing efforts made by our monarchs to preſerve both the wool and the manufacture of it among ourſelves. Henry the Second, by a patent granted to the weavers in London, directed that if any cloth was found made of a mixture of Spaniſh wool, it ſhould be burnt by the mayor: yet ſo little did the weaving buſineſs advance, that Edward the Third was obliged to permit the importation of foreign cloth in the beginning of his reign; but ſoon after, by encouraging foreign artificers to ſettle in England, and inſtruct the natives in their trade, the manufacture increaſed ſo greatly as to enable him to prohibit the wear of foreign cloth. Yet, to ſhew the uncommercial genius of the people, the effects of this prohibition were checked by another law, as prejudicial to trade as the former was ſalutary; this was an act of the ſame reign, againſt exporting woollen

woollen goods manufactured at home, under heavy penalties; while the exportation of wool was not only allowed but encouraged. This overſight was not ſoon rectified, for it appears that, on the alliance that Edward the Fourth made with the king of Arragon, he preſented the latter with ſome ewes and rams of the Coteſwold kind; which is a proof of their excellency, ſince they were thought acceptable to a monarch, whoſe dominions were ſo noted for the fineneſs of their fleeces.

In the firſt year of Richard the Third, and in the two ſucceeding reigns, our woollen manufactures received ſome improvements; but the grand riſe of all its proſperity is to be dated from the reign of queen Elizabeth, when the tyranny of the duke of Alva in the Netherlands drove numbers of artificers for refuge into this country, who were the founders of that immenſe manufacture we carry on at preſent. We have ſtrong inducements to be more particular on the modern ſtate of our woollen manufactures; but we deſiſt, from a fear of digreſſing too far; our enquiries muſt be limited to points that have a more immediate reference to the ſtudy of Zoology.

No country is better ſupplied with materials, and thoſe adapted to every ſpecies of the clothing buſineſs, than Great-Britain; and though the ſheep of theſe iſlands afford fleeces of different degrees of goodneſs, yet there are not any but what may be uſed in ſome branch of it. Herefordſhire, Devonſhire, and Coteſwold downs are noted for producing ſheep with remarkable fine fleeces; the Lincolnſhire and Warwickſhire kind, which are very large, exceed any for the quantity and goodneſs of their wool. The former county yields the largeſt ſheep in theſe iſlands, where it is no uncommon thing to give fifty guineas for a ram, and a guinea for the admiſſion of a ewe to one of the valuable males; or twenty guineas for the uſe of it for a certain number of ewes during one ſeaſon. Suffolk alſo breeds a very valuable kind. The fleeces of the northern parts of this kingdom are inferior in fineneſs to thoſe of the ſouth; but ſtill are of great value in different branches of our manufactures. The Yorkſhire hills furniſh the looms of that county with large quantities of wool; and that which is taken from the neck and ſhoulders is uſed (mixed with Spaniſh wool) in ſome of their fineſt cloths.

Wales yields but a coarſe wool; yet it is of more extenſive uſe than the fineſt Segovian fleeces; for rich and poor, age and youth, health and infirmities, all confeſs the univerſal benefit of the flannel manufacture.

The ſheep of Ireland vary like thoſe of Great Britain. Thoſe of the ſouth and eaſt being large, and their fleſh rank. Thoſe of the north, and the mountainous parts, ſmall, and their fleſh ſweet. The fleeces in the ſame manner differ in degrees of value.

Scotland breeds a ſmall kind, and their fleeces are coarſe. Sibbald (after Boethius) ſpeaks of a breed in the iſle of Rona, covered with blue wool; of another kind in the iſle of Hirta, larger than the biggeſt he-goat, with tails hanging almoſt to the ground, and horns as thick, and longer than thoſe of an ox. He mentions another kind, which is cloathed with a mixture of wool and hair; and a fourth ſpecies, whoſe fleſh and fleeces are yellow, and their teeth of the colour of gold; but the truth of theſe relations ought to be enquired into, as no other writer has mentioned them, except the credulous Boethius. Yet the laſt particular is not to be rejected: for notwithſtanding I cannot inſtance the teeth of ſheep, yet I ſaw in the ſummer of 1772, at Athol houſe, the jaws of an ox, with teeth thickly incruſted with a gold-coloured pyrites; and the ſame might have happened to thoſe of ſheep had they fed in the ſame grounds, which were in the valley beneath the houſe.

Beſides the fleece, there is ſcarce any part of this animal but what is uſeful to mankind. The fleſh is a delicate and wholeſome food. The ſkin dreſſed, forms different parts of our apparel; and is uſed for covers of books. The entrails, properly prepared and twiſted, ſerve for ſtrings for various muſical inſtruments. The bones calcined (like other bones in general) form materials for teſts for the refiner. The milk is thicker than that of cows, and conſequently yields a greater quantity of butter and cheeſe; and in ſome places is ſo rich, that it will not produce the cheeſe without a mixture of water to make it part from the whey. The dung is a remarkably rich manure; inſomuch, that the folding of ſheep is become too uſeful a branch of huſbandry for the farmer to neglect. To conclude, whether we conſider the advantages that reſult from this animal to individuals in particular, or to theſe kingdoms in general, we may, with Columella, conſider this in one ſenſe, as the firſt of the domeſtic animals. *Poſt majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris ſecunda ratio eſt; quæ prima ſit ſi ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas. Nam id præcipue contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibuſque noſtris liberaliora præbet velamina;*

lamina; *et etiam elegantium menſas jucundis et numeroſis dapibus exornat.*

The ſheep, as to its nature, is a moſt innocent, mild, and ſimple animal; and, conſcious of its own defenceleſs ſtate, remarkably timid: if attacked when attended by its lamb, it will make ſome ſhew of defence, by ſtamping with its feet, and puſhing with its head: it is a gregarious animal, is fond of any jingling noiſe, for which reaſon the leader of the flock has in many places a bell hung round its neck, which the others will conſtantly follow: it is ſubject to many diſeaſes: ſome ariſe from inſects which depoſit their eggs in different parts of the animal; others are cauſed by their being kept in wet paſtures; for as the ſheep requires but little drink, it is naturally fond of a dry ſoil. The dropſy, vertigo (the *pendro* of the Welſh) the phthiſic, jaundice, and worms in the liver, annually make great havoc among our flocks: for the firſt diſeaſe the ſhepherd finds a remedy, by turning the infected into fields of broom; which plant has been alſo found to be very efficacious in the ſame diſorder among the human ſpecies.

The ſheep is alſo infeſted by different ſorts of inſects: like the horſe it has its peculiar *ceſtrus*, or gadfly, which depoſits its eggs above the noſe in the frontal ſinuſes; when thoſe turn into maggots they become exceſſive painful, and cauſe thoſe violent agitations that we ſo often ſee the animal in. The French ſhepherds make a common practice of eaſing the ſheep, by trepanning and taking out the maggot; this practice is ſometimes uſed by the Engliſh ſhepherds, but not always with the ſame ſucceſs; beſides theſe inſects, the ſheep is troubled with a kind of tick and louſe, which magpies and ſtarlings contribute to eaſe it of, by lighting on its back, and picking the inſects off.

§ 4. *The* Dog.

Dr. Caius, an Engliſh phyſician, who flouriſhed in the reign of queen Elizabeth, has left, among ſeveral other tracts relating to natural hiſtory, one written expreſsly on the ſpecies of Britiſh dogs: they were wrote for the uſe of his learned friend Geſner; with whom he kept a ſtrict correſpondence; and whoſe death he laments in a very elegant and pathetic manner.

Beſides a brief account of the variety of dogs then exiſting in this country, he has added a ſyſtematic table of them: his method is ſo judicious, that we ſhall make uſe of the ſame; explain it by a brief account of each kind; and point out thoſe that are no longer in uſe among us.

SYNOPSIS OF BRITISH DOGS.

- I. The moſt generous kinds.
  - Dogs of Chace.
    - Hounds.
      - Terrier
      - Harrier
      - Blood-hound.
    - Gaze-hound
    - Grey-hound
    - Leviner, or Lyemmer
    - Tumbler.
  - Fowlers.
    - Spaniel
    - Setter
    - Water-ſpaniel, or finder.
  - Lap Dogs.
    - Spaniel gentle, or comforter.
- II. Farm Dogs.
  - Shepherd's dog
  - Maſtiff, or band dog.
- III. Mongrels.
  - Wappe
  - Turnſpit
  - Dancer.

The

The first variety is the Terrarius, or Terrier, which takes its name from its subterraneous employ; being a small kind of hound, used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey, out of their holes; and (in former times) rabbets out of their burrows into nets.

The Leverarius, or Harrier, is a species well known at present; it derives its name from its use, that of hunting the hare; but under this head may be placed the fox-hound, which is only a stronger and fleeter variety, applied to a different chase.

The Sanguinarius, or blood-hound, or the Sleuthounde of the Scots, was a dog of great use, and in high esteem with our ancestors: its employ was to recover any game that had escaped wounded from the hunter; or been killed and stole out of the forest. It was remarkable for the acuteness of its smell, tracing the lost beast by the blood it had spilt; from whence the name is derived: this species could, with the utmost certainty, discover the thief by following his footsteps, let the distance of his flight be ever so great; and through the most secret and thickest coverts: nor would it cease its pursuit, till it had taken the felon. They were likewise used by Wallace and Bruce during the civil wars. The poetical historians of the two heroes frequently relate very curious passages on this subject; of the service these dogs were of to their masters, and the escapes they had from those of the enemy. The blood-hound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland; where the borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours. The true blood-hound was large, strong, muscular, broad breasted, of a stern countenance, of a deep tan-colour, and generally marked with a black spot above each eye.

The next division of this species of dogs, comprehends those that hunt by the eye; and whose success depends either upon the quickness of their sight, their swiftness, or their subtilty.

The Agassæus, or Gaze-hound, was the first: it chased indifferently the fox, hare, or buck. It would select from the herd the fattest and fairest deer; pursue it by the eye; and, if lost for a time, recover it again by its singular distinguishing faculty; and should the beast rejoin the herd, this dog would fix unerringly on the same. This species is now lost, or at least unknown to us.

It must be observed, that the Agassæus of Dr. Caius, is a very different species from the Agasseus of Oppian, for which it might be mistaken from the similitude of names: this he describes as a small kind of dog, peculiar to Great-Britain; and then goes on with these words;

Γυρὸν, ἀσαρκότατον, λασιότριχον, ὄμμασι νωθές.
Curvum, macilentum, hispidum, oculis pigrum.

What he adds afterwards, still marks the difference more strongly;

Ῥίνεσι δ' αὖτε μάλιστα παναίσχυλος ἐστὶν ἀγασσεύς.
Naribus autem longè præstantissimus est agasseus.

From Oppian's whole description, it is plain he meant our Beagle.

The next kind is the Leporarius, or Grehound Dr Caius informs us, that it takes its name *quod præcipui gradus sit inter canes*; the first in rank among dogs: that it was formerly esteemed so, appears from the forest laws of king Canute; who enacted, that no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a gre-hound; and still more strongly from an old Welsh saying; *Wrth ei Walch, ei Farch, a'i Filgi, yr adwaenir Bonheddig:* which signifies, that you may know a gentleman by his hawk, his horse, and his gre-hound.

Froissart relates a fact not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species: when that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint castle, his favourite grehound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival Bolingbroke; as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of the former.

The variety called the Highland grehound, and now become very scarce, is of a very great size, strong, deep chested, and covered with long and rough hair. This kind was much esteemed in former days, and used in great numbers by the powerful chieftains in their magnificent hunting matches. It had as sagacious nostrils as the blood-hound, and was as fierce. This seems to be the kind Boethius styles *genus venaticum cum celerrimum tum audaciſſimum: nec modo in feras, sed in hostes etiam latronesque; præsertim si dominum ductoremve injuriam affici cernat aut in eos concitetur.*

The third species is the Levinarius, or Lorarius; the Leviner, or Lyemmer: the first name is derived from the lightness of the kind, the other from the old word *Lyemme*, a thong; this species being used to be led in a thong, and slipped at the game. Our author says, that this dog was a kind that hunted both by scent and sight; and in the form of its body observed a medium between the hound and the gre-hound. This probably is the kind now known to us by the

the name of the Iriſh grey-hound, a dog now extremely ſcarce in that kingdom, the late king of Poland having procured from them as many as poſſible. I have ſeen two or three in the whole iſland: they were of the kind called by M. de Buffon *Le grand Danois*, and probably imported there by the Danes, who long poſſeſſed that kingdom. Their uſe ſeems originally to have been for the chaſe of wolves, with which Ireland ſwarmed till the latter end of the laſt century. As ſoon as thoſe animals were extirpated, the number of the dogs decreaſed; for from that period they were kept only for ſtate.

The Vertagus, or Tumbler, is a fourth ſpecies; which took its prey by mere ſubtilty, depending neither on the ſagacity of its noſe, nor its ſwiftneſs: if it came into a warren, it neither barked, nor ran on the rabbets; but by a ſeeming neglect of them, or attention to ſomething elſe, deceived the object till it got within reach, ſo as to take it by a ſudden ſpring. This dog was leſs than the hound; more ſcraggy, and had prickt-up ears; and by Dr. Caius's deſcription, ſeems to anſwer to the modern lurcher.

The third diviſion of the more generous dogs, comprehends thoſe which were uſed in fowling; firſt the Hiſpaniolus, or Spaniel: from the name, it may be ſuppoſed, that we were indebted to Spain for this breed: there were two varieties of this kind, the firſt uſed in hawking, to ſpring the game, which are the ſame with our ſtarters.

The other variety was uſed only for the net, and was called Index, or the ſetter; a kind well known at preſent. This kingdom has long been remarkable for producing dogs of this ſort, particular care having been taken to preſerve the breed in the utmoſt purity. They are ſtill diſtinguiſhed by the name of Engliſh ſpaniels; ſo that notwithſtanding the derivation of the name, it is probable they are natives of Great-Britain. We may ſtrengthen our ſuſpicion by ſaying, that the firſt who broke a dog to the net was an Engliſh nobleman of a moſt diſtinguiſhed character, the great Robert Dudley, duke of Northumberland. The Pointer, which is a dog of a foreign extraction, was unknown to our anceſtors.

The Aquaticus, or Finder, was another ſpecies uſed in fowling; was the ſame as our water-ſpaniel; and was uſed to find or recover the game that was ſhot.

The Melitæus, or Fotor; the ſpaniel gentle or comforter of Dr Caius (the modern lap-dog) was the laſt of this diviſion. The Malteſe little dogs were as much eſteemed by the fine ladies of paſt times, as thoſe of Bologna are among the modern. Old Hollingſhed is ridiculouſly ſevere on the fair of his days, for their exceſſive paſſion for theſe little animals; which is ſufficient to prove it was in his time a novelty.

The ſecond grand diviſion of dogs comprehends the Ruſtici; or thoſe that were uſed in the country.

The firſt ſpecies is the Paſtoralis, or ſhepherd's dog; which is the ſame that is uſed at preſent, either in guarding our flocks, or in driving herds of cattle. This kind is ſo well trained for thoſe purpoſes, as to attend to every part of the herd be it ever ſo large; confine them to the road, and force in every ſtraggler without doing it the leaſt injury.

The next is the Villaticus, or Catenarius; the maſtiff, or band dog; a ſpecies of great ſize and ſtrength, and a very loud barker. Manwood ſays, it derives its name from *maſe theſeſe*, being ſuppoſed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice. Caius tells us, that three of theſe were reckoned a match for a bear; and four for a lion: but from an experiment made in the tower by James the Firſt, that noble quadruped was found an unequal match to only three. Two of the dogs were diſabled in the combat, but the third forced the lion to ſeek for ſafety by flight. The Engliſh bull-dog ſeems to belong to this ſpecies; and probably is the dog our author mentions under the title of Laniarius. Great-Britain was ſo noted for its maſtiffs, that the Roman emperors appointed an officer in this iſland, with the title of *Procurator Cynegii*, whoſe ſole buſineſs was to breed, and tranſmit from hence to the amphitheatre, ſuch as would prove equal to the combats of the place,

Magnaque taurorum fracturi colla Britanni.

And Britiſh dogs ſubdue the ſtouteſt bulls.

Gratius ſpeaks in high terms of the excellency of the Britiſh dogs,

Atque ipſos libeat penetrare Britannos?
O quanta eſt merces et quantum impendia ſupra!
Si non ad ſpeciem mentituroſque decores
Protinus: hæc una eſt catulis jactura Britannis.
At magnum cum venit opus, promendaque virtus,
Et vocat extremo præceps diſcrimine Mavors,
Non tunc egregios tantum admirere Moloſſos.

If Britain's diſtant coaſt we dare explore,
How much beyond the coſt the valued ſtore;
If ſhape and beauty not alone we prize,
Which nature to the Britiſh hound denies:
But when the mighty toil the huntſman warms,
And all the ſoul is rous'd by fierce alarms,
When Mars calls furious to th' enſanguin'd field,
Even bold Moloſſians then to theſe muſt yield.

Strabo

Strabo tells us, that the maſtiffs of Britain were trained for war, and were uſed by the Gauls in their battles: and it is certain, a well-trained maſtiff might be of conſiderable uſe in diſtreſſing ſuch half-armed and irregular combatants as the adverſaries of the Gauls ſeem generally to have been before the Romans conquered them.

The laſt diviſion is that of the Degeneres, or Curs. The firſt of theſe was the Wappe, a name derived from its note: its only uſe was to alarm the family by barking, if any perſon approached the houſe. Of this claſs was the Verſator, or turnſpit; and laſtly the Saltator, or dancing dog, or ſuch as was taught variety of tricks, and carried about by idle people as a ſhew. Thoſe Degeneres were of no certain ſhape, being mongrels or mixtures of all kinds of dogs.

We ſhould now, according to our plan, after enumerating the ſeveral varieties of Britiſh dogs, give its general natural hiſtory; but ſince Linnæus has already performed it to our hand, we ſhall adopt his ſenſe, tranſlating his very words (wherever we may) with literal exactneſs.

"The dog eats fleſh, and farinaceous "vegetables, but not greens: its ſtomach "digeſts bones: it uſes the tops of graſs as "a vomit. It voids its excrements on a "ſtone: the *album græcum* is one of the "greateſt encouragers of putrefaction. It "laps up its drink with its tongue: it voids "its urine ſideways, by lifting up one of its "hind legs; and is moſt diuretic in the com-"pany of a ſtrange dog. *Odorat anum alte-"rius:* its ſcent is moſt exquiſite, when its "noſe is moiſt: it treads lightly on its "toes; ſcarce ever ſweats; but when hot "lolls out its tongue. It generally walks "frequently round the place it intends to "lie down on: its ſenſe of hearing is very "quick when aſleep: it dreams. *Procis rix-"antibus crudelis: catulit cum variis: mordet "illa illos: cohæret copula junctus:* it goes "with young ſixty-three days; and com-"monly brings from four to eight at a time: "the male puppies reſemble the dog, the "female the bitch. It is the moſt faithful "of all animals: is very docible: hates "ſtrange dogs: will ſnap at a ſtone thrown "at it: will howl at certain muſical notes: "all (except the South American kind) "will bark at ſtrangers: dogs are rejected "by the Mahometans."

§ 5. *The* Wild Cat.

This animal does not differ ſpecifically from the tame cat; the latter being originally of the ſame kind, but altered in colour, and in ſome other trifling accidents, as are common to animals reclaimed from the woods and domeſticated.

The cat in its ſavage ſtate is three or four times as large as the houſe-cat; the head larger, and the face flatter. The teeth and claws tremendous: its muſcles very ſtrong, as being formed for rapine: the tail is of a moderate length, but very thick, marked with alternate bars of black and white, the end always black: the hips and hind part of the lower joints of the leg, are always black: the fur is very ſoft and fine. The general colour of theſe animals is of a yellowiſh white, mixed with a deep grey: theſe colours, though they appear at firſt ſight confuſedly blended together, yet on a cloſe inſpection will be found to be diſpoſed like the ſtreaks on the ſkin of the tiger, pointing from the back downwards, riſing from a black liſt that runs from the head along the middle of the back to the tail.

This animal may be called the Britiſh tiger; it is the fierceſt, and moſt deſtructive beaſt we have; making dreadful havock among our poultry, lambs, and kids. It inhabits the moſt mountainous and woody parts of theſe iſlands, living moſtly in trees, and feeding only by night. It multiplies as faſt as our common cats; and often the females of the latter will quit their domeſtic mates, and return home pregnant by the former.

They are taken either in traps, or by ſhooting: in the latter caſe it is very dangerous only to wound them, for they will attack the perſon who injured them, and have ſtrength enough to be no deſpicable enemy. Wild cats were formerly reckoned among the beaſts of chace; as appears by the charter of Richard the Second, to the abbot of Peterborough, giving him leave to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat. The uſe of the fur was in lining of robes; but it was eſteemed not of the moſt luxurious kind; for it was ordained 'that no abbeſs or nun ſhould uſe 'more coſtly apparel than ſuch as is made 'of lambs or cats ſkins.' In much earlier times it was alſo the object of the ſportſman's diverſion.

Felemque minacem
Arboris in trunco longis præfigere telis.
Nemeſiani Cynegeticon, L. 55.

§ 6. *The* Domestic Cat.

This animal is ſo well known as to make a deſcription of it unneceſſary. It is an uſeful, but deceitful domeſtic; active, neat, ſedate, intent on its prey. When pleaſed purrs and

and moves its tail: when angry ſpits, hiſſes, and ſtrikes with its foot. When walking, it draws in its claws: it drinks little: is fond of fiſh: it waſhes its face with its fore-foot, (Linnæus ſays at the approach of a ſtorm:) the female is remarkably ſallacious; a piteous, ſqualling, jarring lover. Its eyes ſhine in the night: its hair when rubbed in the dark emits fire: it is even proverbially tenacious of life: always lights on its feet: is fond of perfumes, marum, cat-mint, valerian, &c.

Our anceſtors ſeem to have had a high ſenſe of the utility of this animal. That excellent prince *Hoel dda*, or Howel the Good, did not think it beneath him (among his laws relating to the prices, &c. of animals) to include that of the cat; and to deſcribe the qualities it ought to have. The price of a kitling before it could ſee, was to be a penny; till it caught a mouſe two-pence; when it commenced mouſer four-pence. It was required beſides, that it ſhould be perfect in its ſenſes of hearing and ſeeing, be a good mouſer, have the claws whole, and be a good nurſe: but if it failed in any of theſe qualities, the ſeller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one ſtole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat ſuſpended by its tail (the head touching the floor) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former. This laſt quotation is not only curious, as being an evidence of the ſimplicity of ancient manners, but it almoſt proves to a demonſtration that cats are not aborigines of theſe iſlands; or known to the earlieſt inhabitants. The large prices ſet on them, (if we conſider the high value of ſpecie at that time) and the great care taken of the improvement and breed of an animal that multiplies ſo faſt, are almoſt certain proofs of their being little known at that period.

II. ORNITHOLOGY.

§ 7. Explanation *of ſome* technical Terms *in* Ornithology.

Fig.

1. *Cere. Cera* — The naked ſkin that covers the baſe of the bill in the *Hawk* kind.
2. *Capiſtrum* — A word uſed by *Linnæus* to expreſs the ſhort feathers on the forehead juſt above the bill. In *Crows* theſe fall forwards over the noſtrils
3. *Lorum* — The ſpace between the bill and the eye, generally covered with feathers, but in ſome birds naked, as in the black and white *Grebe*.
4. *Orbits. Orbita* — The ſkin that ſurrounds the eye, which is generally bare, particularly in the *Heron* and *Parrot*.
5. *Emarginatum* — A bill is called *roſtrum emarginatum* when there is a ſmall notch near the end: this is conſpicuous in that of *Butcher-birds* and *Thruſhes*.
6. *Vibriſſæ* — *Vibriſſæ Pectinatæ*, ſtiff hairs that grow on each ſide the mouth, formed like a double comb, to be ſeen in the *Goat-ſucker*, *Fly-catcher*, &c.
7. *Baſtard wing. Alula ſpuria* — A ſmall joint riſing at the end of the middle part of the wing, or the *cubitus*; on which are three or five feathers.
8. *Leſſer coverts of the wings. Tectrices primæ* — The ſmall feathers that lie in ſeveral rows on the bones of the wings. The *under coverts* are thoſe that line the inſide of the wings.
9. *Greater coverts. Tectrices ſecundæ* — The feathers that lie immediately over the quill-feathers and ſecondary feathers
10. *Quill-feathers. Primores* — The largeſt feathers of the wings, or thoſe that riſe from the firſt bone.
11. *Secondary feathers. Secundariæ* — Thoſe that riſe from the ſecond.
12. *Coverts of the tail. Uropygium* — Thoſe that cover the baſe of the tail.
13. *Vent-feathers* — Thoſe that lie from the vent to the tail. *Criſſum Linnæi.*
14. *The tail. Rectrices*
15. *Scapular feathers* — That riſe from the ſhoulders, and cover the ſides of the back.

16. *Nucha* — The hind part of the head.
17. *Roſtrum ſubulatum* — A term *Linnæus* uſes for a ſtrait and ſlender bill.
18. — To ſhew the ſtructure of the feet of the *Kingfiſher*.
19. *Pes ſcanſorius* — The foot of the *Woodpecker* formed for climbing. Climbing feet.
20. *Finned foot. Pes lobatus, pinnatus* — Such as thoſe of the *Grebes*, &c. Such as are indented are called ſcalloped; ſuch are thoſe of *Coots* and ſcallop-toed *Sandpipers*.
22. *Pes tridactylus* — Such as want the back toe.
23. *Semi-palmated. Pes ſemi-palmatus* — When the webs only reach half way of the toes.
24. *Ungue poſtico ſeſſili* — When the hind claw adheres to the leg without any toe, as in the *Petrels*.
25. *Digitis 4 omnibus palmatis.* — All the four toes connected by webs, as in the *Corvorants*.

EXPLANATION *of other* LINNÆAN TERMS.

Roſtrum cultratum — When the edges of the bill are very ſharp, ſuch as in that of the *Crow*.
Unguiculatum — A bill with a nail at the end, as in thoſe of the *Gooſanders* and *Ducks*.
Lingua ciliatæ — When the tongue is edged with fine briſtles, as in *Ducks*.
Integra — When quite plain or even.
Lumbriciformis — When the tongue is long, round, and ſlender, like a worm, as that of the *Woodpecker*.
Pedes compedes — When the legs are placed ſo far behind as to make the bird walk with difficulty, or as if *in fetters*; as is the caſe with the *Auks*, *Grebes*, and *Divers*.
Nares Lineares — When the noſtrils are very narrow, as in *Sea Gulls*.
Marginatæ — With a rim round the noſtrils, as in the *Stare*.

§ 8. *The* PIGEON.

The tame pigeon, and all its beautiful varieties, derive their origin from one ſpecies, the Stock Dove: the Engliſh name implying its being the *ſtock* or *ſtem* from whence the other domeſtic kinds ſprung. Theſe birds, as Varro obſerves, take their (Latin) name, *Columba*, from their voice or cooing; and had he known it, he might have added the Britiſh, &c. for *K'lommen*, *Kylomman*, *Kulm*, and *Kolm* ſignify the ſame bird. They were, and ſtill are, in moſt parts of our iſland, in a ſtate of nature; but probably the Romans taught us the method of making them domeſtic, and conſtructing pigeon-houſes. Its characters in the ſtate neareſt that of its origin, is a deep bluiſh aſh-colour; the breaſt daſhed with a fine changeable green and purple; the ſides of the neck with ſhining copper colour; its wings marked with two black bars, one on the coverts of the wings, the other on the quill-feathers. The back white, and the tail barred near the end with black. The weight fourteen ounces.

In the wild ſtate it breeds in holes of rocks, and hollows of trees, for which reaſon ſome writers ſtyle it *columba cavernalis*, in oppoſition to the Ring Dove, which makes its neſt on the boughs of trees. Nature ever preſerves ſome agreement in the manners, characters, and colours of birds reclaimed from their wild ſtate. This ſpecies of pigeon ſoon takes to build in artificial cavities, and from the temptation of a ready proviſion becomes eaſily domeſticated. The drakes of the tame duck, however they may vary in colour, ever retain the mark of their origin from our Engliſh mallard, by the curled feathers of the tail: and the tame gooſe betrays its deſcent from the wild kind, by the invariable whiteneſs of its rump, which they always retain in both ſtates.

Multitudes of theſe birds are obſerved to migrate into the ſouth of England; and while the beech woods were ſuffered to cover large tracts of ground, they uſed to haunt them in myriads, reaching in ſtrings of a mile in length, as they went out in the morning to feed. They viſit us the lateſt of any bird of paſſage, not appearing till November; and retire in the ſpring. I imagine that the ſummer haunts of theſe are in Sweden, for Mr. Eckmark makes their retreat thence coincide with their arrival here. But many breed here, as I have obſerved, on the cliffs of the coaſt of Wales, and of the Hebrides.

The varieties produced from the domeſtic

tic pigeon are very numerous, and extremely elegant; these are distinguished by names expressive of their several properties, such as Tumblers, Carriers, Jacobines, Croppers, Powters, Runts, Turbits, Owls, Nuns, &c. The most celebrated of these is the Carrier, which, from the superior attachment that pigeon shews to its native place, is employed in many countries as the most expeditious courier: the letters are tied under its wing, it is let loose, and in a very short space returns to the home it was brought from, with its advices. This practice was much in vogue in the East; and at Scanderoon, till of late years, used on the arrival of a ship, to give the merchants at Aleppo a more expeditious notice than could be done by any other means. In our own country, these aerial messengers have been employed for a very singular purpose, being let loose at Tyburn at the moment the fatal cart is drawn away, to notify to distant friends the departure of the unhappy criminal.

In the East, the use of these birds seems to have been improved greatly, by having, if we may use the expression, relays of them ready to spread intelligence to all parts of the country. Thus the governor of Damiata circulated the news of the death of Orrilo:

Tosto che'l Castellan di Damiata
Certificossi, ch'era morto Orrilo,
La Colomba lasciò, ch'avea legata
Sotto l'ala la lettera col filo.
Quelle andò al Cairo, ed indi fu lasciata
Un' altra altrove, come quivi e stilo:
Si, che in pochissime ore andò l'avviso
Per tutto Egitto, ch'era Orrilo ucciso *.

But the simple use of them was known in very early times: Anacreon tells us, he conveyed his billet-doux to his beautiful Bathyllus by a dove.

Εγὼ δ' Ἀνακρέοντι
Διάκονῶ τοσαῦτα.
Καὶ νῦν οἷας ἐκείνῳ
Ἐπιστολὰς κομίζω †.

I am now Anacreon's slave,
And to me entrusted have
All the o'erflowings of his heart
To Bathyllus to impart;
Each soft line, with nimble wing,
To the lovely boy I bring.

Taurosthenes also, by means of a pigeon he had decked with purple, sent advice to his father, who lived in the isle of Ægina, of his victory in the Olympic games, on the very day he had obtained it. And, at the siege of Modena, Hirtius without, and Brutus within the walls, kept, by the help of pigeons, a constant correspondence; baffling every stratagem of the besieger Antony to intercept their couriers. In the times of the crusades there are many more instances of these birds of peace being employed in the service of war: Joinville relates one during the crusade of Saint Louis; and Tasso another, during the siege of Jerusalem.

The nature of pigeons is to be gregarious; to lay only two eggs; to breed many times in the year; to bill in their courtship; for the male and female to sit by turns, and also to feed their young; to cast their provision out of their craw into the young one's mouths; to drink, not like other birds by sipping, but by continual draughts like quadrupeds; and to have notes mournful or plaintive.

§ 9. *The* Blackbird.

This bird is of a very retired and solitary nature; frequents hedges and thickets, in which it builds earlier than any other bird: the nest is formed of moss, dead grass, fibres, &c. lined or plaistered with clay, and that again covered with hay or small stray. It lays four or five eggs of a bluish green colour, marked with irregular dusky spots. The note of the male is extremely fine, but too loud for any place except the woods: it begins to sing early in the spring, continues its music part of the summer, desists in the moulting season; but resumes it for some time in September, and the first winter months.

The colour of the male, when it has attained its full age, is of a fine deep black, and the bill of a bright yellow; the edges of the eye-lids yellow. When young the bill is dusky, and the plumage of a rusty black, so that they are not to be distinguished from the females; but at the age of one year they attain their proper colour.

§ 10. *The* Bullfinch.

The wild note of this bird is not in the least musical; but when tamed it becomes remarkably docile, and may be taught any

* 'As soon as the commandant of Damiata heard that Orrilo was dead, he let loose a pigeon, under 'whose wing he had tied a letter; this fled to Cairo, from whence a second was dispatched to another 'place, as is usual; so that in a very few hours all Egypt was acquainted with the death of Orrilo.' Ariosto, canto 15.

† Anacreon, ode 9. εἰς περιστεράν.

tune after a pipe, or to whistle any notes in the justest manner: it seldom forgets what it has learned; and will become so tame as to come at call, perch on its master's shoulders, and (at command) go through a difficult musical lesson. They may be taught to speak, and some thus instructed are annually brought to London from Germany.

The male is distinguished from the female by the superior blackness of its crown, and by the rich crimson that adorns the cheeks, breast, belly, and throat of the male; those of the female being of a dirty colour: the bill is black, short, and very thick: the head large: the hind part of the neck and the back are grey: the coverts of the wings are black; the lower crossed with a white line: the quill-feathers dusky, but part of their inner webs white: the coverts of the tail and vent-feathers white: the tail black.

In the spring these birds frequent our gardens, and are very destructive to our fruit-trees, by eating the tender buds. They breed about the latter end of May, or beginning of June, and are seldom seen at that time near houses, as they chuse some very retired place to breed in. These birds are sometimes wholly black; I have heard of a male bullfinch which had changed its colours after it had been taken in full feather, and with all its fine teints. The first year it began to assume a dull hue, blackening every year, till in the fourth it attained the deepest degree of that colour. This was communicated to me by the Reverend Mr. White of Selborne. Mr. Morton, in his History of Northamptonshire, gives another instance of such a change, with this addition, that the year following, after moulting, the bird recovered its native colours. Bullfinches fed entirely on hemp seed are apteſt to undergo this change.

§ II. *The* Goldfinch.

This is the most beautiful of our hard-billed small birds; whether we consider its colours, the elegance of its form, or the music of its note. The bill is white, tipt with black; the base is surrounded with a ring of rich scarlet feathers: from the corners of the mouth to the eyes is a black line: the cheeks are white: the top of the head is black; and the white on the cheeks is bounded almost to the fore part of the neck with black: the hind part of the head is white: the back, rump, and breast are of a fine pale tawny brown, lightest on the two last: the belly is white: the covert feathers of the wings, in the male, are black: the quill-feathers black, marked in their middle with a beautiful yellow; the tips white: the tail is black, but most of the feathers marked near their ends with a white spot: the legs are white.

The female is distinguished from the male by these notes; the feathers at the end of the bill in the former are brown; in the male black: the lesser coverts of the wings are brown: and the black and yellow in the wings of the female are less brilliant. The young bird, before it moults, is grey on the head; and hence it is termed by the bird-catchers a *grey pate*.

There is another variety of goldfinch, which is, perhaps, not taken above once in two or three years, which is called by the London bird-catchers a *cheverel*, from the manner in which it concludes its jerk: when this sort is taken, it sells at a very high price: it is distinguished from the common sort by a white streak, or by two, and sometimes three white spots under the throat.

Their note is very sweet, and they are much esteemed on that account, as well as for their great docility. Towards winter they assemble in flocks, and feed on seeds of different kinds, particularly those of the thistle. It is fond of orchards, and frequently builds in an apple or pear-tree: its nest is very elegantly formed of fine moss, liver-worts, and bents on the outside; lined first with wool and hair, and then with the goslin or cotton of the sallow. It lays five white eggs, marked with deep purple spots on the upper end.

This bird seems to have been the χρυσομίτρις * of Aristotle; being the only one that we know of, that could be distinguished by a golden fillet round its head, feeding on the seeds of prickly plants. The very ingenious translator (Dr. Martyn) of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics, gives the name of this bird to the *acalanthis* or *acanthis*:

Littoraque *alcyonen* resonant, *et acanthida* dumi.

In our account of the *Halcyon* of the ancients, we followed his opinion; but having since met with a passage in Aristotle, that clearly proves that *acanthis* could not be used in that sense, we beg, that, till we can discover what it really is, the word may be rendered *linnet*; since it is impossible the philosopher could distinguish a bird of such strik-

* Which he places among the ἀκανθοφάγα. Scaliger reads the word ευσομίτρις, which has no meaning; neither does the critic support his alteration with any reasons. *Hist. an.* 887.

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ing and brilliant colours as the *goldfinch*, by the epithet κακοχρους, or bad coloured; and as he celebrates his *acanthis* for a fine note, φωνην μεν τοι λιγειαν εχει, both characters will ſuit the linnet, being a bird as remarkable for the ſweetneſs of its note, as for the plainneſs of its plumage.

§ 12. *The* Linnet.

The bill of this ſpecies is duſky, but in the ſpring aſſumes a bluiſh caſt: the feathers on the head are black, edged with aſh-colour: the ſides of the neck deep aſh-colour: the throat marked in the middle with a a brown line, bounded on each ſide with a white one: the back black, bordered with reddiſh brown: the bottom of the breaſt is of a fine blood red, which heightens in colour as the ſpring advances: the belly white: the vent-feathers yelloviſh: the ſides under the wings ſpotted with brown: the quill-feathers are duſky; the lower part of the nine firſt white: the coverts incumbent on them black; the others of a reddiſh brown; the loweſt order tipt with a paler colour: the tail is a little forked, of a brown colour, edged with white; the two middle feathers excepted, which are bordered with dull red. The females and young birds want the red ſpot on the breaſt; in lieu of that, their breaſts are marked with ſhort ſtreaks of brown pointing downwards: the females have alſo leſs white in their wings.

Theſe birds are much eſteemed for their ſong: they feed on ſeeds of different kinds, which they peel before they eat: the ſeed of the *linum* or *flax* is their favourite food; from whence the name of the linnet tribe.

They breed among furze and white thorn: the outſide of their neſt is made with moſs and bents; and lined with wool and hair. They lay five whitiſh eggs, ſpotted like thoſe of the goldfinch.

§ 13. *The* Canary Bird.

This bird is of the finch tribe. It was originally peculiar to thoſe iſles, to which it owes its name; the ſame that were known to the ancients by the addition of the *fortunate*. The happy temperament of the air; the ſpontaneous productions of the ground in the varieties of fruits; the ſprightly and chearful diſpoſition of the inhabitants; and the harmony ariſing from the number of the birds found there, procured them that romantic diſtinction. Though the ancients celebrate the iſle of *Canaria* for the multitude of birds, they have not mentioned any in particular. It is probable then, that our ſpecies was not introduced into Europe till after the ſecond diſcovery of theſe iſles, which was between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. We are uncertain when it firſt made its appearance in this quarter of the globe. Belon, who wrote in 1555, is ſilent in reſpect to theſe birds: Geſner is the firſt who mentions them; and Aldrovand ſpeaks of them as rarities; that they were very dear on account of the difficulty attending the bringing them from ſo diſtant a country, and that they were purchaſed by people of rank alone. Olina ſays, that in his time there was a degenerate ſort found on the iſle of Elba, off the coaſt of Italy, which came there originally by means of a ſhip bound from the Canaries to Leghorn, and was wrecked on that iſland. We once ſaw ſome ſmall birds brought directly from the Canary Iſlands, that we ſuſpect to be the genuine ſort: they were of a dull green colour; but as they did not ſing, we ſuppoſed them to be hens. Theſe birds will produce with the goldfinch and linnet, and the offſpring is called a mule-bird, becauſe, like that animal, it proves barren.

They are ſtill found on the ſame ſpot to which we were firſt indebted for the production of ſuch charming ſongſters; but they are now become ſo numerous in our own country, that we are under no neceſſity of croſſing the ocean for them.

§ 14. *The* Sky Lark.

The length of this ſpecies is ſeven inches one-fourth: the breadth twelve and a half: the weight one ounce and a half: the tongue broad and cloven: the bill ſlender: the upper mandible duſky, the lower yellow: above the eyes is a yellow ſpot: the crown of the head a reddiſh brown ſpotted with deep black: the hind part of the head aſh-colour: chin white. It has the faculty of erecting the feathers of the head. The feathers on the back, and coverts of the wings, duſky edged with reddiſh brown, which is paler on the latter: the quill-feathers duſky: the exterior web edged with white, that of the others with reddiſh brown: the upper part of the breaſt yellow ſpotted with black: the lower part of the body of a pale yellow: the exterior web, and half of the interior web next to the ſhaft of the firſt feather of the tail, are white; of the ſecond only the exterior web; the reſt of thoſe feathers duſky; the others are duſky edged with red; thoſe in the middle deeply ſo, the reſt very ſlightly: the legs duſky: ſoles of the feet yellow: the hind claw very long and ſtrait.

This and the wood lark are the only

birds that ſing as they fly; this raiſing its note as it ſoars, and lowering it till it quite dies away as it deſcends. It will often ſoar to ſuch a height that we are charmed with the muſic when we loſe ſight of the ſongſter; it alſo begins its ſong before the earlieſt dawn. Milton, in his Allegro, moſt beautifully expreſſes theſe circumſtances: and Biſhop Newton obſerves, that the beautiful ſcene that Milton exhibits of rural chearfulneſs, at the ſame time gives us a fine picture of the regularity of his life, and the innocency of his own mind; thus he deſcribes himſelf as in a ſituation

> To hear the lark begin his flight,
> And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
> From his watch tower in the ſkies,
> 'Till the dappled dawn doth riſe.

It continues its harmony ſeveral months, beginning early in the ſpring, on pairing. In the winter they aſſemble in vaſt flocks, grow very fat, and are taken in great numbers for our tables. They build their neſt on the ground, beneath ſome clod; forming it of hay, dry fibres, &c. and lay four or five eggs.

The place theſe birds are taken in the greateſt quantity, is the neighbourhood of Dunſtable: the ſeaſon begins about the fourteenth of September, and ends the twenty-fifth of February; and during that ſpace about 4000 dozen are caught, which ſupply the markets of the metropolis. Thoſe caught in the day are taken in clap nets of fifteen yards length, and two and a half in breadth; and are enticed within their reach by means of bits of looking-glaſs, fixed in a piece of wood, and placed in the middle of the nets, which are put in a quick whirling motion, by a ſtring the larker commands; he alſo makes uſe of a decoy lark. Theſe nets are uſed only till the fourteenth of November, for the larks will not *dare*, or frolick in the air except in fine ſunny weather; and of courſe cannot be inviegled into the ſnare. When the weather grows gloomy, the larker changes his engine, and makes uſe of a trammel-net twenty-ſeven or twenty-eight feet long, and five broad; which is put on two poles eighteen feet long, and carried by men under each arm, who paſs over the fields and quarter the ground as a ſetting dog; when they hear or feel a lark hit the net, they drop it down, and ſo the birds are taken.

§ 15. *The* Nightingale.

The nightingale takes its name from *night*, and the Saxon word *galan*, to ſing; expreſſive of the time of its melody. In ſize it is equal to the redſtart; but longer bodied, and more elegantly made. The colours are very plain. The head and back are of a pale tawny, daſhed with olive: the tail is of a deep tawny red: the throat, breaſt, and upper part of the belly, of a light gloſſy aſh-colour: the lower belly almoſt white: the exterior webs of the quill-feathers are of a dull reddiſh brown; the interior of browniſh aſh-colour: the irides are hazel, and the eyes remarkably large and piercing: the legs and feet a deep aſh-colour.

This bird, the moſt famed of the feathered tribe, for the variety, length, and ſweetneſs of its notes, viſits England the beginning of April, and leaves us in Auguſt. It is a ſpecies that does not ſpread itſelf over the iſland. It is not found in North Wales; or in any of the Engliſh counties north of it, except Yorkſhire, where they are met with in great plenty about Doncaſter. They have been alſo heard, but rarely, near Shrewſbury. It is alſo remarkable, that this bird does not migrate ſo far weſt as Devonſhire and Cornwall; counties where the ſeaſons are ſo very mild, that myrtles flouriſh in the open air during the whole year: neither are they found in Ireland. Sibbald places them in his liſt of Scotch birds; but they certainly are unknown in that part of Great Britain, probably from the ſcarcity and the recent introduction of hedges there. Yet they viſit Sweden, a much more ſevere climate. With us they frequent thick hedges, and low coppices; and generally keep in the middle of the buſh, ſo that they are very rarely ſeen. They form their neſt of oak leaves, a few bents, and reeds. The eggs are of a deep brown. When the young firſt come abroad, and are helpleſs, the old birds make a plaintive and jarring noiſe with a ſort of ſnapping as if in menace, purſuing along the hedge the paſſengers.

They begin their ſong in the evening, and continue it the whole night. Theſe their vigils did not paſs unnoticed by the antients: the ſlumbers of theſe birds were proverbial; and not to reſt as much as the nightingale, expreſſed a very bad ſleeper *, This was the favourite bird of the Britiſh poet, who omits no opportunity of introdu-

* Ælian var. hiſt. 577. both in the text and note. It muſt be remarked, that nightingales ſing alſo in the day.

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cing it, and almoſt conſtantly noting its love of ſolitude and night. How finely does it ſerve to compoſe part of the ſolemn ſcenery of his Penſeroſo; when he deſcribes it

In her ſaddeſt ſweeteſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening ſong.

In another place he ſtyles it the *ſolemn bird*; and again ſpeaks of it,

As the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.

The reader muſt excuſe a few more quotations from the ſame poet, on the ſame ſubject: the firſt deſcribes the approach of evening, and the retiring of all animals to their repoſe.

Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung.

When Eve paſſed the irkſome night preceding her fall, ſhe, in a dream, imagines herſelf thus reproached with loſing the beauties of the night by indulging too long a repoſe:

Why ſleep'ſt thou, Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong.

The ſame birds ſing their nuptial ſong, and lull them to reſt. How rapturous are the following lines! how expreſſive of the delicate ſenſibility of our Milton's tender ideas!

The earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odours from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the evening ſtar
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.

Theſe, lull'd by nightingales, embracing ſlept;
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roſes, which the morn repair'd.

Theſe quotations from the beſt judge of melody, we thought due to the ſweeteſt of our feathered choriſters; and we believe no reader of taſte will think them tedious.

Virgil ſeems to be the only poet among the ancients, who hath attended to the circumſtance of this bird's ſinging in the night time.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ
Amiſſos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Obſervans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integret, et mœſtis late loca queſtibus implet.
GEORG. IV. l. 511.

As Philomel in poplar ſhades, alone,
For her loſt offspring pours a mother's moan,
Which ſome rough ploughman marking for his prey,
From the warm neſt, unfledg'd hath dragg'd away;
Percht on a bow, ſhe all night long complains,
And fills the grove with ſad repeated ſtrains.
F. WARTON.

Pliny has deſcribed the warbling notes of this bird, with an elegance that beſpeaks an exquiſite ſenſibility of taſte: notwithſtanding that his words have been cited by moſt other writers on natural hiſtory, yet ſuch is the beauty, and in general the truth of his expreſſions, that they cannot be too much ſtudied by lovers of natural hiſtory. We muſt obſerve notwithſtanding, that a few of his thoughts are more to be admired for their vivacity than for ſtrict philoſophical reaſoning; but theſe few are eaſily diſtinguiſhable.

§ 16. *The* RED BREAST.

This bird, though ſo very petulant as to be at conſtant war with its own tribe, yet is remarkably ſociable with mankind: in the winter it frequently makes one of the family; and takes refuge from the inclemency of the ſeaſon even by our fire-ſides. Thomſon * has prettily deſcribed the annual viſits of this gueſt.

The RED-BREAST, ſacred to the houſhold gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted Man
His annual viſit. Half afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats; then, briſk, alights
On the warm hearth: then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks and ſtarts, and wonders where he is;
'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet.

The great beauty of that celebrated poet conſiſts in his elegant and juſt deſcriptions of the œconomy of animals; and the happy uſe he hath made of natural knowledge, in deſcriptive poetry, ſhines through almoſt every page of his Seaſons. The affection this bird has for mankind, is alſo recorded in that antient ballad, *The babes in the wood*; a compoſition of a moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity. It is the firſt trial of our humanity: the child that refrains from tears on hearing that read, gives but a bad preſage of the tenderneſs of his future ſenſations.

* In his Seaſons, vide Winter, line 246.

In the ſpring this bird retires to breed in the thickeſt covers, or the moſt concealed holes of walls and other buildings. The eggs are of a dull white, ſprinkled with reddiſh ſpots. Its ſong is remarkably fine and ſoft; and the more to be valued, as we enjoy it the greateſt part of the winter, and early in the ſpring, and even through great part of the ſummer, but its notes are part of that time drowned in the general warble of the ſeaſon. Many of the autumnal ſongſters ſeem to be the young cock red-breaſts of that year.

The bill is duſky: the forehead, chin, throat and breaſt are of a deep orange-colour: the head, hind part of the neck, the back and tail are of a deep aſh-colour, tinged with green: the wings rather darker; the edges inclining to yellow: the legs and feet duſky.

§ 17. *The* Wren.

The wren may be placed among the fineſt of our ſinging birds. It continues its ſong throughout the winter, excepting during the froſts. It makes its neſt in a very curious manner; of an oval ſhape, very deep, with a ſmall hole in the middle for egreſs and regreſs: the external material is moſs, within it is lined with hair and feathers. It lays from ten to eighteen eggs; and as often brings up as many young; which, as Mr. Ray obſerves, may be ranked among thoſe daily miracles that we take no notice of; that it ſhould feed ſuch a number without paſſing over one, and that too in utter darkneſs.

The head and upper part of the body of the wren are of a deep reddiſh brown: above each eye is a ſtreke of white: the back, and coverts of the wings, and tail, are marked with ſlender tranſverſe black lines: the quill-feathers with bars of black and red. The throat is of a yelloviſh white. The belly and ſides croſſed with narrow duſky and pale reddiſh brown lines. The tail is croſſed with duſky bars.

§ 18. *The* Swift.

This ſpecies is the largeſt of our ſwallows; but the weight is moſt diſproportionately ſmall to its extent of wing of any bird; the former being ſcarce one ounce, the latter eighteen inches. The length near eight. The feet of this bird are ſo ſmall, that the action of walking and of riſing from the ground is extremely difficult; ſo that nature hath made it full amends, by furniſhing it with ample means for an eaſy and continual flight. It is more on the wing than any other ſwallows; its flight is more rapid, and that attended with a ſhrill ſcream. It reſts by clinging againſt ſome wall, or other apt body; from whence Klein ſtyles this ſpecies *Hirundo muraria*. It breeds under the eaves of houſes, in ſteeples, and other lofty buildings; makes its neſt of graſſes and feathers; and lays only two eggs, of a white colour. It is entirely of a gloſſy dark ſooty colour, only the chin is marked with a white ſpot: but by being ſo conſtantly expoſed to all weathers, the gloſs of the plumage is loſt before it retires. I cannot trace them to their winter quarters, unleſs in one inſtance of a pair found adhering by their claws and in a torpid ſtate, in February 1766, under the roof of Longnor chapel, Shropſhire: on being brought to a fire, they revived and moved about the room. The feet are of a particular ſtructure, all the toes ſtanding forward; the leaſt conſiſts of only one bone; and the others of an equal number, viz. two each; in which they differ from thoſe of all other birds.

This appears in our country about fourteen days later than the ſand martin; but differs greatly in the time of its departure, retiring invariably about the tenth of Auguſt, being the firſt of the genus that leaves us.

The fabulous hiſtory of the Manucodiata, or bird of Paradiſe, is in the hiſtory of this ſpecies in great meaſure verified. It was believed to have no feet, to live upon the celeſtial dew, to float perpetually on the Indian air, and to perform all its functions in that element.

The Swift actually performs what has been in theſe enlightened times diſproved of the former; except the ſmall time it takes in ſleeping, and what it devotes to incubation, every other action is done on wing. The materials of its neſt it collects either as they are carried about by the winds, or picks them up from the ſurface in its ſweeping flight. Its food is undeniably the inſects that fill the air. Its drink is taken in tranſient ſips from the water's ſurface. Even its amorous rites are performed on high. Few perſons who have attended to them in a fine ſummer's morning, but muſt have ſeen them make their aerial courſes at a great height, encircling a certain ſpace with an eaſy ſteady motion. On a ſudden they fall into each other's embraces, then drop precipitate with a loud ſhriek for numbers of yards. This is the critical conjuncture, and to be no more wondered at, than that inſects (a familiar inſtance) ſhould diſcharge the ſame duty in the ſame element.

Theſe birds and ſwallows are inveterate enemies

enemies to hawks. The moment one appears, they attack him immediately: the swifts soon desist; but the swallows pursue and persecute those rapacious birds, till they have entirely driven them away.

Swifts delight in sultry thundry weather, and seem thence to receive fresh spirits. They fly in those times in small parties with particular violence; and as they pass near steeples, towers, or any edifices where their mates perform the office of incubation, emit a loud scream, a sort of serenade, as Mr. White supposes, to their respective females.

To the curious monographies on the swallow tribe, of that worthy correspondent, I must acknowledge myself indebted for numbers of the remarks above mentioned.

§ 19. *Of the Disappearance of Swallows.*

There are three opinions among naturalists concerning the manner the swallow tribe dispose of themselves after their disappearance from the countries in which they make their summer residence. Herodotus mentions one species that resides in Egypt the whole year: Prosper Alpinus asserts the same; and Mr. Loten, late governor of Ceylon, assured us, that those of Java never remove. These excepted, every other known kind observe a periodical migration, or retreat. The swallows of the cold Norway, and of North America, of the distant Kamptschatka, of the temperate parts of Europe, of Aleppo, and of the hot Jamaica, all agree in this one point.

In cold countries, a defect of insect food on the approach of winter, is a sufficient reason for these birds to quit them: but since the same cause probably does not subsist in the warm climates, recourse should be had to some other reason for their vanishing.

Of the three opinions, the first has the utmost appearance of probability; which is, that they remove nearer the sun, where they can find a continuance of their natural diet, and a temperature of air suiting their constitutions. That this is the case with some species of European swallows, has been proved beyond contradiction (as above cited) by M. Adanson. We often observe them collected in flocks innumerable on churches, on rocks, and on trees, previous to their departure hence; and Mr. Collinson proves their return here in perhaps equal numbers, by two curious relations of undoubted credit: the one communicated to him by Mr. Wright, master of a ship; the other by the late Sir Charles Wager; who both described (to the same purpose) what happened to each in their voyages. "Returning home (says Sir Charles) in the "spring of the year, as I came into soundings in our channel, a great flock of swallows came and settled on all my rigging; "every rope was covered; they hung on "one another like a swarm of bees; the "decks and carving were filled with them. "They seemed almost famished and spent, "and were only feathers and bones; but "being recruited with a night's rest, took "their flight in the morning." This vast fatigue, proves that their journey must have been very great, considering the amazing swiftness of these birds: in all probability they had crossed the Atlantic ocean, and were returning from the shores of Senegal, or other parts of Africa; so that this account from that most able and honest seaman, confirms the later information of M. Adanson.

Mr. White, on Michaelmas-day 1768, had the good fortune to have ocular proof of what may reasonably be supposed an actual migration of swallows. Travelling that morning very early between his house and the coast, at the beginning of his journey he was environed with a thick fog, but on a large wild heath the mist began to break, and discovered to him numberless swallows, clustered on the standing bushes, as if they had roosted there: as soon as the sun burst out, they were instantly on wing, and with an easy and placid flight proceeded towards the sea. After this he saw no more flocks, only now and then a straggler*.

This rendezvous of swallows about the same time of year is very common on the willows, in the little isles in the Thames. They seem to assemble for the same purpose as those in Hampshire, notwithstanding no one yet has been eye-witness of their departure. On the 26th of September last, two gentlemen who happened to lie at Maidenhead bridge, furnished at least a proof of the multitudes there assembled: they went by torch light to an adjacent isle, and in less than half an hour brought ashore fifty dozen; for they had nothing more to do

* In Kalm's Voyage to America, is a remarkable instance of the distant flight of swallows; for one lighted on the ship he was in, September 2d. when he had passed only over two-thirds of the Atlantic ocean. His passage was uncommonly quick, being performed from Deal to Philadelphia in less than six weeks; and when this accident happened, he was fourteen days full from Cape Hinlopen.

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than to draw the willow twigs through their hands, the birds never ſtirring till they were taken.

The northern naturaliſts will perhaps ſay, that this aſſembly met for the purpoſe of plunging into their ſubaqueous winter quarters; but was that the caſe, they would never eſcape diſcovery in a river perpetually fiſhed as the Thames, ſome of them muſt inevitably be brought up in the nets that haraſs that water.

The ſecond notion has great antiquity on its ſide. Ariſtotle and Pliny give, as their belief, that ſwallows do not remove very far from their ſummer habitation, but winter in the hollows of rocks, and during that time loſe their feathers. The former part of their opinion has been adopted by ſeveral ingenious men; and of late, ſeveral proofs have been brought of ſome ſpecies, at leaſt, having been diſcovered in a torpid ſtate. Mr. Collinſon favoured us with the evidence of three gentlemen, eye-witneſſes to numbers of ſand martins being drawn out of a cliff on the Rhine, in the month of March 1762. And the honourable Danes Barrington communicated to us the following fact, on the authority of the late Lord Belhaven, that numbers of ſwallows have been found in old dry walls, and in ſandhills near his lordſhip's ſeat in Eaſt Lothian; not once only, but from year to year; and that when they were expoſed to the warmth of a fire, they revived. We have alſo heard of the ſame annual diſcoveries near Morpeth in Northumberland, but cannot ſpeak of them with the ſame aſſurance as the two former: neither in the two laſt inſtances are we certain of the particular ſpecies.

Other witneſſes crowd on us to prove the reſidence of thoſe birds in a torpid ſtate during the ſevere ſeaſon.

Firſt, in the chalky cliffs of Suſſex; as was ſeen on the fall of a great fragment ſome years ago.

Secondly, In a decayed hollow tree that was cut down, near Dolgelli, in Merionethſhire.

Thirdly, In a cliff near Whitby, Yorkſhire; where, on digging out a fox, whole buſhels of ſwallows were found in a torpid condition. And,

Laſtly, The Reverend Mr. Conway, of Sychton, Flintſhire, was ſo obliging as to communicate the following fact: A few years ago, on looking down an old leadmine in that county, he obſerved numbers of ſwallows clinging to the timbers of the ſhaft, ſeemingly aſleep; and on flinging ſome gravel on them, they juſt moved, but never attempted to fly or change their place; this was between All Saints and Chriſtmas.

Theſe are doubtleſs the lurking-places of the later hatches, or of thoſe young birds, who are incapable of diſtant migrations. There they continue inſenſible and rigid; but like flies, may ſometimes be reanimated by an unſeaſonable hot day in the midſt of winter: for very near Chriſtmas a few appeared on the moulding of a window of Merton College, Oxford, in a remarkably warm nook, which prematurely ſet their blood in motion, having the ſame effect as laying them before the fire at the ſame time of year. Others have been known to make this premature appearance; but as ſoon as the cold, natural to the ſeaſon, returns, they withdraw again to their former retreats.

I ſhall conclude with one argument drawn from the very late hatches of two ſpecies.

On the twenty-third of October, 1767, a martin was ſeen in Southwark, flying in and out of its neſt: and on the twenty-ninth of the ſame month, four or five ſwallows were obſerved hovering round, and ſettling on, the county hoſpital at Oxford. As theſe birds muſt have been of a late hatch, it is highly improbable that at ſo late a ſeaſon of the year they would attempt, from one of our midland counties, a voyage almoſt as far as the equator to Senegal or Goree: we are therefore confirmed in our notion, that there is only a partial migration of theſe birds; and that the feeble late hatches conceal themſelves in this country.

The above are circumſtances we cannot but aſſent to, though ſeemingly contradictory to the common courſe of nature in regard to other birds. We muſt, therefore, divide our belief relating to theſe two ſo different opinions, and conclude, that one part of the ſwallow tribe migrate, and that others have their winter quarters near home. If it ſhould be demanded, why ſwallows alone are found in a torpid ſtate, and not the other many ſpecies of ſoft billed birds, which likewiſe diſappear about the ſame time? The following reaſon may be aſſigned:

No birds are ſo much on the wing as ſwallows, none fly with ſuch ſwiftneſs and rapidity, none are obliged to ſuch ſudden and various evolutions in their flight, none are at ſuch pains to take their prey, and we may add, none exert their voice more inceſſantly; all theſe occaſion a vaſt expence of ſtrength, and of ſpirits, and may give ſuch a texture to the blood, that other animals cannot experience;

perience; and ſo diſpoſe, or we may ſay, neceſſitate, this tribe of birds, or part of them, at leaſt, to a repoſe more laſting than that of any others.

The third notion is, even at firſt ſight, too amazing and unnatural to merit mention, if it was not that ſome of the learned have been credulous enough to deliver, for fact, what has the ſtrongeſt appearance of impoſſibility; we mean the relation of ſwallows paſſing the winter immerſed under ice, at the bottom of lakes, or lodged beneath the water of the ſea at the foot of rocks. The firſt who broached this opinion, was Olaus Magnus, Archbiſhop of Upſal, who very gravely informs us, that theſe birds are often found in cluſtered maſſes, at the bottom of the northern lakes, mouth to mouth, wing to wing, foot to foot; and that they creep down the reeds in autumn to their ſubaqueous retreats. That when old fiſhermen diſcover ſuch a maſs, they throw it into the water again; but when young inexperienced ones take it, they will, by thawing the birds at a fire, bring them indeed to the uſe of their wings, which will continue but a very ſhort time, being owing to a premature and forced revival.

That the good Archbiſhop did not want credulity, in other inſtances, appears from this, that after having ſtocked the bottoms of the lakes with birds, he ſtores the clouds with mice, which ſometimes fall in plentiful ſhowers on Norway and the neighbouring countries.

Some of our own countrymen have given credit to the ſubmerſion of ſwallows; and Klein patroniſes the doctrine ſtrongly, giving the following hiſtory of their manner of retiring, which he received from ſome countrymen and others. They aſſerted, that ſometimes the ſwallows aſſembled in numbers on a reed, till it broke and ſunk with them to the bottom; and their immerſion was preluded by a dirge of a quarter of an hour's length. That others would unite in laying hold of a ſtraw with their bills, and ſo plunge down in ſociety. Others again would form a large maſs, by clinging together with their feet, and ſo commit themſelves to the deep.

Such are the relations given by thoſe that are fond of this opinion, and though delivered without exaggeration, muſt provoke a ſmile. They aſſign not the ſmalleſt reaſon to account for theſe birds being able to endure ſo long a ſubmerſion without being ſuffocated, or without decaying, in an element ſo unnatural to ſo delicate a bird; when we know that the otter*, the corvorant, and the grebes, ſoon periſh, if caught under ice, or entangled in nets: and it is well known, that thoſe animals will continue much longer under water than any others, to whom nature hath denied that particular ſtructure of heart, neceſſary for a long reſidence beneath that element.

§. 20. *Of the* Small Birds *of* Flight.

In the ſuburbs of London (and particularly about Shoreditch) are ſeveral weavers and other tradeſmen, who, during the months of October and march, get their livelihood by an ingenious, and, we may ſay, a ſcientific method of bird-catching, which is totally unknown in other parts of Great Britain.

The reaſon of this trade being confined to ſo ſmall a compaſs, ariſes from there being no conſiderable ſale for ſinging-birds except in the metropolis: as the apparatus for this purpoſe is alſo heavy, and at the ſame time muſt be carried on a man's back, it prevents the bird-catchers going to above three or four miles diſtance.

This method of bird-catching muſt have been long practiſed, as it is brought to a moſt ſyſtematical perfection, and is attended with a very conſiderable expence.

The nets are a moſt ingenious piece of mechaniſm, are generally twelve yards and a half long, and two yards and a half wide; and no one on bare inſpection would imagine that a bird (who is ſo very quick in all its motions) could be catched by the nets flapping over each other, till he becomes eye-witneſs of the pullers ſeldom failing†.

* Though entirely ſatisfied in our own mind of the impoſſibility of theſe relations; yet, deſirous of ſtrengthening our opinion with ſome better authority, we applied to that able anatomiſt, Mr. John Hunter; who was ſo obliging to inform us, that he had diſſected many ſwallows, but found nothing in them different from other birds as to the organs of reſpiration. That all thoſe animals which he had diſſected of the claſs that ſleep during winter, ſuch as lizards, frogs, &c. had a very different conſtruction as to thoſe organs. That all theſe animals, he believes, do breathe in their torpid ſtate; and as far as his experience reaches, he knows they do: and that therefore he eſteems it a very wild opinion, that terreſtrial animals can remain any long time under water without drowning.

† The nets are known in moſt parts of England, by the name of day-nets or clap-nets; but all we have ſeen are far inferior in their mechaniſm to thoſe uſed near London.

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The wild birds *fly* (as the bird-catchers term it) chiefly during the month of October, and part of September and November; as the flight in March is much leſs conſiderable than that of Michaelmas. It is to be noted alſo, that the ſeveral ſpecies of birds of flight do not make their appearance preciſely at the ſame time, during the months of September, October, and November. The Pippet *, for example, begins to fly about Michaelmas, and then the Woodlark, Linnet, Goldfinch, Chaffinch, Greenfinch, and other birds of flight ſucceed; all of which are not eaſily to be caught, or in any numbers, at any other time, and more particularly the Pippet and the Woodlark.

Theſe birds, during the Michaelmas and March flights, are chiefly on the wing from day break to noon, though there is afterwards a ſmall flight from two till night; but this however is ſo inconſiderable, that the bird-catchers always take up their nets at noon.

It may well deſerve the attention of the naturaliſt whence theſe periodical flights of certain birds can ariſe. As the ground however is ploughed during the months of October and March for ſowing the winter and lent corn, it ſhould ſeem that they are thus ſupplied with a great profuſion both of ſeeds and inſects, which they cannot ſo eaſily procure at any other ſeaſon.

It may not be improper to mention another circumſtance, to be obſerved during their flitting, viz. that they fly always againſt the wind; hence, there is great contention amongſt the bird-catchers who ſhall gain that point; if (for example) it is weſterly, the bird-catcher who lays his nets moſt to the eaſt, is ſure almoſt of catching every thing, provided his call-birds are good: a gentle wind to the ſouth-weſt generally produces the beſt ſport.

The bird-catcher who is a ſubſtantial man, and hath a proper apparatus for this purpoſe, generally carries with him five or ſix linnets (of which more are caught than any ſinging bird) two goldfinches, two greenfinches, one woodlark, one redpoll, a yellowhammer, titlark, and aberdavine, and perhaps a bullfinch; theſe are placed at ſmall diſtances from the nets in little cages. He hath, beſides, what are called flur-birds, which are placed within the nets, are raiſed upon the flur†, and gently let down at the time the wild bird approaches them. Theſe generally conſiſt of the linnet, the goldfinch, and the greenfinch, which are ſecured to the flur by what is called a *brace* ‡; a contrivance that ſecures the birds without doing any injury to their plumage.

It having been found that there is a ſuperiority between bird and bird, from the one being more in ſong than the other; the bird-catchers contrive that their call-birds ſhould moult before the uſual time. They, therefore, in June or July, put them into a cloſe box, under two or three folds of blankets, and leave their dung in the cage to raiſe a greater heat; in which ſtate they continue, being perhaps examined but once a week to have freſh water. As for food, the air is ſo putrid, that they eat little during the whole ſtate of confinement, which laſts about a month. The birds frequently die under the operation §; and hence the value of a ſtopped bird riſes greatly.

When the bird hath thus prematurely moulted, he is in ſong, whilſt the wild birds are out of ſong, and his note is louder and more piercing than that of a wild one; but it is not only in his note he receives an alteration, the plumage is equally improved. The black and yellow in the wings of the goldfinch, for example, become deeper and more vivid, together with a moſt beautiful gloſs, which is not to be ſeen in the wild bird. The bill, which in the latter is likewiſe black at the end, in the ſtopped bird becomes white and more taper, as do its legs: in ſhort, there is as much difference between a wild and a ſtopped bird, as there is between a horſe which is kept in body clothes, or at graſs.

When the bird-catcher hath laid his nets, he diſpoſes of his call-birds at proper intervals. It muſt be owned, that there is a moſt malicious joy in theſe call-birds to bring the wild ones into the ſame ſtate of captivity; which may likewiſe be obſerved with regard to the decoy ducks.

Their ſight and hearing infinitely excels

* A ſmall ſpecies of Lark, but which is inferior to other birds of that genus in point of ſong.

† A moveable perch to which the bird is tied, and which the bird-catcher can raiſe at pleaſure, by means of a long ſtring faſtened to it.

‡ A ſort of bandage, formed of a ſlender ſilken ſtring that is faſtened round the bird's body, and under the wings, in ſo artful a manner as to hinder the bird from being hurt, let it flutter ever ſo much in the raiſing.

§ We have been lately informed by an experienced bird-catcher, that he purſues a cooler regimen in ſtopping his birds, and that he therefore ſeldom loſes one: but we ſuſpect that there is not the ſame certainty of making them moult.

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that of the bird-catcher. The inſtant that the * wild birds are perceived, notice is given by one to the reſt of the call-birds (as it is by the firſt hound that hits on the ſcent to the reſt of the pack) after which follows the ſame ſort of tumultuous ecſtacy and joy. The call-birds, while the bird is at a diſtance, do not ſing as a bird does in a chamber; they invite the wild ones by what the bird-catchers call ſhort jerks, which when the birds are good, may be heard at a great diſtance. The aſcendency by this call or invitation is ſo great, that the wild bird is ſtopped in its courſe of flight, and if not already acquainted with the nets †, lights boldly within twenty yards of perhaps three or four bird-catchers, on a ſpot which otherwiſe it would not have taken the leaſt notice of. Nay, it frequently happens, that if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light in the nets, and ſhare the ſame fate; and ſhould only one bird eſcape, that bird will ſuffer itſelf to be pulled at till it is caught, ſuch a faſcinating power have the call birds.

While we are on this ſubject of the jerking of birds, we cannot omit mentioning, that the bird-catchers frequently lay conſiderable wagers whoſe call-bird can jerk the longeſt, as that determines the ſuperiority. They place them oppoſite to each other, by an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks the ofteneſt, before the candle is burnt out, wins the wager. We have been informed, that there have been inſtances of a bird's giving a hundred and ſeventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet, in ſuch a trial, perſevere in its emulation till it ſwooned from the perch: thus, as Pliny ſays of the nightingale, *victa morte ſinit ſæpe vitam, ſpiritu prius deficiente quàm cantu.* Lib. x. c. 29.

It may be here obſerved, that birds when near each other, and in fight, ſeldom jerk or ſing. They either fight, or uſe ſhort and wheedling calls; the jerking of theſe call-birds, therefore, face to face, is a moſt extraordinary inſtance of contention for ſuperiority in ſong.

It may be alſo worthy of obſervation, that the female of no ſpecies of birds ever ſings: with birds, it is the reverſe of what occurs in human kind: among the feathered tribe, all the cares of life fall to the lot of the tender ſex: theirs is the fatigue of incubatio; and the principal ſhare in nurſing the helpleſs brood: to alleviate theſe fatigues, and to ſupport her under them, nature hath given to the male the ſong, with all the little blandiſhments and ſoothing arts; theſe he fondly exerts (even after courtſhip) on ſome ſpray contiguous to the neſt, during the time his mate is performing her parental duties. But that ſhe ſhould be ſilent, is alſo another wiſe proviſion of nature, for her ſong would diſcover her neſt; as would a gaudineſs of plumage, which, for the ſame reaſon, ſeems to have been denied her.

To theſe we may add a few particulars that fell within our notice during our enquiries among the bird-catchers, ſuch as, that they immediately kill the hens of every ſpecies of birds they take, being incapable of ſinging, as alſo being inferior in plumage; the pippets likewiſe are indiſcriminately deſtroyed, as the cock does not ſing well: they ſell the dead birds for three-pence or four-pence a dozen.

Theſe ſmall birds are ſo good, that we are ſurprized the luxury of the age neglects ſo delicate an acquiſition to the table. The modern Italians are fond of ſmall birds, which they eat under the common name of Beccaficos: and the dear rate a Roman tragedian paid for one diſh of ſinging birds ‡ is well known.

Another particular we learned, in converſation with a London bird-catcher, was, the vaſt price that is ſometimes given for a ſingle ſong-bird, which had not learned to whiſtle tunes. The greateſt ſum we heard of, was five guineas for a chaffinch, that had a particular and uncommon note, under which it was intended to train others: and we alſo heard of five pounds ten ſhillings being given for a call-bird linnet.

A third ſingular circumſtance, which confirms an obſervation of Linnæus, is, that the male chaffinches fly by themſelves, and in the flight precede the females; but this is not peculiar to the chaffinches. When the titlarks are caught in the beginning of

* It may be alſo obſerved, that the moment they ſee a hawk, they communicate the alarm to each other by a plaintive note; nor will they then jerk or call, though the wild birds are near.

† A bird, acquainted with the nets, is by the bird-catchers termed a ſharper, which they endeavour to drive away, as they can have no ſport whilſt it continues near them.

‡ *Maximè tamen inſignis eſt in hac memoria*, Clodii Æſopi *tragici biſtrionis patina ſexcentis H. S. taxata; in* quo poſuit aves cantu aliquo, aut humano ſermone, vocales. Plin. lib. x. c. 51. The price of this expenſive diſh was about 6843*l.* 10*s.* according to Arbuthnot's Tables. This ſeems to have been a wanton caprice, rather than a tribute to epicuriſm.

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the ſeaſon, it frequently happens, that forty are taken and not one female among them: and probably the ſame would be obſerved with regard to other birds (as has been done with relation to the wheat-ear) if they were attended to.

An experienced and intelligent bird-catcher informed us, that ſuch birds as breed twice a year, generally have in their firſt brood a majority of males, and in their ſecond, of females, which may in part account for the above obſervation.

We muſt not omit mention of the bull-finch, though it does not properly come under the title of a ſinging bird, or a bird of flight, as it does not often move farther than from hedge to hedge; yet, as the bird ſells well on account of its learning to whiſtle tunes, and ſometimes flies over the fields where the nets are laid; the bird-catchers have often a call-bird to enſnare it, though moſt of them can imitate the call with their mouths. It is remarkable with regard to this bird, that the female anſwers the purpoſe of a call-bird as well as the male, which is not experienced in any other bird taken by the London bird-catchers.

It may perhaps ſurpriſe, that under this article of ſinging birds, we have not mentioned the nightingale, which is not a bird of flight, in the ſenſe the bird-catchers uſe this term. The nightingale, like the robin, wren, and many other ſinging birds, only moves from hedge to hedge, and does not take the periodical flights in October and March. The perſons who catch theſe birds, make uſe of ſmall trap-nets, without call-birds, and are conſidered as inferior in dignity to other bird-catchers, who will not rank with them.

The nightingale being the firſt of ſinging-birds, we ſhall here inſert a few particulars relating to it.

Its arrival is expected, by the trappers in the neighbourhood of London, the firſt week in April; at the beginning none but cocks are taken, but in a few days the hens make their appearance, generally by themſelves, though ſometimes a few males come along with them.

The latter are diſtinguiſhed from the females not only by their ſuperior ſize, but by a great ſwelling of their vent, which commences on the firſt arrival of the hens.

They do not build till the middle of May, and generally chuſe a quickſet to make their neſt in.

If the nightingale is kept in a cage, it often begins to ſing about the latter end of November, and continues its ſong more or leſs till June.

A young canary bird, linnet, ſkylark, or robin (who have never heard any other bird) are ſaid beſt to learn the note of a nightingale.

They are caught in a net-trap; the bottom of which is ſurrounded with an iron ring; the net itſelf is rather larger than a cabbage-net.

When the trappers hear or ſee them, they ſtrew ſome freſh mould under the place, and bait the trap with a meal-worm from the baker's ſhop.

Ten or a dozen nightingales have been thus caught in a day. *Barrington.*

§ 21. *Experiments and Obſervations on the* Singing *of* Birds.

From the Philoſophical Tranſactions, Vol. lxiii.

As the experiments and obſervations I mean to lay before the Royal Society relate to the ſinging of birds, which is a ſubject that hath never before been ſcientifically treated of *, it may not be improper to prefix an explanation of ſome uncommon terms, which I ſhall be obliged to uſe, as well as others which I have been under a neceſſity of coining.

To *chirp*, is the firſt ſound which a young bird utters, as a cry for food, and is different in all neſtlings, if accurately attended to; ſo that the hearer may diſtinguiſh of what ſpecies the birds are, though the neſt may hang out of his ſight and reach.

This cry is, as might be expected, very weak and querulous; it is dropped entirely as the bird grows ſtronger, nor is afterwards intermixed with its ſong, the chirp of a nightingale (for example) being hoarſe and diſagreeable.

To this definition of the chirp, I muſt add, that it conſiſts of a ſingle ſound, repeated at very ſhort intervals, and that it is common to neſtlings of both ſexes.

The *call* of a bird, is that ſound which it is able to make when about a month old; it is, in moſt inſtances (which I happen to recollect) a repetition of one and the ſame note,

* Kircher, indeed, in his Muſurgia, hath given us ſome few paſſages in the ſong of the nightingale, as well as the call of a quail and cuckow, which he hath engraved in muſical characters. Theſe inſtances however, only prove that ſome birds have in their ſong notes which correſpond with the intervals of our common ſcale of the muſical octave.

is retained by the bird as long as it lives, and is common, generally, to both the cock and hen *.

The next ſtage in the notes of a bird is termed, by the bird-catchers, *recording*, which word is probably derived from a muſical inſtrument, formerly uſed in England, called a recorder †.

This attempt in the neſtling to ſing, may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble. I have known inſtances of birds beginning to record when they were not a month old.

This firſt eſſay does not ſeem to have the leaſt rudiments of the future ſong; but as the bird grows older and ſtronger, one may begin to perceive what the neſtling is aiming at.

Whilſt the ſcholar is thus endeavouring to form his ſong, when he is once ſure of a paſſage, he commonly raiſes his tone, which he drops again, when he is not equal to what he is attempting; juſt as a ſinger raiſes his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with preciſion, but knows that he can execute them.

What the neſtling is not thus thoroughly maſter of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wiſh to be heard, and could not yet ſatisfy himſelf.

I have never happened to meet with a paſſage in any writer, which ſeems to relate to this ſtage of ſinging in a bird, except, perhaps, in the following lines of Statius:

"Nunc volucrum novi
"Queſtus, inexpertumque carmen,
"Quod tacitâ ſtatuere brumâ."
Stat. Sylv. L. IV. Ecl. 5.

A young bird commonly continues to record for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his ſong, which afterwards continues fixed, and is ſcarcely ever altered ‡.

When the bird is thus become perfect in his leſſon, he is ſaid to ſing his ſong round, or in all its varieties of paſſages, which he connects together, and executes without a pauſe.

I would therefore define a bird's ſong to be a ſucceſſion of three or more different notes, which are continued without interruption during the ſame interval with a muſical bar of four crotches in an adagio movement, or whilſt a pendulum ſwings four ſeconds.

By the firſt requiſite in this definition, I mean to exclude the call of a cuckow, or clucking of a hen §, as they conſiſt of only two notes; whilſt the ſhort burſts of ſinging birds, contending with each other (called *jerks* by the bird catchers) are equally diſtinguiſhed from what I term ſong, by their not continuing for four ſeconds.

As the notes of a cuckow and hen, therefore, though they exceed what I have defined the call of a bird to be, do not amount to its ſong, I will, for this reaſon, take the liberty of terming ſuch a ſucceſſion of two notes as we hear in theſe birds, the *varied call*.

Having thus ſettled the meaning of certain words, which I ſhall be obliged to make uſe of, I ſhall now proceed to ſtate ſome general principles with regard to the ſinging of birds, which ſeem to reſult from the experiments I have been making for ſeveral years, and under a great variety of circumſtances.

Notes in birds are no more innate, than language is in man, and depend entirely upon the maſter under which they are bred, as far as their organs will enable them to imitate the ſounds which they have frequent opportunities of hearing.

Moſt of the experiments I have made on this ſubject have been tried with cock linnets, which were fledged and nearly able to leave their neſt, on account not only of this bird's docility, and great powers of imitation, but becauſe the cock is eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the hen at that early period, by the ſuperior whiteneſs in the wing ‖.

* For want of terms to diſtinguiſh the notes of birds, Bellon applies the verb *chanter*, or ſing, to the gooſe and crane, as well as the nightingale. "Pluſieurs oiſeaux *chantent* la nuit, comme eſt l'oye, la grue, & le roſſignol." Bellon's Hiſt. of Birds, p. 50.

† It ſeems to have been a ſpecies of flute, and was probably uſed to teach young birds to pipe tunes. Lord Bacon deſcribes this inſtrument to have been ſtrait, to have had a leſſer and greater bore, both above and below, to have required very little breath from the blower, and to have had what he calls a *fipple*, or ſtopper. See his ſecond Century of Experiments.

‡ The bird called a Twite by the bird-catchers commonly flies in company with linnets, yet theſe two ſpecies of birds never learn each other's notes, which always continue totally different.

§ The common hen, when ſhe lays, repeats the ſame note, very often, and concludes with the ſixth above, which ſhe holds for a longer time.

‖ The white reaches almoſt to the ſhaft of the quill feathers, and in the hen does not exceed more than half of that ſpace: it is alſo of a brighter hue.

In

In many other sorts of singing birds the male is not at the age of three weeks so certainly known from the female; and if the pupil turns out to be a hen,

"ibi omnis
"Effusus labor."

The Greek poets made a songster of the τετλιξ, whatever animal that may be, and it is remarkable, that they observed the female was incapable of singing as well as hen birds:

Εισ' ισιν οι τετλιγες εκ ευδαιμονες,
Ων ταις γυναιξιν η δ' οτιουν φωνης ενι;
Comicorum Græcorum Sententiæ,
p. 452. Ed. Steph.

I have indeed known an instance or two of a hen's making out something like the song of her species; but these are as rare as the common hen's being heard to crow.

I rather suspect also, that those parrots, magpies, &c. which either do not speak at all, or very little, are hens of those kinds.

I have educated nestling linnets under the three best singing larks, the skylark, woodlark, and titlark, every one of which, instead of the linnet's song, adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors.

When the note of the titlark-linnet * was thoroughly fixed, I hung the bird in a room with two common linnets, for a quarter of a year, which were full in song; the titlark-linnet, however, did not borrow any passages from the linnet's song, but adhered stedfastly to that of the titlark.

I had some curiosity to find out whether an European nestling would equally learn the note of an African bird: I therefore educated a young linnet under a vengolina †, which imitated its African master so exactly, without any mixture of the linnet song, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

This vengolina-linnet was absolutely perfect, without ever uttering a single note by which it could have been known to be a linnet. In some of my other experiments, however, the nestling linnet retained the call of its own species, or what the bird-catchers term the linnet's chuckle, from some resemblance to that word when pronounced.

I have before stated, that all my nestling linnets were three weeks old, when taken from the nest; and by that time they frequently learn their own call from the parent birds, which I have mentioned to consist of only a single note.

To be certain, therefore, that a nestling will not have even the call of its species, it should be taken from the nest when only a day or two old; because, though nestlings cannot see till the seventh day, yet they can hear from the instant they are hatched, and probably, from that circumstance, attend to sounds more than they do afterwards, especially as the call of the parents announces the arrival of their food.

I must own, that I am not equal myself, nor can I procure any person to take the trouble of breeding up a bird of this age, as the odds against its being reared are almost infinite. The warmth indeed of incubation may be, in some measure, supplied by cotton and fires; but these delicate animals require, in this state, being fed almost perpetually, whilst the nourishment they receive should not only be prepared with great attention, but given in very small portions at a time.

Though I must admit, therefore, that I have never reared myself a bird of so tender an age, yet I have happened to see both a linnet and a goldfinch which were taken from their nests when only two or three days old.

The first of these belonged to Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, which, from a want of other sounds to imitate, almost articulated the words, pretty boy, as well as some other short sentences: I heard the bird myself repeat the words, pretty boy; and Mr. Matthews assured me, that he had neither the note or call of any bird whatsoever.

This talking linnet died last year, before which, many people went from London to hear him speak.

The goldfinch I have before mentioned, was reared in the town of Knighton in Radnorshire, which I happened to hear, as I was walking by the house where it was kept.

I thought indeed that a wren was singing; and I went into the house to enquire after it, as that little bird seldom lives long in a cage.

* I thus call a bird which sings notes he would not have learned in a wild state; thus by a skylark-linnet, I mean a linnet with the skylark song; a nightingale-robin, a robin with the nightingale song, &c.

† This bird seems not to have been described by any of the ornithologists; it is of the finch tribe, and about the same size with our aberdavine (or siskin). The colours are grey and white, and the cock hath a bright yellow spot upon the rump. It is a very familiar bird, and sings better than any of those which are not European, except the American mocking bird. An instance hath lately happened, in an aviary at Hampstead, of a vengolina's breeding with a Canary bird.

The

The people of the houſe, however, told me, that they had no bird but a goldfinch, which they conceived to ſing its own natural note, as they called it; upon which I ſtaid a conſiderable time in the room, whilſt its notes were merely thoſe of a wren, without the leaſt mixture of goldfinch.

On further inquiries, I found that the bird had been taken from the neſt when only a day or two old, that it was hung in a window which was oppoſite to a ſmall garden, whence the neſtling had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren, without having had any opportunity of learning even the call of the goldfinch.

Theſe facts, which I have ſtated, ſeem to prove very deciſively, that birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are ſuppoſed to be peculiar to each ſpecies. But it will poſſibly be aſked, why, in a wild ſtate, they adhere ſo ſteadily to the ſame ſong, inſomuch, that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him.

This, however, ariſes entirely from the neſtling's attending only to the inſtruction of the parent bird, whilſt it diſregards the notes of all others, which may perhaps be ſinging round him.

Young Canary birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other ſorts; and yet I have been informed, that they only learn the ſong of the parent cock.

Every one knows, that the common houſe-ſparrow, when in a wild ſtate, never does any thing but chirp: this, however, does not ariſe from want of powers in this bird to imitate others; but becauſe he only attends to the parental note.

But, to prove this deciſively, I took a common ſparrow from the neſt when it was fledged, and educated him under a linnet: the bird, however, by accident, heard a goldfinch alſo, and his ſong was, therefore, a mixture of the linnet and goldfinch.

I have tried ſeveral experiments, in order to obſerve, from what circumſtances birds fix upon any particular note when taken from the parents; but cannot ſettle this with any ſort of preciſion, any more than at what period of their recording they determine upon the ſong to which they will adhere.

I educated a young robin under a very fine nightingale; which, however, began already to be out of ſong, and was perfectly mute in leſs than a fortnight.

This robin afterwards ſung three parts in four nightingale; and the reſt of his ſong was what the bird-catchers call rubbiſh, or no particular note whatſoever.

I hung this robin nearer to the nightingale than to any other bird; from which firſt experiment I conceived, that the ſcholar would imitate the maſter which was at the leaſt diſtance from him.

From ſeveral other experiments, however, which I have ſince tried, I find it to be very uncertain what notes the neſtlings will moſt attend to, and often their ſong is a mixture; as in the inſtance which I before ſtated of the ſparrow.

I muſt own alſo, that I conceived, from the experiment of educating the robin under a nightingale, that the ſcholar would fix upon the note which it firſt heard when taken from the neſt; I imagined likewiſe, that, if the nightingale had been fully in ſong, the inſtruction for a fortnight would have been ſufficient.

I have, however, ſince tried the following experiment, which convinces me, ſo much depends upon circumſtances, and perhaps caprice in the ſcholar, that no general inference, or rule, can be laid down with regard to either of theſe ſuppoſitions.

I educated a neſtling robin under a woodlark linnet, which was full in ſong, and hung very near to him for a month together: after which, the robin was removed to another houſe, where he could only hear a ſkylark-linnet. The conſequence was, that the neſtling did not ſing a note of woodlark (though I afterwards hung him again juſt above the woodlark-linnet) but adhered entirely to the ſong of the ſkylark-linnet.

Having thus ſtated the reſult of ſeveral experiments, which were chiefly intended to determine, whether birds had any innate ideas of the notes, or ſong, which is ſuppoſed to be peculiar to each ſpecies, I ſhall now make ſome general obſervations on their ſinging; though perhaps the ſubject may appear to many a very minute one.

Every poet, indeed, ſpeaks with raptures of the harmony of the groves; yet thoſe even, who have good muſical ears, ſeem to pay little attention to it, but as a pleaſing noiſe.

I am alſo convinced (though it may ſeem rather paradoxial) that the inhabitants of London diſtinguiſh more accurately, and know more on this head, than of all the other parts of the iſland taken together.

This ſeems to ariſe from two cauſes.

The firſt is, that we have not more muſical ideas which are innate, than we have of

language; and therefore thoſe even, who have the happineſs to have organs which are capable of receiving a gratification from this ſixth ſenſe (as it hath been called by ſome) require, however, the beſt inſtruction.

The ocheſtra of the opera, which is confined to the metropolis, hath diffuſed a good ſtyle of playing over the other bands of the capital, which is, by degrees, communicated to the fiddler and ballad-ſinger in the ſtreets; the organs in every church, as well as thoſe of the Savoyards, contribute likewiſe to this improvement of muſical faculties in the Londoners.

If the ſinging of the ploughman in the country is therefore compared with that of the London blackguard, the ſuperiority is infinitely on the ſide of the latter; and the ſame may be obſerved in comparing the voice of a country girl and London houſemaid, as it is very uncommon to hear the former ſing tolerably in tune.

I do not mean by this, to aſſert that the inhabitants of the country are not born with as good muſical organs; but only, that they have not the ſame opportunites of learning from others, who play in tune themſelves.

The other reaſon for the inhabitants of London judging better in relation to the ſong of birds, ariſes from their hearing each bird ſing diſtinctly, either in their own or their neighbours ſhops; as alſo from a bird continuing much longer in ſong whilſt in a cage, than when at liberty; the cauſe of which I ſhall endeavour hereafter to explain.

They who live in the country, on the other hand, do not hear birds ſing in their woods for above two months in the year, when the confuſion of notes prevents their attending to the ſong of any particular bird; nor does he continue long enough in a place, for the hearer to recollect his notes with accuracy.

Beſides this, birds in the ſpring ſing very loud indeed; but they only give ſhort jerks, and ſcarcely ever the whole compaſs of their ſong.

For theſe reaſons, I have never happened to meet with any perſon, who had not reſided in London, whoſe judgment or opinion on this ſubject I could the leaſt rely upon; and a ſtronger proof of this cannot be given, than that moſt people, who keep Canary birds, do not know that they ſing chiefly either the titlark, or nightingagle notes *.

Nothing, however, can be more marked than the note of a nightingale called its jug, which moſt of the Canary birds brought from the Tyrol commonly have, as well as ſeveral nightingale ſtrokes, or particular paſſages in the ſong of that bird.

I mention this ſuperior knowledge in the inhabitants of the capital, becauſe I am convinced, that, if others are conſulted in relation to the ſinging of birds, they will only miſlead, inſtead of giving any material or uſeful information †.

Birds in a wild ſtate do not commonly ſing above ten weeks in the year; which is then alſo confined to the cocks of a few ſpecies; I conceive that this laſt circumſtance ariſes from the ſuperior ſtrength of the muſcles of the larynx.

I procured a cock nightingale, a cock and hen blackbird, a cock and hen rook, a cock linnet, as alſo a cock and hen chaffinch, which that very eminent anatomiſt, Mr. Hunter, F. R. S. was ſo obliging as to diſſect for me, and begged, that he would particularly attend to the ſtate of the organs in the different birds, which might be ſuppoſed to contribute to ſinging.

Mr. Hunter found the muſcles of the larynx to be ſtronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the ſame ſize; and in all thoſe inſtances (where he diſſected both cock and hen) that the ſame muſcles were ſtronger in the cock.

I ſent the cock and hen rook, in order to ſee whether there would be the ſame dif-

* I once ſaw two of theſe birds which came from the Canary Iſlands, neither of which had any ſong at all; and I have been informed, that a ſhip brought a great many of them not long ſince, which ſung as little.

Moſt of thoſe Canary birds, which are imported from the Tyrol, have been educated by parents, the progenitor of which was inſtructed by a nightingale; our Engliſh Canary birds have commonly more of the titlark note.

The traffic in theſe birds makes a ſmall article of commerce, as four Tyroleze generally bring over to England ſixteen hundred every year; and though they carry them on their backs one thouſand miles, as well as pay 20*l.* duty for ſuch a number, yet, upon the whole, it anſwers to ſell theſe birds at 5*s* apiece.

The chief place for breeding Canary birds is Inſpruck and its environs, from whence they are ſent to Conſtantinople, as well as every part of Europe.

† As it will not anſwer to catch birds with clap-nets any where but in the neighbourhood of London, moſt of the birds which may be heard in a country town are neſtlings, and conſequently cannot ſing the ſuppoſed natural ſong in any perfection.

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ference in the cock and hen of a ſpecies which did not ſing at all. Mr. Hunter, however, told me, that he had not attended ſo much to their comparative organs of voice, as in the other kinds; but that, to the beſt of his recollection, there was no difference at all.

Strength, however, in theſe muſcles, ſeems not to be the only requiſite; the birds muſt have alſo great plenty of food, which ſeems to be proved ſufficiently by birds in a cage ſinging the greateſt part of the year, when the wild ones do not (as I obſerved before) continue in ſong above ten weeks.

The food of ſinging birds conſiſts of plants, inſects, or ſeeds, and of the two firſt of theſe there is infinitely the greateſt profuſion in the ſpring.

As for ſeeds, which are to be met with only in the autumn, I think they cannot well find any great quantities of them in a country ſo cultivated as England is; for the ſeeds in meadows are deſtroyed by mowing; in paſtures, by the bite of the cattle; and in arable, by the plough, when moſt of them are buried too deep for the bird to reach them *.

I know well that the ſinging of the cock-bird in the ſpring is attributed by many to the motive only of pleaſing its mate during incubation.

They, however, who ſuppoſe this, ſhould recollect, that much the greater part of birds do not ſing at all, why ſhould their mate therefore be deprived of this ſolace and amuſement?

The bird in a cage, which, perhaps, ſings nine or ten months in a year, cannot do ſo from this inducement; and, on the contrary, it ariſes chiefly from contending with another bird, or indeed againſt almoſt any ſort of continued noiſe.

Superiority in ſongs gives to birds a moſt amazing aſcendency over each other; as is well known to the bird-catchers by the faſcinating power of their call-birds, which they contrive ſhould moult prematurely for this purpoſe.

But, to ſhew deciſively that the ſinging of a bird in the ſpring does not ariſe from any attention to its mate, a very experienced catcher of nightingales hath informed me, that ſome of theſe birds have jerked the inſtant they were caught. He hath alſo brought to me a nightingale, which had been but a few hours in a cage, and which burſt forth in a roar of ſong.

At the ſame time this bird is ſo ſulky on its firſt confinement, that he muſt be crammed for ſeven or eight days, as he will otherwiſe not feed himſelf; it is alſo neceſſary to tye his wings, to prevent his killing himſelf againſt the top or ſides of the cage.

I believe there is no inſtance of any bird's ſinging which exceeds our black-bird in ſize: and poſſibly this may ariſe from the difficulty of its concealing itſelf, if it called the attention of its enemies, not only by bulk, but by the proportionable loudneſs of its notes †.

I ſhould rather conceive, it is for the ſame reaſon that no hen-bird ſings, becauſe this talent would be ſtill more dangerous during incubation; which may poſſibly alſo account for the inferiority in point of plumage.

Barrington.

III. FISHES.

§ 22. *The* Eel.

The eel is a very ſingular fiſh in ſeveral things that relate to its natural hiſtory, and in ſome reſpects borders on the nature of the reptile tribe.

It is known to quit its element, and during night to wander along the meadows, not only for change of habitation, but alſo for the ſake of prey, feeding on the ſnails it finds in its paſſage.

During winter it beds itſelf deep in the mud, and continues in a ſtate of reſt like the ſerpent kind. It is very impatient of cold, and will eagerly take ſhelter in a whiſp of ſtraw flung into a pond in ſevere weather, which has ſometimes been practiſed as a method of taking them. Albertus goes ſo far as to ſay, that he has known eels to ſhelter in a hay-rick, yet all periſhed through exceſs of cold.

It has been obſerved, that in the river Nyne there is a variety of ſmall eel, with a leſſer head and narrower mouth than the common kind; that it is found in cluſters in the bottom of the river, and is called the bed-eel; theſe are ſometimes rouſed up by violent floods, and are never found at that time with meat in their ſtomachs. This bears ſuch an analogy with the cluſtering of blindworms in their quieſcent ſtate, that we

* The plough indeed may turn up ſome few ſeeds, which may ſtill be in an eatable ſtate.

† For the ſame reaſon, moſt large birds are wilder than the ſmaller ones.

cannot but conſider it as a further proof of a partial agreement in the nature of the two genera.

The ancients adopted a moſt wild opinion about the generation of theſe fiſh, believing them to be either created from the mud, or that the ſcrapings of their bodies which they left on the ſtones were animated and became young eels. Some moderns gave into theſe opinions, and into others that were equally extravagant. They could not account for the appearance of theſe fiſh in ponds that never were ſtocked with them, and that were even ſo remote as to make their being met with in ſuch places a phænomenon that they could not ſolve. But there is much reaſon to believe, that many waters are ſupplied with theſe fiſh by the aquatic fowl of prey, in the ſame manner as vegetation is ſpread by many of the land birds, either by being dropped as they carry them to feed their young, or by paſſing quick through their bodies, as is the caſe with herons; and ſuch may be the occaſion of the appearance of theſe fiſh in places where they were never ſeen before. As to their immediate generation, it has been ſufficiently proved to be effected in the ordinary courſe of nature, and that they are viviparous.

They are extremely voracious, and very deſtructive to the fry of fiſh.

No fiſh lives ſo long out of water as the eel; it is extremely tenacious of life, as its parts will move a conſiderable time after they are flayed and cut in pieces.

The eel is placed by Linnæus in the genus of *muræna*, his firſt of the apodal fiſh, or ſuch which want the ventral fins.

The eyes are placed not remote from the end of the noſe: the irides are tinged with red: the under jaw is longer than the upper: the teeth are ſmall, ſharp, and numerous: beneath each eye is a minute orifice: at the end of the noſe two others, ſmall and tubular.

This fiſh is furniſhed with a pair of pectoral fins, rounded at their ends. Another narrow fin on the back, uniting with that of the tail; and the anal fin joins it in the ſame manner beneath.

Behind the pectoral fins is the orifice to the gills, which are concealed in the ſkin.

Eels vary much in their colours, from a ſooty hue to a light olive green; and thoſe which are called ſilver eels, have their bellies white, and a remarkable clearneſs throughout.

Beſides theſe, there is another variety of this fiſh, known in the Thames by the name of grigs, and about Oxford by that of grigs or gluts. Theſe are ſcarce ever ſeen near Oxford in the winter, but appear in ſpring, and bite readily at the hook, which common eels in that neighbourhood will not. They have a larger head, a blunter noſe, thicker ſkin, and leſs fat than the common ſort; neither are they ſo much eſteemed, nor do they often exceed three or four pounds in weight.

Common eels grow to a large ſize, ſometimes ſo great as to weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, but that is extremely rare. As to inſtances brought by Dale and others, of theſe fiſh increaſing to a ſuperior magnitude, we have much reaſon to ſuſpect them to have been congers, ſince the enormous fiſh they deſcribe have all been taken at the mouths of the Thames or Medway.

The eel is the moſt univerſal of fiſh, yet is ſcarce ever found in the Danube, though it is very common in the lakes and rivers of Upper Auſtria.

The Romans held this fiſh very cheap, probably from its likeneſs to a ſnake.

> Vos anguilla manet longæ cognata colubræ,
> Vernula riparum pinguis torrente cloaca.
> Juvenal, Sat. v.
> For you is kept a ſink-fed ſnake-like eel.

On the contrary, the luxurious Sybarites were ſo fond of theſe fiſh, as to exempt from every kind of tribute the perſons who ſold them.

§ 23. *The* Perch.

The perch of Ariſtotle and Auſonius is the ſame with that of the moderns. That mentioned by Oppian, Pliny, and Athenæus, is a ſea-fiſh, probably of the *Labrus* or *Sparus* kind, being enumerated by them among ſome congenerous ſpecies. Our perch was much eſteemed by the Romans:

> Nec te delicias menſarum Perca, ſilebo.
> Amnigenos inter piſces dignande marinis.
> Ausonius.

It is not leſs admired at preſent as a firm and delicate fiſh; and the Dutch are particularly fond of it when made into a diſh called water ſouchy.

It is a gregatious fiſh, and loves deep holes and gentle ſtreams. It is a moſt voracious fiſh, and eager biter: if the angler meets with a ſhoal of them, he is ſure of taking every one.

It is a common notion that the pike will not attack this fiſh, being fearful of the ſpiny fins which the perch erects on the approach

proach of the former. This may be true in respect to large fish; but it is well known the small ones are the most tempting bait that can be laid for the pike.

The perch is a fish very tenacious of life: we have known them carried near sixty miles in dry straw, and yet survive the journey.

These fish seldom grow to a large size: we once heard of one that was taken in the Serpentine river, Hyde Park, that weighed nine pounds; but that is very uncommon.

The body is deep: the scales very rough: the back much arched: side-line near the back.

The irides golden: the teeth small, disposed in the jaws and on the roof of the mouth: the edges of the covers of the gills serrated: on the lower end of the largest is a sharp spine.

The first dorsal fin consists of fourteen strong spiny rays: the second of sixteen soft ones: the pectoral fins are transparent, and consist of fourteen rays; the ventral of six; the anal of eleven.

The tail is a little forked.

The colours are beautiful: the back and part of the sides being of a deep green, marked with five broad black bars pointing downwards: the belly is white, tinged with red: the ventral fins of a rich scarlet; the anal fins and tail of the same colour, but rather paler.

In a lake called Llyn Raithlyn, in Merionethshire, is a very singular variety of perch: the back is quite hunched, and the lower part of the back bone, next the tail, strangely distorted: in colour, and in other respects, it resembles the common kind, which are as numerous in the lake as these deformed fish. They are not peculiar to this water; for Linnæus takes notice of a similar variety found at Fahlun, in his own country. I have also heard that it is to be met with in the Thames near Marlow.

§ 24. *The* Trout.

It is matter of surprise that this common fish has escaped the notice of all the ancients, except Ausonius: it is also singular, that so delicate a species should be neglected at a time when the folly of the table was at its height; and that the epicures should overlook a fish that is found in such quantities in the lakes of their neighbourhood, when they ransacked the universe for dainties. The milts of *muræna* were brought from one place; the livers of *scari* from another*; and oysters even from so remote a spot as our Sandwich †: but there was, and is a fashion in the article of good living. The Romans seem to have despised the trout, the piper, and the doree; and we believe Mr. Quin himself would have resigned the rich paps of a pregnant sow ‡, the heels of camels §, and the tongues of *flamingos* ‖, though dressed by Heliogabalus's cooks, for a good jowl of salmon with lobster-sauce.

When Ausonius speaks of this fish, he makes no euloge on its goodness, but celebrates it only for its beauty.

Purpureisque Salar stellatus tergore guttis.
With purple spots the Salar's back is stain'd.

These marks point out the species he intended: what he meant by his *fario* is not so easy to determine: whether any species of trout, of a size between the *salar* and the salmon; or whether the salmon itself, at a certain age, is not very evident.

Teque inter geminos species, neutrumque et utrumque,
Qui nec dum Salmo, nec Salar ambiguusque.
Amborum medio Fario intercepte sub ævo.
Salmon or Salar, I'll pronounce thee neither;
A doubtful kind, that may be none, or either,
Fario, when stopt in middle growth.

In fact, the colours of the trout, and its spots, vary greatly in different waters, and in different seasons; yet each may be reduced to one species. In Llyndivi, a lake in South Wales, are trouts called *coch y dail*, marked with red and black spots as big as six-pences; others unspotted, and of a reddish hue, that sometimes weigh near ten pounds, but are bad tasted.

In Lough Neagh, in Ireland, are trouts called there *buddaghs*, which I was told sometimes weighed thirty pounds; but it was not my fortune to see any during my stay in the neighbourhood of that vast water.

Trouts (probably of the same species) are also taken in Ulles-water, a lake in Cumberland, of a much superior size to those of Lough Neagh. These are supposed to be the same with the trout of the lake of Geneva, a fish I have eaten more than once, and think but a very indifferent one.

In the river Eynion, not far from Machyntleth, in Merionethshire, and in one of the Snowdon lakes, are found a variety of trout, which are naturally deformed, having a strange crookedness near the tail, resembling that of the perch before described. We

* Suetonius, vita Vitellii.
† Juvenal, Sat. IV. 141.
‡ Martial, Lib. XIII. Epig. 44.
§ Lamprid, vit. Heliogab.
‖ Martial, Lib. XII. Epig. 71.

dwell the leſs on theſe monſtrous productions, as our friend the Hon. Daines Barrington, has already given an account of them in an ingenious diſſertation on ſome of the Cambrian fiſh, publiſhed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions of the year 1767.

The ſtomachs of the common trouts are uncommonly thick and muſcular. They feed on the ſhell-fiſh of lakes and rivers, as well as on ſmall fiſh. They likewiſe take into their ſtomachs gravel, or ſmall ſtones, to aſſiſt in comminuting the teſtaceous parts of their food. The trouts of certain lakes in Ireland, ſuch as thoſe of the province of Galway, and ſome others, are remarkable for the great thickneſs of their ſtomachs, which, from ſome ſlight reſemblance to the organs of digeſtion in birds, have been called gizzards: the Iriſh name the ſpecies that has them, *Gillaroo* trouts. Theſe ſtomachs are ſometimes ſerved up to table, under the former appellation. It does not appear to me, that the extraordinary ſtrength of ſtomach in the Iriſh fiſh, ſhould give any ſuſpicion that it is a diſtinct ſpecies: the nature of the waters might increaſe the thickneſs; or the ſuperior quantity of ſhell-fiſh, which may more frequently call for the uſe of its comminuting powers than thoſe of our trouts, might occaſion this difference. I had opportunity of comparing the ſtomach of a great *Gillaroo* trout, with a large one from the Uxbridge river. The laſt, if I recollect, was ſmaller, and out of ſeaſon; and its ſtomach (notwithſtanding it was very thick) was much inferior in ſtrength to that of the former: but on the whole, there was not the leaſt ſpecific difference between the two ſubjects.

Trouts are moſt voracious fiſh, and afford excellent diverſion to the angler: the paſſion for the ſport of angling is ſo great in the neighbourhood of London, that the liberty of fiſhing in ſome of the ſtreams in the adjacent counties, is purchaſed at the rate of ten pounds per annum.

Theſe fiſh ſhift their quarters to ſpawn, and, like ſalmon, make up towards the heads of rivers to depoſit their roes. The under jaw of the trout is ſubject, at certain times, to the ſame curvature as that of the ſalmon.

A trout taken in Llynallet, in Denbighſhire, which is famous for an excellent kind, meaſured ſeventeen inches, its depth three and three quarters, its weight one pound ten ounces: the head thick; the noſe rather ſharp: the upper jaw a little longer than the lower; both jaws, as well as the head, were of a pale brown, blotched with black: the teeth ſharp and ſtrong, diſpoſed in the jaws, roof of the mouth and tongue, as is the caſe with the whole genus, except the gwyniad, which is toothleſs, and the grayling, which has none on its tongue.

The back was duſky; the ſides tinged with a purpliſh bloom, marked with deep purple ſpots, mixed with black, above and below the ſide line which was ſtrait: the belly white.

The firſt dorſal fin was ſpotted; the ſpurious fin brown, tipped with red; the pectoral, ventral, and anal fins, of a pale brown; the edges of the anal fin white: the tail very little forked when extended.

§ 25. *The* Pike *or* Jack.

The pike is common in moſt of the lakes of Europe, but the largeſt are thoſe taken in Lapland, which, according to Schæffer, are ſometimes eight feet long. They are taken there in great abundance, dried, and exported for ſale. The largeſt fiſh of this kind which we ever heard of in England, weighed thirty-five pounds.

According to the common ſaying, theſe fiſh were introduced into England in the reign of Henry VIII. in 1537. They were ſo rare, that a pike was ſold for double the price of a houſe-lamb in February, and a pickerel for more than a fat capon.

All writers who treat of this ſpecies bring inſtances of its vaſt voraciouſneſs. We have known one that was choaked by attempting to ſwallow one of its own ſpecies that proved too large a morſel. Yet its jaws are very looſely connected; and have on each ſide an additional bone like the jaw of a viper; which renders them capable of greater diſtenſion when it ſwallows its prey. It does not confine itſelf to feed on fiſh and frogs, it will devour the water rat, and draw down the young ducks as they are ſwimming ubout. In a manuſcript note which we found, p. 244, of our copy of Plott's Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, is the following extraordinary fact: "At Lord Gower's canal at Trentham, a pike ſeized the head of a ſwan as "ſhe was feeding under water, and gorged "ſo much of it as killed them both. The "ſervants perceiving the ſwan with its head "under water for a longer time than uſual, "took the boat, and found both ſwan and "pike dead*."

* This note we afterwards diſcovered was wrote by Mr. Plott, of Oxford, who aſſured me he inſerted it on good authority.

But there are instances of its fierceness still more surprising, and which indeed border a little on the marvellous. Gesner * relates, that a famished pike in the Rhone seized on the lips of a mule that was brought to water, and that the beast drew the fish out before it could disengage itself. That people have been bit by these voracious creatures while they were washing their legs, and that they will even contend with the otter for its prey, and endeavour to force it out of its mouth.

Small fish shew the same uneasiness and detestation at the presence of this tyrant, as the little birds do at the sight of the hawk or owl. When the pike lies dormant near the surface (as is frequently the case) the lesser fish are often observed to swim around it in vast numbers, and in great anxiety. Pike are often haltered in a noose, and taken while they lie thus asleep, as they are often found in the ditches near the Thames, in the month of May.

In the shallow water of the Lincolnshire fens they are frequently taken in a manner peculiar, we believe, to that country, and the isle of Ceylon. The fishermen make use of what is called a crown-net, which is no more than a hemispherical basket, open at top and bottom. He stands at the end of one of the little fenboats, and frequently puts his basket down to the bottom of the water, then poking a stick into it, discovers whether he has any booty by the striking of the fish; and vast numbers of pike are taken in this manner.

The longevity of this fish is very remarkable, if we may credit the accounts given of it. Rzaczynski tells us of one that was ninety years old; but Gesner relates, that in the year 1497, a pike was taken near Hailbrun, in Suabia, with a brazen ring affixed to it, on which were these words in Greek characters: *I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the governor of the universe*, Frederick *the second, the 5th of October*, 1230: so that the former must have been an infant to this Methusalem of a fish.

Pikes spawn in March or April, according to the coldness or warmth of the weather. When they are in high season their colours are very fine, being green, spotted with bright yellow; and the gills are of a most vivid and full red. When out of season, the green changes to grey, and the yellow spots turn pale.

The head is very flat; the upper jaw broad, and is shorter than the lower: the under jaw turns up a little at the end, and is marked with minute punctures.

The teeth are very sharp, disposed only in the front of the upper jaw, but in both sides of the lower, in the roof of the mouth, and often the tongue. The slit of the mouth, or the gape, is very wide; the eyes small.

The dorsal fin is placed very low on the back, and consists of twenty-one rays; the pectoral of fifteen; the ventral of eleven; the anal of eighteen.

The tail is bifurcated.

§ 26. *The* Carp.

This is one of the naturalized fish of our country, having been introduced here by Leonard Maschal, about the year 1514†, to whom we were also indebted for that excellent apple the pepin. The many good things that our island wanted before that period, are enumerated in this old distich:

> Turkies, carps, hops, pickerel, and beer,
> Came into England all in one year.

As to the two last articles we have some doubts, the others we believe to be true. Russia wants these fish at this day; Sweden has them only in the ponds of the people of fashion; Polish Prussia is the chief seat of the carp; they abound in the rivers and lakes of that country, particularly in the Frisch and Curisch-haff, where they are taken of a vast size. They are there a great article of commerce, and sent in well-boats to Sweden and Russia. The merchants purchase them out of the waters of the noblesse of the country, who draw a good revenue from this article. Neither are there wanting among our gentry, instances of some who make good profit of their ponds.

The ancients do not separate the carp from the sea fish. We are credibly informed that they are sometimes found in the harbour of Dantzick, between the town and a small place called Hela.

Carp are very long lived. Gesner brings an instance of one that was an hundred years old. They also grow to a very great size. On our own knowledge we can speak of none that exceeded twenty pounds in weight; but Jovius says, that they were sometimes taken in the Lacus Larius (the Lago di Como) of two hundred pounds weight; and Rzaczynski mentions others taken in the Dniester that were five feet in length.

They are also extremely tenacious of life, and will live for a most remarkable time out of water. An experiment has been made

* Gesner pisc. 503.
† Fuller's British Worthies, Suffex. 113.

by placing a carp in a net, well wrapped up in wet moss, the mouth only remaining out, and then hung up in a cellar, or some cool place: the fish is frequently fed with white bread and milk, and is besides often plunged into water. Carp thus managed have been known, not only to have lived above a fortnight, but to grow exceedingly fat, and far superior in taste to those that are immediately killed from the pond †.

The carp is a prodigious breeder: its quantity of roe has been sometimes found so great, that when taken out and weighed against the fish itself, the former has been found to preponderate. From the spawn of this fish caviare is made for the Jews, who hold the sturgeon in abhorrence.

These fish are extremely cunning, and on that account are by some styled the *river fox*. They will sometimes leap over the nets, and escape that way; at others, will immerse themselves so deep in the mud, as to let the net pass over them. They are also very shy of taking a bait; yet at the spawning time they are so simple, as to suffer themselves to be tickled, handled, and caught by any body that will attempt it.

This fish is apt to mix its milt with the roe of other fish, from which is produced a spurious breed; we have seen the offspring of the carp and tench, which bore the greatest resemblance to the first: have also heard of the same mixture between the carp and bream.

The carp is of a thick shape: the scales very large, and when in best season of a fine gilded hue.

The jaws are of equal length; there are two teeth in the jaws, or on the tongue; but at the entrance of the gullet, above and below, are certain bones that act on each other, and comminute the food before it passes down.

On each side of the mouth is a single beard; above those on each side another, but shorter: the dorsal fin extends far towards the tail, which is a little bifurcated; the third ray of the dorsal fin is very strong, and armed with sharp teeth, pointing downwards; the third ray of the anal fin is constructed in the same manner.

§ 27. *The* Barbel.

This fish was so extremely coarse, as to be overlooked by the ancients till the time of Ausonius, and what he says is no panegyric on it; for he lets us know it loves deep waters, and that when it grows old it was not absolutely bad.

Laxos exerces Barbe natatus,
Tu melior pejore ævo, tibi contigit uni
Spirantum ex numero non inlaudata senectus.

It frequents the still and deep parts of rivers, and lives in society, rooting like swine with their noses in the soft banks. It is so tame as to suffer itself to be taken with the hand; and people have been known to take numbers by diving for them. In summer they move about during night in search of food, but towards autumn, and during winter, confine themselves to the deepest holes.

They are the worst and coarsest of fresh water fish, and seldom eat but by the poorer sort of people, who sometimes boil them with a bit of bacon to give them a relish. The roe is very noxious, affecting those who unwarily eat of it with a nausea, vomiting, purging, and a slight swelling.

It is sometimes found of the length of three feet, and eighteen pounds in weight: it is of a long and rounded form: the scales not large.

Its head is smooth: the nostrils placed near the eyes: the mouth is placed below: on each corner is a single beard, and another on each side the nose.

The dorsal fin is armed with a remarkable strong spine, sharply serrated, with which it can inflict a very severe wound on the incautious handler, and even do much damage to the nets.

The pectoral fins are of a pale brown colour; the ventral and anal tipped with yellow: the tail a little bifurcated, and of a deep purple: the side line is strait.

The scales are of a pale gold colour, edged with black: the belly is white.

§ 28. *The* Tench.

The tench underwent the same fate with the barbel, in respect to the notice taken of it by the early writers: and even Ausonius, who first mentions it, treats it with such disrespect, as evinces the great capriciousness of taste; for that fish, which at present is held in such good repute, was in his days the repast only of the canaille.

Quis non et virides vulgia solatia Tincas
Norit?

It has been by some called the Physician of the fish, and that the slime is so healing,

† This was told me by a gentleman of the utmost veracity, who had twice made the experiment. The same fact is related by that pious philosopher Doctor Derham, in his Physico-Theology, edit. 9th. 1737. ch. 1. p. 7. n. c.

that

that the wounded apply it as a ſtyptic. The ingenious Mr. Diaper, in his piſcatory eclogues, ſays, that even the voracious pike will ſpare the tench on account of its healing powers:

The Tench he ſpares a medicinal kind:
For when by wounds diſtreſt, or ſore diſeaſe,
He courts the ſalutary fiſh for eaſe;
Cloſe to his ſcales the kind phyſician glides,
And ſweats a healing balſam from his ſides.
Ecl. II.

Whatever virtue its ſlime may have to the inhabitants of the water, we will not vouch for, but its fleſh is a wholeſome and delicious food to thoſe of the earth. The Germans are of a different opinion. By way of contempt, they call it Shoemaker. Geſner even ſays, that it is inſipid and unwholeſome.

It does not commonly exceed four or five pounds in weight, but we have heard of one that weighed ten pounds; Salvianus ſpeaks of ſome that arrived at twenty pounds.

They love ſtill waters, and are rarely found in rivers: they are very fooliſh, and eaſily caught.

The tench is thick and ſhort in proportion to its length: the ſcales are very ſmall, and covered with ſlime.

The irides are red: there is ſometimes, but not always, a ſmall beard at each corner of the mouth.

The colour of the back is duſky; the dorſal and ventral fins of the ſame colour: the head, ſides, and belly, of a greeniſh caſt, moſt beautifully mixed with gold, which is in its greateſt ſplendor when the fiſh is in the higheſt ſeaſon.

The tail is quite even at the end, and very broad.

§ 29. *The* Gudgeon.

Ariſtotle mentions the gudgeon in two places; once as a river fiſh, and again as a ſpecies that was gregarious: in a third place he deſcribes it as a ſea fiſh; we muſt therefore conſider the Κωβιος he mentions, lib. ix. c. 2. and lib. viii. c. 19. as the ſame with our ſpecies.

This fiſh is generally found in gentle ſtreams, and is of a ſmall ſize: thoſe few, however, that are caught in the Kennet, and Cole, are three times the weight of thoſe taken elſewhere. The largeſt we ever heard of was taken near Uxbridge, and weighed half a pound.

They bite eagerly, and are aſſembled by raking the bed of the river; to this ſpot they immediately crowd in ſhoals, expecting food from this diſturbance.

The ſhape of the body is thick and round: the irides tinged with red: the gill covers with green and ſilver: the lower jaw is ſhorter than the upper: at each corner of the mouth is a ſingle beard: the back olive, ſpotted with black: the ſide line ſtrait; the ſides beneath that ſilvery: the belly white.

The tail is forked; that, as well as the dorſal fin, is ſpotted with black.

§ 30. *The* Bream.

The bream is an inhabitant of lakes, or the deep parts of ſtill rivers. It is a fiſh that is very little eſteemed, being extremely inſipid.

It is extremely deep, and thin in proportion to its length. The back riſes very much, and is very ſharp at the top. The head and mouth are ſmall: on ſome we examined in the ſpring, were abundance of minute whitiſh tubercles; an accident which Pliny ſeems to have obſerved befals the fiſh of the Lago Maggiore, and Lago di Como. The ſcales are very large: the ſides flat and thin.

The dorſal fin has eleven rays, the ſecond of which is the longeſt: that fin, as well as all the reſt, are of a duſky colour; the back of the ſame hue: the ſides yelloviſh.

The tail is very large, and of the form of a creſcent.

§ 31. *The* Crucian.

This ſpecies is common in many of the fiſh-ponds about London, and other parts of the ſouth of England; but I believe is not a native fiſh.

It is very deep and thick: the back is much arched: the dorſal fin conſiſts of nineteen rays; the two firſt ſtrong and ſerrated. The pictoral fins have (each) thirteen rays; the ventral nine; the anal ſeven or eight: the lateral line parallel with the belly: the tail almoſt even at the end.

The colour of the fiſh in general is a deep yellow: the meat is coarſe, and little eſteemed.

§ 32. *The* Roach.

'Sound as a roach,' is a proverb that appears to be but indifferently founded, that fiſh being not more diſtinguiſhed for its vivacity than many others; yet it is uſed by the French as well as us, who compare people of ſtrong health to their *gardon*, our roach.

It is a common fiſh, found in many of our deep ſtill rivers, affecting, like the others of this genus, quiet waters. It is gregarious, keeping in large ſhoals. We have never ſeen them very large. Old Walton ſpeaks of ſome that weighed two pounds. In a liſt of fiſh ſold in the London markets, with the greateſt

greateſt weight of each, communicated to us by an intelligent fiſhmonger, is mention of one whoſe weight was five pounds.

The roach is deep but thin, and the back is much elevated, and ſharply ridged: the ſcales large, and fall off very eaſily. Side line bends much in the middle towards the belly.

§ 33. *The* Dace.

This, like the roach, is gregarious, haunts the ſame places, is a great breeder, very lively, and during ſummer is very fond of frolicking near the ſurface of the water. This fiſh and the roach are coarſe and inſipid meat.

Its head is ſmall: the irides of a pale yellow: the body long and ſlender: its length ſeldom above ten inches, though in the above-mentioned liſt is an account of one that weighed a pound and an half: the ſcales ſmaller than thoſe of the roach.

The back is varied with duſky, with a caſt of a yellowiſh green: the ſides and belly ſilvery: the dorſal fin duſky: the ventral, anal, and caudal fins red, but leſs ſo than thoſe of the former: the tail is very much forked.

§ 34. *The* Chub.

Salvianus imagines this fiſh to have been the *ſqualus* of the ancients, and grounds his opinion on a ſuppoſed error in a certain paſſage in Columella and Varro, where he would ſubſtitute the word *ſqualus* inſtead of *ſcarus:* Columella ſays no more than that the old Romans paid much attention to their ſtews, and kept even the ſea-fiſh in freſh water, paying as much reſpect to the *mullet* and *ſcaras*, as thoſe of his days did to the *muræna* and *baſs*.

That the *ſcarus* was not our *chub*, is very evident; not only becauſe the chub is entirely an inhabitant of freſh waters, but likewiſe it ſeems improbable that the Romans would give themſelves any trouble about the worſt of river fiſh, when they neglected the moſt delicious kinds; all their attention was directed towards thoſe of the ſea: the difficulty of procuring them ſeems to have been the criterion of their value, as is ever the caſe with effete luxury.

The chub is a very coarſe fiſh, and full of bones: it frequents the deep holes of rivers, and during ſummer commonly lies on the ſurface, beneath the ſhade of ſome tree or buſh. It is a very timid fiſh, ſinking to the bottom on the leaſt alarm, even at the paſſing of a ſhadow, but they will ſoon reſume their ſituation. It feeds on worms, caterpillars, graſshoppers, beetles, and other coleopterous inſects that happen to fall into the water; and it will even feed on cray-fiſh. This fiſh will riſe to a fly.

This fiſh takes its name from its head, not only in our own, but in other languages: we call it *chub*, according to Skinner, from the old Engliſh, *cop*, a head; the French, *teſtard*; the Italians, *capitone*.

It does not grow to a large ſize; we have known ſome that weighed above five pounds, but Salvianus ſpeaks of others that were eight or nine pounds in weight.

The body is oblong, rather round, and of a pretty equal thickneſs the greateſt part of the way: the ſcales are large.

The irides ſilvery; the cheeks of the ſame colour: the head and back of a deep duſky green; the ſides ſilvery, but in the ſummer yellow: the belly white: the pectoral fins of a pale yellow: the ventral and anal fins red: the tail a little forked, of a browniſh hue, but tinged with blue at the end.

§ 35. *The* Bleak.

The taking of theſe, Auſonius lets us know, was the ſport of children,

Alburnos prædam puerilibus hamis.

They are very common in many of our rivers, and keep together in large ſhoals. Theſe fiſh ſeem at certain ſeaſons to be in great agonies; they tumble about near the ſurface of the water, and are incapable of ſwimming far from the place, but in about two hours recover, and diſappear. Fiſh thus affected the Thames fiſhermen call *mad bleaks*. They ſeem to be troubled with a ſpecies of *gordius* or hair-worm, of the ſame kind with thoſe which Ariſtotle * ſays that the *ballerus* and *tillo* are infeſted with, which torments them ſo that they riſe to the ſurface of the water and then die.

Artificial pearls are made with the ſcales of this fiſh, and we think of the dace. They are beat into a fine powder, then diluted with water, and introduced into a thin glaſs bubble, which is afterwards filled with wax. The French were the inventors of this art. Doctor Liſter † tells us, that when he was at Paris, a certain artiſt uſed in one winter thirty hampers full of fiſh in this manufacture.

The bleak ſeldom exceeds five or ſix inches in length: their body is ſlender, greatly compreſſed ſideways, not unlike that of the ſprat.

* Hiſt. an. lib. viii. c. 20.

† Journey to Paris, 142.

The

The eyes are large: the irides of a pale yellow: the under jaw the longeſt: the lateral line crooked: the gills ſilvery: the back green: the ſides and belly ſilvery: the fins pellucid: the ſcales fall off very eaſily: the tail much forked.

The WHITE BAIT.

During the month of July there appear in the Thames, near Blackwall and Greenwich, innumerable multitudes of ſmall fiſh, which are known to the Londoners by the name of White Bait. They are eſteemed very delicious when fried with fine flour, and occaſion, during the ſeaſon, a vaſt reſort of the lower order of epicures to the taverns contiguous to the places they are taken at.

There are various conjectures about this ſpecies, but all terminate in a ſuppoſition that they are the fry of ſome fiſh, but few agree to which kind they owe their origin. Some attribute it to the ſhad, others to the ſprat, the ſmelt, and the bleak. That they neither belong to the ſhad, nor the ſprat, is evident from the number of branchioſtegous rays, which in thoſe are eight, in this only three. That they are not the young of ſmelts is as clear, becauſe they want the *pinna adipoſa*, or rayleſs fin; and that they are not the offſpring of the bleak is extremely probable, ſince we never heard of of the white bait being found in any other river, notwithſtanding the bleak is very common in ſeveral of the Britiſh ſtreams: but as the white bait bears a greater ſimilarity to this fiſh than to any other we have mentioned, we give it a place here as an appendage to the bleak, rather than form a diſtinct article of a fiſh which it is impoſſible to claſs with certainty.

It is evident that it is of the carp or *cyprinus* genus: it has only three branchioſtegous rays, and only one dorſal fin; and in reſpect to the form of the body, is compreſſed like that of the bleak.

Its uſual length is two inches: the under jaw is the longeſt: the irides ſilvery, the pupil black: the dorſal fin is placed nearer to the head than to the tail, and conſiſts of about fourteen rays: the ſide line is ſtrait: the tail forked. the tips black.

The head, ſides, and belly, are ſilvery; the back tinged with green.

§ 36. *The* MINOW.

This beautiful fiſh is frequent in many of our ſmall gravelly ſtreams, where they keep in ſhoals.

The body is ſlender and ſmooth, the ſcales being extremely ſmall. It ſeldom exceeds three inches in length.

The lateral line is of a golden colour: the back flat, and of a deep olive: the ſides and belly vary greatly in different fiſh; in a few are of a rich crimſon, in other bluiſh, in others white. The tail is forked, and marked near the baſe with a duſky ſpot.

§ 37. *The* GOLD FISH.

Theſe fiſh are now quite naturalized in this country, and breed as freely in the open waters as the common carp.

They were firſt introduced into England about the year 1691, but were not generally known till 1728, when a great number were brought over, and preſented firſt to Sir Matthew Dekker, and by him circulated round the neighbourhood of London, from whence they have been diſtributed to moſt parts of the country.

In China the moſt beautiful kinds are taken in a ſmall lake in the province of Che-Kyang. Every perſon of faſhion keeps them for amuſement, either in porcelaine veſſels, or in the ſmall baſons that decorate the courts of the Chineſe houſes. The beauty of their colours, and their lively motions, give great entertainment, eſpecially to the ladies, whoſe pleaſures, by reaſon of the cruel policy of that country, are extremely limited.

In form of the body they bear a great reſemblance to a carp. They have been known in this iſland to arrive at the length of eight inches; in their native place they are ſaid * to grow to the ſize of our largeſt herring.

The noſtrils are tubular, and form ſort of appendages above the noſe: the dorſal fin and the tail vary greatly in ſhape: the tail is naturally bifid, but in many is trifid, and in ſome even quadrifid: the anal fins are the ſtrongeſt characters of this ſpecies, being placed not behind one another like thoſe of other fiſh, but oppoſite each other like the ventral fins.

The colours vary greatly; ſome are marked with a fine blue, with brown, with bright ſilver; but the general predominant colour is gold, of a moſt amazing ſplendor; but their colours and form need not be dwelt on, ſince thoſe who want opportunity of ſeeing the living fiſh, may ſurvey them expreſſed in the moſt animated manner, in the works of our ingenious and honeſt friend Mr. George Edwards. *Pennant.*

* Du Halde, 316.

IV. THE CALENDAR OF FLORA.

STILLINGFLEET.

*** *To accuſtom young People to the innocent and agreeable Employment of obſerving Nature, it was judged proper to inſert the following, as affording them an uſeful* MODEL, *and much valuable Information.*

MARKS EXPLAINED.

b ſignifies buds ſwelled.
B - - - - buds beginning to open.
f - - - - flowers beginning to open.
F - - - - flowers full blown.
l - - - - leaves beginning to open.
L - - - - leaves quite out.
r. p. - - fruit nearly ripe.
R. P. - - fruit quite ripe.
E - - - - emerging out of the ground.
D - - - - flowers decayed.

I. MONTH.

January

5. ROSEMARY, 515. H. Roſmarinus *officinal*, f.
11. Honeyſuckle, 458. Lonicera *periclymenum*, l.
23. Archangel, *red*, 240.2. Lamium *purpureum*, F.
Haſel nut tree, 439. Corylus *avellana*, f.
Honeyſuckle, 458. Lonicera *periclymenum*, L.
Lauruſtinus, 1690. H. Viburnum *tinus*, F.
Holly, 466. Ilex. *aquifolium*, f.
26. Snow drops, 1144. H. Galanthus *nivalis*, F.
Chickweed, 347.6 Alſine *media*, F.
Spurry, 351.7. Spergula *arvenſis*, F.
Daiſy, 184. Bellis *perennis*, F.

II. MONTH.

February

4. WOOD LARK, 69.2. *Alauda arborea, ſings.*
Elder tree, 461. Sambucus *nigra*, f.
12. ROOKS, 39.3. *Corvus frugilegus, begin to pair.*
GEESE, 136.1. *Anas, anſer, begin to lay.*
* WAGTAIL WHITE, 75.1. *Motacilla alba, appears.*

* The wagtail is ſaid by Willughby to remain with us all the year in the ſevereſt weather. It ſeems to me to ſhift its quarters at leaſt, if it does not go out of England. However, it is certainly a bird of paſſage in ſome countries, if we can believe Aldrovandus, the author of the Swediſh Calendar, and the author of the treatiſe De Migrationibus Avium. Linnæus obſerves, S. N. Art. Motacilla, that moſt birds which live upon inſects, and not grains, migrate.

16. THRUSH,

February

16. THRUSH, 64.2. *Turdus muſicus, ſings.*
* CHAFFINCH, 88. *Fringilla cælebs, ſings.*
20. *Thermometer*, 11. *Higheſt this month.*
Thermometer, - 2. *Loweſt this month.*
22. PARTRIDGES, 57. *Tetrao perdix, begin to pair.*
Haſel tree, 439. Corylus *avellana*, F.
25. Gooſeberry buſh, 1484. H. Ribes *groſſularia*, l.
Currant, *red*, 456.1. Ribes *rubrum*, l. } both young plants.
Thermometer from the 19th to the 25th, between 0 and - 1 with ſnow.
Wind during the latter half of the month between E. *and* N.

III. MONTH.

March

2. ROOKS, 39.3. *Corvus frugilegus, begin to build.*
Thermometer, 10.
4. THRUSH, 64 2. *Turdus muſicus, ſings.*
Thermometer, 11.
5. DOVE RING, 62.9. *Columba palumbus, coos.*
7. *Thermometer*, 0. *Loweſt this month.*
11. Sallow, Salix, F.
Lauruſtinus, 1690. H. Viburnum *tinus*, l.
† BEES, *Apis mellifera, out of the hive.*
Laurel, 1549. H. Prunus *lauroceraſus*, l.
Bay, 1688. H. Laurus *nobilis*, l.
20. *Vernal equinox.*
21. Graſs, *ſcurvy*, 302.1. Cochlearia *officinalis*, F.
Aſp, 446.3. Populus *tremula*, F.
26. Speedwell, *germander*, 279.4. Veronica *agreſtis*, F.
Alder, 442. Alnus *betula*, F.
28. Violet, *ſweet*, 364.2. Viola *odorata*, F.
Parſnep, *cow*, 205. Heracleum *ſphondylium*, E.
Pilewort, 296. Ranunculus *ficaria*, F.
Thermometer, 25.50. *Higheſt this month.*
29. Cherry tree, 463. Prunus *ceraſus*, B.
Currant buſh, 456.1. Ribes *rubrum*, B.
Primroſe, 284.1. Primula *veris*, F.
Yew tree, 445. Taxus *baccata*, F.
Elder, *water*, 460. Viburnum *opulus*, B.
Thorn, haw, 453.3. Cratægus *oxyacantha*, B.
Larch tree, 1405. H. Pinus *larix*, B.
Hornbeam, 451. Carpinus *oſtrya*, B.
Tanſy, 188. Tanacetum *vulgare*, E.

IV. MONTH.

April

1. Cheſnut, *horſe*, 1683. Æſculus *hippocaſtanum*, B.
Birch, 443. Betula *alba*, L.
Willow, *weeping* Salix *Babylonica*, L.
Elm-tree, 468. Ulmus *campeſtris*, F.
Quicken tree, 452.2. Sorbus *aucuparia*, f.

* Linnæus ſays, that the female chaffinch goes to Italy alone, through Holland; and that the male in the ſpring, changing its note, foretels the ſummer: and Geſner, ornithol. p. 388, ſays that the female chaffinch diſappears in Switzerland in the winter, but not the male.

† Pliny, nat. hiſt. lib. 11. §. 5. ſays, that bees do not come out of their hives before May 11; and ſeems to blame Ariſtotle for ſaying that they come out in the beginning of ſpring, i. e. March 12.

1. Apricot,

April

1. Apricot, 1533. H. Prunus *Armeniaca*, F.
Narciſſus, *pale* 371.2 Narciſſus *pſeudonar.*
3. Holly, 466.1. Ilex *aquifolium*, f.
Bramble, 467.1. Rubus *fruticoſus*, L.
Raſberry buſh, 467 4. Rubus *idæus*, L.
Currants, *red*, 456. Ribes *rubrum*, F.
Dandelion, 170.1. Leontodon *taraxicum*, E.
Cleavers, 225. Galium *aparine*, E.
4. Lauruſtinus, 1690. H. Viburnum *tinus*, F.
Apple-tree, 451.1,2. Pyrus *malus*, B.
Orpine, 269.1. Sedum *telephium*, B.
Briar, 454.1. Roſa *canina*, L.
6. Gooſeberry, 1489. H. Ribes *groſſularia*, f.
Maple, 470.2. Acer *campeſtre*, B.
Peach, 1515. H. Amygdalus *Perſica*, L. et F.
Apricot, 1538. H. Malus *Armeniaca*, L.
Plum tree, 462. Prunus *præcox*, L.
Pear tree, 452. Pyrus *communis*, B.
* SWALLOW, 71.2. Hirundo *urbica*, *returns*.
7. Filberd, 439. Corylus *avellana*, L.
Sallow Salix, L.
Alder, 442.1. Betula *alnus*, I.
Lilac, 1763. Syringa *vulgaris*, I.
Oak, 440.1. Quercus, *robur*, f.
Willow, *weeping*, Salix, *Babylonica*, b.
8. Juniper, 444. Juniperus *communis*, b.
9. Lilac, 1763. Syringa *vulgaris*, b.
Sycamore, 470. Acer *pſeudoplatanus*, L.
Wormwood, 188.1. Artemiſia *abſinthum*, E.
† NIGHTINGALE, 78. *Motacilla luſcinia*, *ſings*.
Auricula, 1082. H. Primula *auricula*, b.
10. Bay, 1688. H. Laurus *nobilis*, L.
Hornbeam, 451. Carpinus *betulus*, b.
Willow, *white*, 447.1. Salix *alba*, b.
BEES *about the male ſallows*.
Feverfew, 187.1. Matricaria *Parthenium*, E.
Dandelion, 170.1. Leontodon *taraxicum*, E.
Hound's tongue, 226.1. Cynogloſſum *officinale*, E.
Elm, 468. Ulmus, *campeſtris*, I.
Anemone, *wood*, 259. Anemone *nemoroſa*, F.
Jack in the hedge, 291. Eryſimum *alliaria*, E.
Quince tree, 1452. H. Pyrus *cydonia*, L.
11. Elder, *water*, 460. Vibernum *opulus*, L.

* According to Ptolemy, ſwallows return to Ægypt about the latter end of January

† From morn 'till eve, 'tis muſic all around;
Nor doſt thou, Philomel, diſdain to join,
Even in the mid-day glare, and aid the quire.
But thy ſweet ſong calls for an hour apart,
When ſolemn Night beneath his canopy,
Enrich'd with ſtars, by ſilence and by ſleep
Attended, ſits and nods in awful ſtate;
Or when the Moon in her refulgent car,
Triumphant rides amidſt the ſilver clouds,
Tinging them as ſhe paſſes, and with rays
Of mildeſt luſtre gilds the ſcene below;
While zephyrs bland breathe thro' the thickening ſhade,
With breath ſo gentle, and ſo ſoft, that e'en
The poplar's trembling leaf forgets to move,
And mimic with its ſound the vernal ſhower;
Then let me ſit, and liſten to thy ſtrains, &c.

April

11. Alder, *berry bearing*, 465. Rhamnus *frangula*, l.
12. Acacia, 1719. H. Robinia *acacia*, l.
Mulberry tree, 1429. H. Morus *nigra*, l.
Lime tree, 473.1,2,3. Tilia *Europæa*, l.
Mercury, *dogs*, 138.1. Mercurialis *perennis*, F.
* Elm, *wych*, 469.4. L.
Ragweed, 177. Senecio *jacobæa*, l.
13. Laburnum, 1721. Cytisus *laburnum*, f.
Strawberry, 254. Fragaria *vesca*, F.
Quicken tree, 452.2. Sorbus *aucuparia*, L.
Sycomore, 470. Acer *pseudoplat*, L.
Laurel, 1549. H. Prunus *laurocerasus*, L.
Goofeberry bush, 1484. H. Ribes *grossularia*, F.
Currant bush, 456.1. Ribes *rubrum*, F.
Mallow, 251.1. Malva *sylvestris*, E.
Hornbeam, 451.1. Carpinus *betulus*, L.
14. Flixweed, 298.3. Sisymbrium *sophia*, E.
Apple tree, 451. Pyrus *malus*, L.
Hops, 137.1. Humulus *lupinus*, E.
Plane tree, 1706. H. Platanus *orientalis*, b.
Walnut tree, 438. Juglans *regia*, f.
BITTERN, 100 11. Ardea *stellaris*, *makes a noise*.
15. Vine, 1613. Vitis *vinifera*, B.
Turneps, 204.1. Brassica *rapa*, F.
16. Abele, 446.2. Populus *alba*, B.
Chesnut, 138.2. H. Fagus *castanea*, B.
Ivy, *ground*, 243. Glechoma *hederacea*, F.
Fig tree, 1431. Ficus *carica*, b.
Apricots and peaches out of blow.
RED START, 78.5. Motacilla *Phœnicurus*, *returns*.
Tulip tree, 1690. H. Liriodendron *tulipifera*, B.
Plum tree, 462. Prunus *domestica*, F.
Sorrel, *wood*, *281.1,2. Oxalis *acetosella*, F.
Marygold, *marsh*, 272. Caltha *palustris*, F.
Laurel, *spurge*, 465. Daphne *laureola*, F.
17. Jack in the hedge, 291.2. Erysimum *alliaria*, F.
Willow, *white*, 447.1. Salix *alba*, L. et F.
Cedar, 1404. H. Pinus *cedrus*, l.
Elder, *water*, 460.1. Vibernum *opulus*, f.
Abele, 446.2. Populus *alba*, L.
† CUCKOW, 23. Cuculus *canorus*, *sings*.
18. Oak, 440.1. Quercus, *robur*, l. F.
Thorn, *black*, 462.1. Prunus *spinosus*, B.
Pear tree, 452. Pyrus *communis*, f.
Mulberry tree, 1429. H. Morus *nigra* B.
Violet, *dog*, 364.3. Viola *canina*, F.
Lime tree, 413.1,2,3. Tilia *Europæa*, L.
Nightshade, 265. Atropa *belladonna*, E.
Cherry tree, 463.1. Prunus *cerasus*, F.
Ash tree, 469. Fraxinus *excelsior*, f.
Maple, 470. Acer *campestre*, L.
Broom, 474. Spartium *scoparium*, b.
Chesnut, 138.2. Fagus *castanea*, L.
Fir, *Scotch*, 442. Pinus *sylvestris*, b.
18. Cuckow flower, 299. Cardamine *pratensis*.

* Linnæus does not seem to know this species of elm.

† Aristophanes says, that when the cuckow sung, the Phœnicians reaped wheat and barley. Vide Aves.

20. *Therevo-*

April

20. *Thermometer* 42. *the highest this month.*
21. Walnut tree, 438. Juglans *regia*, L.
Plane tree, 1706. H. Platanus *orientalis*, L.
Fir, *Weymouth*, 8. dend. Pinus *tæda*, B.
Acacia, 1719. H. Robina *pseudo-acacia*, L.
Fig tree, 1431. H. Ficus *carica*, L.
Wall flower, 291. Cheiranthus *cheiri*, F.
Poplar, *black*, 446.1. Populus *nigra*, L.
Beech tree, 439.1. Fagus *sylvatica*, L.
22. Fir, *balm of Gilead.* Pinus *balsamea*, l. et f.
Young Apricots.
Fir, *Scotch*, 442. Pinus *sylvestris*, f.
Ash, 469. Fraxinus *excelsior*, F. et L.
Broom, 474. Spartium *scoparium*, L.
Poplar, *Carolina.* L.
Meadow sweet, 259. Spiræa *ulmaria*, E.
Fig tree, 1431. H. Ficus *carica*, *fruit formed.*
Tormentil, 257.1. Tormentilla *erecta*, E.
Phyllerea, 1585. H. Phyllerea *latifolia*, F.
Thorn, *evergreen*, 1459. H. Mespilus *pyracantha*, F.
Rosemary, 515. H. Rosmarinus *officinalis*, F.
Champion, *white*, 339.8. Lychnis *dioica*, F.
Buckbean, 285.1. Menyanthes *trifol*, F.
Furze, *needle*, 476.1. Genista *Anglica*, F.
Stitchwort, 346.1. Stellaria *holostea*, F.
23. Crab tree, 451.2. Pyrus *malus sylv.* F.
Apple tree, 451.1. Pyrus *malus*, f.
Robert, *herb*, 358. Geranium *Robertian*, F.
Fieldfares, 64.3. *Turdus pilaris*, *still here.*
24. Broom, 474. Spartium *scoparium*, F.
Mercury, 156.15. Chenopodium *bonus henr.* F.
Yew tree, 445. Taxus *baccifera*, L.
Holly, 466.1. Ilex *aquifolium*, B.
Furze, 475. Eulex *Europæus*, l.
Agrimony, 202. Agrimonia *eupator*, E.
25. Sycomore, 470. Acer *pseudoplat*, F.
Hornbeam, 451. Carpinus *betulus*, F.
Asp, 446. Populus *tremula*, l.
Spurge, *sun*, 313.8. Euphorbia *peplus*, F.
Elder tree, 461.1. Sambucus *nigra*, f.
Nettle, 139. Urtica *dioica*, F.
Bindweed, *small*, 275 2. Convolvulus *arvens.* E.
Fir, *balm of Gilead.* Pinus *balsameæ*, L.
Cicely, *wild*, 207.1. Chærophyllum *sylvestre*, F.
Young currants and gooseberries.
26. Plantain, *ribwort*, 314.5. Plantago *lanceol.* F.
Germander, *wild*, 281.11. Veronica *chamæd.* F.
Cuckow pint, 266. Arum *maculatum*, *spatha out.*
Holly, 466. Ilex *aquifolium*, F.
Harebells, 373.3. Hyacinthus *nonscript.* F.
27. Lilac, 1763. H. Syringa *vulgaris*, F.
Crane's bill, *field*, 357.2. Geranium *cicutar.* F.
St. John's wort, 342.1. Hypericum *perforat.* E.
Betony, *water*, 283.1. Scrophularia *aquat.* E.
Bryony, *white*, 261. Bryonia *alba*, E.
Birch tree, 443.1. Betula *alba*, F.
Jessamine, 1599.1. H. Jasminum *officinale*, l.
Thorn, *white*, 453.3. Cratægus *oxyacantha*, f.

28. BLACK

April

28. * BLACK CAP, 79.12. *Motacilla atracapilla, ſings.*
† WHITE THROAT, 77. Motacilla *ſylvia.*
Juniper, 444.1. Juniperus *communis*, f.
Raſberry buſh, 467.4. Rubus *idæus*, f.
Quince tree, 1452. H. Malus *Cydon.* f.
Crowfoot, *ſweet wood*, 248.1. Ranunculus *auric.* F.

29. Bugle, 245. Ajuga *reptans*, F.
Bay, 1688. H. Laurus *nobilis*, f.
Peas and beans, f.
Snow.
Chervil, *wild*, 207.1. Chærophyllum *temulent.* f.
Parſnep, *cow*, 205.1. Heracleum *ſphondyl.* f.
Pine, *manured*, 1398.1. H. Pinus *pinea*, f.

30. *Snow.*
‡ *Thermom.* 5. *The loweſt this month.*

V. MONTH.

May

1. Croſwort, 223.1. Valantia *cruciata*, F.
Aveſis, 253.1. Geum *urbanum*, F.
Mugwort, 191.1. Artemiſia *campeſtris*, E.
Bay, 1688. H. Laurus *nobilis*, L.

3. Lily of the valley, 264. Convallaria *Maialis*, f.
Violet, *water*, 285. Hottonia *paluſtris*, F.

4. Lettuce *lambs*, 201. Valeriana *locuſta*, F.
Tulip tree, Liriodendron *tulipfera*, L.
Hound's tongue, 226.1. Cynogloſſum *officinale.*
Cowſlips, 284.3. Primula *veris*, F.
Valerian, *great wild*, 200.1. Valerian *officinalis*, F.
Rattle, *yellow*, 284.1. Rhinanthus *criſta galli*, F.
Ice.
Thermom. 8. *The loweſt this month.*
Fir, *ſilver, buds hurt by the froſt.*

5. Twayblade, 385. Ophrys *ovata*, f.
Tormentil, 257. Tormentilla *erecta*, F.
Celandine, 309. Chelidonium *majus*, E.
Betony, 238.1. Betonica *officinalis*, E.

6. Oak, 440. Quercus, *robur*, F. et L.
Time for ſowing barley.
Saxifrage, *white*, 354.6. Saxifraga *granulata*, F.
Aſh, 469. Fraxinus *excelſior*, f.
Ramſons, 370.5. Allium *urſinum*, F.
Nettle, *white*, 240.1. Lamium *album*, F.
Quicken tree, 452.2. Sorbus *aucuparia*, F.

7. Fir, *Scotch*, 442. Pinus *ſylveſtris*, F.

8. Woodruffe, 224. Aſperula *odorata*, F.

9. Cheſnut tree, 1382. H. Fagus *caſtanea*, f.

10. Celandine, 309. Chelidonium *majus*, F.
Solomon's ſeal, 664. Convallaria *polygonat.* F.
Thorn, *white*, 453.3. Cratægus *oxyacantha*, F.

* The black cap is a very fine finging bird, and is by ſome in Norfolk called the mock nightingale. Whether it be a bird of paſſage I cannot ſay.

† I have ſome doubt whether this bird be the Sylvia of Linnæus, though the deſcription ſeems to anſwer to Ray's, and to one of my own, which I find among my papers.

‡ Vernal heat, according to Dr. Hales, at a medium, is 18.25.

May
11. Maple, 470.2. Acer *campestre*, F.
Rofes, *garden*, f.
12. Barberry bufh, 465. Berberis *vulgaris*, F.
Chefnut, *horfe*, 1683. H. Æfculus *hippocas*, F.
Bugloſs, *fmall wild*, 227.1. Lycopſis *arvenſis*, F.
13. Graſs, *water fcorpion*, 229.4. Myoſotis *ſcorpioid*, F.
Quince tree, 1452. H. Pyrus *Cydonia*, F.
Cleavers, 225. Galium *aparine*, F.
14 Mulberry tree, 1429 H. Morus *nigra*, L.
Aſp, 446 3. Populus *tremula*, l.
Crowfoot, *bulbous*, 247 2. Ranunculus *bulbos*. F.
Butter cups, 247. Ranunculus *repens*, F.
15. *Young turkies*.
Lime tree, 473. Tilia *Europæa*, f.
Milkwort, 287.1,2. Polygala *vulgaris*, F.
Crane's bill, 359.10. Geranium *molle*, F.
Walnut, 1376. H. Juglans regia, F.
16. Muſtard, *hedge*, 298.4. Eryſimum *officinale*, F.
20. Bryony, *black*, 262.1. Tamus *communis*, F.
Many oaks, and more aſhes and beeches, ſtill without leaf.
Violet, *ſweet*, 364.1. Viola *odora*, D.
Stitchwort, 346. Stellaria *holoſtea*, D.
Anemone, *wood*, 259.1. Anemone *nemoroſa*, D.
Cuckow flower, 299.20. Cardamine *pratenſis*, D.
Earth nut, 209. Bunium, bulbocaſt. F.
Mulberry tree, 1429. H. Morus *nigra*, f.
21. Nightſhade, 265. Atropa *belladonna*, f.
Rye, 288. Secale *hybernum*, *in ear*.
23. Pellitory *of the wall*, 158.1. Parietaria *officin*. F.
24. Bramble, 467. Rubus *fruticoſus*, f.
25. Moneywort, 283.1. Lyſimachia *nummul*. F.
Columbines, 173.1. Aquilegia *vulgar*. F. *in the woods*.
26. Tanſy, *wild*, 256.5. Potentilla *anſerina*, F.
Henbane, 274. Hyoſcyamus *niger*, F.
27. Campion, *white*, 339.8. Lychnis *dioica*, F.
Clover, 328.6. Trifolium *pratenſe*, F.
28. Avens, 262.1. Geum *urbanum*, F.
Chervil, *wild*, 207. Chærophyllum *temulent*. F.
30. Bryony, *black*, 262.1. Tamus *communis*, F.
Brooklime, 280.8. Veronica *beccabunga*, F.
Cuckow flower, 338. Lychnis *flos cuculi*, F.
Creſſes, *water*, 300.1. Siſymbrium *naſturt*. F.
Thermom. 32. *Higheſt this month*.
31. Spurrey, 351.7. Spergula *arvenſis*, F.
Alder, *berry bearing*, 465. Rhamnus *frangula*, F.

VI. MONTH.

June
2. Elder, *water*, 460.1. Viburnum *opulus*, F.
Lily, *yellow water*, 368.1. Nymphæa *lutea*, F.
Flower de luce, *yellow water*, 374. Iris *pſeudo-acor*. F.
Mayweed, *ſtinking*, 185.3. Anthemis *cotula*, F.
Pimpernel, 282.1. Anagallis arvenſis, F.
3. Arſmart, 145.4. Polygonum *perſicaria*, F.

Thyme

June

3. *Thyme, 430.1. Thymus *serpyllum*, F.
Parſnep, *cow*, 205. Heracleum *ſphondylium*, F.
Quicken tree, 452. Sorbus *aucuparia*, D.

5. Radiſh, *horſe*, 301.1. Cochlearia *armorac.* F.
Thorn, *evergreen*, 1459.3. H. Meſpilus *pyracantha*, F.
Bramble, 467. Rubus *fruticoſus*, F.
† GOAT SUCKER, or FERN OWL, 27. Caprimulgus *Europæus, is heard in the evening.*

6. Vine, 1613. H. Vitis *vinifera*, b.
Flix weed, 298.3. Siſymbrium *ſophia*, F.
Raſberry buſh, 467.4. Rubus *idæus*, F.
Mallow, *dwarf*, 251.2. Malva *rotundifolia*, F.
Elder, 461.1. Sambucus *nigra*, F.
Stitchwort, *leſſer*, 346. Stellaria *graminea*, F.
Tare, *everlaſting*, 320.3. Lathyrus *pratenſis*, F.
Gout *weed*, 208.3. Ægopodium *podagrar.* F.
Bryony, *white*, 261.1,2. Bryonia *alba*, F.
Rose, dog, 454 1. Roſa *canina*, F.
Bugloſs, *vipers*, 227.1. Echium *vulgare*, F.

7. Graſs, *vernal*, 398.1. Anthoxanthum *odorat.* F.
Darnel, *red*, 395. Lolium *perenne*, F.
Poppy, *wild*, 308.1. Papaver *ſomnifer*, F.
Buckwheat, 181. H. Polygonum *fagopyrum*, F.

8. Pondweed, *narrow leaved*, 145.9. Polygonum *amphib.* F.
Sanicle, 221.1. Sanicula *Europæa*, F.

9. Eyebright, *284.1. Euphraſia *officinalis*, F.
Heath, *fine leaved*, 451.3. Erica *cinerea*, F.
Saxifrage, bugle, hyacinth, D.
Broom, 474.1. Spartium *ſcoparium podded.*
Nettle, *hedge*, 237. Starchys *ſylvatica*, F.

12. Wheat, 386.1. Triticum *hybernum, in ear.*
Meadow ſweet, 259.1. Spiræa *ulmaria*, f.
Scabious, field, 191.1. Scabioſa *arvenſis*, F.
Valerian, *great water*, 200.1. Valeriana *officinal.* f.
Cinquefoil, *marſh*, 256.1. Comarum *paluſtre*, F.
Orchis, *leſſer butterfly*, 380.18. Orchis *bifolia*, F.

13. Willow herb, *great hairy*, 311.2. Epilobium *hirſutum*, F.
Parſnep, *cow*, 205. Heracleum *ſphondyl.* F.
Betony, *water*, 283.1. Scrophularia *aquat.* F.
Cockle, 338.3. Agroſtemma *githago*, F.
Sage, 510.7. H. Salvia *officinalis*, F,

15. Mallow, 251.1. Malva *ſylveſtris*, F.
Nipplewort, 173.1. Lapſana *communis*, F.
Woodbind, 458.1,2. Lonicera *periclymen.* f.
NIGHTINGALE *ſings.*

16. Fir, *Weymouth*, 8 dend. Pinus *tæda*, F.
Hemlock, 215.1. Conium *maculatum*, F.
Nightſhade, *woody*, 265. Solanum *dulcamara*, F.
Archangel, *white*, 240. Lamium *album*, F.

17. Vervain, 236. Verbena *officinalis*, F.
Agrimony, 202. Agrimonia *eupator*, F.
Hemlock, *water*, 215. Phellandrium *aquatic.* F.

* Pliny, lib. 11. §. 14. ſays, the chief time for bees to make honey is about the ſolſtice, when the vine and thyme are in blow. According to his account then theſe plants are as forward in England as in Italy.

† This bird is ſaid by Cateſby, as quoted by the author of the treatiſe De Migrationibus Avium, to be a bird of paſſage.

June
17. Acacia, 1719. H. Robinia *pseudo-acacia*, F.
18. Yarrow, 183. Achillea *millefolium*, F.
19. *Thermom.* 44.25. *Highest this month.*
21. Orache, *wild*, 154.1. Chenopodium *album*, F.
Solstice. About this time ROOKS *come not to their nest trees at night.*
Wheat, 386.1. Triticum *hybernum*, F.
Rye, 388.1. Secale *hybernum*, F.
Self-heal, 238. Prunella *vulgaris*, f.
Parsley, *hedge*, 219.4. Tordylium *anthriscus*, f.
Grasses of many kinds, as festuca, aira, agrostis, phleum cynosurus, in ear.
22. Horehound, *base*, 239. Stachys *Germanica*, F.
St. John's wort, 342. Hypericum *perforatum*, F.
Parsnep, 206.1. Pastinaca *sativa*, F.
Mullein, *white*, 287. Verbascum *thapsus*, F.
Poppy, *wild*, 308. Papaver *somnifer*, F.
23. Larkspur, 708.3. H. Delphinium *Ajacis*, F.
Marygold, *corn*, 182.1. Chrysanthemum *seget.* F.
24. Rosemary, 515. H. Rosmarinus *officinalis*, D.
25. Vine, 1613. H. Vitis *vinifera*, F.
Bindweed, *great*, 275.2. Convolvulus *arvensis*, F.
Feverfew, 187. Matricaria *parthenium*, F.
Woad, *wild*, 366.2. Reseda *luteola*, F.
Rocket, *base*, 366.1. Reseda *lutea*, F.
Archangel, *yellow*, 240.5. Galeopsis *galeobdolon*, F.
Wheat, 386.1. Triticum *hybernum*, F.
Thermom. 20. *The lowest this month.*
27. *Clover mowed.*
Pennywort, *marsh*, 222. Hydrocotule *vulgaris*, F.
Meadow, *sweet*, 259. Spiræa *ulmaria*, F.
28. Oats, *manured*, 389. Avena *sativa*, F.
Barley, 388. Hordeum *vulgare*, F.
Midsummer shoots of apricot, oak, beech, elm.
Succory, wild, 172.1. Cichorium *intybus*, F.
Blue bottles, 198. Centaurea *cyanus*, F.
Knapweed, *great*, 198. Centaurea *scabiosa*, F.
30. *Currants ripe.*
According to Dr. Hales, May and June heat is, at a medium, 28.5.

* The groves, the fields, the meadows, now no more
With melody resound.* 'Tis silence all,
As if the lovely songsters, overwhelm'd
By bounteous nature's plenty, lay intranc'd
In drowsy lethargy.

VII. MONTH.

July
2. Beech, 439. Fagus *sylvatica*, F.
Pearlwort, 345.2. Fagina *procumbens*, F.
Carrot, *wild*, 218. Daucus *carrota*, F.
Grass, *dog*, 390.1. Triticum *repens*, *in ear.*
Violet, *Calathian*, 274. Gentiana *pneumonan.* F.

* I heard no birds after the end of this month, except the STONE CURLEW, 1084. Charadrius Oedicnemus, whistling late at night; the YELLOW HAMMER, 93.2. Emberiza flava; the GOLDFINCH, 89.1. and GOLDEN CRESTED WREN, 79.9. Motacilla regulus, now and then chirping. I omitted to note down when the cuckow left off singing, but, as well as I remember, it was about this time. Aristotle says, that this bird disappears about the rising of the dog star, i. e. towards the latter end of July.

July

4. Silver weed, 256.5. Potentilla *anſerina*, F.
Betony, 238.1. Betonica *officinalis*, F.
Nightſhade, *enchanters*, 289. Circæa *lutetiana*, f.
6. Lavender, 512. Lavendula *ſpica*, F.
Parſley, *hedge*, Tordylium *anthriſcus*, F.
Gromill, 228.1. Lithoſpermum *officinale*, F.
Furze, 473. Ulex *geniſta*, D.
Cow wheat, *eyebright*, 284 2. Euphraſia *odont.* F.
7. Pinks, maiden, 335.1. Dianthus *deltoides*, F.
8. Tanſey, 188.1. Tanacetum *vulgare*, f.
Bed-ſtraw, *lady's yellow*, 224. Galium *verum*, F.
Sage, *wood*, 245. Teucrium *ſcorodonia*, F.
Spinach, 162. H. Spinacia *oleracia*, F.
Thermom. 22. *Loweſt this month.*
9. Angelica, *wild*, 208.2. Angelica *ſylveſtris*, F.
Strawberries ripe.
Fennel, 217. Anethum *fœniculum*, F.
10. Beans, *kidney*, 884. H. Phaſeolus *vulgaris*, *podded.*
Parſley, 884. H. Apium *petroſelinum*, F.
Sun dew, *round leaved*, 356.3. Droſera *rotundifol.* F.
Sun dew, *long leaved*, 356.4. Droſera *longifol.* F.
Lily, *white*, 1109. H. Lilium *candidum*, f.
11. Mullein, *hoary*, 288. Verbaſcum *phlomoid.* F.
Plantain, *great*, 314.1,2. Plantago *major*, F.
WILLOW, SPIKED, of Theophr. 1699. H. Spiræa *ſalicifol.* F.
Jeſſamine, 1599. H. Jaſminum *officinale*, F.
Reſt harrow, 332. Ononis *ſpinoſa*, F.
Hyſſop, 516. H. Hyſſopus *officinalis*, F.
Potatoes, 615.14. H. Solanum *tuberoſum*, F.
Second ſhoots of the maple.
Bell flower, *round leaved*, 277.5. Campanula, F.
LILY, WHITE, 1109. H. Lilium *candidum*, F.
Raſberries.
Figs yellow.
13. LIME TREE, 473. Tilia *Europæa*, F.
Knapweed, 198.2. Centaurea *jacea*, F.
Stonecrop, 269. Sedum *repuſtre*, F.
Graſs, *knot*, 146. Polygonum *aviculare*, F.
Graſs, *bearded dog*, 390.2. Triticum *caninum*, F.
15. *Thermom.* 39. *Higheſt this month.*
16. Aſparagus, 267.1. Aſparagus *officinalis*, *berries.*
Mugwort, 190.1. Artemiſia *vulgaris*, F.
18. Willow herb, *purple ſpiked*, 367.1. Lythrum *ſalicaria*, F.
YOUNG PARTRIDGES.
Agrimony, *water hemp*, 187.1. Bidens *tripart.* F.
20. Flax, *purging*, 362.6. Linum *catharticum*, F.
Arſmart, *ſpotted*, 145.4. Polygonum *perſicaria*, F.
Lily, *martagon*, 1112. H. Lilium *martagon.*
HENS *moult.*
22. Orpine, 269. Sedum *telephium*, f.
Hart's tongue, 116. Aſplenium *ſcolopendra*, F.
Pennyroyal, 235. Mentha *pulegium*, F.
Bramble, 461.1. Rubus *fruitcoſus.* *Fruit red.*
Lauruſtinus, 1690. H. Viburnum *tinus*, f.
24. Elecampane, 176. Inula *helenium*, F.
Amaranth, 202. H. Amaranthus *caudatus*, F.
27. Bindweed, *great*, 275 1. Convolvulus *ſepium*, F.
28. Plantain, *great water*, 257.1. Aliſma *plantago*, F.

28 Mint,

July
28. Mint, *water*, 233.6. Mentha *aquatica*, F.
Willow herb, 311.6. Epilobium *paluſtre*, F.
Thiſtle tree ſow, 163.7. Sonchus *arvenſis*, F.
Burdock, 197.2. Arctium *lappa*, f.
Saxifrage, *burnet*, 213.1,2. Pimpinella, *ſaxifraga*, F.
Devil's bit, 191.3. Scabioſa *ſuccisa*, F.
32. Nightſhade, common, 288.4. Solanum *nigrum*, F.
DOVE, RING, 62.9. Columba *palumbus*, *coves*.

VIII. MONTH.

Auguſt
1. Melilot, 331.1. Trifolium *officinale*, F.
Rue, 874.1. Ruta *graveolens*, F.
Soapwort, 339.6, Saponaria *officinalis*, F.
Bedſtraw, *white lady's*, 224.2. Galium *paluſtre*, F.
Parſnep, *water*, 300. Siſymbrium *naſturt*. F.
Oats almoſt fit to cut.
3. *Barley cut.*
5. *Tanſey*, 188.1. Tanacetum *vulgare*, F.
Onion, 1115. H. Allium *cepa*, F.
7. Horehound, 239. Marrubium *vulgare*, F.
Mint, *water*, 233.6. Mentha *aquat*. F.
Nettle, 139. Urtica *dioica*, F.
Orpine, 269.1. Sedum *telephium*, F.
NUTHATCH, 47. Sitta *Europæa*, *chatters*.
8. *Thermom.* 20. *Loweſt to the 27th of this month.*
9. Mint, *red*, 232.5. Mentha *gentilis*, F.
Wormwood, 188.1. Artemiſia *abſinthium*, F.
12. Horehound, *water*, 236.1. Lycopus *Europæa*, F.
Thiſtle, *lady's* 195.12. Carduus *marianus*, F.
Burdock, 196. Arctium *lappa*, F.
ROOKS *come to the neſt trees in the evening, but do not rooſt there.*
14. Clary, *wild*, 237.1. Salvia *verbenaca*, F.
STONE CURLEW, 108. Charadrius *oedicnemus*, *whiſtles at night*.
15. Mallow, *vervain*, 252. Malva *alcea*, F.
GOAT SUCKER, 26.1. Caprimulgus *Europæus*, *makes a noiſe in the evening, and young owls*.
16. * *Thermom.* 35. *The higheſt to the 27th of this month.*
17. Orach, *wild*, 154.1. Chenopodium *album*.
ROOKS *rooſt on their neſt trees.*
GOAT SUCKER, *no longer heard.*
21. *Peas and wheat cut.*
Devil's bit, *yellow*, 164.1. Leontodon, *autumnal*. F.
26. ROBIN RED BREAST, 78.3. Motacilla *rubecula*, *ſings*.
Goule, 443. Myrica *gale*, F. R.
Golden rod, *marſh*, 176.2. Senecio *paludoſus*, F.
29. Smallage, 214. Apium *graveolens*, F.
Teaſel, 192.2. Dipſacus *fullonum*, F.
Vipers come out of their holes ſtill.

* From the 27th of this month to the 10th of September I was from home, and therefore cannot be ſure that I ſaw the firſt blow of the plants during that interval.

IX. MONTH.

September

2. WILLOW HERB, *yellow*, 282.1. Lysimachia *vulgaris*, F.
Traveller's joy, 258. Clematis *vitalba*, F.
5. Grass of Parnassus, 355. Parnassia *palustris*.
10. *Catkins of the hasel formed.*
Thermom. 17. *The lowest from the* 10*th to the end of this month.*
11. *Catskins of the birch formed.*
Leaves of the Scotch fir fall.
Bramble still in blow, though some of the fruit has been ripe some time; so that there are green, red, and black berries on the same individual plant at the same time.
Ivy, 459. Hedera *helix*, f.
14. *Leaves of the sycomore, birch, lime, mountain ash, elm, begin to change.*
16. Furze, 475. Ulex *Europæus*, F.
Catkins of the alder formed.
Thermom. 36.75. *The highest from the* 10*th to the end of this month.*
CHAFFINCH, 88. Fringilla *cælebs*, *chirps*.
17. *Herrings.*
20. FERN, FEMALE, 124.1. Pteris *aquilina*, *turned brown.*
Ash, *mountain*, 452.2. Sorbus *aucuparia*, F. R.
Laurel, 1549. H. Prunus *laurocerasus*, f. r.
HOPS, humulus *lupulus*, 137.1. f. r.
21. SWALLOWS *gone. Full moon.*
23. *Autumnal æquinox.*
25. WOOD LARK, 69.2. Alauda *arborea*, *sings*.
FIELD FARE, 64.3. Turdus *pilaris*, *appears*.
Leaves of the plane tree, tawny—of the hasel, yellow—of the oak, yellowish green—of the sycomore, dirty brown—of the maple, pale yellow—of the ash, fine lemon—of the elm, orange—of the hawthorn, tawny yellow—of the cherry, red—of the hornbeam, bright yellow—of the willow, still hoary.
27. BLACK BIRD *sings*.
29. THRUSH, 64.2. Turdus *musicus*, *sings*.
30. * Bramble, 467.1. Rubus *fruticosus*, F.

X. MONTH.

October

1. Bryony, *black*, 262. Tamus *communis*, F. R.
Elder, *marsh*, 460.1. Viburnum *opulus*, F. R.
Elder, 461.1. Sambucus *nigra*, F. R.
Briar, 454.1. Rosa *canina*, F. R.
Alder, *black*, 465. Rhamnus *frangula*, F. R.
Holly, 466. Ilex *aquifolium*, F. R.
Barberry, 465. Berberis *vulgaris*, F. R.
Nightshade, *woody*, 265. Solanum *dulcamara*, F. R.
2. Thorn, *black*, 462.1. Prunus *spinosa*, F. R.
† CROW, ROYSTON, 39.4. Corvus *cornix*, *returns*.
5. *Catkins of sallows formed.*
6. *Leaves of asp almost all off—of chesnut, yellow—of birch, gold-coloured.*
Thermom. 26.50. *Highest this month.*
7. BLACK BIRD, 65.1. Turdus *merula*, *sings*.
Wind high; rooks sport and dash about as in play, and repair their nests.
9. Spindle tree, 468.1. Euvonymus *Europæus*, F. R.
Some ash trees quite stripped of their leaves.
Leaves of marsh elder of a beautiful red, or rather pink colour.

* Autumnal heat, according to Dr. Hales, at a medium, is 18.25.

† Linnæus observes in the Systema Naturæ, and the Fauna Suecica, that this bird is useful to the husbandman, tho' ill treated by him.

October

10. WOOD LARK *sings.*
* RING DOVE *coos.*

14. WOOD LARK *sings.*
Several plants still in flower, as pansy, white behn, black nonesuch, hawkweed, bugloss, gentian, small stitchwort, &c. in grounds not broken up.
A great mist and perfect calm; not so much as a leaf falls. Spiders webs innumerable appear every where. Woodlark sings. Rooks do not stir, but sit quietly on their nest trees.

16. GEESE, WILD, 136.4. Anas, *anser, leave the fens and go to the rye lands,*

22. WOODCOCK, 104. Scolopax *rusticola, returns.*
Some asp-trees still green.

24. LARK, SKY, 69 1. Alauda *arvensis, sings.*
Privet, 465.1. Liguſtrum *vulgare*, F. R.

26. *Thermom.* 7. *Lowest this month.*
Honeysuckle, 458.1,2. *Lomicera periclymen, still in flower in the hedges, and mallow and feverfew.*
WILD GEESE *continue going to the rye lands.*

Now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoëid shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeons, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas up-turn.

MILTON.

Here ends the Calendar, being interrupted by my going to London. During the whole time it was kept, the barometer fluctuated between 29.1. and 29.9. except a few days, when it sunk to 28.6. and rose to 30½.

A New Chronological Table of Remarkable Events, Discoveries, and Inventions:

Also, the Æra, the Country, and Writings of Learned Men.

The whole comprehending in one View, the Analysis or Outlines of General History from the Creation to the present Time.

Before Christ.

4004 THE creation of the world, and Adam and Eve.
4003 The birth of Cain, the first who was born of a woman.
3017 Enoch, for his piety, is translated into Heaven.
2348 The old world is destroyed by a deluge which continued 377 days.
2247 The tower of Babel is built about this time by Noah's posterity, upon which God miraculously confounds their language, and thus disperses them into different nations.
About the same time Noah is, with great probability, supposed to have parted from his rebellious offspring, and to have led a colony of some of the more tractable into the East, and there either he or one of his successors to have founded the ancient Chinese monarchy.

* Aristotle says, that this bird does not cooc in the winter, unless the weather happens to be mild.

2234 The

2234 The celeſtial obſervations are begun at Babylon, the city which firſt gave birth to learning and the ſciences.
2188 Miſraim, the ſon of Ham, founds the kingdom of Egypt, which laſted 1663 years, down to the conqueſt of Cambyſes, in 525 before Chriſt.
2059 Ninus, the ſon of Belus, founds the kingdom of Aſſyria, which laſted above 1000 years, and out of its ruins were formed the Aſſyrians of Babylon, thoſe of Nineveh, and the kingdom of the Medes.
1921 The covenant of God made with Abram, when he leaves Haran to go into Canaan, which begins the 430 years of ſojourning.
1897 The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are deſtroyed for their wickedneſs, by fire from Heaven.
1856 The kingdom of Argos, in Greece, begins under Inachus.
1822 Memnon, the Egyptian, invents letters.
1715 Prometheus firſt ſtruck fire from ſtints.
1635 Joſeph dies in Egypt, which concludes the book of Geneſis, containing a period of 2369 years.
1574 Aaron born in Egypt: 1490, appointed by God firſt high-prieſt of the Iſraelites.
1571 Moſes, brother to Aaron, born in Egypt, and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, who educates him in all the learning of the Egyptians.
1556 Cecrops brings a colony of Saites from Egypt into Attica, and begins the kingdom of Athens, in Greece.
1546 Scamander comes from Crete in Phrygia, and begins the kingdom of Troy.
1493 Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters into Greece, and built the citadel of Thebes.
1491 Moſes performs a number of miracles in Egypt, and departs from that kingdom, together with 600,000 Iſraelites, beſides children; which completed the 430 years of ſojourning. They miraculouſly paſs through the Red Sea, and come to the deſert of Sinai, where Moſes receives from God, and delivers to the people, the Ten Commandments, and the other laws, and ſets up the tabernacle, and in it the ark of the covenant.
1485 The firſt ſhip that appeared in Greece was brought from Egypt by Danaus, who arrived at Rhodes, and brought with him his fifty daughters.
1453 The firſt Olympic games celebrated at Olympia, in Greece.
1452 The Pentateuch, or five firſt books of Moſes, are written in the land of Moab, where he died the year following, aged 110.
1451 The Iſraelites, after ſojourning in the wilderneſs forty years, are led under Joſhua into the land of Canaan, where they fix themſelves, after having ſubdued the natives; and the period of the ſabbatical year commences.
1406 Iron is found in Greece from the accidental burning of the woods.
1198 The rape of Helen by Paris, which, in 1193, gave riſe to the Trojan war, and ſiege of Troy by the Greeks, which continued ten years, when that city was taken and burnt.
1048 David is ſole king of Iſrael.
1004 The Temple is ſolemnly dedicated by Solomon.
896 Elijah, the prophet, is tranſlated to Heaven.
894 Money firſt made of gold and ſilver at Argos.
869 The city of Carthage, in Africa, founded by queen Dido.
814 The kingdom of Macedon begins.
753 Æra of the building of Rome in Italy by Romulus, firſt king of the Romans.
720 Samaria taken, after three years ſiege, and the kingdom of Iſrael finiſhed, by Salmanaſar, king of Aſſyria, who carries the ten tribes into captivity.
The firſt eclipſe of the moon on record.
658 Byzantium (now Conſtantinople) built by a colony of Athenians.
604 By order of Necho, king of Egypt, ſome Phœnicians ſailed from the Red Sea round Africa, and returned by the Mediterranean.
600 Thales, of Miletus, travels into Egypt, conſults the prieſts of Memphis, acquires the knowledge of geometry, aſtronomy, and philoſophy; returns to Greece, calculates eclipſes, gives general notions of the univerſe, and maintains that one Supreme Intelligence regulates all its motions.

600 Maps,

600 Maps, globes, and the signs of the Zodiac, invented by Anaximander, the scholar of Thales.
597 Jehoiakin, king of Judah, is carried away captive, by Nebuchadnezzar, to Babylon.
587 The city of Jerusalem taken, after a siege of 18 months.
562 The first comedy at Athens acted upon a moveable scaffold.
559 Cyrus the first king of Persia.
538 The kingdom of Babylon finished; that city being taken by Cyrus, who, in 536, issues an edict for the return of the Jews.
534 The first tragedy was acted at Athens, on a waggon, by Thespis.
526 Learning is greatly encouraged at Athens, and a public library first founded.
515 The second Temple at Jerusalem is finished under Darius.
509 Tarquin, the seventh and last king of the Romans, is expelled, and Rome is governed by two consuls, and other republican magistrates, till the battle of Pharsalia, being a space of 461 years.
504 Sardis taken and burnt by the Athenians, which gave occasion to the Persian invasion of Greece.
486 Æschylus, the Greek poet, first gains the prize of tragedy.
481 Xerxes the Great, king of Persia, begins his expedition against Greece.
458 Ezra is sent from Babylon to Jerusalem, with the captive Jews, and the vessels of gold and silver, &c. being seventy weeks of years, or 490 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour.
454 The Romans send to Athens for Solon's laws.
451 The Decemvirs created at Rome, and the laws of the twelve tables compiled and ratified.
430 The history of the Old Testament finishes about this time.
Malachi, the last of the prophets.
400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy among the Greeks, believes the immortality of the soul, and a state of rewards and punishments, for which, and other sublime doctrines, he is put to death by the Athenians, who soon after repent, and erect to his memory a statue of brass.
331 Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, conquers Darius, king of Persia, and other nations of Asia. 323. Dies at Babylon, and his empire is divided by his generals into four kingdoms.
285 Dionysius, of Alexandria, began his astronomical æra on Monday, June 26, being the first who found the exact solar year to consist of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.
284 Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, employs seventy-two interpreters to translate the Old Testament into the Greek language, which is called the Septuagint.
269 The first coining of silver at Rome.
264 The first Punic war begins, and continues 23 years. The chronology of the Arundelian marbles composed.
260 The Romans first concern themselves in naval affairs, and defeat the Carthaginians at sea.
237 Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, causes his son Hannibal, at nine years old, to swear eternal enmity to the Romans.
218 The second Punic war begins, and continues 17 years. Hannibal passes the Alps, and defeats the Romans in several battles: but, being amused by his women, does not improve his victories by the storming of Rome.
190 The first Roman army enters Asia, and from the spoils of Antiochus brings the Asiatic luxury first to Rome.
168 Perseus defeated by the Romans, which ends the Macedonian kingdom.
167 The first library erected at Rome, of books brought from Macedonia.
163 The government of Judea under the Maccabees begins, and continues 126 years.
146 Carthage, the rival to Rome, is razed to the ground by the Romans.
135 The history of the Apocrypha ends.
52 Julius Cæsar makes his first expedition into Britain.

47 The

47 The battle of Pharſalia between Cæſar and Pompey, in which the latter is defeated.
The Alexandrian library, conſiſting of 400,000 valuable books, burnt by accident.
45 The war of Africa, in which Cato kills himſelf.
The ſolar year introduced by Cæſar.
44 Cæſar, the greateſt of the Roman conquerors, after having fought fifty pitched battles, and ſlain 1,192,000 men, and overturned the liberties of his country, is killed in the ſenate-houſe.
35 The battle of Actium fought, in which Mark Antony and Cleopatra are totally defeated by Octavius, nephew to Julius Cæſar.
30 Alexandria, in Egypt, is taken by Octavius, upon which Antony and Cleopatra put themſelves to death, and Egypt is reduced to a Roman province.
27 Octavius, by a degree of the ſenate, obtains the title of Auguſtus Cæſar, and an abſolute exemption from the laws, and is properly the firſt Roman emperor.
8 Rome at this time is fifty miles in circumference, and contains 463,000 men fit to bear arms.
The temple of Janus is ſhut by Auguſtus, as an emblem of univerſal peace, and JESUS CHRIST is born on Monday, December 25.

A. C.
12 ——— diſputes with the doctors in the Temple;
27 ——— is baptized in the Wilderneſs by John;
33 ——— is crucified on Friday, April 3, at 3 o'clock P. M.
His Reſurrection on Sunday, April 5: his Aſcenſion, Thurſday, May 14.
36 St. Paul converted.
39 St. Matthew writes his Goſpel.
Pontius Pilate kills himſelf.
40 The name of Chriſtians firſt given at Antioch to the followers of Chriſt.
43 Claudius Cæſar's expedition into Britain.
44 St. Mark writes his Goſpel.
49 London is founded by the Romans; 368, ſurrounded by ditto with a wall, ſome parts of which are ſtill obſervable.
51 Caractacus, the Britiſh king, is carried in chains to Rome.
52 The council of the Apoſtles at Jeruſalem.
55 St. Luke writes his Goſpel.
59 The emperor Nero puts his mother and brothers to death.
——————— perſecutes the Druids in Britain.
61 Boadicea, the Britiſh queen, defeats the Romans; but is conquered ſoon after by Suetonius, governor of Britain.
62 St. Paul is ſent in bonds to Rome—writes his Epiſtles between 51 and 66.
63 The Acts of the Apoſtles written.
Chriſtianity is ſuppoſed to be introduced into Britain by St. Paul, or ſome of his diſciples, about this time.
64 Rome ſet on fire, and burned for ſix days; upon which began (under Nero) the firſt perſecution againſt the Chriſtians.
67 St. Peter and St. Paul put to death.
70 Whilſt the factious Jews are deſtroying one another with mutual fury, Titus, the Roman general, takes Jeruſalem, which is razed to the ground, and the plough made to paſs over it.
83 The philoſophers expelled Rome by Domitian.
85 Julius Agricola, governor of South Britain, to protect the civilized Britons from the incurſions of the Caledonians, builds a line of forts between the rivers Forth and Clyde; defeats the Caledonians under Galgacus on the Grampian hills; and firſt ſails round Britain, which he diſcovers to be an iſland.
96 St. John the Evangeliſt wrote his Revelation—his Goſpel in 97.
121 The Caledonians reconquer from the Romans all the ſouthern parts of Scotland; upon which the emperor Adrian builds a wall between Newcaſtle and Carliſle; but this alſo proving ineffectual, Pollius Urbicus, the Roman general, about the year 144, repairs Agricola's forts, which he joins by a wall four yards thick.
135 The ſecond Jewiſh war ends, when they were all baniſhed Judæa.

139 Juſtin

139 Juſtin writes his firſt apology for the Chriſtians.
141 A number of hereſies appear about this time.
152 The emperor Antoninus Pius ſtops the perſecution againſt the Chriſtians.
217 The Septuagint ſaid to be found in a caſk.
222 About this time the Roman empire begins to ſink under its own weight. The Barbarians begin their irruption, and the Goths have annual tribute not to moleſt the empire.
260 Valerius is taken priſoner by Sapor, king of Perſia, and flayed alive.
274 Silk firſt brought from India: the manufactory of it introduced into Europe by ſome monks, 551; firſt worn by the clergy in England, 1534.
291 Two emperors, and two Cæſars, march to defend the four quarters of the empire.
306 Conſtantine the Great begins his reign.
308 Cardinals firſt began.
313 The tenth perſecution ends by an edict of Conſtantine, who favours the Chriſtians, and gives full liberty to their religion.
314 Three biſhops, or fathers, are ſent from Britain to aſſiſt at the council of Arles.
325 The firſt general council at Nice, when 318 fathers attended, againſt Arius, where was compoſed the famous Nicene Creed, which we attribute to them.
328 Conſtantine removes the ſeat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which is thenceforwards called Conſtantinople.
331 ——— orders all the heathen temples to be deſtroyed.
363 The Roman emperor Julian, ſurnamed the Apoſtate, endeavours in vain to rebuild the temple of Jeruſalem.
364 The Roman empire is divided into the eaſtern (Conſtantinople the capital) and weſtern (of which Rome continued to be the capital) each being now under the government of different emperors.
400 Bells invented by biſhop Paulinus, of Campagnia.
404 The kingdom of Caledonia, or Scotland, revives under Fergus.
406 The Vandals, Alans, and Suevi, ſpread into France and Spain, by a conceſſion of Honorius, emperor of the Weſt.
410 Rome taken and plundered by Alaric, king of the Viſo-Goths.
412 The Vandals begin their kingdom in Spain.
420 The kingdom of France begins upon the Lower Rhine, under Pharamond.
426 The Romans, reduced to extremities at home, withdraw their troops from Britain, and never return; adviſing the Britons to arm in their own defence, and truſt to their own valour.
446 The Britons, now left to themſelves, are greatly harraſſed by the Scots and Picts, upon which they once more make their complaint to the Romans, but receive no aſſiſtance from that quarter.
447 Attila (ſurnamed the Scourge of God) with his Huns, ravages the Roman empire.
449 Vortigern, king of the Britons, invites the Saxons into Britain, againſt the Scots and Picts.
455 The Saxons having repulſed the Scots and Picts, invite over more of their countrymen, and begin to eſtabliſh themſelves in Kent, under Hengiſt.
476 The weſtern empire is finiſhed, 523 years after the battle of Pharſalia; upon the ruins of which ſeveral new ſtates ariſe in Italy and other parts, conſiſting of Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other Barbarians, under whom literature is extinguiſhed, and the works of the learned are deſtroyed.
496 Clovis, king of France, baptized, and Chriſtianity begins in that kingdom.
508 Prince Arthur begins his reign over the Britons.
513 Conſtantinople beſieged by Vitalianus, whoſe fleet is burned by a ſpeculum of braſs.
516 The computing of time by the Chriſtian æra is introduced by Dionyſius the monk.
529 The code of Juſtinian, the eaſtern emperor, is publiſhed.
557 A terrible plague all over Europe, Aſia, and Africa, which continues near fifty years.
581 Latin ceaſed to be ſpoken about this time in Italy.
596 Auguſtine, the monk, comes into England with forty monks.

606 Here

606 Here begins the power of the popes, by the conceſſions of Phocas, emperor of the eaſt.
622 Mahomet, the falſe prophet, flies from Mecca to Medina, in Arabia, in the 44th year of his age, and 10th of his miniſtry, when he laid the foundation of the Saracen empire, and from whom the Mahometan princes to this day claim their deſcent. His followers compute their time from this æra, which in Arabic is called Hegira, i. e. the Flight.
637 Jeruſalem is taken by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet.
640 Alexandria in Egypt is taken by ditto, and the grand library there burnt by order of Omar, their caliph or prince.
653 The Saracens now extend their conqueſts on every ſide, and retaliate the barbarities of the Goths and Vandals upon their poſterity.
664 Glaſs invented in England by Benalt, a monk.
685 The Britons, after a brave ſtruggle of near 150 years, are totally expelled by the Saxons, and driven into Wales and Cornwall.
713 The Saracens conquer Spain.
726 The controverſy about images begins, and occaſions many inſurrections in the eaſtern empire.
748 The computing of years from the birth of Chriſt began to be uſed in hiſtory.
749 The race of Abbas became caliphs of the Saracens, and encouraged learning.
762 The city of Bagdad upon the Tigris is made the capital for the caliphs of the houſe of Abbas.
800 Charlemagne, king of France, begins the empire of Germany, afterwards called the weſtern empire; gives the preſent names to the winds and months; endeavours to reſtore learning in Europe; but mankind are not yet diſpoſed for it, being ſolely engroſſed in military enterprizes.
826 Harold, king of Denmark, dethroned by his ſubjects, for being a Chriſtian.
828 Egbert, king of Weſſex, unites the Heptarchy, by the name of England.
836 The Flemings trade to Scotland for fiſh.
838 The Scots and Picts have a deciſive battle, in which the former prevail, and both kingdoms are united by Kenneth, which begins the ſecond period of the Scottiſh hiſtory.
867 The Danes begin their ravages in England.
896 Alfred the Great, after ſubduing the Daniſh invaders (againſt whom he fought 56 battles by ſea and land), compoſes his body of laws; divides England into counties, hundreds, and tythings; erects county courts, and founds the univerſity of Oxford, about this time.
915 The univerſity of Cambridge founded.
936 The Saracen empire is divided by uſurpation into ſeven kingdoms.
975 Pope Boniface VII. is depoſed and baniſhed for his crimes.
979 Coronation oaths ſaid to be firſt uſed in England.
991 The figures in arithmetic are brought into Europe by the Saracens from Arabia. Letters of the Alphabet were hitherto uſed.
996 Otho III. makes the empire of Germany elective.
999 Boleſlaus, the firſt king of Poland.
1000 Paper made of cotton rags was in uſe; that of linen rags in 1170: the manufactory introduced into England at Dartford, 1588.
1005 All the old churches are rebuilt about this time in a new manner of architecture.
1015 Children forbidden by law to be ſold by their parents in England.
1017 Canute, king of Denmark, gets poſſeſſion of England.
1040 The Danes, after ſeveral engagements with various ſucceſs, are about this time driven out of Scotland, and never again return in a hoſtile manner.
1041 The Saxon line reſtored under Edward the Confeſſor.
1043 The Turks (a nation of adventurers from Tartary, ſerving hitherto in the armies of contending princes) become formidable, and take poſſeſſion of Perſia.
1054 Leo IX. the firſt pope that kept up an army.
1057 Malcolm III. king of Scotland, kills the tyrant Macbeth at Dunſinane, and marries the princeſs Margaret, ſiſter to Edgar Atheling.
1065 The Turks take Jeruſalem from the Saracens.

1066 The

1066 The battle of Haſtings fought, between Harold and William (ſurnamed the baſtard) duke of Normandy, in which Harold is conquered and ſlain, after which William becomes king of England.
1070 William introduces the feudal law.
Muſical notes invented.
1075 Henry IV. emperor of Germany, and the pope, quarrel about the nomination of the German biſhops. Henry, in penance, walks barefooted to the pope, towards the end of January.
1076 Juſtices of peace firſt appointed in England.
1080 Doomſday-book began to be compiled by order of William, from a ſurvey of all the eſtates in England, and finiſhed in 1086.
The Tower of London built by ditto, to curb his Engliſh ſubjects; numbers of whom fly to Scotland, where they introduce the Saxon or Engliſh language, are protected by Malcolm, and have lands given them.
1091 The Saracens in Spain, being hard preſſed by the Spaniards, call to their aſſiſtance Joſeph, king of Morocco; by which the Moors get poſſeſſion of all the Saracen dominions in Spain.
1096 The firſt cruſade to the Holy Land is begun under ſeveral Chriſtian princes, to drive the infidels from Jeruſalem.
1110 Edgar Atheling, the laſt of the Saxon princes, dies in England, where he had been permitted to reſide as a ſubject.
1118 The order of the Knights Templars inſtituted, to defend the Sepulchre at Jeruſalem, and to protect Chriſtian ſtrangers.
1151 The canon law collected by Gratian, a monk of Bologna.
1163 London bridge, conſiſting of 19 ſmall arches, firſt built of ſtone.
1164 The Teutonic order of religious knights begins in Germany.
1172 Henry II. king of England (and firſt of the Plantagenets) takes poſſeſſion of Ireland; which, from that period, has been governed by an Engliſh viceroy, or lord-lieutenant.
1176 England is divided, by Henry, into ſix circuits, and juſtice is diſpenſed by itinerant judges.
1180 Glaſs windows began to be uſed in private houſes in England.
1181 The laws of England are digeſted about this time by Glanville.
1182 Pope Alexander III. compelled the kings of England and France to hold the ſtirrups of his ſaddle when he mounted his horſe.
1186 The great conjunction of the ſun and moon, and all the planets in Libra, happened in September.
1192 The battle of Aſcalon, in Judæa, in which Richard, king of England, defeat's Saladine's army, conſiſting of 300,000 combatants.
1194 *Dieu et mon Droit* firſt uſed as a motto by Richard, on a victory over the French.
1200 Chimnies were not known in England.
Surnames now began to be uſed; firſt among the nobility.
1208 London incorporated, and obtained their firſt charter, for electing their Lord Mayor and other magiſtrates, from king John.
1215 Magna Charta is ſigned by king John and the barons of England.
Court of Common Pleas eſtabliſhed.
1227 The Tartars, a new race of heroes, under Gingis-Kan, emerge from the northern parts of Aſia, over-run all the Saracen empire, and, in imitation of former conquerors, carry death and deſolation wherever they march.
1233 The Inquiſition, begun in 1204, is now truſted to the Dominicans.
The houſes of London, and other cities in England, France, and Germany, ſtill thatched with ſtraw.
1253 The famous aſtronomical tables are compoſed by Alonzo, king of Caſtile.
1258 The Tartars take Bagdad, which finiſhes the empire of the Saracens.
1263 Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland with 160 ſail, and lands 20,000 men at the mouth of the Clyde, who are cut to pieces by Alexander III. who recovers the weſtern iſles.
1264 According to ſome writers, the commons of England were not ſummoned to parliament till this period.

1269 The

1269 The Hamburgh company incorporated in England.
1273 The empire of the preſent Auſtrian family begins in Germany.
1282 Llewellyn, prince of Wales, defeated and killed by Edward I. who unites that principality to England.
1284 Edward II. born at Caernarvon, is the firſt prince of Wales.
1285 Alexander III. king of Scotland, dies, and that kingdom is diſputed by twelve candidates, who ſubmit their claims to the arbitration of Edward, king of England; which lays the foundation of a long and deſolating war between both nations.
1293 There is a regular ſucceſſion of Engliſh parliaments from this year, being the 22d of Edward I.
1298 The preſent Turkiſh empire begins in Bithynia under Ottoman.
Silver-hafted knives, ſpoons, and cups, a great luxury.
Tallow candles ſo great a luxury, that ſplinters of wood were uſed for lights.
Wine ſold by apothecaries as a cordial.
1302 The mariner's compaſs invented, or improved, by Givia, of Naples.
1307 The beginning of the Swiſs cantons.
1308 The popes remove to Avignon, in France, for 70 years.
1310 Lincoln's Inn ſociety eſtabliſhed.
1314 The battle of Bannockburn, between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, which eſtabliſhes the latter on the throne of Scotland.
The cardinals ſet fire to the conclave, and ſeparate. A vacancy in the papal chair for two years.
1320 Gold firſt coined in Chriſtendom; 1344, ditto in England.
1336 Two Brabant weavers ſettle at York, which, ſays Edward III. may prove of great benefit to us and our ſubjects.
1337 The firſt comet whoſe courſe is deſcribed with an aſtronomical exactneſs.
1340 Gunpowder and guns firſt invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologn; 1346, Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Creſſy; 1346, bombs and mortars were invented.
Oil-painting firſt made uſe of by John Vaneck.
Heralds college inſtituted in England.
1344 The firſt creation to titles by patents uſed by Edward III.
1346 The battle of Durham, in which David, king of Scots, is taken priſoner.
1349 The order of the Garter inſtituted in England by Edward III. altered in 1557, and conſiſts of 26 knights.
1352 The Turks firſt enter Europe.
1354 The money in Scotland till now the ſame as in England.
1356 The battle of Poictiers, in which king John of France, and his ſon, are taken priſoners by Edward the Black Prince.
1357 Coals firſt brought to London.
1358 Arms of England and France firſt quartered by Edward III.
1362 The law pleadings in England changed from French to Engliſh, as a favour of Edward III. to his people.
John Wickliffe, an Engliſhman, begins about this time to oppoſe the errors of the church of Rome with great acuteneſs and ſpirit. His followers are called Lollards.
1386 A company of linen-weavers, from the Netherlands, eſtabliſhed in London.
Windſor caſtle built by Edward III.
1388 The battle of Otterburn, betweeen Hotſpur and the earl of Douglas.
1391 Cards invented in France for the king's amuſement.
1399 Weſtminſter abbey built and enlarged—Weſtminſter hall ditto.
Order of the Bath inſtituted at the coronation of Henry IV.; renewed in 1725, conſiſting of 38 knights.
1410 Guildhall, London, built.
1411 The univerſity of St. Andrew's in Scotland founded.
1415 The battle of Agincourt gained over the French by Henry V. of England.
1428 The ſiege of Orleans, the firſt blow to the Engliſh power in France.
1430 About this time Laurentius of Harleim invented the art of printing, which he practiſed

practiſed with ſeparate wooden types. Guttemburgh afterwards invented cut metal types: but the art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who invented the mode of caſting the types in matrices. Frederick Corſellis began to print at Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types; but it was William Caxton who introduced into England the art of printing with fuſile types, in 1474.

1446 The Vatican library founded at Rome.
The ſea breaks in at Dort, in Holland, and drowns 100,000 people.
1453 Conſtantinople taken by the Turks, which ends the eaſtern empire, 1123 years from its dedication by Conſtantine the Great, and 2206 years from the foundation of Rome.
1454 The univerſity of Glaſgow, in Scotland, founded.
1460 Engraving and etching in copper invented.
1477 The univerſity of Aberdeen, in Scotland, founded.
1483 Richard III. king of England, and laſt of the Plantagenets, is defeated and killed at the battle of Boſworth, by Henry (Tudor) VII. which puts an end to the civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, after a conteſt of 30 years, and the loſs of 100,000 men.
1486 Henry eſtabliſhes fifty yeomen of the guards, the firſt ſtanding army.
1489 Maps and ſea-charts firſt brought to England by Barth. Columbus.
1491 William Grocyn publicly teaches the Greek language at Oxford.
The Moors, hitherto a formidable enemy to the native Spaniards, are entirely ſubdued by Ferdinand, and become ſubjects to that prince on certain conditions, which are ill obſerved by the Spaniards, whoſe clergy employ the powers of the Inquiſition, with all its tortures; and in 1609, near one million of the Moors are driven from Spain to the oppoſite coaſt of Africa, from whence they originally came.
1492 America firſt diſcovered by Columbus, a Genoeſe, in the ſervice of Spain.
1494 Algebra firſt known in Europe.
1497 The Portugueſe firſt ſail to the Eaſt Indies by the Cape of Good Hope.
South America diſcovered by Americus Veſpuſius, from whom it has its name.
1499 North America ditto, for Henry VII. by Cabot.
1500 Maximilian divides the empire of Germany into ſix circles, and adds four more in 1512.
1505 Shillings firſt coined in England.
1509 Gardening introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported hitherto.
1513 The battle of Flowden, in which James IV. of Scotland is killed, with the flower of his nobility.
1517 Martin Luther began the Reformation.
Egypt is conquered by the Turks.
1518 Magellan, in the ſervice of Spain, firſt diſcovers the ſtraits of that name in South America.
1520 Henry VIII. for his writings in favour of popery, receives the title of Defender of the Faith from his Holineſs.
1529 The name of Proteſtant takes it riſe from the Reformed proteſting againſt the church of Rome, at the diet of Spires in Germany.
1534 The Reformation takes place in England, under Henry VIII.
1537 Religious houſes diſſolved by ditto.
1539 The firſt Engliſh edition of the Bible authorized; the preſent tranſlation finiſhed 1611.
About this time cannon began to be uſed in ſhips.
1543 Silk ſtockings firſt worn by the French king; firſt worn in England by queen Elizabeth, 1561; the ſteel frame for weaving invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1589.
Pins firſt uſed in England, before which time the ladies uſed ſkewers.
1544 Good lands let in England at one ſhilling per acre.
1545 The famous council of Trent begins, and continues 18 years.
1546 Firſt law in England, eſtabliſhing the intereſt of money at ten *per cent.*
1549 Lords lieutenants of counties inſtituted in England.

1550 Horſe

1550 Horſe guards inſtituted in England.
1555 The Ruſſian company eſtabliſhed in England.
1558 Queen Elizabeth begins her reign.
1560 The Reformation in Scotland completed by John Knox.
1563 Knives firſt made in England.
1569 Royal Exchange firſt built.
1572 The great maſſacre of Proteſtants at Paris.
1579 The Dutch ſhake off the Spaniſh yoke, and the republic of Holland begins.
Engliſh Eaſt India company incorporated—eſtabliſhed 1600.
———Turkey company incorporated.
1580 Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world, being the firſt Engliſh circumnavigator.
Parochial regiſter firſt appointed in England.
1582 Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being counted 15.
1583 Tobacco firſt brought from Virginia into England.
1587 Mary queen of Scots is beheaded by order of Elizabeth, after 18 years impriſonment.
1588 The Spaniſh Armada deſtroyed by Drake and other Engliſh admirals.
Henry IV. paſſes the edict of Nantes, tolerating the Proteſtants.
1589 Coaches firſt introduced into England; hackney act 1693; increaſed to 1000, in 1770.
1590 Band of penſioners inſtituted in England.
1591 Trinity College, Dublin, founded.
1597 Watches firſt brought into England from Germany.
1602 Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.
1603 Queen Elizabeth (the laſt of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of Scotland (and firſt of the Stuarts) as her ſucceſſor; which unites both kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.
1605 The gunpowder-plot diſcovered at Weſtminſter; being a project of the Roman catholics to blow up the king and both houſes of parliament.
1606 Oaths of allegiance firſt adminiſtered in England.
1608 Galileo, of Florence, firſt diſcovers the ſatellites about the planet Saturn, by the teleſcope, then juſt invented in Holland.
1610 Henry IV. is murdered at Paris, by Ravaillac, a diſciple of the Jeſuits.
1611 Baronets firſt created in England, by James I.
1614 Napier, of Marcheſton, in Scotland, invents logarithms.
Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London from Ware.
1616 The firſt permanent ſettlement in Virginia.
1919 Dr. W. Harvey, an Engliſhman, diſcovers the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.
1620 The broad ſilk manufactory from raw ſilk introduced into England.
1621 New England planted by the Puritans.
1625 King James dies, and is ſucceeded by his ſon, Charles I.
The iſland of Barbadoes, the firſt Engliſh ſettlement in the Weſt Indies, is planted.
1632 The battle of Lutzen, in which Guſtavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and head of the Proteſtants in Germany, is killed.
1635 Province of Maryland planted by lord Baltimore.
Regular poſts eſtabliſhed from London to Scotland, Ireland, &c.
1640 King Charles diſobliges his Scottiſh ſubjects, on which their army, under general Leſley, enters England, and takes Newcaſtle, being encouraged by the malcontents in England.
The maſſacre in Ireland, when 40,000 Engliſh Proteſtants were killed.
1642 King Charles impeaches five members, who had oppoſed his arbitrary meaſures, which begins the civil war in England.
1643 Exciſe on beer, ale, &c. firſt impoſed by parliament.
1649 Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, aged 49.
1654 Cromwell aſſumes the protectorſhip.
1655 The Engliſh, under admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.

1658 Cromwell dies, and is succeeded in the protectorship by his son Richard.
1660 King Charles II. is restored by Monk, commander of the army, after an exile of twelve years in France and Holland.
Episcopacy restored in England and Scotland.
The people of Denmark, being oppressed by the nobles, surrender their privileges to Frederic III. who becomes absolute.
1662 The Royal Society established at London, by Charles II.
1663 Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two separate governments.
1664 The New Netherlands, in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch, by the English.
1665 The plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 persons.
1666 The great fire of London began Sept. 2. and continued three days, in which were destroyed 13,000 houses, and 400 streets.
Tea first used in England.
1667 The peace of Breda, which confirms to the English the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey.
1668 ——— ditto, Aix-la-Chapelle.
St. James's Park planted, and made a thoroughfare for public use, by Charles II.
1670 The English Hudson's Bay company incorporated.
1672 Lewis XIV. over-runs great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their sluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their settlements in the East Indies.
African company established.
1678 The peace of Nimeguen.
The habeas corpus act passed.
1680 A great comet appeared, and from its nearness to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued visible from Nov. 3, to March 9.
William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennsylvania.
1683 India stock sold from 360 to 500 per cent.
1685 Charles II dies, aged 55, and is succeeded by his brother, James II.
The duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. raises a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgmoor, and beheaded.
The edict of Nantes infamously revoked by Lewis XIV. and the Protestants cruelly persecuted.
1687 The palace of Versailles, near Paris, finished by Lewis XIV.
1688 The Revolution in Great Britain begins, Nov. 5. King James abdicates, and retires to France, December 3.
King William and queen Mary, daughter and son-in-law to James, are proclaimed, February 16.
Viscount Dundee stands out for James in Scotland, but is killed by general Mackey, at the battle of Killycrankie; upon which the Highlanders, wearied with repeated misfortunes, disperse.
1689 The land-tax passed in England.
The toleration act passed in Ditto.
Several bishops are deprived for not taking the oaths to king William.
William Fuller, who pretended to prove the prince of Wales spurious, was voted by the commons to be a notorious cheat, impostor, and false accuser.
1690 The battle of the Boyne, gained by William against James in Ireland.
1691 The war in Ireland finished, by the surrender of Limerick to William.
1692 The English and Dutch fleets, commanded by admiral Russel, defeat the French fleet off La Hogue.
1693 Bayonets at the end of loaded muskets first used by the French against the Confederates in the battle of Turin.
The duchy of Hanover made the ninth electorate.
Bank of England established by king William.
The first public lottery was drawn this year.
Massacre of Highlanders at Glencoe, by king William's troops.
1694 Queen Mary dies at the age of 33, and William reigns alone.
Stamp duties instituted in England.

1696 The

1696 The peace of Ryſwick.
1699 The Scots ſettled a colony at the iſthmus of Darien, in America, and called it Caledonia.
1700 Charles XII. of Sweden begins his reign.
King James II. dies at St. Germain's, in the 68th year of his age.
1701 Pruſſia erected into a kingdom.
Society for the propagation of the Goſpel in foreign parts eſtabliſhed.
1702 King William dies, aged 50, and is ſucceeded by Queen Anne, daughter to James II. who, with the emperor and States General, renews the war againſt France and Spain.
1704 Gibraltar taken from the Spaniards, by admiral Rooke.
The battle of Blenheim won by the duke of Marlborough and allies, againſt the French.
The court of Exchequer inſtituted in England.
1706 The treaty of Union betwixt England and Scotland, ſigned July 22.
The battle of Ramillies won by Marlborough and the allies.
1707 The firſt Britiſh parliament.
1708 Minorca taken from the Spaniards by general Stanhope.
The battle of Oudenarde won by Marlborough and the allies.
Sardinia erected into a kingdom, and given to the duke of Savoy.
1709 Peter the Great, czar of Muſcovy, defeats Charles XII. at Pultowa, who flies to Turkey.
The battle of Malplaquet won by Marlborough and the allies.
1710 Queen Anne changes the Whig Miniſtry for others more favourable to the intereſt of her brother, the late Pretender.
The cathedral church of St Paul, London, rebuilt by Sir Chriſtopher Wren, in 37 years, at one million expence, by a duty on coals.
The Engliſh South-ſea company began.
1712 Duke of Hamilton and lord Mohun killed in a duel in Hyde-Park.
1713 The peace of Utrecht, whereby Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Britain, and Hudſon's Bay, in North America, were yielded to Great Britain; Gibraltar and Minorca, in Europe, were alſo confirmed to the ſaid crown by this treaty.
1714 Queen Anne dies, at the age of fifty, and is ſucceeded by George I.
Intereſt reduced to five *per cent.*
1715 Lewis XIV. dies, and is ſucceeded by his great-grandſon, Lewis XV. the late king of France.
The rebellion in Scotland begins in September, under the earl of Mar, in favour of the Pretender. The action of Sheriff-muir, and the ſurrender of Preſton, both in November, when the rebels diſperſe.
1716 The Pretender married to the princeſs Sobieſki, grand-daughter of John Sobieſki, late king of Poland.
An act paſſed for ſeptennial parliaments.
1719 The Miſſiſſipi ſcheme at its height in France.
Lombe's ſilk-throwing machine, containing 26,586 wheels, erected at Derby; takes up one-eighth of a mile; one water-wheel moves the reſt; and in 24 hours it works 318,504,960 yards of organzine ſilk thread.
The South-Sea ſcheme in England begun April 7; was at its height at the end of June; and quite ſunk about September 29.
1727 King George I. dies, in the 68th year of his age; and is ſucceeded by his only ſon, George II.
Inoculation firſt tried on criminals with ſucceſs.
Ruſſia, formerly a dukedom, is now eſtabliſhed as an empire.
1732 Kouli Khan uſurps the Perſian throne, conquers the Mogul empire, and returns with two hundred and thirty-one millions ſterling.
Several public-ſpirited gentlemen begin the ſettlement of Georgia, in North America.
1736 Capt. Porteus, having ordered his ſoldiers to fire upon the populace at the execution of a ſmuggler, is himſelf hanged by the mob at Edinburgh.

1738 Weſtminſter-Bridge, conſiſting of fifteen arches, begun; finiſhed in 1750, at the expence of 389,000 l. defrayed by parliament.
1739 Letters of marque iſſued out in Britain againſt Spain, July 21, and war declared, October 23.
1743 The battle of Dettingen won by the Engliſh and allies, in favour of the queen of Hungary.
1744 War declared againſt France.
Commodore Anſon returns from his voyage round the world.
1745 The allies loſe the battle of Fontenoy.
The rebellion breaks out in Scotland, and the Pretender's army defeated by the duke of Cumberland, at Culloden, April 16, 1746.
1746 Britiſh Linen Company erected.
1748 The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which a reſtitution of all places, taken during the war, was to be made on all ſides.
1749 The intereſt of the Britiſh funds reduced to three *per cent.*
Britiſh herring fiſhery incorporated.
1751 Frederic, prince of Wales, father to his preſent majeſty, died,
Antiquarian ſociety at London incorporated.
1752 The new ſtyle introduced into Great Britain, the third of September being counted the fourteenth.
1753 The Britiſh Muſeum erected at Montagu-houſe.
Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, inſtituted in London.
1755 Liſbon deſtroyed by an earthquake.
1756 146 Engliſhmen are confined in the black hole at Calcutta, in the Eaſt Indies, by order of the Nabob, and 123 found dead next morning.
Marine ſociety eſtabliſhed at London.
1757 Damien attempted to aſſaſſinate the French king.
1759 General Wolfe is killed in the battle of Quebec, which is gained by the Engliſh.
1760 King George II. dies, October 25, in the 77th year of his age, and is ſucceeded by his preſent majeſty, who, on the 22d of September, 1761, married the princeſs Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz.
Black-Friars bridge, conſiſting of nine arches, begun; finiſhed 1770, at the expence of 52,840 l. to be diſcharged by a toll. Toll taken off 1785.
1762 War declared againſt Spain.
Peter III. emperor of Ruſſia, is depoſed, impriſoned, and murdered.
American Philoſophical Society eſtabliſhed in Philadelphia.
George Auguſtus Frederic, prince of Wales, born Auguſt 12.
1763 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, concluded at Paris, February 10, which confirms to Great Britain the extenſive provinces of Canada, Eaſt and Weſt Florida, and part of Louiſiana, in North America; alſo the iſlands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, in the Weſt Indies.
1764 The parliament granted 10,000 l. to Mr. Harriſon, for his diſcovery of the longitude by his time-piece.
1765 His majeſty's royal charter paſſed for incorporating the Society of Artiſts.
An act paſſed annexing the ſovereignty of the iſland of Man to the crown of Great Britain.
1766 April 21, a ſpot or macula of the ſun, more than thrice the bigneſs of our earth, paſſed the ſun's centre.
1768 Academy of painting eſtabliſhed in London.
The Turks impriſon the Ruſſian ambaſſador, and declare war againſt that empire.
1771 Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, in his majeſty's ſhip the Endeavour, lieut. Cook, return from a voyage round the world, having made ſeveral important diſcoveries in the South Seas.
1772 The king of Sweden changes the conſtitution of that kingdom.
The Pretender marries a princeſs of Germany, grand-daughter of Thomas, late earl of Aylesbury.

1772 The emperor of Germany, empreſs of Ruſſia, and the king of Pruſſia, ſtrip the king of Poland of great part of his dominions, which they divide among themſelves, in violation of the moſt ſolemn treaties.

1773 Captain Phipps is ſent to explore the North Pole, but having made eighty-one degrees, is in danger of being locked up by the ice, and his attempt to diſcover a paſſage in that quarter proves fruitleſs.

The Jeſuits expelled from the Pope's dominions.

The Engliſh Eaſt India company having, by conqueſt or treaty, acquired the extenſive provinces of Bengal, Orixa, and Bahar, containing fifteen millions of inhabitants, great irregularities are committed by their ſervants abroad; upon which government interferes, and ſends out judges, &c. for the better adminiſtration of juſtice.

The war between the Ruſſians and Turks proves diſgraceful to the latter, who loſe the iſlands in the Archipelago, and by ſea are every where unſucceſsful.

1774 Peace is proclaimed between the Ruſſians and Turks.

The Britiſh parliament having paſſed an act, laying a duty of three pence per pound upon all teas imported into America, the Coloniſts, conſidering this as a grievance, deny the right of the Britiſh parliament to tax them.

Deputies from the ſeveral American colonies meet at Philadelphia, as the firſt General Congreſs, Sept. 5.

Firſt petition of Congreſs to the King, November.

1775 April 19, The firſt action happened in America between the king's troops and the provincials at Lexington.

May 20, Articles of confederation and perpetual union between the American provinces.

June 17, A bloody action at Bunker's Hill, between the royal troops and the Americans.

1776 March 17, The town of Boſton evacuated by the King's troops.

An unſucceſsful attempt, in July, made by commodore Sir Peter Parker, and lieutenant-general Clinton, upon Charles Town, in South Carolina.

The Congreſs declare the American colonies free and independent ſtates, July 4.

The Americans are driven from Long Iſland, New York, in Auguſt, with great loſs, and great numbers of them taken priſoners; and the city of New York is afterwards taken poſſeſſion of by the king's troops.

December 25, General Waſhington takes 900 of the Heſſians priſoners at Trenton.

Torture aboliſhed in Poland.

1777 General Howe takes poſſeſſion of Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-general Burgoyne is obliged to ſurrender his army at Saratoga, in Canada, by convention, to the American army under the command of the generals Gates and Arnold, October 17.

1778 A treaty of alliance concluded at Paris between the French king and the thirteen united American colonies, in which their independence is acknowledged by the court of France, February 6.

The remains of the earl of Chatham interred at the public expence in Weſtminſter Abbey, June 9, in conſequence of a vote of parliament.

The earl of Carliſle, William Eden, Eſq; and George Johnſtone, Eſq; arrive at Philadelphia the beginning of June, as commiſſioners for reſtoring peace between Great Britain and America.

Philadelphia evacuated by the king's troops, June 18.

The Congreſs refuſe to treat with the Britiſh commiſſioners, unleſs the independence of the American colonies were firſt acknowledged, or the king's fleets and armies withdrawn from America.

An engagement fought off Breſt between the Engliſh fleet under the command of admiral Keppel, and the French fleet under the command of the count d'Orvilliers, July 27.

Dominica taken by the French, Sept. 7.

Pondicherry ſurrenders to the arms of Great Britain, Oct. 17.

St. Lucia taken from the French, Dec. 28.

1779 St.

1779 St. Vincent's taken by the French.
Grenada taken by the French, July 3.
1780 Torture in courts of juſtice aboliſhed in France.
The Inquiſition aboliſhed in the duke of Modena's dominions.
Admiral Rodney takes twenty-two ſail of Spaniſh ſhips, Jan. 8.
The ſame admiral alſo engages a Spaniſh fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara, near Cape St. Vincent, and takes five ſhips of the line, one more being driven on ſhore, and another blown up, Jan. 16.
Three actions between admiral Rodney and the count de Guichen, in the Weſt Indies, in the months of April and May; but none of them deciſive.
Charles Town, South Carolina, ſurrenders to Sir Henry Clinton, May 4.
Penſacola, and the whole province of Weſt Florida, ſurrender to the arms of the king of Spain, May 9.
The Proteſtant Aſſociation, to the number of 50,000, go up to the Houſe of Commons, with their petition for the repeal of an act paſſed in favour of the Papiſts, June 2.
That event followed by the moſt daring riots, in the city of London, and in Southwark, for ſeveral ſucceſſive days, in which ſome Popiſh chapels are deſtroyed, together with the priſons of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, ſeveral private houſes, &c. Theſe alarming riots are at length ſuppreſſed by the interpoſition of the military, and many of the rioters tried and executed for felony.
Five Engliſh Eaſt Indiamen, and fifty Engliſh merchant ſhips bound for the Weſt Indies, taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain, Aug. 8.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a ſignal victory over general Gates, near Camden, in South Carolina, in which above 1000 American priſoners are taken, Aug. 16.
Mr. Laurens, late preſident of the Congreſs, taken in an American packet, near Newfoundland, Sept. 3.
General Arnold deſerts the ſervice of the Congreſs, eſcapes to New York, and is made a brigadier-general in the royal ſervice, Sept. 24.
Major André, adjutant-general to the Britiſh army, hanged as a ſpy at Tappan, in the province of New York, Oct. 2.
Mr. Laurens is committed priſoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treaſon, October 4.
Dreadful hurricanes in the Weſt Indies, by which great devaſtation is made in Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Dominica, and other iſlands, Oct. 3 and 10.
A declaration of hoſtilities publiſhed againſt Holland, Dec. 20.
1781 The Dutch iſland of St. Euſtatia taken by admiral Rodney and general Vaughan, Feb. 3. Retaken by the French, Nov. 27.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a victory, but with conſiderable loſs, over the Americans under general Green, at Guildford, in North Carolina, March 15.
The iſland of Tobago taken by the French, June 2.
A bloody engagement fought between an Engliſh ſquadron under the command of admiral Parker, and a Dutch ſquadron under the command of admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger-bank, Aug. 5.
Earl Cornwallis, with a conſiderable Britiſh army, ſurrendered priſoners of war to the American and French troops, under the command of general Waſhington and count Rochambeau, at York-town, in Virginia, Oct. 19.
1782 Trincomale, on the iſland of Ceylon, taken by admiral Hughes, Jan. 11.
Minorca ſurrendered to the arms of the king of Spain, Feb. 5.
The iſland of St. Chriſtopher taken by the French, Feb. 12.
The iſland of Nevis, in the Weſt Indies, taken by the French, Feb. 14.
Montſerrat taken by the French, Feb. 22.
The houſe of commons addreſs the king againſt any further proſecution of offenſive war on the continent of North America, March 4; and reſolve, That that houſe would conſider all thoſe as enemies to his majeſty, and this country, who ſhould adviſe, or by any means attempt, the farther proſecution of offenſive war on the continent of North America, for the purpoſe of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force.

1782 Admiral

1782 Admiral Rodney obtains a signal victory over the French fleet under the command of count de Graſſe, near Dominica, in the Weſt Indies, April 12.
Admiral Hughes, with eleven ſhips, beat off, near the iſland of Ceylon, by the French admiral Suffrein, with twelve ſhips of the line, after a ſevere engagement, in which both fleets loſt a great number of men, April 13
The reſolution of the houſe of commons relating to John Wilkes, eſq; and the Middleſex election, paſſed Feb. 17, 1769, reſcinded, May 3.
The bill to repeal the declaratory act of George I. relative to the legiſlation of Ireland, received the royal aſſent, June 20.
The French took and deſtroyed the forts and ſettlements in Hudſon's Bay, Auguſt 24.
The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack on Gibraltar, Sept. 13.
Treaty concluded betwixt the republic of Holland and the United States of America, Oct. 8.
Proviſional articles of peace ſigned at Paris between the Britiſh and the American commiſſioners, by which the Thirteen United American colonies are acknowledged by his Britannic majeſty to be free, ſovereign, and independent ſtates, Nov. 30.

1783 Preliminary articles of peace between his Britannic majeſty and the kings of France and Spain, ſigned at Verſailles, Jan. 20.
The order of St. Patrick inſtituted, Feb. 5.
Three earthquakes in Calabria Ulterior and Sicily, deſtroying a great number of towns and inhabitants, Feb. 5th, 7th, and 28th.
Armiſtice betwixt Great Britain and Holland, Feb. 10.
Ratification of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America, Sept. 3.

1784 The city of London wait on the king, with an addreſs of thanks for diſmiſſing the coalition miniſtry, Jan. 16.
The great ſeal ſtolen from the lord chancellor's houſe in Great Ormond-ſtreet, March 24.
The ratification of the peace with America arrived, April 7.
The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Holland, May 24.
The memory of Handel commemorated by a grand jubilee at Weſtminſter-abbey, May 26.—Continued annually for decayed muſicians, &c.
Proclamation for a public thankſgiving, July 2.
Mr. Lunardi aſcended in a balloon from the Artillery-ground, Moorfields, the firſt attempt of the kind in England, Sept. 15.

1785 Dr. Seabury, an American miſſionary, was conſecrated biſhop of Connecticut by five nonjuring Scotch prelates, Nov.

1786 The king of Sweden prohibited the uſe of torture in his dominions.
Cardinal Turlone, high inquiſitor at Rome, was publicly dragged out of his carriage by an incenſed multitude, for his cruelty, and hung on a gibbet 50 feet high.
Sept. 26. Commercial treaty ſigned between England and France.
Nov. 21. £.471,000 3 *per cent.* ſtock transferred to the landgrave of Heſſe, for Heſſian ſoldiers loſt in the American war, at £ 30 a man.
Dec. 4. Mr. Adams, the American ambaſſador, preſented to the archbiſhop of Canterbury, Dr. White, of Pennſylvania, and Dr. Provoſt, of New York, to be conſecrated biſhops for the United States.—They were conſecrated February 4, 1787.

1787 May 21. Mr. Burke, at the bar of the houſe of lords, in the name of all the commons of Great Britain, impeached Warren Haſtings, late governor-general of Bengal, of high crimes and miſdemeanors.
Aug. 11. The king, by letters patent, erected the province of Nova Scotia into a biſhop's ſee, and appointed Dr. Charles Inglis to be the biſhop.

1788 In the early part of October, the firſt ſymptoms appeared of a ſevere diſorder which afflicted our gracious Sovereign. On the 6th of November they were very alarming, and on the 13th a form of prayer for his recovery was ordered by the privy council.

1789 Feb. 17. His Majeſty was pronounced to be in a ſtate of convaleſcence, and on the 26th to be free from complaint.
April 23. A general thankſgiving for the King's recovery, who attended the ſervice at St. Paul's with a great proceſſion.
July 14. Revolution in France—capture of the Baſtile, execution of the governor, &c.
1790 July 14. Grand French confederation in the Champ de Mars.

MEN of LEARNING and GENIUS.

Bef. Ch.
907 HOMER, the firſt prophane writer and Greek poet, flouriſhed. *Pope.*
Heſiod, the Greek poet, ſuppoſed to live near the time of Homer. *Cooke.*
884 Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver.
600 Sappho, the Greek lyric poeteſs, fl. *Fawkes.*
558 Solon, lawgiver of Athens.
556 Æſop, the firſt Greek fabuliſt. *Croxal.*
548 Thales, the firſt Greek aſtronomer and geographer.
497 Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philoſophy in Greece. *Rowe.*
474 Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. *Fawkes, Addiſon.*
456 Æſchylus, the firſt Greek tragic poet. *Potter.*
435 Pindar, the Greek lyric poet. *Weſt.*
413 Herodotus, of Greece, the firſt writer of prophane hiſtory. *Littlebury.*
407 Ariſtophanes, the Greek comic poet, fl. *White.*
Euripides, the Greek tragic poet. *Woodhull.*
406 Sophocles, ditto. *Franklin, Potter.*
Confucius, the Chineſe philoſopher, fl.
400 Socrates, the founder of moral philoſophy in Greece.
391 Thucydides, the Greek hiſtorian. *Smith, Hobbes.*
361 Hippocrates, the Greek phyſician. *Clifton.*
Democritus, the Greek philoſopher.
359 Xenophon, the Greek philoſopher and hiſtorian. *Smith, Spelman, Aſhly, Fielding.*
348 Plato, the Greek philoſopher, and diſciple of Socrates. *Sydenham.*
336 Iſocrates, the Greek orator. *Dimſdale.*
332 Ariſtotle, the Greek philoſopher, and diſciple of Plato. *Hobbes.*
313 Demoſthenes, the Athenian orator, poiſoned himſelf. *Leland, Francis.*
288 Theophraſtus, the Greek philoſopher, and ſcholar of Ariſtotle. *Budgel.*
285 Theocritus, the firſt Greek paſtoral poet, fl. *Fawkes.*
277 Euclid, of Alexandria, in Egypt, the mathematician, fl. *R. Simpſon.*
270 Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philoſophy in Greece. *Digby.*
264 Xeno, founder of the Stoic philoſophy in ditto.
244 Callimachus, the Greek elegiac poet.
208 Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.
184 Plautus, the Roman comic poet. *Thornton.*
159 Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet. *Colman.*
155 Diogenes, of Babylon, the Stoic philoſopher.
124 Polybius, of Greece, the Greek and Roman hiſtorian. *Hampton.*
54 Lucretius, the Roman poet. *Creech.*
44 Julius Cæſar, the Roman hiſtorian and commentator, killed. *Duncan.*
Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the univerſal hiſtorian, fl. *Booth.*
Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.
43 Cicero, the Roman orator and philoſopher, put to death. *Guthrie, Melmoth.*
Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl. *Rowe.*
34 Salluſt, the Roman hiſtorian. *Gordon, Roſe.*
30 Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, the Roman hiſtorian, fl. *Spelman.*

12 Virgil,

19 Virgil, the Roman epic poet. *Dryden, Pitt, Warton.*
11 Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets. *Granger, Dart.*
8 Horace, the Roman lyric and satyric poet. *Francis.*

A. C.
17 Livy, the Roman historian. *Ray.*
19 Ovid, the Roman elegiac poet. *Garth.*
20 Celsus, the Roman philosopher and physician, fl. *Grieve.*
25 Strabo, the Greek geographer.
33 Phædrus, the Roman fabulist. *Smart.*
45 Paterculus, the Roman historian, fl. *Newcombe.*
62 Persius, the Roman satiric poet. *Brewster.*
64 Quintius Curtius, a Roman, historian of Alexander the Great, fl. *Digby.*
Seneca, of Spain, the philosopher and tragic poet, put to death. *L'Estrange.*
65 Lucan, the Roman epic poet, ditto. *Rowe.*
79 Pliny the elder, the Roman natural historian. *Holland.*
93 Josephus, the Jewish historian. *Whiston.*
94 Epictetus, the Greek stoic philosopher, fl. Mrs. *Carter.*
95 Quinctilian, the Roman orator and advocate. *Guthrie.*
96 Statius, the Roman epic poet. *Lewis.*
Lucius Florus, of Spain, the Roman historian, fl.
69 Tacitus, the Roman historian. *Gordon.*
104 Martial, of Spain, the epigrammatic poet.
Valerius Flaccus, the Roman epic poet.
116 Pliny the younger, historical letters. *Melmoth, Orrery.*
117 Suetonius, the Roman historian. *Hughes.*
119 Plutarch, of Greece, the biographer. *Dryden, Langhorne.*
128 Juvenal, the Roman satiric poet. *Dryden.*
140 Ptolemy, the Egyptian geographer, mathematician, and astronomer, fl.
150 Justin, the Roman historian, fl. *Turnbul.*
161 Arrian, the Roman historian and philosopher, fl. *Rooke.*
167 Justin, of Samaria, the oldest Christian author after the apostles.
180 Lucian, the Roman philologer. *Dimsdale, Dryden, Franklin.*
Marcus Aur. Antoninus, Roman emperor and philosopher. *Collier, Elphinston.*
193 Galen, the Greek philosopher and physician.
200 Diogenes Laertius, the Greek biographer, fl.
229 Dion Cassius, of Greece, the Roman historian fl.
254 Origen, a Christian father of Alexandria.
Herodian, of Alexandria, the Roman historian, fl. *Hart.*
258 Cyprian, of Carthage, suffered martyrdom. *Marshal.*
273 Longinus the Greek orator, put to death by Aurelian. *Smith.*
320 Lactantius, a father of the church, fl.
336 Arius, a priest of Alexandria, founder of the sect of Arians.
343 Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian and chronologer. *Hanmer.*
379 Bazil, bishop of Cæsaria.
389 Gregory Nazianzen, bishop of Constantinople.
397 Ambrose, bishop of Milan.
415 Macrobius, the Roman grammarian.
428 Eutropius, the Roman historian.
524 Boëthius, the Roman poet, and Platonic philsopher. *Bellamy, Preston.*
529 Procopius of Cæsarea, the Roman historian. *Holcroft.*

Here ends the illustrious list of ancient, or, as they are styled, Classic authors, for whom mankind are indebted to Greece and Rome, those two great theatres of human glory: but it will ever be regretted, that a small part only of their writings have come to our hands. This was owing to the barbarous policy of those fierce illiterate pagans, who, in the fifth century, subverted the Roman empire, and in which practices they were joined soon after by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet. Constantinople alone had escaped the ravages of the Barbarians; and to the few literati who sheltered themselves within its walls, is chiefly owing the preservation of those valuable remains of antiquity. To learning, civility, and refinement,

ſucceeded worſe than Gothic ignorance—the ſuperſtition and buffoonery of the church of Rome: Europe therefore produces few names worthy of record during the ſpace of a thouſand years; a period which hiſtorians, with great propriety, denominate the dark or Gothic ages.

The invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the ſixteenth century, from which memorable æra a race of men have ſprung up in a new ſoil, France, Germany, and Britain; who, if they do not exceed, at leaſt equal, the greateſt geniuſes of antiquity. Of theſe our own countrymen have the reputation of the firſt rank, with whoſe names we ſhall finiſh our liſt.

A. C.

735 Bede, a prieſt of Northumberland; Hiſtory of the Saxons, Scots, &c.
901 King Alfred; hiſtory, philoſophy, and poetry.
1259 Matthew Paris, monk of St. Alban's; Hiſtory of England.
1292 Roger Bacon, Somerſetſhire; natural philoſophy.
1308 John Fordun, a prieſt of Mearns-ſhire; Hiſtory of Scotland.
1400 Geoffry Chaucer, London; the father of Engliſh poetry.
1402 John Gower, Wales; the poet.
1535 Sir Thomas More, London; hiſtory, politics, divinity.
1552 John Leland, London; lives and antiquities.
1568 Roger Aſcham, Yorkſhire; philology and polite literature.
1572 Rev. John Knox, the Scotch reformer; hiſtory of the church of Scotland.
1582 George Buchanan, Dumbartonſhire; Hiſtory of Scotland, Pſalms of David, politics, &c.
1598 Edmund Spenſer, London; Fairy Queen, and other poems.
1615 —25 Beaumont and Fletcher; 53 dramatic pieces.
1616 William Shakſpeare, Stratford; 42 tragedies and comedies.
1622 John Napier, of Marcheſton, Scotland; diſcoverer of logarithms.
1623 William Camden, London; hiſtory and antiquities.
1626 Lord Chancellor Bacon, London; natural philoſophy, literature in general.
1634 Lord Chief Juſtice Coke, Norfolk; laws of England.
1638 Ben Jonſon, London; 53 dramatic pieces.
1641 Sir Henry Spelman, Norfolk; laws and antiquities.
1654 John Selden, Suſſex; antiquities and laws.
1657 Dr. William Harvey, Kent; diſcovered the circulation of the blood.
1667 Abraham Cowley, London; miſcellaneous poetry.
1674 John Milton, London; Paradiſe Loſt, Regained, and various other pieces in verſe and proſe.
Hyde, earl of Clarendon, Wiltſhire; Hiſtory of the Civil Wars in England.
1675 James Gregory, Aberdeen; mathematics, geometry, and optics.
1677 Reverend Dr. Iſaac Barrow, London; natural philoſophy, mathematics, and ſermons.
1680 Samuel Butler, Worceſterſhire; Hudibras, a burleſque poem.
1685 Thomas Otway, London; 10 tragedies and comedies, with other poems.
1687 Edmund Waller, Bucks; poems, ſpeeches, letters, &c.
1688 Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Somerſetſhire; Intellectual Syſtem.
1689 Dr. Thomas Sydenham, Dorſetſhire; Hiſtory of Phyſic.
1690 Nathaniel Lee, London; 11 tragedies.
Robert Barclay, Edinburgh; Apology for the Quakers.
1691 Hon. Robert Boyle; natural and experimental philoſophy and theology.
Sir George M'Kenzie, Dundee; Antiquities and Laws of Scotland.
1694 John Tillotſon, archbiſhop of Canterbury, Halifax; 254 ſermons.
1697 Sir William Temple, London; politics, and polite literature.
1701 John Dryden, Northamptonſhire; 27 tragedies and comedies, ſatirie poems, Virgil.
1704 John Locke, Somerſetſhire; philoſophy, government, and theology.
1705 John Ray, Eſſex; botany, natural philoſophy, and divinity.
1707 George Farquhar, Londonderry; eight comedies.
1713 Ant. Aſh. Cowper, earl of Shaftelbury; Characteriſtics.
1714 Gilbert Burnet, Edinburgh, biſhop of Saliſbury; hiſtory, biography, divinity, &c.

1718 Nicholas

1718 Nicholas Rowe, Devonſhire; 7 tragedies, tranſlation of Lucan's Pharſalia.
1719 Reverend John Flamſteed, Derbyſhire; mathematics and aſtronomy.
Joſeph Addiſon, Wiltſhire; Spectator, Guardian, poems, politics.
Dr. John Keil, Edinburgh; mathematics and aſtronomy.
1721 Matthew Prior, London; poems and politics.
1724 William Wollaſton, Staffordſhire; Religion of Nature delineated.
1727 Sir Iſaac Newton, Lincolnſhire; mathematics, geometry, aſtronomy, optics.
1729 Reverend Dr. Samual Clarke, Norwich; mathematics, divinity, &c.
Sir Richard Steele, Dublin; four comedies, papers in Tatler, &c.
William Congreve, Staffordſhire; ſeven dramatic pieces.
1732 John Gay, Exeter; poems, fables, and eleven dramatic pieces.
1734 Dr. John Arbuthnot, Mearns-ſhire; medicine, coins, politics.
1742 Dr. Edmund Halley; natural philoſophy, aſtronomy, navigation.
Dr. Richard Bentley, Yorkſhire; claſſical learning, criticiſm.
1744 Alexander Pope, London; poems, letters, tranſlation of Homer.
1745 Reverend Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dublin; poems, politics, and letters.
1746 Colin M'Laurin, Argyleſhire; Algebra, View of Newton's Philoſophy.
1748 James Thomſon, Roxburghſhire; Seaſons, and other poems, five tragedies.
Reverend Dr. Iſaac Watts, Southampton; logic, philoſophy, pſalms, hymns, ſermons, &c.
Dr. Francis Hutcheſon, Airſhire; Syſtem of Moral Philoſophy.
1750 Reverend Dr. Conyers Middleton, Yorkſhire; life of Cicero, &c.
Andrew Baxter, Old Aberdeen; metaphyſics, and natural philoſophy.
1751 Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Surrey; philoſophy, metaphyſics, and politics.
Dr. Alexander Monro, Edinburgh; Anatomy of the Human Body.
1754 Dr. Richard Mead, London; on poiſons, plague, ſmall-pox, medicine, precepts.
Henry Fielding, Somerſetſhire; Tom Jones, Joſeph Andrews, &c.
1757 Colley Cibber, London; 25 tragedies and comedies.
1761 Thomas Sherlock, biſhop of London; 69 ſermons, &c.
Benjamin Hoadley, biſhop of Winchester; ſermons and controverſy.
Samuel Richardſon, London; Grandiſon, Clariſſa, Pamela.
Reverend Dr. John Leland, Lancaſhire; Anſwer to Deiſtical Writers.
1765 Reverend Dr. Edward Young; Night Thoughts, and other poems, three tragedies.
Robert Simſon, Glaſgow; Conic Sections, Euclid, Apollonius.
1768 Reverend Lawrence Sterne; 45 ſermons, Sentimental Journey, Triſtram Shandy.
1769 Robert Smith, Lincolnſhire; harmonics and optics.
1770 Reverend Dr. Jortin; Life of Eraſmus, Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, and ſermons.
Dr. Mark Akenſide, Newcaſtle upon Tyne; poems.
Dr. Tobias Smollet, Dunbartonſhire; Hiſtory of England, novels, tranſlations.
1771 Thomas Gray, Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory, Cambridge; poems.
1773 Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Cheſterfield; letters.
George Lord Lyttelton, Worceſterſhire; Hiſtory of England.
1774 Oliver Goldſmith; poems, eſſays, and other pieces.
Zachary Pearce, biſhop of Rocheſter; Annotations on the New Teſtament, &c.
1775 Dr. John Hawkeſworth; eſſays.
1776 David Hume, Merſe; Hiſtory of England, and eſſays.
James Ferguſon, Aberdeenſhire; aſtronomy.
1777 Samuel Foote, Cornwall; plays.
1779 David Garrick, Hereford; plays.
William Warburton, biſhop of Glouceſter; Divine Legation of Moſes, and various other works.
1780 Sir William Blackſtone, Judge of the court of Common Pleas, London; Commentaries on the Laws of England.
Dr. John Fothergill, Yorkſhire; philoſophy and medicine.
James Harris; Hermes, Philological Inquiries, and Philoſophical Arrangements.
1782 Thomas Newton, biſhop of Briſtol, Litchfield; Diſcourſes on the Prophecies, and other works.

1782 Sir John Pringle, Bart. Roxburghſhire; Diſeaſes of the Army.
Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, Scotland; Elements of Criticiſm, Sketches of the Hiſtory of Man.
1783 Dr. William Hunter, Lanerkſhire; anatomy.
Dr. Benjamin Kennicott; Hebrew Verſion of the Bible, theological tracts.
1784 Dr. Thomas Morell; Editor of Ainſworth's Dictionary, Hedericus's Lexicon, and ſome Greek tragedies.
Dr. Samuel Johnſon, Litchfield; Engliſh Dictionary, biography, eſſays, poetry. Died December 13, aged 71.
1785 William Whitehead, Poet Laureat; poems and plays. Died April 14.
Reverend Richard Burn, L L. D. author of the Juſtice of Peace, Eccleſiaſtical Laws, &c. Died Nov. 20.
Richard Glover, Eſq; Leonidas, Medea, &c. Died Nov. 25.
1786 Jonas Hanway, Eſq; travels, miſcellaneous. Died Sept. 5, aged 74.
1787 Dr. Robert Lowth, biſhop of London; criticiſm, divinity, grammar. Died Nov. 3.
Soame Jenyns, Eſq; Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion, and other pieces. Died Dec. 18.
1788 James Stuart, Eſq; celebrated by the name of "Athenian Stuart." Died Feb. 1.
Thomas Gainſborough, Eſq; the celebrated painter. Died Aug. 2.
Thomas Sheridan, Eſq; Engliſh Dictionary, works on education, elocution, &c. Died Aug. 14.
William Julius Mickle, Eſq; tranſlator of the Luſiad. Died Oct 25.
1789 Dr. William Cullen; Practice of Phyſic, Materia Medica, &c. Died Feb. 5.
1790 Benjamin Franklin, Eſq; electricity, natural philoſophy, miſcellanies. Died April 17.
Reverend Thomas Warton, B. D. Poet Laureat; Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, poems. Died April 21.
Dr. Adam Smith; Moral Sentiments, Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations.
John Howard, Eſq. Account of Priſons and Lazarettos, &c.
1791 Reverend Dr. Richard Price. Metaphyſics, Divinity, Morals, Civil Liberty, Politics, Reverſionary Payments, &c. Died April 19.

N. B. *By the Dates is implied the Time when the above Writers died; but when that Period happens not to be known, the Age in which they flouriſhed is ſignified by* fl. *The names in Italics, are thoſe who have given the beſt Engliſh Tranſlations, excluſive of School-Books.*

FINIS.

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